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MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WILLIAM GODWIN, ESQ.

Yonder walks William Godwin! The marks of age press heavily upon him; but there gleams out of that strange face and above that stranger figure the eye of fire which lighted up with the conceptions of *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon*. Wonderful books! Once read, not only ever remembered, but ever graven on the mind of those who know how to read. We can enter into the feeling of Lord Byron's exclamation, when, after asking Godwin why he did not write a new novel, his lordship received from the old man the answer, that it would kill him. "And what matter," said Lord Byron; "we should have another *St. Leon*."

But it was not to be. There is power, and stirring thought in *Fleetwood*, *Mandeville*, and *Cloudesley*; but they are not what Lord Byron called for. The promised *Seven Sleepers*, which was to be the conclusion of a new series of *St. Leon*, has never come; and of Godwin the novelist we suppose there is an end. Of Godwin the politician we have little good to say. He started in opposition to the received views of the world on all the most important affairs in which that world is concerned; and it is perfectly unnecessary to add, that the world beat in the end, as indeed in his case it deserved to beat. The principles of his "Political Justice," derived as it was pretended from the Bible, would, if they could have been acted upon, have subverted all the honourable relations of society, and destroyed all the ennobling or redeeming feelings of the heart. Godwin himself, as he confesses in his preface to *St. Leon*, was sorry for having insulted, in that cold-blooded, and, we must say, absurd book, those charities and duties which are the links of life: we should be much surprised if he has not since repented of all the work. In his answer to Malthus, he showed that true feelings were prevalent in his mind, though he failed in producing the fit refutation of the desperate quackery which he opposed, and which was destined to fall to destruction before the hand of Sadler. His *Thoughts on Man*, containing much that is eloquent, contain but little that is profound; and we are sorry to find, that though his scepticism on the most vital points is not so recklessly urged as in former days, it is scarcely abated. His historical work on the common-

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wealth is a failure; it in reality is not superior to the school-boy histories which he published under the name of Edward Baldwin,—in one of which (that of Rome) he was so careful as to omit the defeat of the Cimbri by Marius.

His personal history is not fortunate. He was originally, we believe, a preacher in some heterodox sect; but when "the lion was to lie down with the lamb," as was so beautifully brought to pass by Robespierre, and other tender-hearted dispensers of the mercies of Jacobinism, he forsook his divinity for politics. He was afterwards a bookseller, on Snow Hill, but not lucky in trade. The circumstances of his connection with Mary Woolstonecroft, his marriage and its consequences, his children and their several histories, are too well known to render it necessary that we should do more than allude to them. We may say, however, that in no man's fate was the evil of acting on wrong principles so manifested to the destruction of all that could in any relation of life confer happiness or conduce to honour. In writing *The Life of Mary Woolstonecroft*, he has done more good unintentionally than it ever could have, intentionally or otherwise, done evil. We shall not have any such lady in our literature again.

He has now taken his place in our world of authors; and we incline to think, that *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon* are the only books of his which will be remembered. His mind is not productive,—therein singularly differing from that of Sir Walter Scott, with whom alone, as a novelist of power, he of all our contemporaries can be compared. There is a want of invention even in his best books; and we can believe the current story, that *Caleb Williams* was written to illustrate a system, or to prove that a novel might be composed without reference to the passion of love. Once fairly embarked in his book, he forgot his systems; but the idea of so originating them proves that there is a deficiency in the mind. The phrenologists inform us, that the organ of veneration is wholly and most singularly absent in his head;—we do not exactly believe in phrenology; but his works prove to us, that there is some want in his intellect which operates to control the impulses of his genius.

The Whigs have had the kindness to give him a hundred a-year in some place in Somerset House, which props his declining days. They gave Mr. T. Macauley 10,000*l*. It is well.

A

From the London Keepsake.

THE DESERTED CHATEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH.

There stands, about a hundred yards from the small town of Vendome, on the banks of the Loire, an old, lone, and weather-stained mansion, with tall gable-ends and elevated roof. What has once been a garden, extending towards the river, lies in melancholy neglect around it; and there, the yew and the box-tree, which marked its winding alleys and formal terraces, once closely and neatly clipped, now spread forth in overgrown luxuriance. Noxious weeds display their rank but beautiful vegetation along the sloping banks of the stream; and the over-hanging fruit-trees, having had the pruning-knife withheld from them for the last ten long years, produce but a scanty and ungathered crop. The espaliers are grown in labyrinths; the walks, once graveled, have become grassy, and their traces are nearly lost. Yet, from the top of the mountain, where hang the ruins of the old chateau of the dukes of Vendome, the only height whence the eye may penetrate into this inclosure, it is not difficult to recognise the pleasure-grounds and gardens which, in times past, formed, perhaps, the chief pride and recreation of some ancient gentleman of the old *regime*, devoted to the culture of his roses and dahlias; and there, may be seen the remains of a rustic summer-house, with its moss-grown seats and worm-eaten table. A sun-dial, whose pedestal is fast falling into decay, stands near the entrance, with this quaint inscription;

Fugit hora brevis.

A sentiment that does not tend to decrease the melancholy associations which the sight of so desolate and ruined a scene must awaken. The chateau itself is much out of repair; the window-shutters, always fast closed, exclude the air from the dismantled apartments, and the summer's dew, the winter's snow, the damp and the dry, have combined to blacken the timbers, stain the ceilings, and discolour the paint. The doors are never opened; tall weeds have sprung up among the interstices of the flight of steps which leads to the principal entrance of the building, and the fastenings are encrusted with rust. The silence of this desolate abode remains unbroken, save by the twittering of the birds, which have built a hundred nests in the balconies, or the voice of the solitary vermin, now its sole inhabitants, that come and go in uninterrupted security. On a summer's evening, the owl may be heard hooting from the broken casements, as if to assert her right of possession; and the bat flaps its dark wings, like the evil genius of the place, among the ivy, which hangs its pendants from the ruined
 * neither life nor brightness about
 * all is gloomy, and empty,
 * as if an invisible hand had
 * the word "Mystery!" It is,
 * have been a small fief, and bears
 * Grande Bréteche: its history
 * to few—those few shrink from
 * tion into its dark secrets.
 * * * * *

On a cold and cheerless evening in the autumn of 1816, as the notary of Vendome was preparing to retire to rest, a carriage drove hastily up to his door; and word was brought him that the Comtesse de Mersset desired his immediate attendance at La Grande Bréteche. She was not expected to live through the night, and had just received extreme unction at the hands of her confessor. Rumour said the comtesse and her lord had been living together in the most singular manner during the past six months. They gave admittance to none, and the comtesse resided entirely in her own suite of apartments at one end of the mansion, while the comte confined himself to the other. But a short time before that, at which the notary was summoned to attend the death-bed of the comtesse, the Comte de Mersset had suddenly left the chateau, and gone to Paris, where, after leading a life, it was asserted, of great excess, he had lately died. On the day of his departure, the comtesse had caused the chateau to be almost entirely dismantled, most of the furniture, pictures, and tapestry burnt, or otherwise completely destroyed; and from that moment, had secluded herself within its walls, never emerging from them but to attend mass in the neighbouring church. She refused admittance to all who either from interest or curiosity called upon her; her doors being opened to her confessor alone, whose visits were said to be long and frequent. It was whispered among the gossips of the town, that she was also much changed in appearance; but through the impenetrable black veil she wore when attending mass, the curious vainly strove to ascertain whether this rumour was well or ill founded.

While still in the prime of her youth and loveliness, and one of the richest heiresses in Vendome, the Comte de Mersset had been fortunate enough to gain her hand. The world had constantly spoken of them as of an attached and happy couple, though it was hinted the husband's affection was of rather a *jealous* tendency; but this might, or might not, be the fact, as it was not easily susceptible of proof, and the gentle and engaging manners of the lovely comtesse won all hearts. The sudden change that had lately taken place in her conduct, had not failed to raise many conjectures as to its cause; and by some, *madness* had been assigned as a sufficient explanation. She was now *dying*, and no one had even heard she was ill; for she had herself refused all medical aid, feeling, perhaps, her state too hopeless, to allow of human assistance proving of any avail.

It was near midnight, when the notary reached La Grande Bréteche, and ascended its dark and lofty staircase. Passing through various large and desolate apartments, wholly deprived of furniture, or of the appearance of being inhabited, cold, damp, and cheerless, around which the light held by the attendant threw a deeper shade, he at length reached the state chamber, where lay the dying comtesse, stretched on a bed whose rich satin hangings and dark waving plumes shed so deep a gloom, it was some time before the eye rested upon its tenant. One strong ray of light, however, from a lamp placed on a small

table near her, on which, also, stood an ivory and ebony crucifix, fell upon the white pillows that supported her pale form. The rest of the furniture in the apartment consisted only of a couch for the confidential attendant, and two large *fauteuils*. Though the night was chill and tempestuous, there was no fire on the wide hearth, and the walls being hung with dark arras, the gloom was unbroken.

On approaching the bed, the notary nearly started at the sight of the spectral figure within. The comtesse was sitting almost upright, supported by pillows; her large, dark, and glazing eyes immovably fixed in their sockets, seemed already those of the dead; her face was of the hue of a waxen image; her fine black hair, parted across her pale, damp brow, was in parts intermingled with gray, though her years did not exceed thirty, and her hands were painfully shriveled; the skin was stretched tightly over the bones, and the veins and muscles distinctly visible. Her whole form, thin to emaciation, still bore the traces of past beauty, although it was almost impossible to imagine how any human creature could have retained life in so frail a tenement. She was worn to a shadow by fever—fever which had struck directly at the root of her existence. Her lips were of a pale violet colour, and when she spoke, they scarcely moved sufficiently to show that they had life; and the upper one, which was beautifully formed, was marked by that soft, dark shade, which is the sign of a naturally strong constitution, and forcibly showed the intensity of the sufferings through which she must have passed, before arriving at that state of artificial existence, now so near the period of its termination. The notary, in the course of his profession, had seen many dying persons; but, their expiring agonies, nay, even the tears and despair of whole sorrowing families, had failed of making the impression upon him, which the sight of that lady, alone, and perishing in the silence of her vast and deserted chateau, had done on this fearful night. The whole scene lay before his eyes like a picture of the dead, for not a living sound interrupted the awful stillness of the place; even the respiration of the expiring comtesse was so low as to be inaudible, and stirred not the sheets which covered her scarce animated form. At length, her large glassy eyes moved; she made an effort to raise her right hand, but it fell again powerless on the coverlid; words like faint breathings issued from her lips, for her voice was *soundless* and extinct.

"I have waited long and impatiently for you," she said, and a faint flush passed over her cheek with the effort to address him.

"Lady," the notary began, but she made a sign to him to be silent; at the same moment, her attendant hastily rose from her chair, and approaching him, whispered, "Speak not."

The notary obeyed, and placed himself on the seat she motioned him to take. A few moments after, Madame de Merset, collecting all her powers for one last effort, succeeded in getting her hand underneath her pillow. For an instant, she paused exhausted, then, with another violent exertion, withdrew from it a sealed packet: large

drops stood upon her brow, as she feebly addressed her attentive listener.

"I confide to you my will," she said, and a low cry, feeble as that of a new-born infant's, burst from her lips at these words. "Oh! my God! pardon!" she murmured, snatching a crucifix which lay on the bed beside her, and carrying it rapidly to her lips, expired.

Previously there had been suffering and intense sorrow in her eye, but her last look was one of joy; and the bright expression remained fixed on her countenance after death.

When the will was opened, it was found that the Comtesse de Merset had nominated the notary of Vendome her executor, leaving all her large property, with the exception of a few legacies, to the Hospital of Vendome. Her dispositions with regard to La Grande Bréteche were very particular, and excited much surprise. The chateau and all its appurtenances were to be left, for the space of fifty years from the day of her death, exactly in the same state in which they then were. All the apartments were to be strictly shut up, and no person whatever allowed to enter them, upon any pretext; no repairs to be permitted, either about the chateau or gardens, but all was to be suffered to fall into the natural state of decay, which so long a period as that named would not fail to bring upon them. If, at the end of the term, the wishes of the testatrix should have been strictly complied with, La Grande Bréteche was to become the property of the notary or his heirs for ever; should, they, however, have been neglected, it reverted to the comtesse's next heirs-at-law; who, as well as the notary, were charged with the fulfilment of certain dispositions annexed in a codicil, the seal of which was not to be broken till the expiration of the above space of time.

Many years passed away; and with them much of the interest and curiosity excited by the description which the notary failed not to give of the Comtesse de Merset's death-bed, her strange testament, and the subsequent decay and ruin of her once beautiful chateau. At length, an incident occurred, which, by throwing light on her mysterious history, revived in some degree the curiosity of the public. A priest belonging to a neighbouring monastery had been summoned to shroud a dying woman of the name of Rosalie Lebas, when a strange and fearful secret was revealed to him; an account of which was found among his papers at his death, a short time after, by the superior of his convent. The following are the facts which were thus elicited.

About six months prior to her death, the Comtesse de Merset, having been seriously indisposed, occupied a separate suite of apartments from those of the comte, at La Grande Bréteche. Her sleeping room looked upon the river, and had sash windows opening upon the lawn, which sloped pleasantly towards its banks. Within this apartment was a small recess with a glass door, which served as an oratory; it was about four feet square, and constructed within the thickness of the wall. On the night in question, by one of those strange fatalities for which there is no explanation, the comte returned home two hours

later than usual, from a club where he usually spent his evenings in reading the papers or discussing politics. The invasion of France had formed the leading topic of conversation, and the subject for a long and animated discussion; after which, being already excited by argument, the comte had lost a considerable sum at billiards. On returning home, he had usually satisfied himself, for some time past, by asking the comtesse's attendant, Rosalie, if her lady were retired to rest, ere he proceeded to his own apartments; but, on this night, it occurred to him he would visit her himself that he might recount his ill luck. Accordingly, instead of summoning Rosalie, he proceeded directly to the chamber of the comtesse. His well-known step resounded along the corridor, and at the instant he turned the handle of the door, he fancied he heard that of the oratory within, closed suddenly: but, when he entered the apartment, he saw Madame de Mersset standing before the hearth, on which smouldered the embers of a half-extinguished fire. It immediately occurred to him it must have been Rosalie who went into the oratory, from which, however, there was no egress but through the comtesse's apartments. Yet a suspicion of a darker nature, nevertheless, crossed his imagination, like a sudden flash of dazzling light, which could not be extinguished. He looked fixedly at his wife; and there seemed a troubled expression in her eye as she avoided his searching glance.

"You are late to-night," she said: and there was a slight tremor in her voice, usually so clear and musical.

The comte did not reply, for at that instant, as if to strengthen the horrid thoughts which possessed his secret soul, Rosalie entered the room. Turning abruptly from her, he folded his arms moodily across his breast, and impetuously but mechanically paced the apartment.

"You are ill, my lord, I fear—or bring you evil tidings?" gently enquired the comtesse, as Rosalie proceeded to undress her. But he still continued silent. "You may retire," added Madame de Mersset to her attendant, for she foresaw something more than usual was gathering on the disturbed brow of her lord, and she wished to meet it alone.

As soon as Rosalie was gone, or supposed to be so, for she took care to remain within hearing, de Mersset approached his lady, and said, with an attempt at serenity, though his lips his whole face was pale with emotion, "One is concealed within that oratory." The comtesse looked calmly, and somewhat at her husband; and simply answered, "Lord."

It smote like a knife across his heart, not believe her; and yet, never had he more pure to him, than at that moment was advancing a step towards the oratory, as if to convince himself, the comtesse, placing her hand upon his shoulder, and, looking at him for a moment with an expression of deep melancholy, which trembled with emotion, "And no one there, remember, all seen us for ever!"

And there was an ineffable dignity in her look and manner which awed the comte's suspicions, and made him pause in his purpose.

"No, Josephine!" he exclaimed, "I open not that door, as, guilty or innocent, we then must part. But listen: I know all thy purity of heart, and the sanctity of the life thou leadest:—thou wouldst not commit a mortal sin at the expense of thy soul!"—she looked at him wildly.—"Here is thy crucifix—take it!—swear to me, before that image, there is no one there, and I will never seek to enter."

The comtesse took the crucifix and murmured—"I swear."

"Louder!" said her husband, and repeat—"I swear before the virgin, there is no one concealed in that oratory."

And she repeated the words of the oath without any visible emotion.

"Tis well," M. de Mersset coldly said; then added, after a moment's silence—his eye resting upon the crucifix she had just laid down, which was of ebony and silver, and of exquisite workmanship—"You have something there, which I never saw before, or knew that you possessed."

"I met with it accidentally at Duvivier's, who bought it of one of the Spanish prisoners of war, when they passed through Vendome on their way to the frontier."

"Ah!" said the comte, replacing the crucifix on its gilt nail over the chimney-piece: in doing which, at the same moment, he rang the bell. Rosalie came immediately. M. de Mersset advanced to meet her, and leading her into the embrasure of the window which opened upon the lawn, abruptly, and in an under tone, said, "I understand that poverty alone prevents your union with Philippe, and that you have declared your intention not to become his wife until he shall have found the means of establishing himself in his business as a master mason. Now, mark me!—go seek him!—bring him hither with his tools. Let him do what I desire, and his fortune shall surpass your utmost wishes. But take especial care to wake no one besides himself in the house:—above all, let not a word escape your lips—a whisper, and——" His brow darkened as he looked menacingly upon her; she was about to leave the room to obey his orders, when he added: "Hold! take my *passe partout*." He then called "Louis!" in a voice of thunder, along the corridor. Louis, his confidential servant, appeared at the hasty summons of his master, who added, in the same tone of authority, "Get you all to bed!" Then making a sign for him to approach nearer, and lowering his voice, "When they shall be all asleep—asleep, mind, you come and inform me of it."

During none of these extraordinary arrangements had the comte once lost sight of his lady; and when he had finished giving his orders, he returned to where she was seated by the fire-side.

When Rosalie re-entered the room, she found the comte and comtesse conversing together, to all appearance mechanically.

"Philippe is here, monsieur," said Rosalie.

"Tis well," answered her master, "bid him enter."

The comtesse grew slightly pale on seeing the mason.

"Philippe," said the comte, "you will find materials in the court-yard for walling up the door of yonder cabinet."

And drawing Rosalie and her lover aside: "Listen, Philippe," he continued, "you remain here to-night, but to-morrow you will receive from me a passport which shall enable you to leave this place for some distant town in a foreign land, which I will indicate. I give you the sum of 6000 francs for your journey; and you will remain *ten* years either in the town to which I shall direct you, or in any other, you may yourself select, provided you continue in the country in which it is situated. But you will first proceed hence, to Paris, where you will await my arrival; then, I will insure you the possession of another 6000 francs, to be paid you, on your return from your expatriation, provided you have strictly complied with my conditions. At this price, understand, whatever you may be called upon to do this night, must remain for ever *secret*. For you, Rosalie," he continued, turning towards her as he spoke, "I will settle 10,000 francs on you, the day of your marriage with Philippe: but, mark me, this promise is made on the sole condition of your marrying him."

At this moment, the comtesse's voice was heard calling to Rosalie; and the comte, turning away, proceeded quietly to pace the apartment, apparently watching the movements of his wife, Rosalie, and the mason, but without allowing any indications of suspicion to be discernible. Philippe, meanwhile, in pursuance of the task imposed on him, made a considerable degree of noise; and, seizing this chance of her voice not reaching the ears of the comte, who had just attained the further end of the chamber, the comtesse hurriedly addressed Rosalie, in a tone that was scarcely above a whisper, "A hundred crowns yearly, for thy life, are thine," she said, if thou canst only obtain one *crevice* there, pointing to the door of the oratory, which Philippe had commenced building up with brick and plaster. Then, in a louder voice, and with a fearful calmness as her husband approached she added, "Go, Rosalie, to the assistance of Philippe."

The husband and wife, as by a sort of tacit agreement, remained mutually silent during the time employed in filling up the doorway. This silence might perhaps have been assumed, on the part of the comte, to prevent the comtesse from having it in her power to convey any double meaning in her words; while, on her side, it might have been pride, or prudence, perhaps, which prevented her from breaking it. By this time, the wall being about half-way completed, the artful mason, seizing his opportunity when the comte's back was turned towards the scene of his operations, struck a blow on the door of the cabinet which shattered one of the panes of glass. This action gave Madame de Merset to understand the success of the intelligence which subsisted between Rosalie and her lover; and casting a glance of intense anxiety towards the now darkened aperture, the mason, as well as

herself, beheld within it, the dark and handsome countenance of a man, whose intrepid look of courage and devotion fell upon her pale and guilty countenance. Ere her husband turned again in his walk, she had made a hasty sign to the stranger, which seemed to say, *There is yet hope!*

It was near day-break, that is to say, about four o'clock, for it was the month of May, ere the construction was completed; and the mason having been delivered to the care of Louis, the comte and comtesse retired to rest.

The next morning, on rising, the comte seized his hat, and making a step towards the door, said, with the utmost appearance of indifference, he must go to the mayoralty for a passport. Then, suddenly turning back, as his eye chanced to rest upon the crucifix, he took it from the chimney-piece, and, as he did so, a thrill of satisfaction passed through the bosom of the comtesse. "He is going to Duvivier's," she thought, "and will be the longer absent."

Scarcely had he left the apartment, when she rang the bell violently, to summon Rosalie; and in a voice that was rendered fearful by excess of agitation, cried, "to work! to work!" Then frantically seizing an iron bar which Rosalie, by her direction brought for the purpose, commenced demolishing the yet undried work of Philippe. Desperate were her efforts, in the hopes of being able to repair the destruction of the walled-up doorway, before the dreaded return of the comte. Despair lent her energy, and a voice within, which penetrated to her sharpened and her nervous ear alone, encouraged her to proceed. Already a part of the brickwork had yielded, and she was in the act of applying a yet more vigorous blow for the removal of the remaining impediments, when the comte, pale and menacing, stood before her. She shrieked not—spoke not—but fell insensible on the floor.

"Place your lady on her bed," M. de Merset coldly said. The truth was, he had foreseen the probable result of his absence; and had accordingly laid a snare, into which his wretched wife had but too surely fallen. He had written to the mayor, and sent for Duvivier; who arrived just as the comtesse's apartment was again restored to order, and herself recovered from her swoon.

"Duviviers," said the comte addressing the unconscious jeweller, "Did you receive this crucifix from any of the Spanish officers who passed through this town as prisoners of war, on their way to the frontier, a short time since?"

"I did not, monsieur, nor have I ever seen it before," was the reply.

"Enough—I thank you," rejoined the comte, calmly restoring the relic to its former place; then, as the jeweller left the room, he desired Louis to see that his repasts were served regularly in the apartments of the comtesse, "who is too ill," continued he, "for me to think of leaving her till her health is in some degree re-established."

And for *fifteen* days, did the Comte de Merset continue to keep watch over her. During the first six, a noise was from time to time heard in that closed-up cabinet, which struck terror to the

soul of the guilty woman, and horror and despair crept through her veins; but, when she would have thrown herself at his feet to implore for mercy on herself and the stranger that was dying there, without allowing her to give utterance to the agonised prayer which rose to her parched lips, with a fierce and cruel emphasis, he checked her, saying, "You have sworn on *that* crucifix, there is *no one* there."

From the Asiatic Journal.

MAHOMEDAN FESTIVALS IN INDIA.

The poor remnants of splendour still possessed by the court of Delhi, are mustered and displayed with some approximation of former pomp at the annual celebration of the *Buckra Eade*; but it is at Lucknow that the most opposing spectacle takes place at this festival. The followers of Mahomed claim to be descendants of the patriarchs, through his son Ishmael, who they aver to have been chosen for the offering of the Almighty, and not Isaac: thus differing from the belief of Jews and Christians, and supporting their assertion, in contradiction to the authority of the Bible, by writings which, in their opinion, contain sufficient evidence in favour of their claims. The offering thus made to Heaven, is commemorated by the sacrifice of particular animals, camels, sheep, goats, kids, or lambs, according to each person's means; this is supposed to answer a double purpose, not only honouring the memory of Abraham and Ishmael, but the sacrifices assisting in a time of great need. It is supposed that the entrance to paradise is guarded by a bridge made of a scythe or some instrument equally sharp, and affording as unstable a footing. The followers of the prophet are required to skait or skim over this passage, and it will be attended with more or less difficulty, according to the degree of favour they have obtained in the sight of heaven. The truly pious will be wafted over in safety, but the undeserving must struggle many times, and be often cut down in the attempt, before they can gain the opposite side. In this extremity, it is imagined that the same number and kind of animals, which, being clean and esteemed fitting for sacrifice, they have offered up at the celebration of the *Buckra Eade*, will be in waiting to convey them in safety along the perilous passage of the bridge. Under this belief, the richer classes of Mahomedans supply their indigent brethren with goats and sheep for the sacrifice: a work of charity incited by the purest motives, and which, if not possessing all the efficacy ascribed to it, at least furnishes the poor man's house with an ample and a welcome feast; for though poverty compels the lower classes of Mussulmans to imitate the Hindoos in the frugality of a vegetable meal, they never refuse meat when it is procurable.

Great preparations are made at Lucknow for the celebration of the *Buckra Eade*; a busy scene takes place upon the river, where the elephants are sent to bathe for the occasion. One at least of these animals being kept by every person who would maintain them, the multitude of
as, in a population estimated at three

hundred thousand persons, may be imagined. Since our acquaintance with the interior of South America has increased, we have become familiar with the appearance of beggars on horse-back; but it is only, we believe, at Lucknow, that one of the fraternity aspires to an elephant. A few years ago, a mendicant, who went by the name of Shah Jee, being in high favour with the king, to whom, it is said, he had predicted things which afterwards came to pass, was permitted to levy contributions through the city, and, mounted upon an elephant, demanded five cowries daily of every shopkeeper. The tax upon each individual was very small, it taking four score of these shells to make up the value of a half-penny; but the sum, when collected throughout all the bazaars of the place, amounted to a very considerable revenue.

After the elephants have been well washed in the river, their skins are oiled, and their heads painted with various devices; they are then decorated in their embroidered jhools, many of which have gold borders a quarter of a yard in depth, and these are surmounted by howdahs, either painted to resemble enamel, or formed entirely of silver. The caparisons of the horses are not less magnificent; the saddles and stirrups are of solid silver, and large silver necklaces, composed of pendant medallions, spread over the chest, have a very beautiful effect, and give out a tinkling sound, as the animal, proud of his trappings, prances along. The tails are dyed of a bright scarlet, and some have stars and crescents painted on their haunches. Gold is sometimes substituted for silver in the caparisons of these animals, and where ornaments of this kind are too costly for the purses of the owners, decorations not so rich, but equally gay, are substituted. The necklace is composed of beads, and the head is adorned with tufts of variegated silk, which have a very picturesque effect. Camels are usually decorated in the same manner, if not being very often that, with the exception of the bells attached to their collars, silver ornaments are bestowed upon animals more esteemed for their utility than for the beauty of their appearance, or as an appendage of state. The camel is perhaps underrated, for, as an adjunct to an oriental pageant, he is of great importance; the nodding heads, arched necks, and conical backs of these animals, though grotesque in themselves, add greatly to the effect of a mingled body of elephants, horses, and men; an Asiatic group never being perfect except when camels form a portion of it. The animals intended for sacrifice, at the celebration of the *Buckra Eade*, are conveyed to a place at some distance from the city, built for the purpose of containing them, and called the *Eade-Gaah*, a court or quadrangle, surrounded by a bastioned wall, and entered by lofty gateways. The processions at Delhi and Lucknow are particularly imposing, that of Delhi owing the greater portion of its splendour to the retinues of the Omrahs and great men of the court, while at Lucknow the *cortège* of the king renders every attempt at imitation hopeless. All his troops appear upon this day in new clothing, and the *coup d'œil* is rendered more effective

by an attention to minute particulars generally neglected in native arrangements; Asiatics paying little regard to consistence. The van of the cavalcade is formed of fifty camels, carrying swivels, each accompanied by a driver and two gunners, in white uniforms, with turbans and cummerbunds of red and green, the colours of the cloth composing the housings of the camels. A park of artillery succeeds, the gunners being clothed in blue uniforms; next two troops of cavalry, in the picturesque vests worn by suwars, of scarlet cloth, with pointed caps of black lamb-skin. After these, a regiment of foot, only half-clad, in wild barbaric costume, the trowser scarcely extending mid-way down the thigh, where it is vandyked with black points: they have red jackets, and small turbans of black leather, and the warlike, but dissonant, music of the *dunkah*, or kettle-drum, assimilates well with the strange fantastic display made by these troops. The nujees are closely followed by the most gorgeous portion of the spectacle, the elephant-carriages of the king and his court; the great satrap himself sits enthroned in a sort of triumphal car of silver, canopied and curtained with crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold, and drawn by four elephants exactly matched in colour, height, and size. The others have only two elephants each, but all glitter with gold and silver, and the gallant company, so proudly borne along, shine from head to foot in gems and brocade. Their turbans are adorned with costly aigrettes of jewels; clasps, studs, belts, rings, and bracelets, of the most precious treasures of the mine, appear in the greatest profusion, down to the gem-enameled slipper, and these are set off by the graceful flow of drapery composed of the most beautiful woven tissues, and shawls of the finest fabric. Round these chariots, chobdars (mace-bearers), chuprassies, burkaras, and other state attendants, some brandishing sheathed scymetars, and others fanning the air with chowries, shout out the titles of the illustrious and puissant personages to whom they belong, while a cloud of irregular horse hover on either side, tilting and curveting apparently with disorderly recklessness, yet in reality conducting their evolutions with the most consummate skill. The king's led horses follow to swell the pomp and the parade; they are all richly caparisoned, and attended by grooms in handsome liveries. The royal paalkie and palanquin next appear; these native vehicles are of the most splendid description, constructed entirely of wrought gold, each carried by bearers clad in long scarlet vests, embroidered with gold, their turbans ornamented with the emblems of royalty. The state-carriage also forms a portion of this part of the show; it is of English make, drawn by eight black horses, driven in hand by a European coachman in scarlet livery, or rather uniform. The English gentlemen composing the foreign portion of the king's suite appear in their court-dresses, mounted upon elephants, and after them a long train of the native nobility, also mounted in the same manner, the whole being closed by horse and foot soldiers, those belonging to the India Company marching with

their colours unfurled, and their bands playing, while hundreds of banneroles, of gold and silver tissue, flaunt in the air in every direction.

Notwithstanding the want of order and discipline, which seems essential to the movement of so large a body, the procession arrives at its place of destination without being materially disarranged by the apparent confusion, which is considerably augmented by the clashing of instruments, those of Europe striving, with hopeless efforts, to vie with the clang and clamour of the native trumpet and drum. The cavalcade being drawn up at the place appointed, the superior priest or moollah, after going through the usual religious service, presents a knife to the king, who, repeating a prayer, plunges his weapon into the throat of a camel, the victim selected for sacrifice. The artillery-men are all in readiness, and when the signal is given of the completion of the ceremony by the king himself, a general discharge of musketry and cannon announces the circumstance to the whole of the city. The religious part of the festival is then ended, and the rejoicings begin. The camel thus slaughtered is served up at the royal table, on the only occasion in which the flesh of this animal is eaten in Hindostan; portions are sent as presents, a gift which is supposed to confer no small degree of honour, and the European residents, both at Lucknow and at Delhi, are often complimented with a share. The feasting is universal, for it being an essential duty on the part of the Mahomedans to dispense to others the bounties and blessings which they themselves receive, the poor on this day partake of the luxuries of the rich man's table. Upon his return to the city, the king of Oude holds a court, and the Buckra Eade is often chosen as the period of conferring honour and titles. Formerly it was the custom for Europeans to receive regular patents of nobility from native courts; but this does not appear to be common at present, the honour is little coveted by people who affect to look down upon Asiatic dignities. On the presentation of a khillaut, titles of honour are always included, and the heralds are very liberal in their proclamations, especially at Delhi, where it is cheaper, and consequently more expedient to substitute high-sounding words for more solid marks of royal favour. Many governor-generals and commanders-in-chief have been made omrahs, khans, or nawabs, by the king of Delhi; yet it is very questionable whether any have thought it worth their while to have these titles confirmed according to the etiquette practised concerning those conferred at European courts, and both the khillaut and the title seem now to have degenerated into an idle ceremony, which, as far as Europeans are concerned, means nothing but an empty compliment. With natives, however, the rank and consequence of each individual materially depend upon the degree of estimation in which he is known to be held at court; certain distinctions are withheld from the multitude, which are eagerly coveted, and made the subject of much cabal and intrigue. The rank of a party is known by his equipage, palanquins of a peculiar construction being only permitted to

privileged persons, who receive them, with the grant of their titles, from the king.

The festivities of the Buckra Eade are concluded by nautes and fire-works; every palace throughout the city of Lucknow is illuminated; the river is covered with boats, filled with musicians and dancing-girls, and though the rejoicings are more strictly private in the zenanas, they too have their share; the ladies, sumptuously attired, and laden with jewels, congregate together; dances of a more decorous nature than those exhibited to male eyes are performed before them, and after a luxurios banquet, they indulge with never-failing zest in the hookah and paan.

Notwithstanding the time occupied in the procession to the Eade-Gaath, or in the court or durbar held after it, the king contrives to devote a portion of the day to the favourite spectacle, the wild-beast fights, at which, strange to say, many European ladies submit to be present. A public breakfast also to the members of the residency forms a part of the entertainments. In so anomalous a proceeding as the appearance of females at an Asiatic court, there can of course be no established rule respecting their dress; convenience more than etiquette is consulted, and the ladies do not scruple to attend these breakfasts in morning dresses, and in bonnets. During the reign of those enormous hats, which scarcely fell short of a carriage-wheel in circumference, the king of Oude experienced considerable difficulty in the investiture of the haarh, or necklace; the tinsel garland, on more than one occasion, stuck half-way, producing no little embarrassment on the part of the lady, and compelling the king to abandon the hope of performing his part of the ceremony with his accustomed grace.

Few things surprise the natives of India more than the changes in European fashions; no sooner has an unfortunate dirzee (tailor) mastered the intricacies of a folded body, than he has to exert his bewildered faculties upon the production of another, without plait or pucker; some ladies, who are unable to afford any instructions to their work-people, exhibit prints of fashions to the wondering eyes of these poor men, who gaze upon them with amazed and hopeless countenances, honestly acknowledging their inability to follow such a guide. The mysterious phraseology, in which the milliners of Paris and London are wont to envelope their descriptions, are equally puzzling to the ladies themselves, and strange indeed are some of the articles produced by the joint efforts of the mystified dirzee, and his equally perplexed mistress. This state of things is not very propitious to feminine display; and, accordingly, it must reluctantly be said, that the court at Lucknow does not derive any additional lustre from the ladies of the residency when they make their appearance at it, being rather diminished than heightened by the contrast of the somewhat homely and unbecoming apparel of the fair Europeans, with the brilliant show of the Asiatic ladies.

The king's court is held at the residency, and the ladies of the residency are seated on the right of the king, and the ladies of the court on the left.

office for a Mahomedon monarch to perform to Christian lady. The rigid laws made and enacted by the British government, are in a slight degree relaxed when such a circumstance takes place and the bride is permitted to retain the string of pearls, with which the king encircles her neck. At other festivals, the situation of English ladies is exceedingly tantalising; they see trays laid at their feet, containing shawls such as had haunted their early dreams, dazzling brocades of silver and necklaces of glittering gems. These are offered to their acceptance with flattering compliments, in which they are told that all the riches of the kingdom shall be at their disposal. They are content with the portion assigned to them, but see—and sometimes the sight brings tears into their eyes—the tempting treasure seized by a government chuprassy, and restored to the place from whence they came. It is necessary that the resident should be made of very stern stuff to resist the pleadings of young ladies who implore him to make an exception in their particular case from the general rule so despotically enforced, and resistance is rendered more difficult by the good-humoured endeavours of the natives to second the fair damsels' wishes. Confidential servants sometimes contrive to rescue a shawl or two from the hands of the Philistines, and after the whole *nuzzur* has been hopelessly surrendered, a part has been clandestinely conveyed under cover of the night, to the private apartment of the disconsolate fair one, who, if unmarried, and therefore not implicating any one but herself, does not feel bound to respect the ordinances of the government, and accepts with a little scruple as if she were purchasing some piece of contraband goods in England.

The celebration of the Mohurram, in all large Mahomedan communities of the Sheah sect, though, strictly speaking, a fast of the most mournful kind, is accompanied by so much pomp and splendour, that strangers are at some loss to distinguish it from festivals of pure rejoicing. In no part of India is this interesting anniversary of the Moslem year commemorated with more zeal and enthusiasm than at Lucknow.

It is certain that the Sheah sect, who are settled in Hindostan, are in some degree obnoxious to the charge brought against them by their enemies, of introducing rites and ceremonies almost bordering upon idolatry in their devotion to the memory of the Imaams Hossein and Houssein. Imbibing a love of show from long domestication with a people passionately attached to pageantry and spectacle, they have departed from the plainness and simplicity of the worship of their ancestors, and in the decorations of the *tazees*, and the processions which accompany them to the place of sepulture, display their reverential regard for Ali and his sons in a manner which would be esteemed scandalous if thus accompanied in Persia and Arabia, where the grief of the sheah is manifested more quietly and soberly, without the admixture of those theatrical exhibitions, which so wonderfully excite and inflame the mind at the celebration of this festival all over India.

Several processions take place during the celebration of the Mohurram. At Lucknow, on the

fifth day, the banners are carried to a celebrated shrine, or durgah, in the neighbourhood, to be consecrated, it being supposed that the standard of Hossein, miraculously pointed out to a devout believer, is preserved at this place. The veneration in which this sacred relic is held, nearly equaling that which in some places in Europe is displayed towards pieces of the true cross, affords another proof the corruption of the Mahomedan religion by the Sheah sect of India. The durgah at Lucknow is not only visited at the commemoration of Hossein's obsequies, but prayers and oblations are offered in its holy precincts, upon recovery from illness, or any other occasion which calls for praise and thanksgiving. The gifts deposited at the durgah, consisting of money, clothes, and other valuable articles, become the property of the officiating priest, who is expected to disburse the greater portion in charity. All the Moslem inhabitants of Lucknow are anxious to consecrate the banners employed at the Mohurram, by having them touched by the sacred relic, and for this purpose they are conveyed to the shrine with as much pomp and ceremony as the circumstances of the proprietors will admit. A rich man sends his banners upon elephants, surrounded with an armed guard, and accompanied by bands of music; these standards are pennant-shaped, and very long, some formed of silver or gold tissue, and all richly embroidered; they are followed by a procession on foot, clad in mourning. The arms and accoutrements, representing those worn by Hossein, are carried in some of these processions, and one of the most important features, is *Dhull Dhull*, the horse slain with his master on the fatal field of Kurbelah: his trappings are dyed with blood, and arrows are seen sticking in his sides. Multitudes of people form these processions, which frequently stop while the moollahs recite the oft-told, but never-tiring story, or the tragic scene is enacted by young men expert at broad-sword exercises: and as Hossein is surrounded and beaten down, muskets are fired off, and shouts and beatings of the breast attest the sincerity with which his followers bewail his untimely end.

The celebration of the Mohurram is not confined to the higher classes; every person who has a small sum to spare subscribes, with others of the same means, to purchase the necessary articles for the purpose. Tazees and banners of all sizes, prices, and denominations, are sold in the bazaars, and group after group are seen upon the roads and public avenues, some accompanied with the most splendid decorations, and others content with a very humble display, but all impressed with the same desire to do honour to the martyrs. One of the most curious effects of these multitudinous assemblages, is produced by the umbrellas, or *chattahs*, which are generally very gay, and formed of various colours; they are seen in moving masses, like the billows of the sea, and have a more singular appearance when carried by persons on foot, than when they canopy the howdah, to which, however, they form a very magnificent appendage.

The open plains of India are calculated to show off these processions to great advantage; and as the Mohurram takes place during the rainy season, there is no dust, and cloudy weather enables European spectators to gaze upon the pageant without danger of being blinded by the glare of a noon-day sun. On the seventh night of the Mohurram, the marriage of Hossein's daughter with her cousin, a faithful partisan of the house of Ali, is celebrated with much pomp and show. This event really took place on the day of the battle on the plains of Kurbelah, where Hossein was surprised in his camp and compelled to combat with his enemies at the greatest disadvantage. The marriage procession repairs to some celebrated tomb or mosque in the neighbourhood; and at Lucknow it is sometimes directed to the *Imaum-baareh*, the magnificent cathedral-like edifice, in which Asoph ud Dowlah, its founder, and the first king of Oude, lies buried. The interior, when fitted up for this purpose, is gorgeous beyond imagination; and though, if examined in detail, the display will be found to resemble the gew-gaw frippery of theatric pomp, yet when lighted up at night, and accompanied by the florid beauties of Asiatic architecture, and the picturesque assemblages of its crowds, the splendid effect of the whole disarms criticism, and the spectator abandons himself wholly to the enchantments of the scene. The tazees belonging to the kings of Oude, which, strange to say, was manufactured in England, forms one of the most striking ornaments. It is formed of green glass, mounted with brass mouldings. Models in silver of holy places at Mecca are supported upon stands of the same metal, in recesses made for their reception; the royal emblem, the fish, appears in all directions; and selections from the armoury of the king form some of the most costly of the decorations. Few monarchs are in possession of a more valuable collection of offensive and defensive weapons. The fire-arms are of unrivaled beauty, inlaid and set with gold and gems; while the swords and daggers, of the finest polish, have belts of agate, lapis lazuli, chrysolite, or blood-stone, and are ornamented in relief or in intaglio, with an immense variety of figures and foliage of the most delicate patterns, wrought in gold and silver. These and other ornamental devices are reflected from numerous mirrors, and the whole is bathed in floods of light from multitudes of wax tapers, and lamps of various colours. The quadrangles of the *Imaum-baareh* are similarly illuminated, and their vast dimensions, the beauty of the proportions, the rich grouping of the pinnacles and domes, the long arcades, lofty gateways, and tall minars, can seldom, if ever, be seen to such advantage as when the dazzling resplendence of artificial light imitates the blaze of day, without its heat and glare, and when the darkness of the surrounding atmosphere throws each illuminated building into bright relief. The procession of the marriage of the unfortunate Cossim and his ill-fated bride, is distinguished by trays bearing the wedding-presents, and covered palanquins, supposed to convey the lady and her attendants, the animals employed in the cavalcade, with the exception of the favoured *Dhull Dhull*, are left outside the walls; but the trays containing sweetmeats, &c., a model of the tomb of Cossim, and the palanquin of the bride, are brought into the

From the London Keepsake.

THE DESERTED CHATEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH.

There stands, about a hundred yards from the small town of Vendome, on the banks of the Loire, an old, lone, and weather-stained mansion, with tall gable-ends and elevated roof. What has once been a garden, extending towards the river, lies in melancholy neglect around it; and there, the yew and the box-tree, which marked its winding alleys and formal terraces, once closely and neatly clipped, now spread forth in overgrown luxuriance. Noxious weeds display their rank but beautiful vegetation along the sloping banks of the stream; and the over-hanging fruit-trees, having had the pruning-knife withheld from them for the last ten long years, produce but a scanty and ungathered crop. The espaliers are grown in labyrinths; the walks, once graveled, have become grassy, and their traces are nearly lost. Yet, from the top of the mountain, where hang the ruins of the old chateau of the dukes of Vendome, the only height whence the eye may penetrate into this inclosure, it is not difficult to recognise the pleasure-grounds and gardens which, in times past, formed, perhaps, the chief pride and recreation of some ancient gentleman of the old *regime*, devoted to the culture of his roses and dahlias; and there, may be seen the remains of a rustic summer-house, with its moss-grown seats and worm-eaten table. A sun-dial, whose pedestal is fast falling into decay, stands near the entrance, with this quaint inscription;

Fugit hora brevis.

A sentiment that does not tend to decrease the melancholy associations which the sight of so desolate and ruined a scene must awaken. The chateau itself is much out of repair; the window-shutters, always fast closed, exclude the air from the dismantled apartments, and the summer's dew, the winter's snow, the damp and the dry, have combined to blacken the timbers, stain the

On a cold and cheerless evening in the autumn of 1816, as the notary of Vendome was preparing to retire to rest, a carriage drove hastily up to his door; and word was brought him that the Comtesse de Merset desired his immediate attendance at La Grande Bréteche. She was not expected to live through the night, and had just received extreme unction at the hands of her confessor. Rumour said the comtesse and her lord had been living together in the most singular manner during the past six months. They gave admittance to none, and the comtesse resided entirely in her own suite of apartments at one end of the mansion, while the comte confined himself to the other. But a short time before that, at which the notary was summoned to attend the death-bed of the comtesse, the Comte de Merset had suddenly left the chateau, and gone to Paris, where, after leading a life, it was asserted, of great excess, he had lately died. On the day of his departure, the comtesse had caused the chateau to be almost entirely dismantled, most of the furniture, pictures, and tapestry burnt, or otherwise completely destroyed; and from that moment, had secluded herself within its walls, never emerging from them but to attend mass in the neighbouring church. She refused admittance to all who either from interest or curiosity called upon her; her doors being opened to her confessor alone, whose visits were said to be long and frequent. It was whispered among the gossips of the town, that she was also much changed in appearance; but through the impenetrable black veil she wore when attending mass, the curious vainly strove to ascertain whether this rumour was well or ill founded.

While still in the prime of her youth and loveliness, and one of the richest heiresses in Vendome, the Comte de Merset had been fortunate enough to gain her hand. The world had constantly spoken of them as of an attached and happy couple, though it was hinted the husband's affection was of rather a *jealous* tendency; but this might, or might not, be the fact, as it was

table near her, on which, also, stood an ivory and ebony crucifix, fell upon the white pillows that supported her pale form. The rest of the furniture in the apartment consisted only of a couch for the confidential attendant, and two large *fauteuils*. Though the night was chill and tempestuous, there was no fire on the wide hearth, and the walls being hung with dark arras, the gloom was unbroken.

On approaching the bed, the notary nearly started at the sight of the spectral figure within. The comtesse was sitting almost upright, supported by pillows; her large, dark, and glazing eyes immovably fixed in their sockets, seemed already those of the dead; her face was of the hue of a waxen image; her fine black hair, parted across her pale, damp brow, was in parts intermingled with gray, though her years did not exceed thirty, and her hands were painfully shriveled; the skin was stretched tightly over the bones, and the veins and muscles distinctly visible. Her whole form, thin to emaciation, still bore the traces of past beauty, although it was almost impossible to imagine how any human creature could have retained life in so frail a tenement. She was worn to a shadow by fever—fever which had struck directly at the root of her existence. Her lips were of a pale violet colour, and when she spoke, they scarcely moved sufficiently to show that they had life; and the upper one, which was beautifully formed, was marked by that soft, dark shade, which is the sign of a naturally strong constitution, and forcibly showed the intensity of the sufferings through which she must have passed, before arriving at that state of artificial existence, now so near the period of its termination. The notary, in the course of his profession, had seen many dying persons; but, their expiring agonies, nay, even the tears and despair of whole sorrowing families, had failed of making the impression upon him, which the sight of that lady, alone, and perishing in the silence of her vast and deserted chateau, had done on this fearful night. The whole scene lay before his eyes like a picture of the dead, for not a living sound interrupted the awful stillness of the place; even the respiration of the expiring comtesse was so low as to be inaudible, and stirred not the sheets which covered her scarce animated form. At length, her large glassy eyes moved; she made an effort to raise her right hand, but it fell again powerless on the coverlid; words like faint breathings issued from her lips, for her voice was *soundless* and extinct.

"I have waited long and impatiently for you," she said, and a faint flush passed over her cheek with the effort to address him.

"Lady," the notary began, but she made a sign to him to be silent; at the same moment, her attendant hastily rose from her chair, and approaching him, whispered, "Speak not."

The notary obeyed, and placed himself on the seat she motioned him to take. A few moments after, Madame de Merset, collecting all her powers for one last effort, succeeded in getting her hand underneath her pillow. For an instant, she paused exhausted, then, with another violent exertion, withdrew from it a sealed packet: large

drops stood upon her brow, as she feebly addressed her attentive listener.

"I confide to you my will," she said, and a low cry, feeble as that of a new-born infant's, burst from her lips at these words. "Oh! my God! pardon!" she murmured, snatching a crucifix which lay on the bed beside her, and carrying it rapidly to her lips, expired.

Previously there had been suffering and intense sorrow in her eye, but her last look was one of joy; and the bright expression remained fixed on her countenance after death.

When the will was opened, it was found that the Comtesse de Merset had nominated the notary of Vendome her executor, leaving all her large property, with the exception of a few legacies, to the Hospital of Vendome. Her dispositions with regard to La Grande Bréteche were very particular, and excited much surprise. The chateau and all its appurtenances were to be left, for the space of fifty years from the day of her death, exactly in the same state in which they then were. All the apartments were to be strictly shut up, and no person whatever allowed to enter them, upon any pretext; no repairs to be permitted, either about the chateau or gardens, but all was to be suffered to fall into the natural state of decay, which so long a period as that named would not fail to bring upon them. If, at the end of the term, the wishes of the testatrix should have been strictly complied with, La Grande Bréteche was to become the property of the notary or his heirs for ever; should, they, however, have been neglected, it reverted to the comtesse's next heirs-at-law; who, as well as the notary, were charged with the fulfilment of certain dispositions annexed in a codicil, the seal of which was not to be broken till the expiration of the above space of time.

Many years passed away; and with them much of the interest and curiosity excited by the description which the notary failed not to give of the Comtesse de Merset's death-bed, her strange testament, and the subsequent decay and ruin of her once beautiful chateau. At length, an incident occurred, which, by throwing light on her mysterious history, revived in some degree the curiosity of the public. A priest belonging to a neighbouring monastery had been summoned to shrive a dying woman of the name of Rosalie Lebas, when a strange and fearful secret was revealed to him; an account of which was found among his papers at his death, a short time after, by the superior of his convent. The following are the facts which were thus elicited.

About six months prior to her death, the Comtesse de Merset, having been seriously indisposed, occupied a separate suite of apartments from those of the comte, at La Grande Bréteche. Her sleeping room looked upon the river, and had sash windows opening upon the lawn, which sloped pleasantly towards its banks. Within this apartment was a small recess with a glass door, which served as an oratory; it was about four feet square, and constructed within the thickness of the wall. On the night in question, by one of those strange fatalities for which there is no explanation, the comte returned home two hours

later than usual, from a club where he usually spent his evenings in reading the papers or discussing politics. The invasion of France had formed the leading topic of conversation, and the subject for a long and animated discussion; after which, being already excited by argument, the comte had lost a considerable sum at billiards. On returning home, he had usually satisfied himself, for some time past, by asking the comtesse's attendant, Rosalie, if her lady were retired to rest, ere he proceeded to his own apartments; but, on this night, it occurred to him he would visit her himself that he might recount his ill luck. Accordingly, instead of summoning Rosalie, he proceeded directly to the chamber of the comtesse. His well-known step resounded along the corridor, and at the instant he turned the handle of the door, he fancied he heard that of the oratory within, closed suddenly: but, when he entered the apartment, he saw Madame de Merset standing before the hearth, on which smouldered the embers of a half-extinguished fire. It immediately occurred to him it must have been Rosalie who went into the oratory, from which, however, there was no egress but through the comtesse's apartments. Yet a suspicion of a darker nature, nevertheless, crossed his imagination, like a sudden flash of dazzling light, which could not be extinguished. He looked fixedly at his wife; and there seemed a troubled expression in her eye as she avoided his searching glance.

"You are late to-night," she said: and there was a slight tremor in her voice, usually so clear and musical.

The comte did not reply, for at that instant, as if to strengthen the horrid thoughts which possessed his secret soul, Rosalie entered the room. Turning abruptly from her, he folded his arms moodily across his breast, and impetuously but mechanically paced the apartment.

"You are ill, my lord, I fear—or bring you evil tidings?" gently enquired the comtesse, as Rosalie proceeded to undress her. But he still continued silent. "You may retire," added Ma-

And there was an ineffable dignity in her look and manner which awed the comte's suspicious, and made him pause in his purpose.

"No, Josephine!" he exclaimed, "I open not that door, as, guilty or innocent, we then must part. But listen: I know all thy purity of heart, and the sanctity of the life thou leadest:—thou wouldst not commit a mortal sin at the expense of thy soul!"—she looked at him wildly.—"Here is thy crucifix—take it!—swear to me, before that image, there is no one there, and I will never seek to enter."

The comtesse took the crucifix and murmured—"I swear."

"Louder!" said her husband, and repeat—"I swear before the virgin, there is no one concealed in that oratory."

And she repeated the words of the oath without any visible emotion.

"Tis well!" M. de Merset coldly said; then added, after a moment's silence—his eye resting upon the crucifix she had just laid down, which was of ebony and silver, and of exquisite workmanship—"You have something there, which I never saw before, or knew that you possessed."

"I met with it accidentally at Duvivier's, who bought it of one of the Spanish prisoners of war, when they passed through Vendome on their way to the frontier."

"Ah!" said the comte, replacing the crucifix on its gilt nail over the chimney-piece: in doing which, at the same moment, he rang the bell. Rosalie came immediately. M. de Merset advanced to meet her, and leading her into the embrasure of the window which opened upon the lawn, abruptly, and in an under tone, said, "I understand that poverty alone prevents your union with Philippe, and that you have declared your intention not to become his wife until he shall have found the means of establishing himself in his business as a master mason. Now, mark me!—go seek him!—bring him hither with his tools. Let him do what I desire, and his fortune shall surpass your utmost wishes. But take

The comtesse grew slightly pale on seeing the mason.

"Philippe," said the comte, "you will find materials in the court-yard for walling up the door of yonder cabinet."

And drawing Rosalie and her lover aside: "Listen, Philippe," he continued, "you remain here to-night, but to-morrow you will receive from me a passport which shall enable you to leave this place for some distant town in a foreign land, which I will indicate. I give you the sum of 6000 francs for your journey; and you will remain ten years either in the town to which I shall direct you, or in any other, you may yourself select, provided you continue in the country in which it is situated. But you will first proceed hence, to Paris, where you will await my arrival; then, I will insure you the possession of another 6000 francs, to be paid you, on your return from your expatriation, provided you have strictly complied with my conditions. At this price, understand, whatever you may be called upon to do this night, must remain for ever *secret*. For you, Rosalie," he continued, turning towards her as he spoke, "I will settle 10,000 francs on you, the day of your marriage with Philippe: but, mark me, this promise is made on the sole condition of your marrying him."

At this moment, the comtesse's voice was heard calling to Rosalie; and the comte, turning away, proceeded quietly to pace the apartment, apparently watching the movements of his wife, Rosalie, and the mason, but without allowing any indications of suspicion to be discernible. Philippe, meanwhile, in pursuance of the task imposed on him, made a considerable degree of noise; and, seizing this chance of her voice not reaching the ears of the comte, who had just attained the further end of the chamber, the comtesse hurriedly addressed Rosalie, in a tone that was scarcely above a whisper, "A hundred crowns yearly, for thy life, are thine," she said, "if thou canst only obtain one *crevice* there, pointing to the door of the oratory, which Philippe had commenced building up with brick and plaster. Then, in a louder voice, and with a fearful calmness as her husband approached she added, "Go, Rosalie, to the assistance of Philippe."

The husband and wife, as by a sort of tacit agreement, remained mutually silent during the time employed in filling up the doorway. This silence might perhaps have been assumed, on the part of the comte, to prevent the comtesse from having it in her power to convey any double meaning in her words; while, on her side, it might have been pride, or prudence, perhaps, which prevented her from breaking it. By this time, the wall being about half-way completed, the artful mason, seizing his opportunity when the comte's back was turned towards the scene of his operations, struck a blow on the door of the cabinet which shattered one of the panes of glass. This action gave Madame de Merset to understand the success of the intelligence which subsisted between Rosalie and her lover; and casting a glance of intense anxiety towards the now darkened aperture, the mason, as well as

herself, beheld within it, the dark and handsome countenance of a man, whose intrepid look of courage and devotion fell upon her pale and guilty countenance. Ere her husband turned again in his walk, she had made a hasty sign to the stranger, which seemed to say, *There is yet hope!*

It was near day-break, that is to say, about four o'clock, for it was the month of May, ere the construction was completed; and the mason having been delivered to the care of Louis, the comte and comtesse retired to rest.

The next morning, on rising, the comte seized his hat, and making a step towards the door, said, with the utmost appearance of indifference, he must go to the mayoralty for a passport. Then, suddenly turning back, as his eye chanced to rest upon the crucifix, he took it from the chimney-piece, and, as he did so, a thrill of satisfaction passed through the bosom of the comtesse. "He is going to Duvivier's," she thought, "and will be the longer absent."

Scarcely had he left the apartment, when she rang the bell violently, to summon Rosalie; and in a voice that was rendered fearful by excess of agitation, cried, "to work! to work!" Then frantically seizing an iron bar which Rosalie, by her direction brought for the purpose, commenced demolishing the yet undried work of Philippe. Desperate were her efforts, in the hopes of being able to repair the destruction of the walled-up doorway, before the dreaded return of the comte. Despair lent her energy, and a voice within, which penetrated to her sharpened and her nervous ear alone, encouraged her to proceed. Already a part of the brickwork had yielded, and she was in the act of applying a yet more vigorous blow for the removal of the remaining impediments, when the comte, pale and menacing, stood before her. She shrieked not—spoke not—but fell insensible on the floor.

"Place your lady on her bed," M. de Merset coldly said. The truth was, he had foreseen the probable result of his absence; and had accordingly laid a snare, into which his wretched wife had but too surely fallen. He had written to the mayor, and sent for Duvivier; who arrived just as the comtesse's apartment was again restored to order, and herself recovered from her swoon.

"Duviviers," said the comte addressing the unconscious jeweller, "Did you receive this crucifix from any of the Spanish officers who passed through this town as prisoners of war, on their way to the frontier, a short time since?"

"I did not, monsieur, nor have I ever seen it before," was the reply.

"Enough—I thank you," rejoined the comte, calmly restoring the relic to its former place; then, as the jeweller left the room, he desired Louis to see that his repasts were served regularly in the apartments of the comtesse, "who is too ill," continued he, "for me to think of leaving her till her health is in some degree re-established."

And for fifteen days, did the Comte de Merset continue to keep watch over her. During the first six, a noise was from time to time heard in that closed-up cabinet, which struck terror to the

soul of the guilty woman, and horror and despair crept through her veins; but, when she would have thrown herself at his feet to implore for mercy on herself and the stranger that was dying there, without allowing her to give utterance to the agonised prayer which rose to her parched lips, with a fierce and cruel emphasis, he checked her, saying, "You have sworn on *that* crucifix, there is *no one* there."

From the Asiatic Journal.

MAHOMEDAN FESTIVALS IN INDIA.

The poor remnants of splendour still possessed by the court of Delhi, are mustered and displayed with some approximation of former pomp at the annual celebration of the *Buckra Eade*; but it is at Lucknow that the most opposing spectacle takes place at this festival. The followers of Mahomed claim to be descendants of the patriarchs, through his son Ishmael, who they aver to have been chosen for the offering of the Almighty, and not Isaac: thus differing from the belief of Jews and Christians, and supporting their assertion, in contradiction to the authority of the Bible, by writings which, in their opinion, contain sufficient evidence in favour of their claims. The offering thus made to Heaven, is commemorated by the sacrifice of particular animals, camels, sheep, goats, kids, or lambs, according to each person's means; this is supposed to answer a double purpose, not only honouring the memory of Abraham and Ishmael, but the sacrifices assisting in a time of great need. It is supposed that the entrance to paradise is guarded by a bridge made of a scythe or some instrument equally sharp, and affording as unstable a footing. The followers of the prophet are required to skait or skim over this passage, and it will be attended with more or less difficulty, according to the degree of favour they have obtained in the sight of heaven. The truly pious will be wafted over in safety, but the undeserving must struggle many times, and be often cut down in the attempt, before they can gain the opposite side. In this

hundred thousand persons, may be imagined. Since our acquaintance with the interior of South America has increased, we have become familiar with the appearance of beggars on horseback; but it is only, we believe, at Lucknow, that one of the fraternity aspires to an elephant. A few years ago, a mendicant, who went by the name of Shah Jee, being in high favour with the king, to whom, it is said, he had predicted things which afterwards came to pass, was permitted to levy contributions through the city, and, mounted upon an elephant, demanded five cowries daily of every shopkeeper. The tax upon each individual was very small, it taking four-score of these shells to make up the value of a half-penny; but the sum, when collected throughout all the bazaars of the place, amounted to a very considerable revenue.

After the elephants have been well washed in the river, their skins are oiled, and their heads painted with various devices; they are then decorated in their embroidered jhools, many of which have gold borders a quarter of a yard in depth, and these are surmounted by howdahs, either painted to resemble enamel, or formed entirely of silver. The caparisons of the horses are not less magnificent; the saddles and stirrups are of solid silver, and large silver necklaces, composed of pendant medallions, spread over the chest, have a very beautiful effect, and give out a tinkling sound, as the animal, proud of his trappings, prances along. The tails are dyed of a bright scarlet, and some have stars and crescents painted on their haunches. Gold is sometimes substituted for silver in the caparisons of these animals, and where ornaments of this kind are too costly for the purses of the owners, decorations not so rich, but equally gay, are substituted. The necklace is composed of beads, and the head is adorned with tufts of variegated silk, which have a very picturesque effect. Camels are usually decorated in the same manner, it not being very often that, with the exception of the bells attached to their collars, silver ornaments are bestowed upon animals more esteemed for

by an attention to minute particulars generally neglected in native arrangements; Asiatics paying little regard to consistence. The van of the cavalcade is formed of fifty camels, carrying swivels, each accompanied by a driver and two gunners, in white uniforms, with turbans and cummerbunds of red and green, the colours of the cloth composing the housings of the camels. A park of artillery succeeds, the gunners being clothed in blue uniforms; next two troops of cavalry, in the picturesque vests worn by suwars, of scarlet cloth, with pointed caps of black lamb-skin. After these, a regiment of foot, only half-clad, in wild barbaric costume, the trowser scarcely extending mid-way down the thigh, where it is vandyked with black points: they have red jackets, and small turbans of black leather, and the warlike, but dissonant, music of the *dunkah*, or kettle-drum, assimilates well with the strange fantastic display made by these troops. The nujeebs are closely followed by the most gorgeous portion of the spectacle, the elephant-carriages of the king and his court; the great satrap himself sits enthroned in a sort of triumphal car of silver, canopied and curtained with crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold, and drawn by four elephants exactly matched in colour, height, and size. The others have only two elephants each, but all glitter with gold and silver, and the gallant company, so proudly borne along, shine from head to foot in gems and brocade. Their turbans are adorned with costly aigrettes of jewels; clasps, studs, belts, rings, and bracelets, of the most precious treasures of the mine, appear in the greatest profusion, down to the gem-enameled slipper, and these are set off by the graceful flow of drapery composed of the most beautiful woven tissues, and shawls of the finest fabric. Round these chariots, chobdars (mace-bearers), chuprassies, hurkaras, and other state attendants, some brandishing sheathed scymetars, and others fanning the air with chowries, shout out the titles of the illustrious and puissant personages to whom they belong, while a cloud of irregular horse hover on either side, tilting and curveting apparently with disorderly recklessness, yet in reality conducting their evolutions with the most consummate skill. The king's led horses follow to swell the pomp and the parade; they are all richly caparisoned, and attended by grooms in handsome liveries. The royal paalkie and palanquin next appear; these native vehicles are of the most splendid description, constructed entirely of wrought gold, each carried by bearers clad in long scarlet vests, embroidered with gold, their turbans ornamented with the emblems of royalty. The state-carriage also forms a portion of this part of the show; it is of English make, drawn by eight black horses, driven in hand by a European coachman in scarlet livery, or rather uniform. The English gentlemen composing the foreign portion of the king's suite appear in their court-dresses, mounted upon elephants, and after them a long train of the native nobility, also mounted in the same manner, the whole being closed by horse and foot soldiers, those belonging to the India Company marching with

their colours unfurled, and their bands playing, while hundreds of banneroles, of gold and silver tissue, flaunt in the air in every direction.

Notwithstanding the want of order and discipline, which seems essential to the movement of so large a body, the procession arrives at its place of destination without being materially disarranged by the apparent confusion, which is considerably augmented by the clashing of instruments, those of Europe striving, with hopeless efforts, to vie with the clang and clamour of the native trumpet and drum. The cavalcade being drawn up at the place appointed, the superior priest or moollah, after going through the usual religious service, presents a knife to the king, who, repeating a prayer, plunges his weapon into the throat of a camel, the victim selected for sacrifice. The artillery-men are all in readiness, and when the signal is given of the completion of the ceremony by the king himself, a general discharge of musketry and cannon announces the circumstance to the whole of the city. The religious part of the festival is then ended, and the rejoicings begin. The camel thus slaughtered is served up at the royal table, on the only occasion in which the flesh of this animal is eaten in Hindostan; portions are sent as presents, a gift which is supposed to confer no small degree of honour, and the European residents, both at Lucknow and at Delhi, are often complimented with a share. The feasting is universal, for it being an essential duty on the part of the Mahomedans to dispense to others the bounties and blessings which they themselves receive, the poor on this day partake of the luxuries of the rich man's table. Upon his return to the city, the king of Oude holds a court, and the Buckra Eade is often chosen as the period of conferring honour and titles. Formerly it was the custom for Europeans to receive regular patents of nobility from native courts; but this does not appear to be common at present, the honour is little coveted by people who affect to look down upon Asiatic dignities. On the presentation of a khillaut, titles of honour are always included, and the heralds are very liberal in their proclamations, especially at Delhi, where it is cheaper, and consequently more expedient to substitute high-sounding words for more solid marks of royal favour. Many governor-generals and commanders-in-chief have been made omrahs, khans, or nawabs, by the king of Delhi; yet it is very questionable whether any have thought it worth their while to have these titles confirmed according to the etiquette practised concerning those conferred at European courts, and both the khillaut and the title seem now to have degenerated into an idle ceremony, which, as far as Europeans are concerned, means nothing but an empty compliment. With natives, however, the rank and consequence of each individual materially depend upon the degree of estimation in which he is known to be held at court; certain distinctions are withheld from the multitude, which are eagerly coveted, and made the subject of much cabal and intrigue. The rank of a party is known by his equipage, palanquins of a peculiar construction being only permitted to

privileged persons, who receive them, with the grant of their titles, from the king.

The festivities of the Buckra Eade are concluded by nautes and fire-works; every palace throughout the city of Lucknow is illuminated; the river is covered with boats, filled with musicians and dancing-girls, and though the rejoicings are more strictly private in the zenanas, they too have their share; the ladies, sumptuously attired, and laden with jewels, congregate together; dances of a more decorous nature than those exhibited to male eyes are performed before them, and after a luxurios banquet, they indulge with never-failing zest in the hookah and paan.

Notwithstanding the time occupied in the procession to the Eade-Gaarh, or in the court or durbar held after it, the king contrives to devote a portion of the day to the favourite spectacle, the wild-beast fights, at which, strange to say, many European ladies submit to be present. A public breakfast also to the members of the residency forms a part of the entertainments. In so anomalous a proceeding as the appearance of females at an Asiatic court, there can of course be no established rule respecting their dress; convenience more than etiquette is consulted, and the ladies do not scruple to attend these breakfasts in morning dresses, and in bonnets. During the reign of those enormous hats, which scarcely fell short of a carriage-wheel in circumference, the king of Oude experienced considerable difficulty in the investiture of the haarh, or necklace; the tinsel garland, on more than one occasion, stuck half-way, producing no little embarrassment on the part of the lady, and compelling the king to abandon the hope of performing his part of the ceremony with his accustomed grace.

Few things surprise the natives of India more than the changes in European fashions; no sooner has an unfortunate dirzee (tailor) mastered the intricacies of a folded body, than he has to exert his bewildered faculties upon the production of another, without plait or pucker; some ladies, who are unable to afford any instructions to their

office for a Mahomedan monarch to perform to a Christian lady. The rigid laws made and enacted by the British government, are in a slight degree relaxed when such a circumstance takes place, and the bride is permitted to retain the string of pearls, with which the king encircles her neck. At other festivals, the situation of English ladies is exceedingly tantalising; they see trays laid at their feet, containing shawls such as had haunted their early dreams, dazzling brocades of silver, and necklaces of glittering gems. These are offered to their acceptance with flattering compliments, in which they are told that all the riches of the kingdom shall be at their disposal. They are content with the portion assigned to them, but see—and sometimes the sight brings tears into their eyes—the tempting treasures seized by a government chuprassy, and restored to the place from whence they came. It is necessary that the resident should be made of very stern stuff to resist the pleadings of young ladies, who implore him to make an exception in their particular case from the general rule so despotically enforced, and resistance is rendered more difficult by the good-humoured endeavours of the natives to second the fair damsels' wishes. Confidential servants sometimes contrive to rescue a shawl or two from the hands of the Philistines, and after the whole *nuzzur* has been hopelessly surrendered, a part has been clandestinely conveyed, under cover of the night, to the private apartment of the disconsolate fair one, who, if unmarried, and therefore not implicating any one but herself, does not feel bound to respect the ordinances of the government, and accepts with as little scruple as if she were purchasing some piece of contraband goods in England.

The celebration of the Mohurram, in all large Mahomedan communities of the Sheah sect, though, strictly speaking, a fast of the most mournful kind, is accompanied by so much pomp and splendour, that strangers are at some loss to distinguish it from festivals of pure rejoicing. In no part of India is this interesting anniversary of the Moslem year commemorated with more zeal

fifth day, the banners are carried to a celebrated shrine, or durgah, in the neighbourhood, to be consecrated, it being supposed that the standard of Hossein, miraculously pointed out to a devout believer, is preserved at this place. The veneration in which this sacred relic is held, nearly equaling that which in some places in Europe is displayed towards pieces of the true cross, affords another proof the corruption of the Mahomedan religion by the Sheah sect of India. The durgah at Lucknow is not only visited at the commemoration of Hossein's obsequies, but prayers and oblations are offered in its holy precincts, upon recovery from illness, or any other occasion which calls for praise and thanksgiving. The gifts deposited at the durgah, consisting of money, clothes, and other valuable articles, become the property of the officiating priest, who is expected to disburse the greater portion in charity. All the Moslem inhabitants of Lucknow are anxious to consecrate the banners employed at the Mohurram, by having them touched by the sacred relic, and for this purpose they are conveyed to the shrine with as much pomp and ceremony as the circumstances of the proprietors will admit. A rich man sends his banners upon elephants, surrounded with an armed guard, and accompanied by bands of music; these standards are pennant-shaped, and very long, some formed of silver or gold tissue, and all richly embroidered; they are followed by a procession on foot, clad in mourning. The arms and accoutrements, representing those worn by Hossein, are carried in some of these processions, and one of the most important features, is Dhull Dhull, the horse slain with his master on the fatal field of Kurbelah: his trappings are dyed with blood, and arrows are seen sticking in his sides. Multitudes of people form these processions, which frequently stop while the moollahs recite the oft-told, but never-tiring story, or the tragic scene is enacted by young men expert at broad-sword exercises; and as Hossein is surrounded and beaten down, muskets are fired off, and shouts and beatings of the breast attest the sincerity with which his followers bewail his untimely end.

The celebration of the Mohurram is not confined to the higher classes; every person who has a small sum to spare subscribes, with others of the same means, to purchase the necessary articles for the purpose. Tazees and banners of all sizes, prices, and denominations, are sold in the bazaars, and group after group are seen upon the roads and public avenues, some accompanied with the most splendid decorations, and others content with a very humble display, but all impressed with the same desire to do honour to the martyrs. One of the most curious effects of these multitudinous assemblages, is produced by the umbrellas, or chatahs, which are generally very gay, and formed of various colours; they are seen in moving masses, like the billows of the sea, and have a more singular appearance when carried by persons on foot, than when they canopy the howdah, to which, however, they form a very magnificent appendage.

The open plains of India are calculated to show off these processions to great advantage; and as the Mohurram takes place during the rainy season,

there is no dust, and cloudy weather enables European spectators to gaze upon the pageant without danger of being blinded by the glare of a noon-day sun. On the seventh night of the Mohurram, the marriage of Hossein's daughter with her cousin, a faithful partisan of the house of Ali, is celebrated with much pomp and show. This event really took place on the day of the battle on the plains of Kurbelah, where Hossein was surprised in his camp and compelled to combat with his enemies at the greatest disadvantage. The marriage procession repairs to some celebrated tomb or mosque in the neighbourhood; and at Lucknow it is sometimes directed to the Imaumbaareh, the magnificent cathedral-like edifice, in which Asoph ud Dowlah, its founder, and the first king of Oude, lies buried. The interior, when fitted up for this purpose, is gorgeous beyond imagination; and though, if examined in detail, the display will be found to resemble the gew-gaw frippery of theatric pomp, yet when lighted up at night, and accompanied by the florid beauties of Asiatic architecture, and the picturesque assemblages of its crowds, the splendid effect of the whole disarms criticism, and the spectator abandons himself wholly to the enchantments of the scene. The tazees belonging to the kings of Oude, which, strange to say, was manufactured in England, forms one of the most striking ornaments. It is formed of green glass, mounted with brass mouldings. Models in silver of holy places at Mecca are supported upon stands of the same metal, in recesses made for their reception; the royal emblem, the fish, appears in all directions; and selections from the armoury of the king form some of the most costly of the decorations. Few monarchs are in possession of a more valuable collection of offensive and defensive weapons. The fire-arms are of unrivaled beauty, inlaid and set with gold and gems; while the swords and daggers, of the finest polish, have belts of agate, lapis lazuli, chrysolite, or blood-stone, and are ornamented in relief or in intaglio, with an immense variety of figures and foliage of the most delicate patterns, wrought in gold and silver. These and other ornamental devices are reflected from numerous mirrors, and the whole is bathed in floods of light from multitudes of wax tapers, and lamps of various colours. The quadrangles of the Imaum-baareh are similarly illuminated, and their vast dimensions, the beauty of the proportions, the rich grouping of the pinnacles and domes, the long arcades, lofty gateways, and tall minars, can seldom, if ever, be seen to such advantage as when the dazzling resplendence of artificial light imitates the blaze of day, without its heat and glare, and when the darkness of the surrounding atmosphere throws each illuminated building into bright relief. The procession of the marriage of the unfortunate Cossim and his ill-fated bride, is distinguished by trays bearing the wedding-presents, and covered palanquins, supposed to convey the lady and her attendants, the animals employed in the cavalcade, with the exception of the favoured Dhull Dhull, are left outside the walls; but the trays containing sweetmeats, &c., a model of the tomb of Cossim, and the palanquin of the bride, are brought into the

interior and committed to the care of the keepers of the sanctuary, until the last day, when they make a part of the final procession to the place of interment. Dhull Dhull, trained and educated with the same attention devoted to the champion's horse at the coronation of the kings of England, is conducted round the tazee, and his performance, which is somewhat difficult (the polished pavement being very slippery), usually excites a proportionate degree of admiration in the spectators. Money is distributed amongst the populace, as upon the occasion of a real wedding, and when it is considered that a strict fast is maintained during the whole period of the Mohurram, the least devout relinquishing the greater portion of their usual indulgences, the immense sums of money lavished upon the mere parade of quiet seems almost incredible. Many of the followers of Ali, in addition to the austerities practised at the Mohurram, will stint themselves in clothes and food during the whole year, in order to launch forth with greater éclat at this time: privations partly induced by the enthusiastic affection cherished by all classes of Sheahs for their murdered Imaums, and partly by the passion for display common to the Asiatic character. The most extraordinary feature, however, in the commemoration of Houssein's and Houssein's death, is the participation of the Hindoos, who are frequently seen to vie with the description of Ali in their demonstrations of grief for the slaughter of his two martyred sons; and in the splendour of the pageant displayed at the anniversary of their fate, a very large proportion of Hindoos go into mourning during the ten days of the Mohurram, clothing themselves in green garments, and assuming the guise of fakeers. A Mahratta prince of Gwalior was distinguished for the ardour with which he entered into all the Mahomedan observances of the period. He appeared at the Durbar attired in green, wearing no ornaments except eight or ten strings of magnificent emeralds round his neck, even discarding his pearls, though the favourite decorations of his person, and worn in such profusion as to entitle him to the designation to which he aspired. Mo-

around them. The courtesy of the Hindoo is more consistent, for he is of opinion that the numerous modes of worship, practised by the different nations of the earth, all emanate from the Deity, and are equally acceptable to him, who prescribed various forms to suit various persons; and, under this impression, he pays respect to the holidays prescribed by the *Koran*, or distinguished for the commemoration of remarkable events in the life of the prophet or his apostles. Political experience has had some effect in producing this toleration. Hindoos have found it advantageous to their interests to assist at Mussulman ceremonies, and the faithful have not been backward in the sacrifice of religious prejudices upon occasions of great importance. Conversions have also been extremely imperfect; many of those who conformed to the creed of Mahomed, retaining ceremonials and observances little less than idolatrous; while others, of purer descent, have found it almost impossible to withstand the corrupting influence of example. Yet, amidst this harmonious accordance between persons professing such opposite religions, there are occasional outbreaks, in which the Moslem and the Hindoo display all the fierceness and animosity which formerly distinguished them against each other. Insults are offered at festivals which neither party are slow to return or avenge; and when, as it sometimes happens, the holidays of the Hindoo and the Mussulman fall together, it requires no small exertion on the part of the authorities to prevent a hostile collision. At Allahabad, on the celebration of the Mohurram, some of the leading persons repaired to the judge to request that the Hindoos, who were about to perform some of their idolatrous worship, should not be permitted to blow their trumpets, and beat their drums, and bring their heathenish devices in contact with the sad and holy solemnity, the manifestations of their grief for the death of the Imaums. They represented, in the most lively manner, the obligation which Christians were under to support the worshippers of the true God against infidels, and were not satisfied with the assurance that they should

whole five. The horse of prince Hossein and his camp-equipage appear, attended with all the attributes of sovereignty; some of the tazees, of which there is a great variety, are accompanied by a platform, on which three effigies are placed,—the ass Borak, the animal selected by Mahomed to bear him on his ride to heaven,—and two hories, the latter, generally speaking, being frightful figures, more closely resembling demons than the idea they are intended to convey of the beauties of the Moslem paradise. The tomb of Cossim, the husband of Hossein's daughter, is honoured by being carried under a canopy; the bridal trays, palanquins, and other paraphernalia, accompany it, and the whole is profusely garlanded with flowers. When numbers of these processions, all composed of the same emblematic devices, differently ornamented, join together, the effect is exceedingly imposing, forming a spectacle of which it is impossible to give an adequate description. Thousands and tens of thousands are frequently assembled, with long trains of horses, camels, and elephants; a certain number of the two latter are laden with cakes of the finest wheaten bread, which, at every place where the tazees are rested, are distributed amongst the populace; large pitchers of sherbet are also provided for the same purpose; and numbers of water-carriers are in full employment, paid by the rich and charitable to administer to the wants of the poor followers of Ali. These processions take the field at break of day, but there are so many pauses for the reading of the poems dedicated to this portion of the history of the events of Kurbelah, and such numerous rehearsals of Hossein's dying scene, that it is night before the commencement of the interment.

Devout Mussulmans walk, on these occasions, with their heads and their feet bare, beating their breasts, and tearing their hair, and throwing ashes over their persons with all the vehemence of the most frantic grief; but many content themselves with a less inconvenient display of sorrow, leaving to hired mourners the task of inciting and inflaming the multitude by their lamentations and bewailments. The zeal and turbulence of the affliction of Ali's followers, are peculiarly offensive to the Soonnees, who, professing to look upon Hossein and Houssein as holy and unfortunate members of the prophet's family, and to regret the circumstances which led to their untimely end, are shocked by the almost idolatrous frenzy displayed by their less orthodox brethren, and the expression of this feeling often leads to serious disturbances, which break out upon the burial of the tazees. Private quarrels between the rival sects are frequently reserved for adjustment to this period, when, under pretext of religious zeal, each party may make an assault upon his enemy without exposing the real ground of his enmity: amongst the Mussulman sepoys in the company's service such feuds are but too common, and it is sometimes found expedient to march the Soonnees off to a distance during the period of the Mohurram. In a few places, which border the Ganges or Jumna, the tazees are thrown into the river; but generally there is a large piece of ground set apart for the purpose of

the burial. It is rather a curious spectacle to see the tombs themselves consigned to earth, with the same ceremonies which would attend the inhumation of the bodies of deceased persons; the tazees are stripped of their ornaments, and when little is left except the bamboo frames, they are deposited in pits. This ceremony usually takes place by torch-light, the red glare of innumerable flambeaux adding considerably to the wild and picturesque effect of the scene. A mussaulchee, or torch-bearer, is, generally speaking, one of the most demoniac-looking apparitions that can be imagined. Those who follow this occupation are a poor and low class of people, burthened with a small quantity of clothing, and that stained and smeared by the greasy implements of their trade; the *mussaul* itself is merely a piece of wood entwined with filthy rags, and fed from a cruise containing a coarse thick oil, which gives out an impure and lurid flame. The swart countenances, dark limbs, and uncouth drapery of men so withered and so wild in their attire as to be easily mistaken for beings of a lower sphere, assume an even fearful aspect under the flickering light of the torches, which they brandish with strange gestures, as they rush with wild halloos along the plains. In such an illumination, the whole pageant becomes confused and indistinct; here and there some bright object catching the light comes forth—glittering arms or the blaze of gold and gems—but the rest is one black phantom,—a moving mass strange and indefinite, and rendered almost terrific by the shouts of highly excited men and the continual discharge of musketry.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

WILLIAM PITT.

The history of Pitt substantiates in the clearest manner two principles, of the highest importance to the British statesman of every period—that the nation eminently honours political manliness; and that no rank of ability, destitute of moral worth, can possess a permanent ascendancy in the general mind. As an illustration of those principles, the remembrance of this first of British ministers is of immeasurable value. The minister who shall emulate him in his steady intrepidity, pure patriotism, and stainless life, may scorn the assaults of party. The statesman who reposes his popularity on the strength of his talents, while he insults public feeling by the license of his life, must see in the humiliation of Pitt's brilliant rival the prognostic of his own decline.

The circumstances under which Pitt assumed the ministry in 1783 have been already remarked, as bearing the most singular likeness to those of the present hour. The strength of his antagonists, their connection with the proudest part of the aristocracy on one side through North, and with the most violent part of the democracy on the other through Fox; their influence over the chief organs of public opinion, their power in the cities and boroughs, their great abilities, and their submissive majorities in the house of commons, raised a mass of obstacles, before

the people, I am firmly persuaded that the same success will follow."

An incident which occurred on this day, and which might have been attended with the most unhappy consequences, showed the folly and the fury into which men may be betrayed by faction. On Pitt's return from the dinner, still attended by a prodigious number of people, who were dragging the coach in which he, Lord Mahon, and Lord Chatham, were seated, a rush was made from a club house in St. James's Street frequented by his political opponents, and, just as the carriage was passing the door, it was surrounded by a party, among whom were distinguished several members of the club. They were armed with bludgeons and broken chair-poles, forced their way through the people, attacked the carriage, which they forced open, and aimed several violent blows at Pitt, whose life would probably have been the sacrifice, but for the exertions of his brother, who threw himself before him. At length those in the carriage sprang out, and made their escape, though with great difficulty, to a neighbouring house; but their servants were severely injured, and the carriage was nearly destroyed.

Fox's parliamentary resources were not yet exhausted. He had felt the hazard of stopping the supplies, and this bold step was not to be repeated. But it seemed more essential to his interests than ever that the house should not be sent back to their constituents in the present change of the public mind, and he resolved to render this impossible, by a *short* mutiny bill. A mutiny bill, passed from month to month, would necessarily forbid a dissolution. Against this desperate measure, which would overthrow the discipline of the army, Pitt reasoned with his usual power, and with his now habitual ill success. He was defeated on a motion for an adjournment, whose purport was to impede the regular yearly mutiny bill, by 171 to 162. But so small a majority as nine was menacing; and this measure, like the stoppage of the supplies, was summarily abandon-

ing the right of the prerogative, but denying its exercise; asserting the right of the commons to stop the supplies, but admitting the perils which rendered it criminal; pronouncing the power of the commons to demand the removal of the cabinet for unfitness, yet acknowledging that no instance of unfitness had been alleged, nor had any distinct charge of the kind been even thought of. Such was the tissue of alternate truisms and contradictions, which he was rash enough to place on the journals. Nothing could have been a more direct testimony against his own capacity for every function of public life. As a parliamentary leader, it exhibited him committing his party to a creed that courted instant confutation; as a candidate for office, throwing out a personal defiance, which must make his ministry directly obnoxious to the monarch; and, as a senator, proclaiming principles which had already been contemporaneous with the extinction of the throne.

Pitt had now triumphed; and he, of course, sent an account of the night to the king. His majesty's answer was equally prompt and intelligent. "Mr. Pitt's letter is, undoubtedly, the most satisfactory I have received for many months. An avowal on the outset that the proposition held forth is not intended to go farther lengths than a kind of manifesto, and then carrying it by a majority of only one; and the day concluded with an avowal that all negotiation is at an end, gives me every reason to hope, that, by a firm and proper conduct, this faction will by degrees be deserted by many, and at length be forgotten." The letter terminated with a tribute as strikingly expressed as it was justly due to the extraordinary man by whom the victory was achieved.

"I shall ever with pleasure consider, that by the prudence as well as rectitude of one person in the house of commons this great change has been effected; and that he will ever be able to reflect with satisfaction, that, in having supported me, he has saved the constitution, the most perfect of human formation."

Pitt's feelings, with that letter in his hand,

quently, from some affectation of exhibiting his independence, had gone over to Fox, rose after Ridley, and with that curious and absurd alternation of praise and blame which he thought an evidence of his daring to have an opinion of his own, pronounced his habitual sorrows that "the house of commons had been conquered; that the minister held his place in defiance of their addresses; and that, though a vote of the commons could once bestow a crown, it could not now procure the dismissal of a minister." This reference to the revolution of 1688 was of course laughed at; the orator having forgotten to add the important distinction of the cases, that in the former the nation was with the commons, in the latter against them. He then said, that "often as he had been charged with inconsistency, he would expose himself again to the charge, by voting for a long mutiny bill, which would enable the minister to dissolve parliament," for "he was willing to let ministers run their mad career; he was convinced that a dissolution would be ruinous; *but the commons were conquered!*" He then proceeded to give a description of the "troops that surrounded the treasury bench," whom he divided into the premier's body-guard, light young troops, who shot their little arrows against all who refused allegiance to their chief. The second were, the "corps of royal volunteers, staunch champions for prerogative." The third was "a legion of deserters, who, having no other object than interest, and having deserted to the minister, would be equally ready to desert from him."

The last topic was a peculiarly unfortunate one to have suggested itself to this changer of sides, and Pitt gave him some of those passing lashes which must have singularly galled a haughty and ostentatious declaimer. "As the mutiny bill is the subject before the house," said Pitt sportively, "I am ready to admit that the military picture which the honourable member has been pleased to draw is peculiarly proper for exhibition on this day; he is certainly quite in the right to display that talent for which he is so well qualified; for having once described the opposite army while he opposed it, it is now fit that he should describe that which he at present opposes, but *with which he formerly fought.*" Having thus awakened the house to the line which he was about to pursue, he then fell on Powis again. "The honourable member," said he, "like all men of ability, cannot help delighting a little in its exercise; and his *forte* being to alter his mind, he is resolved to show how clever he can be on *either side* of the question, and with what powers of eloquence he can, without any visible cause, oppose an administration which he had once supported." He then followed him keenly through his military catalogue. "The first corps, the house was told, was composed of light archers, who shot their little arrows with great dexterity. Probably the honourable member's armour had not been so strong as to be proof against the arrows of those archers, for those weapons which he seemed so much to despise, had evidently galled him. As to the prerogative volunteers, who formed the second band, I am proud of their support; because neither they

nor I can be fond of the prerogative, without being fond of the constitution, of which the prerogative is a part; nor can I, for the same reason, be an enemy to the house of commons, which is a part of the constitution, and, consequently, to me an object of veneration. As to the third band, I cannot conceive why the honourable member should call them deserters, merely because they did not think proper to go the length to which others were hurrying the house. But the honourable member certainly must be admitted to be something of an authority on the subject. He had peculiar opportunities of knowing the secrets of the enemy; for, having served in *both armies*, and having undertaken the task of negotiating, he was able to do his friends signal service, by the information which he might *collect as a spy*, while he enjoyed the immunities of an ambassador."

We may conceive with what cheers and laughter this *exposé* was received by the house. But the discipline was not yet done. "The honourable member," said Pitt, "has stated what he calls the debtor and creditor side of the account, in the negotiation for an union of parties. It may, perhaps, suit *his* ideas to state the business as a *matter of barter*. But, as the only object I had in the transaction was the public good, I considered, *not what men would give or gain*, but what would promote the prosperity of the country!"

The speech struck home to Powis, who by this time had found ample reason to regret his searching for counsel on both sides of the house, and equally ample to consider the imprudence of provoking his punishment from so formidable a hand. He fastened on the word "spy," and, rising in great wrath, demanded whether, "by applying the word to him, the minister meant to charge him with dishonourable conduct?" The question seemed sufficiently unnecessary, after the denunciation of his tergiversation. But the minister had more important objects in view than to heal the wounded fame of Mr. Powis; he simply replied, that he had charged them with nothing, that he merely intended to convey the idea, that the honourable gentleman, "having served in both armies, knew the secrets of both, *as well as any spy could.*" With this repetition of the phrase, Mr. Powis was forced to be content, and to take with him the lesson, that political trimming is always despised, and deserving to be despised.

The fall of faction was complete. The whole country was in a tumult of rejoicing at the overthrow of a parliamentary despotism, which, in its progress, must have usurped every power of the state, turned the throne into a cipher, and renewed the bloody era of the civil war. In its exultation, the pre-eminent individual, whose ability had fought the battle in the house of commons, was loaded with every testimony of national homage. A long succession of addresses from public bodies in all parts of the country were presented to the minister, containing the highest praises of his conduct, and urging him to unflinching firmness in rescuing the principles of the constitution.

But there was one individual, and but one, to whom still higher gratitude was due, who, exhi-

biting from the beginning of the struggle a sagacity no less profound, and a courage not less intrepid, than the great minister, had, with more to lose, evidently prepared him to hazard all for the safety of England. That individual was the king. During that most anxious period, the humblest instrument of office did not labour more indefatigably, or the highest counsellor of the crown advise with more knowledge of the spirit of the constitution. He almost alone saw, from the commencement, the true nature of the contest, that it was not a competitorship for office, but a trial of the whole principle on which was built the prosperity of the empire. It was for this reason that he openly spoke of the probability of his withdrawing from the government, and the country, or from life. This determination, he foresaw, would be a matter of course, if the coalition ministry gained the day. Their principles were fatal to the security of the constitution. An all-powerful house of commons must be only the delegate of an all-powerful mob; every establishment of the state, the liberty of individuals, the rights of hereditary property, and of all property, would be at the mercy of a vote from the house of commons from hour to hour, that vote at the mercy of a majority, however composed, that majority at the command of the first demagogue who might combine the power of speaking with every excess of the most profligate ambition, and that orator essentially at the dictation of the rabble by whom he had been made, by whom he was sustained, and from whose violences he daily gathered fresh intimidation for the legislature.

The king saw this inevitable result, and he disdained to be dragged at the chariot wheels of faction. He knew, from the experience of all history, that the dungeon of a monarch has but one door, and that door opens to the scaffold. Thus the sentiment was not the result of an unmanly melancholy, still less of an unmanly impatience; it was the deliberate conclusion from the known facts of popular supremacy.

And what is the difference between that hour

this moment even the few who displayed an semblance of public ability on the fallen side have disappeared, and the actual leader of the opposition is one of the youngest and least experienced of the late ministry. What, then, is it that unites so large a number of the representative body, binds them in such strong confederacy, and urges them forward with such precipitate resolution? Unquestionably something altogether different from the old ties or stimulants of party. Neither generous attachment to distinguished individuals, nor old political connection, nor the natural and justifiable homage with which men honour great abilities. For all the occasions that give birth to those impulses have passed away. Unable to solve this problem on old principles, can we refuse the solution offered by new? An not a wild determination to innovate, a reckless love of desperate experiments, and a sanguine view of consequences, which every man can conjecture, and all good men must deprecate, the ingredients of that new cup of intoxication which the French "Three days of July" prepared for the lip of England, and which, if but touched, fills the heart with alternate fatuity and frenzy?

George the Third, during this entire crisis, saw it in its true point of view, an assault on the liberties of England. The India bill was instantly felt by him to be a scheme of a powerful demagogue to make himself master of the state for life, and to render it hereditary in his party. The king was no lazy depositary of a crown, of which the jewels were left to be plucked out to wreath round the brow of the libicide. He lingered under no shield of ministers. He boldly came forward—constantly assisted at councils—constantly advised with ministers—cheered, confirmed, and sustained them by perpetual correspondence—and under their heaviest defeats invigorated them by new assurances that he would stand by them to the last. He seems to have been awake to every change in the circumstances of ministers, the house, and the people; and in all to have formed and delivered opinions which

grace of language. On the morning after one of the debates in which he had peculiarly distinguished himself by the elegant dexterity of his satire, the king wrote to him, after alluding to some matters of business—"I cannot conclude without expressing my fullest approbation of the conduct of Mr. Pitt on Monday. In particular, his employing a *razor* against his antagonist, and never condescending to run into that rudeness, which, though common in that house, certainly never becomes a gentleman. If he proceeds in this mode of oratory, he will bring debates into a shape more creditable, and correct that, as well as, I trust, many more evils, which time and temper only can effect."

The time was now come for that appeal to the nation, on which the minister had determined from the beginning, but which neither the art nor force of opposition was to precipitate or retard. He obtained the supplies without compromise, and compelled the heads of opposition either to fly from the debates, or to sit in sullen silence. To the last he exhibited the same superiority to the tamperings or threats of his antagonists. On the 22d of March, on bringing up the report of the committee of supply, he was eagerly questioned on the probability of a dissolution. Lord North, Mr. Eden, and General Conway, successively animadverted on it as unjust, severe, impolitic, &c.; but no answer could be obtained from the minister. He did not condescend to utter a syllable. He had already fixed his determination, and he did not think it necessary to gratify his querists by explaining. He continued contemptuously silent through the night, and left the answer to be given by the event. That answer was not long delayed. In two days after, (the 24th,) the king went down to the house and delivered this decisive speech from the throne:—

"My lords and gentlemen,—On a full consideration of the present situation of affairs, and of the extraordinary circumstances which have produced it, I am induced to put an end to this session of parliament. I feel it a duty, which I owe to the constitution and to the country, to recur, as speedily as possible, to the sense of my people, by *calling a new parliament*. I trust that this measure will tend to obviate the mischiefs arising from the unhappy *divisions and distractions* which have lately subsisted, and that the various important objects which will require consideration may be afterwards proceeded upon with less interruption and with happier effect. I can have no other object than to preserve the true principles of our free and happy constitution, and to employ the powers intrusted to me by law for the only end for which they were given, the good of my people."

The Parliament was dissolved on the 25th of March, and the new parliament summoned to meet on the 16th of May.

We have in this detail the narrative of a period pregnant with the fates of half a century,—that half century itself pregnant with the most fearful perils, the most overwhelming catastrophes, and the guiltiest national corruptions within the last thousand years. In that period the principles were established by Pitt and his sovereign which

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bore the country in unexampled triumph through those perils, and placed England at the head of Europe. The battle in 1784 was fought in parliament only preparatory to its being fought in the streets. If the projects of Fox were confined to outrageous personal aggrandisement, his principles extended to national ruin. The violence of opposition was of the most daring, arrogant, and grasping order. They looked upon the king as already at their feet, all the honours and offices of the state at their mercy, and their seizure of them not only certain but permanent. Their addresses to the throne were not supplications, but menaces. Those petitioners for the royal grace came to storm the royal fears. No language that haughty assumption of power ever used was forgotten, in those rescrits of a tyrannical house of commons, to its sovereign. Delicacy, decorum, and even the respectful formalities of language to a king, were equally abjured in their appeals to the throne. They demanded and defied; yet this whole array of practised, inflamed, and arrogant hostility was totally put to the rout by steadiness, fortitude, and persevering principle. The success of Fox would have inevitably plunged the country into a revolution. He would have felt himself rapidly so dependent on the multitude—his temperament was so incapable of refusing the prizes of popularity, let the purchase be what it might—his moral nature was so self-indulgent, feeble, and vitiated, that, in the first trial of his virtue against his passions, he must have given way to the grossest political temptation. The constitution would have been yielded, perhaps with an eloquent speech on the painful necessity of circumstances, perhaps with a contemptuous smile at the human absurdity of expecting public self-denial from the gorged voluptuary of private life; but the evil would have been done, and the British name turned into a warning for nations too confident in the patriotism of profligates—or the constitution, after being plunged into a sea of blood, would have been left to the hands of posterity to draw it up from its darkness, mutilated, disfigured, and almost beyond the hope of breathing again.

The lofty perseverance of the minister was among the great qualities which gained this most memorable triumph. He fought the opposition for eleven weeks *alone*; and during that time he never allowed the most dexterous of his antagonists to gain the slightest advantage over him. He was never betrayed into a rash expression, never inflamed into unbecoming wrath, never entrapped into undue disclosure. He sat, night after night, the same imperturbable depositary of government, suffering the storm to rage on, until it was his pleasure to check its ravings. But when he rose, he poured out the same torrent of eloquence which dashed and withered his enemies; at once caustic and generous, graceful and daring, classical and vigorous, it was equally unrivaled in the discussions of polity domestic and foreign, in the more general contests which turned on political principle, and in those powerful, and sometimes most pathetic appeals, in which he addressed himself to the native-born feelings of honour and patriotism in the breasts

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of Englishmen. For nearly two months he was constantly repelled, defied, and insulted by the house. He never in a *single instance* obtained a majority. In the long succession of debates, from the time of taking his seat on the 12th of January, 1784, to the time when opposition finished their career of violence by a manifesto almost of treason, March the 8th, he was defeated in fourteen great debates—the result of any one of which might have sent him from the treasury bench to the tower. Still he persevered, with a manliness which conferred the highest panegyric on his nature, a penetration which placed his ability in the highest public point of view, and a confidence in the national character, which nothing but singular nobleness in the heart of the minister could have dictated, and nothing but singular virtue in the heart of the people could have sustained. From the beginning, he took his stand against the ignorant principle, which we again hear asserted, that, “*the house of commons has the right to declare who shall be the ministers of the country.*” He proved that this power, once established, would be effectually the establishment of a democracy. He was not to be answered by the trifling pretence that the commons admitted the king’s right to nominate; he showed that the royal nomination must be a burlesque, where the right of the house of commons to annul it day by day was assumed as a privilege; that this privilege would make government a mockery of the hour; that while the votes of a thing so palpably dependent on chance as a majority, were to exercise the actual control over the appointment of the royal counsellors—all that belongs to the stability of public council, all foreign connection, all the security of laws, must be blown loose to the winds; that the very conception went to defraud the house of peers of their constitutional share in the public interests; that it would leave the king but in the situation of a head clerk of the house of commons, and, as the natural consummation of all, that the commons themselves would be crushed by some burst of national anger,

TEXAS.

General Wavel, an English officer, whose account of Texas is contained in the appendix to *Ward’s Mexico*, gives the following interesting description of that fine country:—

Texas contains about one hundred and sixty millions of English acres. In the northern part, the climate differs but very little from that of the south of Europe, of Buenos Ayres, and the Cape of Good Hope. To the south the white settlers of the United States experience no ill effects from exposure to the sun. Few countries possess so large a proportion of rich land, or are so capable of supporting a dense population.

The coast is low, and during the rainy season, it becomes unhealthy. It is skirted by a number of islands, separated from the main land by narrow straits. The most considerable of these is San Luis or Galveston, the easternmost point of which shelters the harbour of that name.

The bay of Espiritu Sante is the next harbour of importance; and this, from the numerous shoals, cannot be frequented by vessels drawing more than eight or ten feet of water.

The anchorage is generally good, and as the water shoals gradually, vessels approaching the coast may be guided entirely by the lead.

Few countries are better supplied with navigable rivers, streams and rivulets, than Texas. The rivers, at a short distance from their mouths, are generally narrow, deep and clear, with a moderate rapid stream.

They abound in fish, to which the North American settlers have given the English names, trout, carp, tench, &c. although what I saw differed widely from the fish of the same name in Europe.

Steamboats run from New Orleans to Natchitoches, 300 miles above the junction of the two rivers, once or twice weekly; except during the autumn, when a chain of rocks prevents their passing higher than Alexander, 120 miles lower down. About 150 miles above Natchitoches, is the Great Raft, i. e. an accumulation of drift timber, which for many miles forms one connected mass all across the bed of the river, and obstructs the navigation except when the water is very high. Keel boats already proceed some hundreds of miles above the raft; and there appears to be no doubt, that, when this obstacle is removed, the river will be navigable to a very considerable distance; indeed, it is generally believed, almost as

horse, panther, leopard, bear, deer, antelope, racoon, black fox, musk rat, and beaver; and they are of the best quality.

The Nueces, Trinidad, and San Antonio, are fine streams, and in size about equal to the Sabine, which forms the boundary. The Navasite, Angelina, and Neches, San Jacinto and Arroyo de Cedros, are navigable to a great extent, except at certain periods; and the Arroyo de la Vaca, (or Lorilace river,) which runs but a short distance into the interior, has, it is stated, nine feet of water upon its bar. The rivulets and minor streams are innumerable. As in Devonshire, almost every valley has its stream or brook; and judging from the small fish which I observed in them, I should conceive the greater number to be perennial. The low lands, which extend along the coast, are admirably adapted to the cultivation of rice. In some parts, sugar, and in others cotton, may be produced similar to that of the sea islands. The central part of Texas is prairie, nearly level, and abounding with a most luxuriant vegetation; the banks of the rivers being lined with timber are skirted by ground gently undulating, and covered with trees. Here the depth of rich alluvial soil is very considerable: and cotton, wheat, barley, rye, Indian corn, indeed every production, both of more temperate climates and of Europe, is raised in equal abundance and perfection. The prairies, in their natural state, afford a constant supply of excellent pasture.

The valley of the Red River is stated by the numerous North American settlers, to contain some millions of acres, exceeding in fertility even the celebrated Mississippi bottom, the valley of the Roanoke, or indeed any lands to be found in the United States. They have styled it the "Garden of the West," and the cotton which it already produces, far excels the Alabama, Tennessee, or indeed any, excepting that of the sea islands. I here ought to remark, that growing cotton possesses one great advantage. Children, so young as to be unable to engage in any other occupation, can be employed in picking cotton, and at the age of nine or ten, probably do fully as much as grown up persons. Every species of grain thrives admirably in this fertile tract, and it is thought that the ribbed sugar cane, lately introduced from the Philippines, and which arrives at maturity a month sooner than the common sort, would answer well there. In the valleys is found the red, or pencil cedar of the largest growth, also a great quantity of the Bois-d'arc, of which the Indians make their bows. It is of a beautiful yellow colour, susceptible of the highest polish, not heavy, but exceedingly tough and elastic. In addition to these, trees of all varieties which flourish in the United States are to be met with—white, red, dwarf, or scrub, and post oaks (of the former of which staves are made; while the latter is so strong, hard and tough, that it is frequently employed in lieu of iron to make the screws of cotton presses); together with iron-wood, hickory, and many other woods admirably adapted for the lathe. The sugar-maple is also very valuable. An auger hole being bored in its trunk, in the spring of the year, a small spout is inserted, and the liquor, which is subsequently evaporated to a consistency, is caught in a vessel.

A single tree has been known to yield one hundred and fifty pounds of sugar; the average daily produce being from three to four or six pounds. I found its flavour very pleasant, but do not think it is nearly so sweet as the common sugar.

Humboldt's prediction, that carriages would pass from Washington to the city of Mexico, has been verified.

North Americans have, in their convenient and light dearborn or Jersey wagons, repeatedly passed into the interior of Mexico from the United States. Roads are very easily made through Texas, as the country is either flat or gently undulating.

To clear away the wood costs little trouble; and al-

though the rivers are numerous, being generally narrow and deep, they oppose no obstacles but such as can be easily surmounted.

The fact that Mr. Couci, an enterprising Frenchman, with about forty others, nearly all his countrymen, passed through Texas with several large wagons laden with goods, in June, 1826, is the best proof of the facility with which every difficulty, such as those which are usually met with in a new country, is here overcome. The dearborn or Jersey wagon, just mentioned, is admirably calculated to journey through countries where rivers or other natural impediments may render it necessary that each part be speedily reduced to a small size or weight, so as to be rendered portable, and taken to pieces with the greatest ease, and a raft formed of a few trunks, or the larger branches of trees, which suffice to convey it across the rivers, or the whole is progressively passed by hand over any other obstacle.

Those who have settled in Texas a few months, really enjoy more comforts (and these in addition to the opportunity of realising a handsome property) than any peasantry with which I am acquainted. One act of liberality and hospitality, which is constantly practised by all his neighbours towards a new comer, whose character is found unexceptionable, would do honour to the most highly civilised people. They all assemble at the spot which he has fixed upon for his residence, with their axes and draught oxen, fell the timber, and build for him his log-house. This generally consists of three apartments, one for sleeping, another for eating, both closed in all round, while in the centre, which is left open on both sides, he keeps his saddles and tools, and takes his meals during the hot weather.

The kitchen (also a log hut) is separated from the house, and so is also the smoke-house, where the meat is smoked and kept.

The log-house is by no means an inconvenient residence; indeed, some of them are roomy, neat and durable, very strong, and well calculated to afford protection from every inclemency of the weather.

The wild animals to be met with in Texas, are the buffalo, or the bison, known in this country as the *bonnassus*, which enter Texas from the north in vast herds during the winter; the panther, leopard, bear, otter, beaver, antelope, deer, racoon, black fox, &c. Turkeys abound: there are two species of the partridge; swans often arrive in great numbers, together with immense flocks of wild ducks and geese. The flesh of the buffalo, especially its hump, is excellent, and generally prized far above beef; the bear's ham is also considered a great delicacy.

But by far the most interesting animal is the wild horse from Barbary, which the Arabs transplanted into Spain, passing from thence to the new world, and being turned loose by the first European settlers, it has peopled the rich plains of Texas with droves innumerable. The mustang, or wild horse, is not often large or heavy, but shows blood; it is well made, hardy, active, and if caught young, very docile, although, whenever an opportunity offers, it is apt to rejoin its wild brethren. The piebald, light brown, chestnut and dun colours prevail.

Their defect is the tenderness of the hoof, which is too frequently to be met with amongst them, as they are bred on soft ground; whereas, throughout Mexico, those which are reared on a hard rocky soil, have a solidity of hoof which renders shoes unnecessary even to the fore feet; the hind feet are seldom shod. The mode of catching them is similar to that by which wild elephants are caught in India.

A space sufficiently large to contain a drove is enclosed with stakes, trunks, and branches of trees; the entrance is narrow, but gradually widens outwards, and a herd is driven or becoyed into it by a horse trained for the purpose. I have seen instances of attachment, on

the part of a young colt thus caught, to a careful master, far stronger than any that I ever before witnessed in a horse.

The country of the Comanches is the mountainous district of San Saba, which they cross both in the spring and autumn, and where they deposit their families occasionally during their long expeditions. These Indians generally kill the buffalo with their bow and arrow, their horses being trained to carry them close to it, and on its right side. Sometimes they pursue, and, with a sharp iron (crescent shaped) passing its left flank, sever the ham string of the right leg, when the animal falls away from the horse; they sometimes almost shoot it with the rifle. The scent of the buffalo is, however, so acute, that it can be only approached from the leeward side; it is timid till wounded, but then its impetuosity is irresistible, and its attacks are repeated until it falls. Being both active, and from its vast bulk very powerful, the charge of an old bull is described as tremendous. The long shaggy hair which covers its head and breast, gives it a terrific appearance, and it rushes headlong at whatever it perceives (after the smoke of the rifle), blowing and snorting with astonishing loudness.

Should it discover and throw down its antagonist, it gores and tramples upon him until (if desperately wounded) it falls dead by his side. The horns of the buffalo are short, but very sharp pointed, although thick at the base. Being very hard and black, they are highly prized for cups and other purposes. Its flesh when fat, is excellent, especially the hump; the skins, covered with an excessively thick hair, nearly approaching to wool, are much used in the northern parts of the United States, more especially as a wrapper upon traveling in the sledges or sleighs over the ice or snow. The Indians give a softness and pliability to these skins greater than that of the buck or even doe-skin of Europe. The following is, I believe, the process adopted. After tanning with sumac and bark, the skin is stretched over a hole in the earth and smoked; the brains of the animal and alum are also rubbed into it. It is subsequently painted in chequers, diamonds, and similar figures, the colours being very durable.

The first person who took effectual measures to carry into effect extensive schemes of colonisation in Texas on their own private account, was Mr. Austin, an inhabitant of Louisiana; and after he had traversed this vast country near the coast, he fixed on the spot between the Brazos and Colorado, where he obtained a very extensive

road that leads from Natchitoches to San Antonio de Bezar, better lodging and provisions are obtained, in greater abundance, and at a lower price, than on many of the principal roads in Spain. The hospitality of all is most meritorious, and the usual price of each meal (which consists almost invariably of pork, eggs, bacon, butter, maize cakes, hot coffee, and sometimes venison and other meats), is only one shilling. This country might easily absorb the whole of the surplus population of Great Britain, a nucleus being formed by the settlement of about one hundred industrious agriculturalists, who, after the first year, might supply grain for at least ten times their own number. Cattle, and more especially pigs, will increase most rapidly, almost without any care or trouble, in the woods. Thus each successive year would, by affording increased sustenance, allow the number of settlers to be tripled, at the least.

Nature has evidently given to Texas commercial advantages, which she has denied to almost every other part of Mexico; indeed, few countries, if any one, are more favourably situated for carrying on an extensive and lucrative foreign and domestic traffic.

The principal export doubtless will be cotton, which grows in the greatest abundance, and is in quality inferior only to that of the sea islands. As the capital employed in raising it is very inconsiderable, the Texas colonist will be able to undersell every competitor in foreign markets. His healthy lands, cultivated by free and cheap labour, cost him comparatively nothing; whilst the North American and West Indian require an interest on a large sum employed in the purchase of property and slaves, subject to many contingencies.

Pot and pearl ashes will be obtained in clearing the lands.

Texas will supply the West India islands with timber, salted provisions, flour, and whatever else they now require from the United States, at least equal in quality, and at a lower price, than they can be obtained from thence. Mules and horses will also be exported to Cuba and the Antilles. The southern parts of the United States are already supplied from thence, and from Coahuila, with both; but more especially the former, which are sometimes embarked at the Brazos de Santiago, close to the mouth of the river Bravo del Norte, but more generally conveyed by land. It is thought that Texas may prove well suited for the growth of the merino wool, both on account of the climate, and the extent of uncultivated land, over which they may be allowed to graze at

Nevertheless, during the rainy season, there is a sufficient rise in the rivers of Texas to render even the smaller branches navigable, and afford opportunities of conveying the produce of the interior by water carriage to the coast.

From the London Athenæum.

DE LAMARTINE'S VISIT TO LADY ESTHER STANHOPE.

The following is from a highly interesting forthcoming work written by M. Alphonse de Lamartine, the poet, and member of the *Académie Française*. We presume the publication is delayed, that a translation may appear simultaneously in Paris and London—as such translation is, we observe, announced by Mr. Bentley to appear immediately.

M. de Lamartine precedes the account of his visit by a sketch of her ladyship's life, the particulars of which are generally known in this country; at the conclusion he says:

"After a wandering life, in all the countries of the East, Lady Esther Stanhope fixed her residence in an almost inaccessible solitude, upon one of the mountains of Lebanon, adjoining Said, the ancient Sidon. The Pacha of Saint Jean d'Acre, Abdallah Pacha, who entertained a high respect for, and was devotedly attached to her, bestowed upon her the remains of a convent and the village of Jioun, the inhabitants of which are Druses. Her ladyship built several houses there, surrounded by a wall, similar to our fortifications of the middle ages;—she planted a delightful garden after the Turkish fashion; a garden of flowers and fruits, arbours formed of vines, kiosks enriched with sculpture and arabesques; the water flowing through marble trenches; fountains playing in the centre of the pavement of the kiosks, shaded by orange, fig, and lemon trees. There Lady Stanhope resided for several years in perfectly Oriental luxury, surrounded by a great number of European or Arab dragomans, a numerous suite of female attendants and black slaves: and keeping up amicable, and even political, connections, with the Porte, Abdala-Pacha, the Emir Beschir, sovereign of Lebanon, and, above all, with the Arab Shieks of the deserts of Syria and of Bagdad.

"Her fortune, however, became diminished by the derangement of her affairs, which suffered from her absence from England; and she found herself reduced to an annuity of 30 or 40,000 francs (from 12 to 16000 sterling), which is still sufficient, in that country, to keep up her establishment. However, the persons who had accompanied her from Europe either died or left her; the friendship of the Arabs, which cannot be retained without presents and illusion, cooled: communications became less frequent, and Lady Esther fell into that completely isolated state in which I found her; but then 'twas that the heroic stamp of her character, the energy, constancy and resolution of her mind were fully displayed. She never thought of retracing her steps; she did not heave one sigh of regret for the world or the past; she did not succumb under the abandonment of friends, the perspective of old age, and the oblivion of the living; she remained alone, where she still is, without books, without newspapers, without letters from Europe, surrounded merely by a few negroes, some black children, her slaves, and a certain number of Arab peasants to take care of her garden and her horses, as well as to watch over her personal safety.

"It is generally believed in the country, and my communications with her justify me in sharing this belief:

that the source of the supernatural strength of her mind, and her resolution, is to be attributed not only to her natural character, but also to strongly excited religious ideas, in which European illuminism is mingled with certain Oriental tenets, and, above all, with the marvels of astrology. At all events, Lady Stanhope has a great name in the East, and is an object of astonishment in Europe. Finding myself so near to her, I was anxious to see her; there was such an apparent sympathy between her ideas of solitude and meditation, and my own feelings, that I was very anxious to ascertain to what extent we might be agreed. But nothing can be more difficult than for a European to gain admittance to her presence; she declines all communication with English travellers, with women, and even with members of her own family. I had, therefore, but little hope of being presented to her—I had no letter of introduction. Knowing, however, that she kept up some distant connection with the Arabs of Palestine and Mesopotamia, and that a recommendation under her hand to those tribes might be extremely useful to me in my future perambulations, I made up my mind to send an Arab to her with the following letter:

"My Lady,—A traveller, like yourself, a foreigner, equally with your ladyship in the East, has come hither, as you did, purposely to observe its nature, its ruins, and the works of God, I have just arrived in Syria with my family. I shall reckon among the most interesting days of my journey, that on which I may become known to a lady who is herself one of the wonders of that East which I came to visit.

"If you will be so kind as to receive me, let me know the day which will suit you, and also whether I am to come alone, or if I may introduce to you some of the friends by whom I am accompanied, and who would not prize less highly than myself the honour of being presented to you.

"I beg, my lady, that this request of mine may not, in any way, infringe upon your politeness, by inducing you to grant me ought that would be repugnant to your habits of decided retirement. I but too well understand, myself, the value of liberty, and the charm of solitude, not to comprehend and to respect your refusal.

"Accept, &c. &c.

"I had not long to wait for the answer; on the 30th, at three in the afternoon, Lady Stanhope's equerry, who is, at the same time, her physician, arrived at my dwelling, with orders to accompany me to Jioun, the residence of this extraordinary woman.

"We set off at four; I was accompanied by Doctor Léonardi, M. Parseval, a servant, and a guide; we were all on horseback. I passed, at half-an-hour's distance from Bayruth, a wood of magnificent fir-trees, which were originally planted by the Emir Fakar-ed'-din, upon an elevated promontory, whence the eye ranges, on the right, over the stormy sea of Syria, and, on the left, over the magnificent valley of Libanus, an admirable point of view, where the riches of the vegetation of the West, the vine, the fig-tree, the mulberry, the pyramid-like poplar, are mingled with some lofty columns of the palm-trees of the East, the broad leaves of which waved to and fro by the action of the wind, like a vast plume of feathers, in the clear blue firmament. At a very short distance from this spot we entered upon a sort of desert of red sand, formed with immense waves, in motion, like those of the ocean. There was a strong breeze that evening, and the wind furrowed and channelled this sandy waste, in the same manner as it raises up and agitates the waves of the sea. This spectacle was new to me, and was a gloomy foretaste of the real and vast desert I expected to traverse ere long. There was no trace of man or animal on this undulating arena; our only guides were the roaring of the waves of the sea on one side, and the ridges of the summits of Lebanon on the other. We

soon entered upon a sort of road or path, with enormous blocks of angular stone scattered here and there. This road, which borders the sea as far as Egypt, conducted us to a house in ruins, the remains of an ancient fortified tower, where we passed the gloomy hours of the night, lying upon rush mats, and with our cloaks wrapped around us. As soon as the moon had risen, we remounted our horses.

"It was one of those nights in which the firmament is all glittering with stars, when the most perfect serenity seems to reign in those ethereal voids which we contemplate from so great a distance, but in which the natural scene around us seems to groan and to be tortured by sinister convulsions. The desolate aspect of the coast, for some leagues, added to this painful impression. We had left behind us the beautiful shady slopes, and the verdant valleys of Lebanon. Rugged hills covered from top to bottom with black, white, and gray stones, the remains of earthquakes, appeared before us; on our right and left the sea, which had been agitated since the morning by a tempest, rolled forward its heavy and menacing waves, of the approach whereof we were warned from afar, by the shadows they cast before them, and which afterwards struck the shore: each one making its thunder-clap, and then shed their broad and bubbling foam even as far as the moist sandy border on which we were traveling, inundating our horses' feet after each wave, and threatening to wash us away; a moon as brilliant as a winter's sun, shed a sufficiency of rays upon the sea to enable us to see how furious it was, yet not bestowing enough light upon our road to give sufficient confidence to the eye as to the perils of the way. The flames from some building on fire cast their reflection on the ridges of Lebanon, and mingled with the morning mists, spreading over the whole scene a false and wan tint which was neither day nor night: neither the brightness of the one, nor the serenity of the other; an hour which was painful both to the eye and the mind, a struggle of two opposite principles, of which nature sometimes presents the afflicting image, and of which we still more frequently find the echo in our own hearts!

"At seven in the morning, the sun being already scorching, we left Said, the ancient Sidon, which advances into the sea like a glorious *souvenir* of past dominion, and climbed some chalky, naked, rugged hills, which, rising insensibly, led to the solitude which we looked out for in vain. As soon as we had reached the top of one hill we discovered another, still higher, which

strange assemblage of ten or twelve small build (*maisonnettes*), each containing only one or two rooms on the ground-floor, without windows, and separated from each other by little court-yards, or small garden, an assemblage exactly similar to the aspect of the poor convents which are to be seen in Italy and Spain upon the high mountains and belonging to the mendicant orders.

"According to her usual custom, Lady Stanhope was not visible until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. We were each of us conducted into a sort of narrow depository both of light and furniture. Breakfast was brought to us, and we reclined on divans whilst waiting for the levee of the invisible hostess of this remote dwelling. I was sleeping, when, at three o'clock, I was awakened by a knock at my door, and an announcement that her ladyship was ready to receive me. I traversed a court-yard, a garden, an open kiosk overspread with jasmine; and, after passing along two or three gloomy corridors, I was introduced by a little negro child of eight or ten years old into the cabinet of Lady Esther.

"This room was so extremely dark, that it was with difficulty I could distinguish her noble, grave, mild, majestic features. She wore the oriental costume. Emerging from her divan, she advanced towards me, and offered me her hand. Lady Esther appears to be about fifty; her features are of that caste which years cannot all but bloom, colour, grace, depart with youth; but, where beauty exists in the form itself—in the correctness of lines—in the dignity, the majesty, the *thought* stamped upon the countenance of a man or a woman, that beauty may undergo changes at the different periods of life, it does not pass away. Lady Stanhope's beauty is of this class. She wore a white turban, and a woollen *delette*, of a purple colour, crossed her forehead, and from each side of her head, on to her shoulders. A yellow Cashmere shawl over an ample Turkish robe of white silk, with loose sleeves, enveloped the whole of her person in their simple and majestic folds, and it was by means of an opening in the front of this outer turban that one could perceive another robe of Persian stuff embroidered all over with flowers, which reached as high as the throat, where it was fastened by a clasp of Persian Turkish half-boots (or buskins) of yellow morocco leather, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful oriental costume, which she wore with the ease and grace of one who had not been accustomed to any other kind of dress from youth upwards.

quainted with it, I read in the stars. We are all children of one of these celestial lights which presided at our birth, and whose happy or malignant influence is written in our eyes, upon our foreheads, on our features, in the lines of our hands, in the form of our feet, in our gestures, our walk. I have only seen you for a few minutes; well! I know you as perfectly as though I had lived with you for a century. Shall I reveal you to yourself? Do you wish me to predict your destiny?"

"By no means, my lady," I replied with a smile: "I do not deny that I am ignorant thereof. I will not affirm that the visible and invisible nature, in all things are not connected and linked together; that beings of an inferior order—such as men—are not under the influence of superior beings, such as stars or angels; but I have no need of their revelations, in order to convince me that I am, myself, corruption, infirmity, and misery!—and as to the secrets of my future destiny, I should consider it to be a profanation of the Divinity, by whom they are concealed from me, if I made enquiries concerning them of a created being. With regard to the future, I believe only in God, liberty, and virtue."

"No matter," she said, "I see clearly that you were born under the influence of three happy, powerful, and good stars, which have endowed you with analogous qualities, and which are conducting you towards a point which I could even now indicate to you if you wished it. It is God who has led you hither to enlighten your soul; you are one of those men of aspiration and of good-will, whom he requires, as instruments, in the performance of the marvellous works he will soon accomplish among men. Do you believe that the reign of the Messiah has arrived?"

"I was born a Christian," said I; "this will serve for my answer."

"Christian," she replied, faintly smiling—"I am also a Christian; but he, whom you call Christ, has he not said, 'I still speak to you in parables; but he who is to come after me, will speak to you in the spirit and in truth'? Well! he it is whom we are expecting! That is the Messiah who has not yet arrived—who is not far off, whom we shall see with our eyes, and for whose coming all is preparing throughout the world! What answer can you make? and how can you deny or explain one of the very words of your gospel, which I have just repeated?"

Here De Lamartine entered into a sort of confession of faith: but as the interest of the narrative attaches to the opinions and feelings of Lady Stanhope, we think it well to abridge this discussion.

"Her eyes, which had been occasionally clouded by a slight expression of displeasure, whilst I was confessing my Christian *rationalism*, now brightened up with a tenderness of expression, and almost supernatural luminousness.

"Believe what you will," she replied, "you are not the less one of those men whom I expected, who are sent to me by Providence, and who have an important duty to accomplish in the work in preparation. You will shortly return to Europe; Europe is worn out: France alone has still a grand mission to fulfil; you will participate therein; I know not as yet in what way, but I can tell you this evening if you wish it, after having consulted your stars. I do not at present know the names of all of them: I see more than three now; I distinguish four, perhaps five, and, who knows! perhaps more. One of them is certainly Mercury, who gives lucidity, colour, and intelligence to speech: you must be a poet—that is to be read in your eyes, and in the upper part of your face; in the lower part you are under the influence of entirely different stars, almost opposed to

the former: there is an influence of energy and of action—there is also sunshine," she said, all at once, "in the hair of your head, and in the manner in which you throw it back over your left shoulder. Be thankful to God! there are few men who are born under more than one star; few whose star is a happy one; still fewer whose star, even if favourable, is not counterbalanced by the malignant influence of an opposite one. You, on the contrary—you have several, and the whole are in harmony to do you service—all aid each other in your favour. What is your name?"

"I told her.

"I had never heard it before," she replied, with the accent of truth.

"You see, my lady, what glory is! I have composed some verses in my time, which have caused my name to be repeated a million of times by all the literary echoes of Europe; but these echoes have proved too faint to traverse your sea and your mountains; and here I am quite a new man—a being completely unknown—a name which has never been pronounced! This renders the kindness you display towards me the more flattering; I am only indebted for it to you and myself."

"Yes," she said, "poet or not, I love you, and place my hope in you; we shall meet again, be assured! You will return to the west, but it will not be long ere you return to the east; that is your country."

"It is, at least, the country of my imagination."

"Do not laugh," she replied, "it is your real country; it is the country of your ancestors. I am sure of it now; look at your foot!"

"I see nothing there," said I, "but the dust of your roads with which it is covered, and of which I should be ashamed in a *salon* of old Europe."

"Nothing! it is not that," she resumed, "look at your foot! I had not noticed it before myself. Look! the instep is very elevated, and there is between your heel and your toes, when your foot is placed on the ground, sufficient space for water to pass underneath without wetting you. This is the Arab foot! it is the foot of the east!—you are a son of these climates, and the day is approaching, when each man shall return to the land of his fathers! We shall meet again."

A black slave now entered, and, prostrating himself before her, his forehead being on the carpet, and his hands raised above his head, he said something to her ladyship in Arabic.

"Go," she said, "your repast is ready; dine quickly, and come back soon. I am going to occupy myself concerning you, and to examine more clearly into the confusion of my ideas as to your person and destiny. As for me, I never take refreshment with any one: I live too soberly; some bread and fruits at the moment nature dictates, suffice for me: I must not put my guest upon my diet."

"I was conducted along a trellised walk, overshadowed with jessamine and *laurier rose*, to the gate of her ladyship's gardens. The table was laid there for M. Parseval and myself; we dined very quickly, but she did not wait even until we had risen from table, and sent Leonardi to tell me she was waiting for me. I hastened to attend the summons; I found her ladyship smoking a long oriental pipe; she ordered one to be brought for me. I had already been accustomed to see the most elegant and beautiful women of the East smoke: I had ceased to feel any repugnance to this graceful and *nonchalant* attitude, or to see the odoriferous vapour escaping in slender columns from the lips of a beautiful woman, and interrupting the conversation, without allowing it to cool. We conversed for a long time in this way, and always upon the favourite subject—upon the unique and mysterious theme of this extraordinary woman—this modern enchantress, who was the exact type of those of antiquity! the Circe of the Desert!"

"It appeared to me, that the religious doctrines of Lady Esther were a clever, though confused, *mélange* of the different religions in the midst of which she had condemned herself to live. Mysterious, like the Druses, whose mystic secret is perhaps known to none but herself in the whole world—resigned, like the Mussulman, and a fatalist as he is—with the Jew looking after the Messiah, and with the Christian professing the adoration of Christ, and the practice of his charitable morality! Add to all this, the fantastic colours and the supernatural reveries of an imagination tinged with orientalism and excited by solitude and meditation, some revelations, perhaps, from the Arabian astrologers, and you will have an idea of that sublime and singular compound, which it is more convenient to designate as insanity, than to analyse and comprehend. No! this lady is not insane! Insanity, which is written but too clearly in the eyes of those afflicted therewith, is not perceptible in her beautiful and open look; insanity which is invariably betrayed in conversation, the link of which it always interrupts involuntarily, by brisk, disorderly, and eccentric flights, is in no way perceptible in the elevated, mystic, shadowy, yet well connected and sensible conversation of Lady Esther. If I were called upon to pronounce on the case, I should rather say, that hers is a voluntary and studied illusion, which is well known to herself, and to which, for certain reasons, she gives the appearance of insanity. The powerful influence of her genius which has existed, and still exists, among the Arab tribes, by whom the mountains are surrounded, sufficiently proves, that this pretended insanity is but a means employed to bring about some end. To the people of that land of prodigies, to those men of the rocks and deserts, whose imaginations are more highly coloured and more hazy than the horizon of their sands, or their seas, the words of Mahomet, or of Lady Stanhope are necessary! They look for communion with the stars, prophecies, miracles, and the second sight of genius. Lady Stanhope has comprehended this state of things; first, by the extent of her truly superior intelligence; and next, perhaps, as is the case with all those beings, who are endowed with powerful intellectual faculties, she has finished by bridging an illusion on herself, and by being the first neophyte of the symbol she has created for others. This is the impression she had produced upon me. She cannot be judged of, or classed all at once; she is a statue of immense dimensions! She can only be judged of from her own point of view. I should not be surprised if, at no distant

I wait with confidence for the future, of which I spoken to you, and with which I would fain i you."

"After having smoked several pipes, and drank cups of coffee, which were brought to us every of an hour by negro slaves, she said:

"Come! I will conduct you to a sanctuary which I never allow any of the profane to enter garden."

"We descended into this garden by a few steps, wandered about with her ladyship, in a complet of enchantment, in one of the most beautiful T gardens that I have seen in the East. Dark tr walks, the verdant arches of which bore, like mill lustres, the glittering grapes of the land of pri kiosks in which the sculptured arabesques were woven with the jessamines and creeping plants of basins in which water was artificially brought f league off, and which spouted and gurgled from fountains; walks bordered by all the fruit trees of land, of Europe, and of those fine climates; green plats adorned with flowering shrubs and flowers were perfectly new to me, surrounded by compart of marble: such is this garden. We rested ourse several of the kiosks by which it is adorned; and one instance did the inexhaustible conversation of Esther lose the mystic tone, and the elevation of s by which it had been distinguished in the morning

"Since destiny," she said at last, "has sent you and as so astonishing a sympathy between our allows me to confide to you, what I would concea so many of the profane, come! I will let you se your own eyes a prodigy of nature, the destinat which is only known to myself and my adopte prophecies of the East had foretold it for many age you shall judge yourself, as to whether those prop have been accomplished."

She threw back a gate, which opened from the g into a small court-yard, where I perceived two m cent thorough-bred Arabian mares, and of the moe sect formation.

"Approach," said her ladyship, "and examin bay mare; see whether nature has not accomplis her, all which is written as to the mare which is to the Messiah—namely, that she should be foaled saddled."

"In fact, I perceived a freak of nature with reg this beautiful animal, which was sufficiently unco

yielded to my entreaties, to allow my friend and fellow-traveller, M. de Parseval, to be introduced to her. We all three entered then the small salon I have already described, in order to pass the evening, or rather the night there. Coffee and pipes reappeared in oriental profusion, and the room was soon filled with such clouds of smoke, that the figure of Lady Stanhope no longer appeared, but through an atmosphere similar to the magical vapour of the incantations.

"She spoke with the same force, the same grace, the same fluency, but infinitely less supernaturally, upon subjects less sacred for her than she had done with me alone in the course of the day."

After relating some conversations upon aristocracy, &c. M. de Lamartine relates some remarkable instances of Lady Esther's powers of divination as to character, as exemplified in her description of two or three travellers of M. Lamartine's acquaintance, who had visited her ladyship in the course of the last fifteen years. Napoleon was also spoken of, and the night passed in this way; when they parted, her ladyship said,

"I do not say adieu! we shall see each other frequently again during this journey, and still more frequently in other journeys, which you do not yet contemplate undertaking. Go and repose yourself, and remember, that you leave a friend in the solitudes of Lebanon."

"She held out her hand to me: I laid mine on my heart, after the manner of the Arabs, and we left the room."

From the London Quarterly Review.

Marie, ou l'Esclavage aux Etats-Unis, Tableau de Mœurs Américaines, par Gustave de Beaumont, l'un des Auteurs de l'ouvrage intitulé Du Système Pénitentiaire aux Etats-Unis, Paris. 2 tomes. 8vo. 1835.

The Stranger in America. By F. Lieber, Editor of the Encyclopædia Americana. 2 vols., 12mo. London, 1835.

New England and her Institutions, by one of her sons. London. 18mo. 1835.

The French book now before us is the most interesting one that has ever yet been published on the subject of American society and manners by a native of the European continent. Indeed, we are of opinion that it is in some respects more curious than any work on the same topics that has lately issued from the British press. M. de Beaumont is fairly entitled to be placed, as regards intellectual powers and accomplishments, on as high a level as any English traveller of our time; and if he has fallen into some trivial blunders and mistakes to which no Englishman could have been liable, he seems, on the other hand, to have resided much longer in America than any one of our authors of the better order whose observations have as yet been made public; and, what is of even more importance, *he must* be universally allowed to have studied the social circumstances and peculiarities of the United States, not only uninfluenced by the slightest feeling of hostility or jealousy, but with the strongest predisposition to see in them every thing to admire and applaud. M. de Beaumont was in heart a republican when he arrived in the New World, and he has returned as good a republican

as ever. He announces himself as on principle the enemy of aristocracy and of all aristocratical institutions; and he avows his belief that the democratic system of government, as now established in America, is the best machinery that ever was invented for developing the political independence and happiness of mankind. But here he stops. Admitting, as what sane traveller ever denied?—that in the United States of America there are to be found many gentlemen whose personal qualities would, in every respect, fit them for the most refined of European circles, he tells us, over and over again, that these are remarkable exceptions to the rule—that the merely utilitarian *animus*, all but universally prevalent, is incompatible not only with the graces, and elegancies of social intercourse, but with some of the real solid virtues of the individual character. He affirms, *passim*, that all the defects on which our travellers have expatiated are of trivial importance, when considered along with the political excellences and advantages which have been the nobler fruits of the same soil; but, with regard to those defects themselves, he frankly and decidedly confirms by his own testimony almost every statement that had been denounced as false and absurd, or at all events grossly exaggerated and distorted, by the American censors of our Halls and Hamiltons.

M. de Beaumont has chosen to give his main *tableau* in the form of a novel; but he says in his preface that though his personages are fictitious, every trait of character has been sketched from the life, and that almost every incident in his tale may be depended on as a fact which had fallen under his own observation. The reader, after this statement, will be prepared to find the incidents few, and the commentaries copious; but, nevertheless, the tale is one of considerable interest, and displays in parts a larger share of the true genius of romance than we have recently met with in any production of its class. The composition is now and then deformed with some of those extravagances which the example of the affected novel-wrights now flourishing in Germany—the driving caricaturists of her dead classics—has of late made popular at Paris; but it is, on the whole, characterised by merits of a distinguished order. In the portraiture both of natural scenery and of human passion the writer has occasionally attained high excellence; and his general strain of thought and feeling must be allowed, even by those who, on isolated points, differ from him the most widely, to be that of a scholar and a gentleman.

"The Stranger in America" is the work of another foreigner—a German, who has, however, lived nearly twenty years in the United States, and writes English almost like an Englishman. His book is a nondescript farrago of shrewd observations, piquant anecdotes, and melancholy sentimentalities; but it is particularly deserving of our attention as proceeding from a professed admirer, not only of the institutions—but of the manners of the Americans. Mr. Lieber had, indeed, shown on a previous occasion his lively sympathy with the people among whom he has domesticated himself; for, if we recollect rightly, in the modification of the *Conversation-Lexicon*,

edited by him at New York, while Julius Cæsar occupies a column, and Napoleon Bonaparte a couple of pages, nearly a sheet is filled with the achievements of Andrew Jackson. On the present occasion we may probably be obliged to this liberal exile for a few extracts in corroboration or illustration of M. de Beaumont.

The outline of *Marie* may be given in few words. A young Frenchman—disgusted with the degraded condition of his own country, under the disappointment of the Three Glorious Days—determines to seek for himself an establishment in the great sanctuary of liberty, equality, and philosophy, beyond the Atlantic. He arrives at Baltimore, and is hospitably received by Mr. Daniel Nelson, a leading citizen of that town, president of its Bible Society, its Temperance Society, and its Colonisation Society, who, after realising a fair fortune in commerce, and aspiring to the first political stations of the republic, had, towards the decline of life, assumed the office of minister in a presbyterian congregation there, and who is throughout represented as a pure and dignified specimen of the genuine descendants of the Puritan Pilgrims. Mr. Nelson's family consists of a son and a daughter, a high-spirited youth and a most enchanting girl, the former of whom becomes the chosen friend of the French stranger, while the latter is, of course, the heroine of his heart and of this novel. The progress of the love-story is energetically sketched; and in due time M. Ludovic solicits the worthy Nelson's consent to his marriage with the charming *Marie*. The father, after much hesitation, avows that this connection would be in every respect agreeable to himself, but that, in justice to Ludovic, he must forbid it. In a word, Mr. Nelson had married, while engaged in commerce at New Orleans, a lady, one of whose ancestors a century back was a mulatto: no one at Baltimore knew this circumstance—no trace of African descent could be detected in the noble features and radiant complexions of the young Nelsons: but still the fact might some day or other transpire, and in

The youthful enthusiast at first thinks the venerable presbyterian is jesting with him—but by degrees his eyes are opened to a full perception of the tyrannical injustice with which all, whose veins there is one drop of black blood, are systematically treated by the nation whose first maxim is the equality of all mankind in the sight of God and man. Ludovic, of course, disdains to be thwarted by a prejudice which he considers as alike absurd and cruel—and would either run all risks with his *Mary* in America, or abandon his own original plans and carry her to France. On the latter of these alternatives Daniel Nelson sets at once his determined *veto*. His ancestors had been driven from Europe by religious persecution—he nor no child of his, with his consent, shall ever set foot on the shores of the old world. As to the former scheme, he demands that Ludovic should spend six months in traveling through the different states of the Union, and observe for himself, in city, town, and hamlet, the manners of the people, and most especially the actual treatment of the coloured race, before the negotiation goes farther. Ludovic sets out on his travels accordingly, being accompanied or soon joined by his future brother-in-law, George Nelson. In consequence of the malevolence of a dark half-Spanish scoundrel, whose path in life and love had been many years ago crossed by Mr. Daniel Nelson, the unhappy taint in George's blood is betrayed to the audience of a theatre in Philadelphia, where he and Ludovic are seated together in the pit. The *man of colour* is immediately kicked out of the playhouse with every wantonness of contumely; and his friend discovers that no court, either of law or of honour, can be expected to afford any redress whatever for such an injury. George parts from his friend—and is mixed up in an insurrection of slaves in South Carolina, which is for a season successful. Meanwhile, Ludovic continues his travels until, the term of his probation being at length expired, he rejoins the elder Nelson, who is now at New York, and, unchanged in his resolves by all the

heroine's life is only saved by the desperate valour of Ludovic, and of her brother George, who appears, *deus ex machina*, at the moment of utmost peril. Daniel Nelson, having escorted Ludovic and Mary into the forest, bids them fly to the shores of Lake Ontario, where, as soon as he can arrange his worldly affairs, he will join them, never again to revisit the guilty haunts of mankind—but cautions the young couple that, in the mean time, the knot has been only half tied, and they must not consider themselves as spouses, until the presbyterian ceremony also shall have been performed *jure solenni*.

We shall not spoil the interest of the fictitious part of this work by any details of its *denouement*. It must be enough to say, that the stories of the virgin bride and the rebel brother end alike unhappily; that Ludovic is left a solitary creature, while yet in the bloom of manhood, to inhabit a wigwam and watch a tomb amidst the darkest wildernesses of the Canadian frontier; and to repeat that, however bald and naked our imperfect outline may seem, the author has in various chapters of his novel, but especially in some of the forest-scenes towards its close, exhibited very noble passion in language worthy of its energy. Our object has been simply to put the reader in possession of some general notion of the form under which (unfortunately as we think) M. de Beaumont has thought fit to shadow out the narrative of his own travels in the United States. The six months' probationary tour of Ludovic is, in short, that part of the work to which we would call special attention on this occasion: and with our extracts from the chapters which it occupies, we shall not hesitate to intermingle some passages from the notes and appendices given by M. de Beaumont in his own proper person. Indeed, the author identifies himself so openly with his imaginary hero, that we need have no scruples on that subject. The tone, remarks, and reflections, in the text and the notes, are so completely the same, that if we did not label our selections, we believe no reader would be able to guess from which department of the book almost any one of them had been taken.

We do not propose at present to enter at length upon the professed primary object of M. de Beaumont,—his exposition of the one great political crime with which he charges the American nation—viz., the cruel tyranny with which the coloured race are universally treated in the United States. We defer this important subject, because we happen to know that, before our next number sees the light, a very elaborate treatise on it, by a countryman of our own, will be given to the world, and we think it just and proper to wait until we can have the opportunity of confronting the French author with another and a still more recent witness. We may, however, quote a single passage in which M. de Beaumont dwells, with pardonable exultation, on the solitary exception which he could ever discover to the rule of unchristian intolerance.

"In every hospital and in every jail there are distinct wards, in which the sick and the guilty are classed according to their colour: the whites every where receiving care and indulgences denied to the poor negroes. In

every town there are separate burying-places for the whites and the people of colour. But it surprised me, even beyond this phenomenon of vanity, to find the same separation enforced in the religious edifices. Who would believe it? Ranks and privileges in a Christian church! Sometimes the blacks are placed in a dark corner by themselves; sometimes they are altogether excluded. Conceive what would be the disgust of an elegant company, if they found themselves mixed with rude ill-dressed human beings. The assembling at the place of worship is the only amusement which Sunday allows of. For American society the church is the promenade, the concert, the ball, the play—it is there that the women's dresses are to be exhibited—the protestant temple is the *salon* where people say their prayers to God. How shocking would be the intrusion of a black face in this brilliant circle!

"The catholic churches are the only ones which admit neither of privilege nor exclusion: the black population enters there as freely as the white. This tolerance of catholicism, and this rigorous police of protestantism, proceed from no accidental cause, but from the nature of the two systems. The minister of the protestant congregation owes his place to an election, and to keep it he must keep himself in the good graces of the majority of his constituents; his dependence in this way is complete, and he is condemned, on pain of being turned off, to flatter those very prejudices and passions, against which his mission should make him wage unmitigable war. On the other hand, the catholic priest derives his authority solely from his bishop, who again recognises no superior but the pope. Chief of a congregation on whom he does not at all depend, he little concerns himself whether he shall give offence by rebuking their errors and vices: he directs them according to his faith—not, like the other, according to his interest. Behold the protestant minister docile and obsequious to those who have given him his *post*; the catholic priest, the mandatory of God alone, addressing with authority men whose duty it is to obey him. The proud passions of the whites command the protestant pastor to drive these wretches from the temple, and he excludes them—but the blacks, being still men, enter freely the catholic church, because the pride of man does not bear sway there, but the priest of Christ. I was struck, in contemplating all this, with a melancholy truth. Public opinion, so beneficent when it protects, is, when it persecutes, the most cruel of all tyrants.

"This public opinion, all-powerful in the United States, demands the oppression of a detested race, and there is no check upon its hatred. In general, it belongs to the wisdom of legislators to correct manners by laws, which laws are again corrected by manners. This moderating power has no existence in the United States. The people which hates the negroes makes also the laws: the people names the magistrates, and to please the people, every functionary must take part in its passions. The popular sovereignty is irresistible in its impulses; its least hints are commands; it does not *mend* its indocile agents, it *breaks* them. It is then the people, with its passions, that governs; the coloured race in America undergoes the government of hatred and contempt: every where I was forced to recognise the tyrannies of the popular will."—vol. i. p. 174.

We are not sufficiently informed concerning the discipline and pecuniary arrangements of the Romish church in the United States, to be able to offer any satisfactory comment on some of the foregoing statements. It is, however, obvious that the catholic priest there stands in a relation to his flock very different from what has recently been described as the rule in Ireland by Mr.

O'Croly; and we need not point out to our readers that what M. de Beaumont denounces as a vice inherent in the very nature of "the protestant system" has nothing whatever to do with protestantism, but springs solely and exclusively from that "voluntary system" of ecclesiastical government and finance, which, as the cases of Ireland and America show, may be adopted with equal facility, and with equally fatal results, in a community whether of catholics or of protestants.

Our reader was probably a little startled by M. de Beaumont's account of Mr. David Nelson's sudden transition from the commerce of Baltimore to the pastoral superintendence of a presbyterian congregation in that city. Such changes, however, appear to be by no means uncommon among the members of more than one of the religious sects now flourishing in the United States; and, indeed, they always will occur where there is nothing *indelible* in the character of the minister of the gospel. Instances, and very disgusting ones, might be pointed out even in our own day in the case of one of the most respectable religious communities in our own part of the world—the established church of Scotland. But public opinion in Scotland, and all over Europe, sets its face against such things—and their occurrence is, accordingly, so rare as to claim little notice. In America, on the contrary, that seems to be the rule, which with any protestant body in Europe is the exception. It appears, however, that the change from the pulpit to the counter is much more common than that exemplified in the history of Mr. David Nelson of Baltimore; and the fact is explained by M. de Beaumont on principles which he seems to have investigated with ample care, and illustrated with shrewdness and ingenuity.

"The facility of reaching the priesthood among the Americans stamps a very peculiar character on the protestant ministry: every man may, without any preparation or study worth speaking of, become a minister. The priesthood, in short, is a line of business into which

he seems to have pretty well appreciated; for he says—

"The unitarians are the *philosophers* of the United States. Public opinion in America demands that every one shall belong to some religious sect or body, and unitarianism is in general the religion of those who have none. In France, the philosophy of the eighteenth century attacked, without any disguise, both religion and the ministers of religion. In America it labours at the same work, but is obliged to veil its operations under a cloak of religion. Its mantle is the unitarian doctrine."—vol. ii. p. 197—*Note*.

M. de Beaumont, however, has a passage elsewhere on the subject of professions in general, which it may be well to consider in reference to these statements about the facility of assuming and dropping the pastoral gown.

"The professions, of which the diversity is so great, do not create among their various followers any difference of social position. I am not speaking here of Pennsylvania merely, where the influence of the quakers has taught men to consider the equality of all professions as a dogma of religion—but of all the states of the union. Every where professions, employments, trades—commerce, literature, the bar, public office, the ministry of religion, are walks of industry: those who take to them may be more or less fortunate, more or less rich, but they are equals—they do not follow the same pursuits, but pursuits of the same nature. From the foot-boy to the president at Washington, from the man-machine whose animal force turns a wheel, to the man of genius who creates a sublime idea, all are at work in their vocations—all performing analogous duties. This explains why the white domestic is the *aid* or *help*, but not the *servant* of his employer; and this also explains the style in which all commercial business is carried on. The American trader gains, to be sure, as much money of you as he can—I even believe that he often cheats the purchaser—but in no case would he receive a farthing beyond his demand, were he but the poorest keeper of a pot-house. It is just so with the workman, the messenger, the waiter of an hotel; all ask their legitimate salary, the price of their labour, but to accept more than what is due would be to receive alms—to confess *inferiority*. We now understand why the President of the United States receives

covered that the particular instance of changing a profession which had called forth the author's remarks, was neither more nor less than the case of a journeyman mechanic folding up his rule and betaking himself to college with a view to the clerical line! And then the writer, proceeding at p. 337 to analyse "the aristocratical leaven among us," decides that "various degrees of softness and whiteness of the hands are perhaps as good criterions as any thing!"* This is perhaps enough.

To return to M. de Beaumont. As he has mentioned literature among the daily interchangeable lines of business in America, we may as well quote next a more detailed passage which he bestows upon that singular subject.

"All the world being engaged in business, that calling is esteemed the first in which most money is to be made. The business of an author being the least lucrative is, of course, the lowest. Talk to an American of Homer, or of Tasso, he cuts you down at once by asking if they did not both of them die poor? The sciences, indeed, are more valued; but merely as applicable to the utilitarian concerns of life.

"You will find here neither classical school nor romantic school—there is but one school, the commercial, that of the gentlemen who get up newspapers, and pamphlets, and advertisements, and who sell ideas exactly as their brothers do broadcloth and cotton-goods—whose study is a counting-house—whose intelligence brings so much per cent. Every one who supposes himself a man of superior genius betakes himself to some higher profession—the weaker brothers find refuge in the petty concern of literature.

"Yet, few as are the authors, no where does so much printing go on. Newspapers are, in fact, the sole literature of the country. People engaged in business and of moderate fortunes demand a species of reading which costs little either of time or of money. It is really rather an affair of stationary than one of literature.

"But, though properly speaking there is no such thing as literature among them, do not suppose that the Americans are without literary vanity. The poor writers themselves have it not, but the country has. Literature, after all, is a branch of business, and America maintains that she excels in that as well as in all the rest.

"Well," says some one, "give this society time, and by and by you will see great authors and great artists spring from its bosom. Rome did not in her early days produce a Horace or a Virgil—France had been France for fourteen centuries before she gave birth to her Racine and Corneille." Those who make use of this language confound two things which are very distinct—political society and civilisation. The political existence of America is in its infancy—her civilisation is as old as that of her parent England. The first is in progress, the second in decline. The society of England regenerates itself in the democracy of America—her civilisation is dwindling there."—vol. i. p. 264.

Whether the Americans are really exhibiting at this time an improvement upon the old political organisation of their parent country is a question which we do not presume to argue with M. de Beaumont; but we rather apprehend that the "dwindling civilisation," of which he every where perceives the traces in this new world, may perchance be somehow connected with that

political system which he every where so vehemently extols—and of which he thus describes some of the most important results:—

"In the United States the masses rule every thing and for ever—and they are constantly jealous of any superiority that indicates itself, and prompt to break down any that has succeeded in making itself to be recognised. Middling understandings reject great minds, just as weak eyes abhor the broad light of day."—vol. i. p. 242.

"Neither in the journals nor in their legislative assemblies is there any attempt at the art of style. Every body speaks and writes, not without pretension, but without talent; and this is not the fault of the orators and writers themselves. These last, by any display of classical taste or elegant phrasology, would compromise their popularity. The people asks of its mandatories just that quantity of literature which is requisite for the clear exposition of its affairs—any thing beyond this is of the pomps and vanities of aristocracy."—*Ibid.* p. 263.

"Of all nations this is perhaps the one whose government affords the least scope for glory. None has the burden of directing her. It is her nature and her passion to go by herself. The conduct of affairs does not depend upon a certain number of persons; it is the work of all. The efforts are universal, and any individual impulse would only interfere with the general movement. In this country political ability consists not in doing, but in standing off and letting alone. Magnificent is the spectacle of a whole people moving and governing itself—but no where do individuals appear so small.

"The United States do great things: their inhabitants are clearing the forests of America and introducing the civilisation of Europe into the depths of savage solitude; they extend over half an hemisphere; their ships carry every where their name and their riches; but these great results are due to a thousand isolated exertions which no superior power directs, to a thousand middling capacities which never invoke the aid of an intelligence superior to themselves.

"That uniformity which reigns in their political world is equally apparent in their civil society. The relations of man with man have but one object—money; one sole interest—to get rich. The passion for money is born along with the dawning of intellect, bringing in its train cold calculations and the dryness of cyphers. It grows, it develops itself, it establishes itself in the soul, and torments it without ceasing, as a burning fever agitates and devours the feeble frame of which it has gained possession. Money is the god of the United States, just as glory is the god of France, and love of Italy. But at the bottom of this violent passion it is impossible to discover any moral sentiment. Restricted to the relations of mere interest, American society is grave without having the imposing character of virtue. It inspires no respect—it chills all enthusiasm."—*Ibid.* p. 64.

"I had always thought that, as one withdrew from the great towns and approached the solitude of the forests, civilisation would be found insensibly decreasing, thus by little and little drawing one, from a state of things framed after the model of European life and intelligence, to the opposite extreme of barbarous existence. But, in American society, from New York to the Great Lakes, I sought in vain for any intermediate degrees of refinement—every where the same men, the same passions, the same manners. The American nation recruits itself from all the nations of the earth; yet no one, take it all in all, presents such an uniformity of character."—vol. ii. p. 58.

We humbly suggest that if the statement in this last paragraph be at all a correct one, the author has himself connected indissolubly the "dwindling civilisation" of the United States,

* "New England, by One of her Sons," is rather an interesting little work, though confused in its arrangement.

with that "political system" in which he calls on us to admire the "regeneration" of "English society." Can he point out any other influence to which we should ascribe this "uniformity of men, passions, and manners, from New York to the Great Lakes?"

M. de Beaumont speaks of himself as having traveled a good deal in England before he visited the United States. Yet in many of his criticisms on their manners and usages, he appears to be quite unconscious that he is expending his ingenuity on circumstances which he might have found in the old country just as well as in the new. The style of female education for example, which he expatiates upon through several chapters, is fundamentally the English one—and we hope no French criticisms will ever induce the Americans to lay it aside in favour of that which M. de Beaumont so sentimentally lauds. If his picture, however, be not grossly overcharged, our descendants have certainly pushed the ancient English plan to a rather hazardous extent, and all our Joe Miller stories about match-making mothers and aunts, and soft-eyed damsels, who, nevertheless, keep an eye on the main chance, must fail to convey any adequate notion of the business-like sayings and doings of an American ball-room. He says:—

"The women of America have in general cultivated minds, but little imagination, and more of sense than of sensibility. The education they receive is entirely different from that which is given to their sisters in France. With us, the young girl remains till the day of her marriage under the entire protection of her parents—she reposes peaceful and unsuspecting, because near her there is a tender solicitude which watches and sleeps not—she has no need to reflect while there is another to think for her; she partakes the occupations and the sentiments of her mother, merry or sad, according as she happens to be at the moment—never beforehand with life, quietly gliding with its natural current. In America, she is free before she is adolescent—with no guide but herself, she treads, as at a venture, paths unknown to her feet. The first steps are the least dangerous—childhood traverses life as a light skiff plays without risk on a sea

try: it is to find a husband. The men about her are cold, chained to their worldly affairs—she must go to them—a powerful charm must be called in to attract them. Do not let us be surprised, then, if the young girl who lives in the midst of them is prodigal of her studied smiles and tender glances: her coquetry is, to be sure, a well-considered and prudent thing; she has measured the space within which she may play head off—she knows the limit which she must not pass. Grant that her artifices are not in themselves to be applauded—you must at least allow that her aim is impracticable—it is only to be married. Coquetry, with us, is a passion; in America, it is a calculation. Even the young lady who has formed an engagement continues somewhat of her former procedure, this is matter of taste but of foresight. Her lover may break in faith: she is aware of this, and goes on gaining heart from the wish, not to have two at a time, but to have a second in reserve in case the first should fail her."—*id.* i. p. 25.

M. de Beaumont, however, if he may be considered as a little too severe on the pretty damsels of the United States, does as ample justice to any other traveller to the admirable and undoubted purity of their matrons. On this head, indeed, the reports of all the recent witnesses agree most completely—and to us most delightfully, for here again, we are proud to say, we recognise the manners of England in those of her descendants. M. de Beaumont speaks, like a Frenchman as he is, about the old societies of Europe, as if they were all as corrupt on this score, as for aught we know the society of Paris may still be—but we need not enlarge upon a blunder which every English reader will at once trace to the right source. He tells us,—

"You may estimate the morality of any population when you have ascertained that of the women; and one cannot contemplate American society without admiration for the respect which there encircles the tie of marriage. The same sentiment existed to a like degree among no nation of antiquity; and the existing societies of Europe, in their corruption, have not even a conception of such a purity of morals. In America, people are not more severe than elsewhere, as to the disorders and even the debaucheries of single life: one meets with

"It is true that one may meet here and there by accident with a young man whom the chances of a hereditary fortune and a polished education have qualified to take part in the intrigues and gallantries of society—but their number is so small that they can do no harm; and if they show but the slightest symptom of a disposition to trouble the peace of a fireside, the whole American world is at once in league to combat and crush the common enemy. This explains why American bachelors with fortune and leisure, never remain in the United States, but come to live in Europe, where they find intellectual men and corrupt women."—vol. i. p. 349.

The majority of his European readers will hardly thank our author for this last sentence. American "bachelors with fortune and leisure" pass rapidly through England—but we never heard of any such "*rara avis*" establishing his European roost elsewhere than at Paris, Brussels, Rome, or Naples.

We are sorry to say that our next extract must be one of a less agreeable description. It refers to that popular indulgence for unfair bankrupts, which has already been adverted to in the discussion about M. Ludovic's proposed marriage with Miss Mary Nelson of Baltimore. M. de Beaumont says, in one of his notes,—

"I don't know if there exists any where so much commercial prosperity as in the United States—yet among no people on the face of the earth are there so many bankruptcies. The commerce of these states is placed under the most favourable circumstances that can be conceived, an immense and fertile soil, gigantic rivers, numerous and well-placed harbours—a people enterprising, calculating, with a natural genius for maritime life—all these conspire to make this a nation of merchants, and to crowd its industry with riches. But for the very reason that success is so probable, men pursue it with an unbridled ardour: the spectacle of rapid fortunes intoxicates the observers, and they rush blindfold to their aim—hence ruin. Shortly after my arrival in America, as I was entering an apartment in which the *élite* of the society of one of the principal cities of the Union were assembled, a Frenchman, an old resident in the country, said to me, 'Above all things speak no ill of bankrupts.' I did well to follow his advice, for among all the rich personages to whom I was presented, not one but had failed at least once in the earlier part of his career.

"All the Americans being engaged in business, and most of them having more or less frequently failed, it follows that to be a bankrupt is nothing. An offence of which so many are guilty ceases to be one. The indulgence for bankrupts springs, then, from the commonness of the misfortune; but its principal cause is the facility with which men there rise from such a fall. If the bankrupt were lost for ever, he would be abandoned to his misery; people are more lenient when they know that he will recover himself. This is not a very generous feeling, but it is in human nature.

"It is now easy to understand why there is no law to punish bankruptcy in these states. Electors and legislators all are alike traders and subject to a failure; they have no wish to punish an universal sin. Such a law, moreover, were it made, would remain inoperative: the people, which makes the laws by its mandates, executes or refuses to execute them in its tribunals, where it is represented by the jury. In this condition of things, nothing protects American commerce against fraud. No trader is compelled to keep any sort of book or register. There is, in short, no legal distinction between the merchant who yields to real misfortune, and him whose bankruptcy has been the fruit of extravagance, dissipation, and fraudulence."—vol. i. p. 363.

We must not conclude without affording our reader a glimpse or two of the interior of the family with whom the hero of M. de Beaumont's narrative is thrown into such intimate relations. The portraiture of Mr. David Nelson has certainly all the appearance of being a study from the life.

"Morning and evening, Nelson called his children and domestics together for family worship: every meal, in like manner, was preceded by a prayer in which he invoked the blessing of heaven on the meats and fruits before us. When Sunday came, we had a whole day of seclusion and piety: the hours not spent in the meeting-house passed silently in the reading and meditation of the Bible. This rigid observance was the same throughout the town, and yet Nelson was continually lamenting over the irreligion and corruption of Baltimore. 'Maryland,' said he, 'is a very different place from New England, and yet even there, in that old domain of morality and piety, even there the general relaxation of manners and principles is making way! Would you believe it?'—he exclaimed with an accent of bitter grief—"persons traveling on Sundays are no longer meddled with! nay, even the mail carrying the despatches of the central government continues its journeys during the Lord's day! If this melancholy course be not arrested, it is all over with virtue, whether public or private. No morality without religion—no liberty without Christianity!"

"This ardent zeal for spiritual things was united in Nelson with sentiments of quite another description: his love of money was indisputable: rarely did it happen that his impassioned discourses to us on the affairs of his church, and his own religious experiences, were not followed up by some discussions touching a new bank establishment, the state of securities, the tariff, a canal, or a railroad. His language on such topics, betraying the old merchant in every tone, denoted that passion for wealth, which, when carried to a certain point, takes the name of cupidity. Singular mixture of noble aspirations and impure affections! But I have found this contrast every where in the United States: these two opposite principles struggle together perpetually in the society of America—the one the source of rectitude, the other of chicanery! They have, however, one result in common, that of producing *staid men*—(*des hommes rangés*)—vol. i. p. 60.

The author has a note on this passage in which he once more, as our readers will perceive, confounds protestantism with a very different thing. On a former occasion he attributed to the "protestant system" the odious absurdities of the "voluntary scheme"—here he seems not to know that there is some distinction between the orthodox protestant doctrine, as to the observance of the Sabbath, and the sour melancholy rigour of the puritanism of the seventeenth century, which still, it would appear, lingers in the United States, but which, in spite of Sir Andrew Agnew, never will be revived in old England.

"It appears pretty certain that a great number of the Americans, shut up in their houses on the Sundays, give themselves very little trouble about their Bible. Some surrender themselves without restraint to the passion of play; the conscious offender choosing, in his privacy, those games which are the most ruinous;—others get drunk with spirituous liquors;—a large proportion of the labouring class take to their beds the moment the sermon is over. The protestant system, which prescribes for the first day of the week silence and seclusion, and bars all sorts of amusements out of doors, has been framed without due reference to the lower orders of society. That

purely intellectual observance of the sacred day is suitable for cultivated minds—is calculated to elevate above the world, spirits capable of meditation; but you will never bring the man whose body alone has been toiling all the week, to pass the whole of his Sunday in thought. You refuse him public amusements: retired into his obscure dwelling, he abandons himself without restraint to the gross pleasures of sensuality and vice.”—vol. i. p. 357.

When Mr. David Nelson first finds out that his intended son-in-law is a Roman catholic, he is somewhat shocked; but consoles himself with reflecting that the American Bible Society has been, and is, making great efforts to provide the French people with copies of the scriptures in their own tongue, and announces his conviction that at no distant date the mass of so enlightened a nation must needs embrace the doctrines of the reformed churches. On this our Frenchman remarks in these cool and highly characteristic terms:—

“France is less irreligious than indifferent. To pass from catholicism to protestantism demands an exertion of the understanding, and a craving for something to believe, which are both inconsistent with the temperament of indifference. The catholic clergy have been assailed as a political body useful to a civil power which made a tool of it; but as a religious body it is not hated. Hatred presupposes convictions, and of these France has few whether in morals or in religion. Generally speaking, in short, people are either catholics in France or they are nothing; and many are content to call themselves catholics who would by no means give themselves any trouble to become any thing else.”—vol. i. p. 359—*Note.*

We now submit a week-day scene of Mr. Nelson’s exemplary *ménage*.

“Every evening we all met at tea-time, and Nelson read to us, with emphasis, the newspaper articles of the day in which America was the most lavishly extolled. Every evening I heard him repeat that General Jackson was the greatest man of the age, New York the finest city in the world, the Capitol at Washington the most splendid palace in the universe, and the Americans the first people upon earth. By dint of constantly reading

mont has himself favoured the world with very philosophical remarks on the state of feeling towards England in the American Union, *vice versa*.

“To say that the Americans hate the English, give an imperfect notion of their feeling. The inhabitants of the United States were subject to the English government, and the recollection of their conquest and dependence is blended with that of the wars of which was the prize. These struggles recall a period of found enmity towards the English.

“The advanced civilisation of England, also, in the Americans with sentiments of a very morbid jealousy. And yet, when the thought of rivalry passes an instant from their minds, one sees that they have pride in being descended from a nation so great as England—one detects at the bottom of their hearts that feeling of filial affection which binds colonies to their mother country long after they have become free.

“The recollection of the old quarrels is wearing daily—but the jealousy is on the increase on either side. The economical prosperity of the United States is regarded by England with an uneasy eye: while America cannot conceal from herself, notwithstanding all wonderful efforts and progress, her inferiority to the country. This sort of feeling is legitimate enough in its principle; but national vanity, provoked with zeal by the journals of London and New York, is perpetually mixing venom with its operation. There is another cause which leads to a similar effect.

English who travel in America are perfectly well received for three reasons: first, because the Americans are generally hospitable to all strangers who can speak their language: secondly, though jealous of England, they have a true satisfaction in being kind to the individual Englishman, in whom they see only a member of the nation from which they are themselves sprung: thirdly, they wish to be well thought of, they and their country by the English, precisely because these are their rivals; they make great exertions to be polite, on purpose to prove that America is not barbarous; and believing sincerely that their country has very fine things to exhibit, they consider it as a duty to lose no opportunity of displaying, to the eyes of any wandering islander, moral and material riches of the United States. Most of the time, the Englishman, full of his national prejudices, and moreover, being well entitled to consider America as

sistencies which have often been satirised by European travellers in the United States, and remarked upon with good-humoured surprise by those who have met Americans in society here and on the continent of Europe. He dwells particularly on their passion for *titles of nobility*. "Whether you shall be received with enthusiasm in America, very well, decently well, or coldly, depends on whether you are duke, marquis, count, or nothing."—vol. ii. p. 287. "The meanest driver of a diligence styles himself a *gentleman*—and no one who has attained a position the least above the mass of men ever fails to take the title of *esquire*." Heraldic insignia are much affected. One gentleman displayed his seal, on which he had engraved, above the escutcheon, the date 1631—a proud monument of primeval distinction. They are fond too of blazoning those vanities on their carriages, and so forth—though their notions of what such things really are and mean appear to be vague enough. An English diplomatist, not long ago, carried out a London carriage and harness to New York. Some accident, shortly after his arrival, required that he should send his *set-out* to a coachmaker's; and calling by-and-by, what was his astonishment to find the people imitating his shield and crest on half a dozen gigs and dog-carts belonging he knew not to whom! The coachmaker, on his asking some explanation of this, made answer "that the patterns seemed to be much admired!"

"I love"—(says the German "Stranger in America,")—"I love to observe with what fondness Americans cherish the memory of their descent, and their intimate connection with Europe. In many families, cups, plates, chairs are shown you, which their forefathers brought over from your part of the world. Two large yew trees, cut in the stiff and cramped style of the period of Louis XIV., and brought from Europe at the beginning of the last century, are fondly and justly nursed in the garden of a friend of mine; and a merchant told me, that when he lately received from a family in Guatemala a quantity of old-fashioned silver and gold plate, the goldsmith gave for various articles a higher price than the mere metal would have brought. The reason he assigned was, that Americans cherish memorials of their ancestors so much that, sometimes, a general fondness for antique articles is met with."*—p. 103.

M. de Beaumont, however, rejects all the insinuations of those English writers who have recognised in traits such as these something like the first developments of an aristocratical element, destined at some time or other to produce great changes in the state of American society, and even politics.

"No, assuredly!" (says he) "all this sort of thing must be classed not with progress from the present to the future, but with the remembrance of the past. It is but the old tradition of their English descent—an anile prejudice, which, feebly and alone contends against the universal power both of laws and of manners. Nor, after all, is the struggle a serious one: this love of titles

* Have none of our London picture-dealers ever thought of exporting to New York or Boston a cargo of what their technical dialect calls *ancestors*? We venture to hint that such a venture would succeed a great deal better than that of the *skates* with which Birmingham a few years ago surprised Buenos Ayres.

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and coats of arms, these pretensions to pedigree, are but the toys and triflings of vanity. Wherever men are men, pride will seek after some sort of distinction; but the best proof that these distinctions have nothing real about them in America is, that they do not even wound the popular susceptibility. All power in the United States comes from the people, and all must return to the people; every one must be a democrat, on pain of being a Paria. The manners of a democracy do not please all; but all are forced to accept them: many, no doubt, would be well pleased to see a nobler style of habitudes introduced, to be allowed to adopt a tone less vulgar, to create a class superior to the one class now existing. This gentlemen-dislikes shaking hands with his cobbler—and that conceives it hard that he cannot for love or money get a lackey to mount behind his chariot; others, again, are annoyed with seeing public affairs conducted by scantily enlightened masses of men, and the political offices of the state generally entrusted to individuals of very middling capacity. Yes—but all these chagrins and afflictions *must* be suppressed; to betray any such sentiments would be to provoke the storm of popular reprobation, and to renounce for ever the smallest hope of political influence."—vol. ii. p. 189.—*Note*.

And in all this, let it be once more observed, M. de Beaumont sees not only what is characteristic, but what is in his opinion pleasantly characteristic of America.

"There are rich men and poor men in the United States, but in small numbers, too small to produce much effect; and, at any rate, the ruling masses, placed between two such extremes, are sure to model themselves not by the first, but the second. Every species of government has its own whims and oddities—every sovereign his caprices. To please Louis XIV. one must have been polite to *etiquette*—to please the American people you must be simple even to coarseness. I met with Mr. Henry Clay, the redoubted antagonist of Jackson, when he was canvassing for the president's chair. He had a shabby old hat and a patched coat; he was paying his court to the people.

"I found, I must confess it, a singular charm in these indications of a perfect equality. It is so painful in Europe to be eternally running the risk of classing oneself too high or too low—to bring oneself into collision with the disdain of this class or the envy of that. Here every one is sure to take the place that belongs to him—the social ladder has but one step! I prefer, I am free to confess it, the involuntary rudeness of the plebeian to the forced politeness of the courtiers of kings."—vol. i. p. 228, &c.—*Note*.

We have no desire to disturb the effect of this very clever writer's representations by any adverse commentaries. We have felt it to be our duty, in consequence of the obloquy heaped by all the American journals on the recent productions of certain English travellers in the United States, to exhibit at some length the evidence of a Frenchman of high talents and character, who is as good a republican as any citizen of New York, and whose prejudices are all against the aristocratical institutions of the old world. Let this gentleman's book be read and studied,—we have little doubt it will soon be translated *in extenso*,—and then let Englishmen judge for themselves, not whether a republic or a mixed monarchy be in itself the finest thing, but whether the social results of the American system be such as *we* ought to envy,—or whether, even admitting that we, as members of an ancient and highly civilised

community, ought to do so, it is possible to contemplate with equanimity the long series of struggles and sufferings which manifestly must be gone through before we could hope to see our whole existence remodeled upon the pattern of what M. de Beaumont emphatically and eulogistically styles "*Le peuple homme d'affaires*," i. e. the Joseph Hume nation.

We shall now give our readers a few more specimens of the German "Stranger in America," but we must confine ourselves to short passages, though we certainly wish we had room for his account of the Battle of Waterloo, which is exceedingly lively and picturesque, so far as it goes, and has moreover this remarkable feature of originality, that it includes no allusion whatever to the fact that Wellington and his English had some share in the day's work as well as good old Blücher and his well-girt Prussians. This looks odd, and yet Mr. Lieber seems to be by no means a hater of our nation; on the contrary, even where he is most enthusiastically lauding his friends of the United States, he often turns aside to bestow a little of his eulogy on the land of their ancestors. Thus, for example, in his chapter on the outward man of the Anglo-Americans, he says:—

"It is a peculiarity of the United States which has often struck me, that there are more pretty girls than in any other large country, but fewer of those imposing beauties which we meet in Europe, and who have their prototypes in a Madame Recamier or Tallien, or the beautiful Albanian, when I saw her in Rome, or even as you find many in the higher ranks in England, or those noble faces, necks, and figures of the women in the marine villages near Gensano, which made a Thorwaldsen rave—beauties which "try man's soul," which will not depart from the mirror of your mind, and disturb your quiet, though your heart may be firm as a rock. After all, I come back to my old saying, there is no European nation that can—taken all in all—compete for great beauty with the English, as there is no nation where so many pretty and delicate faces are seen as in the United States. Heavens! what an array of beauty in one single bright afternoon in Hyde Park, or at a ball in the

"It is my full conviction, founded upon the knowledge of history I have, and on constant and close observation, that there never was a nation so calculated to solve a number of difficult political problems, as Americans, descending as they do from that noble nation to which mankind owes nearly all those great ideas, realisation of which forms the aim of all the political struggles on the European continent, and which the historian will single out as the leading and characteristic political features of the present age—namely, elected representation, two houses, an independent judiciary, liberty of the press, responsibility of ministers, a standing above the highest ruler, even if a monarch, a proper independence of the minor communities in state—that great nation, which alone sends along to its colonies a germ of independent life and principle of action, (rendering the gradual unfolding of their peculiar law possible), and above all, that nation which first of all elevated itself to the great idea of a law opposition. Descending, as the Americans do, from a nation, which seems to have civil liberty in its bones a marrow, and situated as they are in a boundless country allowing scope to the boldest enterprise without causing discontent and political friction, (which, in countries closely populated, cannot be avoided,)—at a great distance from Europe and all her intricate questions and dynamic influences, yet blessed with the civilisation of that part of the world by means of the all-uniting sea, and which they have thrown their flying bridges, the messengers of the Atlantic, conductors and re-conductors of civilisation—and, in addition to all these advantages, possessed of their calm and sedate disposition—truly they are not made for a government in which the will of the law alone is acknowledged, then tell me what nation is or was so?"

"It is necessary for the Americans, in order to make them fit to solve certain political problems, which in their solution here, were considered chimerical—(take for instance the keeping of this immense country with a garrison)—that they should descend from the English should begin as persecuted colonists, severed from their mother country, and yet loving it with all their hearts and all their soul; to have a continent, vast and fertile and possessing those means of internal communication which gave to Europe the great superiority over Asia and Africa; to be at such a distance from Europe that she should appear as a map; to be mostly protestant and to settle in colonies with different charters; so that

get the file, the knife, the sail, the rudder, when we talk of our improvements. We forget what ingenuity was requisite to hit upon the idea of milking a cow, when the calf had given up to receive nourishment from her. The inhabitants of South America do not even now know this important art, and leave the calf with the cow as long as they wish to have milk. It is very frequent to see, in South America, cows either with sore udders, because the calves, having already teeth, injure them in sucking, or with very small udders, because they are left in a natural state, in which cows have not much larger udders than mares."—*Stranger, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 64.

We must not omit a little anecdote from Boston, which may perhaps furnish an useful hint to the respectable landlord of the Albion in Aldersgate Street:

"The following may, perhaps, serve as an instance of the American practical turn of mind. I found one day, in a street in Boston, a turtle walking with the step which Cicero recommends to philosophers, before the door of a restaurant, with the words, 'To-morrow Soup' written on the back of the poor creature, which thus was doomed to invite man's all-exploring appetite to partake of its own flesh. When I stood there and looked at the victim incased and protected by nature against all enemies except the knife of the inexorable cook, as it carried its irrevocable sentence about with it: in the moment, when, probably, it felt as if liberty had been restored to it, after its long and uncomfortable position on the back: and when I thought to observe with some passers-by, whose attention had been attracted like mine, a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth, indicating that the laconic appeal to their palate had not been made in vain: I do not know why, but I could not help thinking of Frederic the Great and Catherine le Grand, as Prince de Ligne calls her, bent, with a look betraying too clearly their keen appetite, over poor Poland, which they made to crawl about before them, also with her sentence on her back, before they partitioned her out in very palatable dishes. A Frenchman, in the same case, would have invited to his turtle-soup, by various persuasive means; the taciturn Yankee put an inscription in lapidary style, upon the intended victim itself, making it prove, in the most convincing manner possible, its freshness and fine size."—*Ibid.* p. 70.

The author, as we observed before, edited an *Encyclopædia Americana*; and from that experience he has no doubt derived this pithy apology for the strange mixture of topics in his present performance—(it may serve the same turn for our miscellaneous article:—"Life," he says, "does not select and classify, does not present things by gradual transitions, but seems to delight in contrasts, and is much like the index of an *Encyclopædia*, where *Locke* follows *Lobster*, where *Lace* precedes *Lacedæmon*, and *Shakers* is the neighbouring article to *Shakspeare*."

A GREEK HUSBAND.—I called yesterday on a Greek lady, and on her lamenting that she had not been out of her house for a week, because her husband was too much engaged to walk with her, begged her to accompany me in a country ramble. "My husband will not allow me to do so," she replied. "No," interrupted the amiable man; "I never permit her to enjoy any pleasure which I cannot share. I am busied all day in providing for her comfort. Let her stay at home. Why should she enjoy the fresh air while I am shut up in a close counting-house?"—*A Lady's Sketches of Corfu*.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

The Seven Temptations. By Mary Howitt.

An observation was made a short time since in our presence, which drew from us, in our zeal for *Maga*, a warm protest against the sweeping accusation which involved her in common with the other periodicals of the day.

"How much it is to be regretted," was the remark, "that in this professing age of liberality and candour, there is no neutral ground for literature, no chartered spot fenced round by the humanities and courtesies of civilised society, where literary persons of all parties may meet on paper, in the same spirit of peace and good-will, and temporary oblivion of differences, which in the course of the fiercest military warfare so often characterises the meeting of hostile parties, under the inviolability of truce.

"Even in chance encounters of men on service, nationally opposed to each other, it has frequently occurred, under favouring circumstances, that those, who but a short hour since were mingled in deadly conflict—who within as brief a period may be again grappling together in the struggle for life and death—have exchanged words and offices of kindly nature, befitting creatures of the same clay, whose enmities are forgotten as they sheathe the sabre, drawn only in their country's cause. Shame! shame! to this moral, this intellectual, this *Christian* age of ours, that while even the horrors of war are occasionally softened by these conventional charities, there is not one spot on the fields of literature inviolable from the spirit of party, and its ruthless influence.

"It suffices to know with whom an author is connected—his name, or that of his publisher, to form an unerring expectation of the notice his work will meet with—or whether it will receive any notice from the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh*—or *Blackwood*—or"—— Here it was that our zeal for *Maga*'s honour betrayed us into the discourteous interruption above mentioned. Warmly we vindicated her from the general charge, adducing in her favour many exculpatory instances, and last, and most exultingly, her late generous tribute of admiration and praise to Elliot, author of *Corn Law Rhymes, &c. &c.* The fact was undeniable, but the vituperator of *Maga* hastily slurred it over, in his eagerness to bring forward one on his side of the question, which for a moment, we confess, perplexed and silenced us.

"And why then," he asked, "has Mary Howitt's last publication, '*The Seven Temptations*,' been passed over in contemptuous or condemnatory silence? Mary Howitt, in time past an honoured and honouring contributor to the magazine—Mary Howitt, the gentle, the unoffending, the womanly, the feeling, the pure-hearted, the true poetess! How has she deserved censure or exclusion? Of what offence is she guilty, but of being the wife of one, whose head, inwardly labouring with Miltonic theories, and outwardly under 'the testimony of the hat,' relieved itself by an explosion that damaged his own cause more than that which was the object of attack?"

"Nay but," we replied, "the publication you allude to is yet recent, scarcely more than two

months issued from the press—wait awhile, and we shall yet read in *Maga* such a notice of 'The Seven Temptations' as it deserves—perhaps from the same pen which did ample justice to the claims of Elliott." We have waited—we have watched—we have fretted and fidgeted in vain—and our tormentor has sneered and triumphed. But still we were fain to urge—"the award is but delayed, it will be decreed, never doubt it, in full measure, however late."

"Why not by yourself, for instance?" was the taunting rejoinder, "unless *you* are fearful of outlawry, should you venture to propose so daring an article."

"We take up the gauntlet—we accept the test—we dare the penalty!" broke forth from our lips, in the confidence of excited feeling; "we will do our best for Mary Howitt. She deserves an abler critic, but one who writes honestly in the strength of an honest purpose, and warmly from the heart's impulse, may not be wholly incompetent."

Thus it hath come to pass, gentle reader, that we appeal to thee this day in behalf of "The Seven Temptations," and our purpose will be more than half accomplished if we but induce thee to open the volume to read and judge for thyself, divesting thy mind, as far as in thee lies, of prejudice and preconceived opinion.

The plan of the work is not a novel one; nor, we must take leave to say, in the face of Mrs. Howitt's preparatory remarks, one which we should willingly have selected for illustration from the pen of a female.

Involving, of necessity, that unflinching use of the moral scalpel which lays bare the most hideous deformities of our fallen nature, we revolt from its most skilful appliance by a female hand, and much doubt, indeed, from whatever quarter, or however managed, the wisdom or expediency of such exposures. But having thus conscientiously expressed our peculiar and perhaps fastidious opinion with regard to the frame work, we can add with equal sincerity that the

admissible against the introduction of the quotation, forming, as it were, a text to the titful and *scriptural* strain of poetry which flows from the lips of the dying teacher. A sermon is not the less instructive for being cal, (what but strains of the noblest poet the blessed Scriptures themselves?) nor is opinion is a dramatic fiction, of so pure and fying a character and tendency as "The Scholar," a more objectionable vehicle for conveyance of religious impressions than Eastern parables of inspired *human* teachers: those which proceeded from the lips that "as never man spake," we presume not even *think* in a comparative sense. But if, in stance under immediate consideration, we upon us to justify the appropriation of holy a deep sense of its awfulness compels us to that it has been too freely and boldly resort in another passage of this volume. We a to the long portion selected from our solemn affecting burial service at the commencement scene fifth in "The Old Man." Mary H not being a member of our church, may perhaps have formed an adequate idea of the feeling with which that passage *must* be read by child of the establishment who has heard pronounced over the open grave into "some form beloved" has been just lowered.

We are made sensible, by an involuntary shrinking, that *this* approaches too near to nation; yet we are sure that the insertion of solemn passage was prompted by a pure and votional feeling.

Now to proceed with our more pleasant "The Poor Scholar" remarks upon the sermon from St John—

"Most precious words! Now go your way,

The summer fields are green and bright.

Your tasks are done;—Why do you stay?

Christ give his peace to you! Good night!

Boy. You look so pale, sir! You are worse.
Let me remain and be your nurse!

These are exalted attributes,
And these deserve thy reverence.
But, boy, remember this, e'en then,
Revere the gifts, but not the men!
Obey thy parents—they are given
To guide our inexperienced youth;
Types are they of the One in heaven,
Chastising but in love and truth.
Keep thyself pure—Sin doth deface
The beauty of our spiritual life;
Do good to all men—live in peace
And charity, abhorring strife.
The mental power which God has given,
As I have taught thee, cultivate;
Thou canst not be too wise for heaven,
If thou dost humbly consecrate
Thy soul to God. And ever take
In his good book delight; there lies
The highest knowledge, which will make
Thy soul unto salvation wise.
My little boy, thou canst not know
How strives my spirit fervently,
How my heart's fountains overflow
With yearning tenderness for thee!
God keep, and strengthen thee from sin—
God crown thy life with peace and joy,
And give at last to enter in
The city of his rest!"

We are much mistaken if this beautiful passage does not equal, in its exquisitely simple pathos, some of the most touching portions of Goethe's *Faust*. The flow of verse is quiet and melodious, like the run of silver waters, slipping away over their pebbly bed.

The poor Scholar is left alone to his dying meditations. It is difficult to refrain from large quotation—but we are restricted, and must do so. The tempter, who, it appears, has visited him for some time past in the personification of a philosopher—an *esprit fort*—now enters; and, after some glozing talk, enquires,—

"*Philos.* Have you perused the books I left with you?"

Schol. I have, and like them not.

Philos. Indeed, indeed!

Are they not full of lofty argument,
And burning eloquence? For a strong soul,
Baptised in the immortal wells of thought,
They must be glorious food.

Schol. Pardon me, sir,
They are too specious; they gloss over error
With tinsel covering, which is not like truth.
Oh, give them not to young and ardent minds;
They will mislead, and baffle, and confound.
Besides, among the sages whom you boast of,
With their proud heathen virtues, can ye find
A purer, nobler, loftier character,
More innocent, and yet more filled with wisdom,
Than the Lord Jesus?—dignified, yet humble;
Warring 'gainst sin, and yet for sinners dying!

Philos. Well, pass the men;—what say you to the morals?

Schol. And where is the Eutopian code of morals
Equal to that, which a few words set forth
Unto the Christian,—Do ye so to others
As ye would they should do unto yourselves?
And where, among the fables of your poets,
Which you pretend veil the divinest truths,
Find you the penitent prodigal coming back
Unto his father's bosom;—thus to show
God's love, and our relationship to him?
Where do they teach us, in our many needs,

To lift up our bowed, broken hearts to God,
And call him Father? Leave me as I am;
I am not ignorant, though my learning lie
In this small book—nor do I ask for more.

Philos. Come, come, my friend, this is mere declamation.

You have misunderstood both them and me.
Point out the errors—you shall find me ever
Open unto conviction.

Schol.

See my state—

A few short hours and I must be with God;
And yet you ask me to evolve that long
Entanglement of subtlest sophistry!
This is no friendly part: But I conjure you
Give not your soul to vain philosophy:
The drooping Christian at the hour of death
Needs other, mightier wisdom than it yields."

Among various lures, the tempter now holds forth the glorious anticipation of an immortality of fame, which failing also, he hastily interposes.

"*Philos.*

—Not to be great—

You do mistake my drift—but greatly useful:

Surely you call not this unmet ambition!

Schol. Sir, had the will of God ordained a wider,
A nobler sphere of usefulness on earth,
He would have given me strength, and health, and power,
For its accomplishment. I mormur not
That little has been done, but rather bless him
Who has permitted me to do that little:
And die content in his sufficient mercy,
Which has vouchsafed reward above my merit."

After some farther impotent trial, the evil one is finally baffled, and retires "abashed;" and the poor scholar is once more left alone, as he pathetically prays, "to die in peace;" and the peace of God is with him in that hour. After some most solemn meditation, and tender references to his absent, widowed mother, he kneels beside "his pallet bed," and prays:

"*Schol.* Almighty God! look down
Upon thy feeble servant! strengthen him!

Give him the victor's crown—

And let not faith be dim!

Oh! how unworthy of thy grace,

How poor, how needy, stained with sin!

How can I enter in

Thy kingdom, and behold thy face!

Except thou hadst redeemed me, I had gone

Without sustaining knowledge, to the grave!

For this I bless thee, oh thou gracious one!

And thou wilt surely save—

I bless thee for the life which thou hast crowned

With never-ending good;

For pleasures that were found,

Like way-side flowers, in quiet solitude—

I bless thee for the love that watched o'er me

Through the weak years of infancy,

That has been, like thine everlasting truth,

The guide, the guardian angel of my youth.

Oh, thou! that did'st the mother's heart bestow,

Sustain it in its woe—

For mourning give it joy, and praise for heaviness.

[He falls back on his bed—his mother enters hurriedly.]

Mother. Alas, my son! and am I come too late?"

"*Schol.* Mother, farewell! I hear the heavenly voices; They call! I cannot stay. Farewell! farewell!"

The choir of spiritual voices pours forth a dying requiem, and thus closes this touching dramatic poem, the first of "The Seven Temptations;" our abstract of which, imperfect as it is, has engrossed so large a proportion of our narrow limits, that we can find room for no more than a few extracts without comment. They may be fearlessly trusted to their own pleading, with all those who have poetry enough in their hearts to seize upon those "lights from heaven," that escape common eyes, and unpoetic heads. Our first scrap shall be a soliloquy of "Thomas of Torres," the hero of the second temptation: alas! we should rather say, the victim. Accordingly, as our paper holds out, a few fragments from the exquisitely beautiful lyrical pieces with which these poems are interspersed, shall succeed, and so, speak, Thomas of Torres! far advanced already in the road to perdition, but not yet heart-seared and wholly forsaken.

"*Thomas.* Ah, I remember well
There is a little hollow hereabout,
Where wild brier roses, and lithe honeysuckle
Made a thick bower: 'Twas here I used to come
To read sweet books of witching poetry!
Could it be I? No, no, I am so changed
I will not think *this* man, was once *that* boy:
The thought would drive me mad. I will but think
I once knew one who called this vale his own;
I will but think I knew a merry boy,
And a kind gentle father, years ago,
Who had their dwelling here; and that the boy
Did love this lonely nook, and used to find
Here the first nests of summer; here did read
All witching books of glorious poetry;
And thus, that as the boy became a youth,
And gentle feeling strengthened into passion,
And love became the poetry of life;
Hither he wandered with a girlish beauty,
Gathering, like Proserpine, sweet meadow flowers;
And that they sat beneath the wild brier rose,
And that he thus did kiss that maiden's cheek,
The first time that he loved. Oh, how I wish

From the temptation of "The Old Man select, (how difficult to select among ge bright and many!) his daughter Mary hymn:

"There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye:
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismay'd,
And none shall ever die.
Where is that land, oh where?
For I would hasten there—
Tell me—I fain would go,
For I am wearied with a heavy wo!
The beautiful have left me all alone!
The true, the tender, from my paths are gone!
Oh guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know that land,
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair!
Where is it—tell me where?
Thou that art kind and gentle—tell me where?

"Friend! thou must trust in him who trod before
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow, and pain, and strife!
Think how the Son of God
Those thorny paths hath trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed wo;
Think of his weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted, nor cared for Him!
Think of the blood-like sweat
With which his brow was wet;
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone
In that great agony—Thy will be done!"
Friend! do not thou despair,
Christ from his heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer.

"Raymond," the next tempted, succumb the tempter, and angelic voices raise for the departing soul, the following lament:

"A song of mourning let each one take up!
Take up a song of wo—
The spirit is gone forth to the unknown,
Yet mightier pangs to know!

"Oh then, that wast so beautiful in youth

Though "Philip of Maine"—and the "Sorrow of Theresa" (the last one of our chief favourites) are yet before us—we have not room for another sample—we have been too greedy of beauties, to husband out our limits fairly—one word before we part with our fair authoress. Let her beware of the *spite of Achzib*—and look to those she loves dearest, through whom the cunning spirit is well aware he may wound her most effectually;—and we have heard from good authority that he has been observed for some time past prowling about the purlieus of Nottingham, in the character of a republican philanthropist; seeking every opportunity of insinuating himself into the company and counsels of a person qualified to shine in far better society, whose guardian angel will yet, we trust, in conjunction with the angel of his home, defeat the machinations of the enemy, and send him howling to *his place*.

NOTE.

We cordially agree with the kind and discriminating commendation bestowed by our amiable and enlightened contributor on "The Seven Temptations." In a few months or so we intend speaking for ourselves, more at length, on the merits of Mary Howitt. To her muse we have more than either once or twice offered the tribute of our praise, though but in few words; and we cannot allow that the slightest blame attaches to us, for not having yet indited a comprehensive critique on compositions, which we have perused with very great pleasure, in common with all lovers of poetical genius. We really were not aware that Mary Howitt had been "an honoured and honouring contributor to the Magazine;" but if we had been, most assuredly we should not, on that account, have one hour sooner reviewed her Poems. Our work is neither a Monthly nor a Quarterly Review.

We have given no pledge to the public, to bring before it, without delay, all the poetry of the age, as each new work of worth, great or small, appears; on the contrary, "the river glideth at its own sweet will" of our inspirations; and with us there is no knowing what an hour may bring forth. We often think of many delightful things of which we do not choose to speak; and while people are saying, "Oh no! he never mentions her—her name is never heard," the silly ones know not that our hearts are even then inditing a good matter respecting the object of their peevish admiration. That we love poetry we know—that we understand it we think—that we do it justice in our pages even our enemies acknowledge, if indeed we have any enemies—which for some time past we have been disposed to doubt—so gentle towards us has been the press. It may have happened that our political opinions—or rather life-deep convictions, have sometimes disinclined us to be very forward in our praise of the literature of those whose principles regarding church and state, and many of the institutions of social life, we think dangerous or pernicious; and if so, we confess that the fault lies lightly on our conscience. But what is the name of the periodical that has been, on the whole, more generous and more just to

genius than our own? Let our omissions, neglects, or oversights, be pointed out to us in a kindly spirit, and in a kindly spirit shall all such suggestions be received and acted on, provided they run not counter to sacred feelings, which we will never sacrifice, either from fear or favour. How pitiful in our contributor's critical acquaintance to bring a general charge of exclusive favoritism against Maga, because of a single supposed instance of neglect, in the face of a hundred instances of warmest praise bestowed by her on the productions of those who loved not, till then, the rustling of her green leaves, bright though they be in perennial spring, and glistening with dewdrops, that momentarily vanish, without one seeming to perish among all that multitude of purest pearls! Of whose fame are we envious? Before whose star do we wish a cloud to gather? Vain, indeed, would such wish be; but our delight is to see every luminary undimmed by vapour: softened but by its own halo; and had we the power, from the face of every one that shines in the sky would we fain dissipate all obscurity—by a breath. Never was there a more miserable mistake than for a critic to imagine that he can exalt himself by lowering a poet. Then the poetesses! For we love that feminine noun. Who can speak disparagingly of them, "and hope to be forgiven?" Their surnames have all become pleasant to our sense, their Christian names music to our soul. Joanna Baillie! Felicia Hemans! Mary Mitford! Caroline Bowles! Letitia Landon! Mary Howitt! The ink-drop hangs trembling in our pen, as if desirous to let down some other names on the paper! and, lo! one has figured itself into letters which we shall not wipe away, Eliza Montague! Though as yet the maiden does touch the harp-strings with an artless hand, that obeys but falteringly the bidding of a heart in its simplicity true to nature. Write down genius! But, indeed, the day has gone by for all such vain imaginations; and are we claiming more than our due in asking, if some share of the praise of having exposed their vanity may not be attributed to

CHRISTOPHER NORTH?

From the London Athenæum.

WATERTON & AUDUBON.

Mr. Waterton has attacked Professor Jamieson with extreme fierceness in consequence of his review of Audubon. The grounds of quarrel would appear to be trivial enough, and it is pitiable to see a person so distinguished losing his temper about such matters. Referring to some of the charges of inaccuracy brought forward by Mr. Waterton against Mr. Audubon, a correspondent of the *Athenæum*, who has traveled much in the western states of America, remarks, that there is nothing substantial in the charges thus made. Amongst other expressions of Mr. Audubon, attempted to be ridiculed and overthrown, is one which describes the Mississippi river as "a booming flood." On this our correspondent observes, that, to a person who has passed down this great river in the spring of the year, when

its waters are filled by the melting of the snows in the regions whence its hundred tributaries come, this expression of a "booming flood" conveys a singularly happy idea of the scene. Indeed, in the months of April and May, the appearance of the Mississippi is that of a moving world of waters; and, perhaps, nothing in the universe presents a more perfect spectacle of the *majesty of motion*. At other seasons of the year, however, the appearance of the scene is entirely changed, for the waters recede, sandbanks of miles in circumference are laid dry, and the current of the river crawls lazily along. In the later months of the summer, it is universally remarked, how different the impressions of the navigator are, when the voyage to New Orleans is protracted by the slowness of the current, and the difficulties of the navigation; and when, from the absence of human life upon its waters, all is melancholy around. Therefore, it is probable, that Mr. Waterton has only seen the Mississippi at another season of the year than in the spring, the time of its "booming flood." Again, Mr. Waterton objects, that Daniel Boon, the celebrated hunter, should be called by Mr. Audubon a man of "Herculean powers," he never having heard him particularly so described before. But, besides the rudeness of this objection towards Mr. Audubon, who was well acquainted with Boon, our correspondent, who has been much in the places where that hunter was well known, adds his testimony, that he is always there described as a man of the most powerful frame. The country is filled with anecdotes of his strength and power of endurance of hunger and fatigue. Amongst other feats, Boon, on one occasion, walked 160 miles without stopping, and only eating once; arriving at the fort called Massar, on the Ohio river, precisely in time to prevent the massacre of the garrison by the Indians, from whom he had escaped to bring the news of their approach. Then, with regard to the account given by Mr. Audubon of the intensity of the virus of the rattle-snake, the objection of Mr.

age, and strength of the snake, and the like, not have been known to Mr. Waterton. Moccasins, which are much worn in those may be termed boots, and moccasins are made of common skins. Nor is there any that a scratch would convey the virus of the rattle-snake into the blood. The cases, which lately occurred in such numbers to show the saliva of the dog upon a sore will cause hydrophobia in the human system, leaves no doubt that an infinitely slighter infusion would effect from the much more active virus of the rattle-snake; further, it is to be observed, Audubon does not tell the story as having occurred within his own knowledge, but on report. Our correspondent adds, that he has no knowledge whatever of either of these gentlemen, but regrets to see disputes upon points so trifling, and which tend to render needlessly suspicious in the eyes of the world, the whole of the writings of persons who are the best of all authorities in natural history. The extreme charm of the writings of Audubon, and the fidelity and felicity with which well-known scenes have been brought again before the view of our correspondent, induces him to regret this unjust attack on him.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE APPROACHING COMET.

Des Comètes en général, et en particulier de celles qui doivent paraître en 1832 et 1835. Par M. de Laplace. Membre du Bureau des Longitudes. 18mo. 1834.
Notice sur la Comète de Halley et son retour en 1835. Par G. de Pontécoulant. 18mo. Paris. 1835.
Observations on Biela's Comet. By Sir J. F. W. Herschel, K. G. H., F.R.A.S. (Memoirs of the Astronomical Society). London. 1833.

The present year has long been marked by astronomers as an epoch. For the civil and political historian the past alone has existed; the present he rarely apprehends, the future he

through him has unfolded;—the sun cannot rise—the moon cannot wane—a star cannot twinkle in the firmament—without bearing witness to the truth of his prophetic records. It has pleased the “Lord and Governor” of the world, in his inscrutable wisdom, to baffle our enquiries into the nature and proximate cause of that wonderful faculty of intellect,—that image of his own essence which he has conferred upon us;—nay, the springs and wheelwork of animal and vegetable vitality are concealed from our view by an impenetrable veil, and the pride of philosophy is humbled by the spectacle of the physiologist bending in fruitless ardour over the dissection of the human brain, and peering in equally unproductive enquiry over the gambols of an animalcule. But how nobly is the darkness which envelopes metaphysical enquiries compensated by the flood of light which is shed upon the physical creation! *There* all is harmony, and order, and majesty, and beauty. From the chaos of social and political phenomena exhibited in human records—phenomena unconnected to our imperfect vision by any discoverable law, a war of passions and prejudices governed by no apparent purpose, tending to no apparent end, and setting all intelligible order at defiance,—how soothing and yet how elevating it is to turn to the splendid spectacle which offers itself to the habitual contemplation of the astronomer! How favourable to the developement of all the best and highest feelings of the soul are such objects! The only passion they inspire being the love of truth, and the chiefest pleasure of their votaries arising from excursions through the imposing scenery of the universe,—scenery on a scale of grandeur and magnificence compared with which whatever we are accustomed to call sublimity on our planet, dwindles into ridiculous insignificance. Most justly has it been said, that nature has implanted in our bosoms a craving after the discovery of truth, and assuredly that glorious instinct is never more irresistibly awakened than when our notice is directed to what is going on in the heavens. “*Quoniam eadem Natura cupiditatem ingenuit hominibus veri inveniendi, quod facillime aparet, cum vacui curis, etiam quid in cœlo fiat, scire avemus; his initiis inducti omnia vera diligimus; id est, fidelia, simplicia, constantia; tum vana, falsa, fallentia odimus.*”*

Among the multitude of appearances which succeed each other in their appointed order, and of the times and manner of which the perfect knowledge of the astronomer enables him to advertise us, there are some which more powerfully seize upon the popular mind, as well by reason of their infrequency and the extraordinary circumstances which attend them, as by the imaginary consequences with which ignorance and superstition have in times past and present invested them. Among these, solar eclipses hold a prominent place; but a still more interesting position must be assigned to comets. Of these bodies, which are extremely numerous, by far the most remarkable has been predicted to re-appear in our firmament in the course of a few months;

and at the moment these pages are in the hands of the reader, it is hastening on its journey from the invisible depths of space which it has been traversing for three-fourths of a century. All the information which those who cultivate astronomy can require respecting this rare visiter of our system is already accessible to them in various scientific works published in almost every part of Europe. It has appeared to us, however, that something more is required. If the present age is distinguished by more clear and just views of social and political science, it is not less marked by the disposition, so unequivocally and universally manifested, to reject the inordinate estimate heretofore set upon merely ornamental literature; and whilst it does not refuse their just rank and influence to such studies, it admits to that high consideration to which they are entitled the sciences which explain the beautiful phenomena of the physical world. The demand for some portion of scientific knowledge, and the desire to be informed of what is passing in that universe of which our planet is so minute and apparently insignificant a member, no longer confined within the walls of universities, and the precincts of academies of science, has spread throughout the whole extent of civilised society. Some account, therefore, of the return of a remarkable visiter to our system, after an absence of more than seventy-five years, cannot, we think, be unacceptable to the mass of our readers; the more especially as the visits of the same body on various former occasions are recorded so far back as the commencement of the Christian era, and are connected in history with several events not destitute of general interest.

We propose, then, in the present article to give some account of the comet of Halley, to take a short retrospect of its history, and to offer a few observations on the general class of astronomical appearances to which it belongs. We have the less difficulty in adventuring upon this task from the aid which is offered to us in the treatises of MM. Arago and de Pontécoulant on the same subject. These very eminent persons have not thought it incompatible with their high scientific station to compose treatises in plain and intelligible language divested as far as possible of the technicalities of science, for the information and instruction of the public in general; an example which, it were to be wished, might be oftener followed in our own country.

It is well known that the solar system, of which our planet forms a part, consists of a number of smaller bodies revolving in paths, which are very nearly circular, round the great mass of the sun placed in the centre. These paths or orbits are very nearly in the same plane;—that is to say, if the earth, for example, be conceived to be moving on a flat surface, extended as well beyond its orbit as within it, then the other planets never depart much above or below this plane. A spectator placed upon the earth keeps within his view each of the other planets of the system throughout nearly the whole of its course. Indeed there is no part of the orbit of any planet in which *at some time or other* it may not be seen from the earth. Every point of the path of each planet

* Cic. de Fin. Bon. et Mal. ii. 14.

can therefore be observed; and although without waiting for such observation its course might be determined, yet it is material here to attend to the fact, that the whole orbit may be submitted to direct observation. The different planets, also, present peculiar features by which each may be distinguished. Thus they are observed to be spherical bodies of various magnitudes: the surfaces of some of them are marked by peculiar modes of light and shade, which, although variable and shifting, still, in each case, possess some prevailing and permanent characters by which the identity of the object may be established, even were there no other means of determining it. The sun is the common centre of attraction, the physical bond by which this planetary family are united, and prevented from wandering independently through the abyss of space. Each planet thus revolving in a circle has the same tendency to fly from the centre that a stone has when whirled in a sling. Why then, it will be asked, do not the planets yield to this natural tendency? What enables them to resist it? To this question no satisfactory answer can be given; but the fact that the tendency *is* resisted, being certain, the existence of some physical principle in which the means of such resistance resides is proved. As the tendency to fly off is directed from the centre of the sun, the opposing physical influence must consequently be directed towards that centre. This central influence is what has been called gravitation. Although we are still ignorant of the nature or proximate cause of this force, and of its *modus operandi*, we have obtained a perfect knowledge of the laws by which it acts; and this is all that is necessary or material to enable us to follow out its consequences. By virtue of this force of gravitation, then, the planetary masses receive a tendency to drop towards the sun, which tendency equilibrates with the opposite tendency to fly away, produced by their orbital motion. On the exact equilibrium of these two opposite physical principles depends the stability of the system: if the centrifugal tendency proceeding from the orbital

masses consisting entirely of aeriform or vaporous substances; others are so surrounded with this vaporous matter, that it is impossible, by any means of observation which we possess, to discover whether this vapour enshrouds within it any solid mass. The same vapour which thus envelops the body (if such there be within it) also conceals from us its features and individual character; even the limits of the vapour itself are subject to great change in each individual comet; within a few days they are sometimes observed to increase or diminish some hundred fold. A comet appearing at distant intervals presents, therefore, no very obvious means of recognition. A like extent of surrounding vapour would evidently be a fallible test of identity; and not less inconclusive would it be to infer diversity from a different extent of nebulosity.

If a comet, like a planet, revolved round the sun in an orbit nearly circular, it might be seen in every part of its path, and its identity might thus be established independently of any peculiar characters in its appearance. But such is not the course which comets are observed to take. These bodies usually are observed to rush into our system suddenly and unexpectedly from some particular quarter of the universe. They first follow in a straight line, or nearly so, the course by which they entered, and this course is commonly directed to some point not far removed from the sun. As they approach that luminary, their path becomes curved, at first slightly, but afterwards more and more, the curve being concave towards the sun. Having arrived at a certain least distance from the centre of our system, they again begin to recede from the sun, and as their distance increases, their path becomes less and less curved; until at length they shoot off in a straight course, and make their exit from our system towards some quarter of the universe wholly different from that from which they came.

We have stated that none of the planets depart much above or below the plane of the earth's orbit; it is quite otherwise with comets, which follow no certain law in this respect: some of

would, after the lapse of a certain time, return to it, and pursue the same path, or nearly the same path, round the sun as before. If then we find, after the lapse of a certain time, a comet following the same path whilst visible, as a former comet was observed to follow, we infer that they also followed the same path during that much longer period in which they were beyond the sphere of our observation; and consequently we infer, with a high degree of probability, that the comets which thus follow precisely the same track, must be the same comet. We say with probability, because there is a possibility, although it be a bare possibility, that two different comets should move precisely in the same orbit.

Now, let us suppose that, during the appearance of a comet, its path from day to day, or perhaps from hour to hour, is so carefully observed, that we could delineate it with a corresponding degree of accuracy in any plan or model of the system. This path would, as we have seen, form a very small fragment of its entire orbit; but if the nature of that orbit were known, the principles of geometry would also enable us to complete the curve. Thus, if a small arc of a large circle be traced upon paper, every one conversant with geometry will be able to complete the circle, even though he be not told with what centre the small arc was described, or with what length of radius. It is the same with other curves. Newton has proved that every mass of matter which is moved through the system, under the attracting influence of the sun, must, by its motion, trace one or other of those curves called *conic sections*; and that the curve must be so placed, that the centre of the sun shall be in that point which is called its *focus*. Now, conic sections are of three kinds; the *ellipse*, which is a curve of oval form, such that a point moving on it would retrace the same course every revolution. But the other two species (called the *parabola* and *hyperbola*), consist of two branches diverging from their point of connection in two different directions, and proceeding in those directions without ever again reuniting. If a body (as it might do by the established law of gravitation) entered our system by one branch of such a curve, it would, after sweeping behind the sun, emerge by the other branch never to return. Thus it appears, that either of the two suppositions which we have just made, would be compatible with the law of gravitation; and it is possible that some comets might move in ellipses, returning continually over the same path at stated intervals, while others, moving in parabolas or hyperbolas, entering our system for the first and only time, would emerge from it in another direction, and quit it for ever. It will perhaps be asked, if the orbits must be conic sections, with the sun in the focus, how is it that the planetary orbits are considered as circles? The fact is, the planetary orbits are not strictly circular, though very nearly so; they are *ellipses*, which are so slightly oval, that when exhibited in a drawing, they would not be perceived to be so, unless their length and breadth were accurately measured. The centre of the sun, also, is in their focus, and not in their centre; but owing to their slightly oval form, the

distance of the focus from the centre is very inconsiderable compared with their whole magnitude.*

On the appearance of a comet, then, the first question which presents itself to the astronomical enquirer is, whether the same comet has ever appeared before; and the only means which he possesses of answering this enquiry is, by ascertaining, from such observations as may be made during its appearance, the exact path it follows; and this being known, to discover, by the principles of geometry, the nature of its orbit. If the orbit be found to be an ellipse, then the return of the comet would be certain, and the time of the return would be known by the magnitude of the ellipse. If the path, on the other hand, should appear to be either a parabola or hyperbola, then it would be equally certain that the comet had never been before in our system, and would never return to it.

But a difficulty of a peculiar nature obstructs the solution of this question. It so happens that the only part of the course of a comet which can ever be visible, is a portion, throughout which the ellipse, the parabola, and hyperbola so closely resemble one another, that no observations can be obtained with sufficient accuracy to enable us to distinguish one from the other. In fact, the observed path of any comet, while visible, may indifferently belong to an ellipse, parabola, or hyperbola.

There is, nevertheless, a certain degree of definiteness in the observed course of the body, which, although insufficient to enable us to say what the nature of the entire orbit may be, is still sufficiently exact to enable us to recognise *any other comet*, which moves, while visible, nearly in the same course. If then, after the lapse of a certain time, a comet should be found following that course, there would be a strong presumption that it is the same comet returning again to our system, after having traversed the invisible part of its orbit. This probability would be strengthened, if, on the two occasions, the body should present a similar appearance;—although this is not essential to the identity, since, as has been stated, the same comet is observed to undergo considerable changes, even during a single appearance.

The time between the appearances of comets following nearly the same path being noted, the interval—the identity of the bodies being assumed must either consist of a single period, or of two or more complete periods. The epoch which is usually taken as the commencement of a new revolution being the instant of time at which the comet is at its least distance from the sun, the place of the comet at that moment is called its *perihelion*. The *period* of a comet may, therefore, be defined to be the interval of time between two successive arrivals at its perihelion.

Having succeeded in identifying the path of any two comets, we are then in a condition to predict with some degree of probability the time

* Even if the orbit were circular, with the sun in the centre, it would not be incompatible with the law of gravitation.

at which the next appearance may be expected. It is *certain*—providing that it be the same comet—that it will arrive at its perihelion after the same interval nearly: also that it *may* arrive at half the interval, or a third of the interval, or any other fraction corresponding to the possible number of unobserved appearances which may have taken place in the interval between those appearances from which its return has been predicted. The times, therefore, at which the comet may be looked for with a probability of finding it, may without difficulty be predicted; and if it has been a conspicuous body in the heavens on the occasion of its former appearances, there is a probability that the whole interval between these appearances constituted but one period, and that no return of the comet had escaped observation.

Such are the circumstances which may have been conceived to have presented themselves when the idea first occurred of attempting to ascertain the identity of former comets, and to discover the means of predicting their future return. The *Principia* of Newton, which laid the foundation of all sound astronomical science, had appeared soon after the middle of the seventeenth century; and Halley, the contemporary and friend of Newton, had his attention naturally directed to the physical enquiries which that immortal book suggested. One of the most curious and interesting of these questions was that to which we now allude. Halley, referring to the records of all former observers, with a view to obtain means of determining, as far as possible, the course of former comets, succeeded in identifying one which he had himself observed in 1682, with comets which had appeared on several former occasions; and found, that the interval between its successive returns was from 75 to 76 years. This discovery has since been fully confirmed, and the comet has received the name of *Halley's Comet*. We now propose to lay before the reader the history of this celebrated comet.

In retracing the history of a body of this nature, so far as we can collect it from ancient chroniclers and historians, it is necessary to bear in

world, these terrible objects have in a great degree disappeared, and comets have dwindled for the most part into very insignificant appearances. One of the ill consequences of this exaggeration is, that it greatly increases the difficulty of identifying the bodies which have been described with those which have appeared in more recent times. In fact, we have little more to guide us than the epochs of the respective appearances; and, antecedently to the fifteenth century, we possess absolutely no other evidence of the identity of these bodies except the record of their appearance at the times at which we know, from their ascertained periods, they ought to have appeared. Adopting this test of identity, it would seem at least probable that the first recorded appearance of Halley's comet was that which was supposed to signalise the birth of Mithridates, one hundred and thirty years before the birth of Christ. It is said to have appeared for twenty-four days; its light is described to have surpassed that of the sun; its magnitude to have extended over a fourth part of the firmament; and it is stated to have occupied about four hours in rising and setting.

In the year 313, a comet appeared in the sign Virgo. Another, according to the historians of the Lower Empire, appeared in the year 399, seventy-five years after the last; this last interval being the period of Halley's comet.

The interval between the birth of Mithridates and the year 323 was four hundred and fifty-three years, which would be equivalent to six periods of $75\frac{1}{2}$ years. Thus it would seem, that in the interim there were five returns of this comet unobserved, or at least unrecorded. The appearance in the year 399 was attended with extraordinary circumstances. In the *Theatrum Cometarum* of Subienietzki, it is described as *cometa prodigiosa magnitudinis, horribilis aspectu, comam ad terram usque demittere visus*. The next recorded appearance of a comet agreeing with the ascertained period marks the taking of Rome by Totila in the year 550; an interval of 151 years, or two periods of $75\frac{1}{2}$ years, having

the times of whose appearances raise a presumption of their identity with that of Halley. We now, however, descend to times in which more satisfactory evidence may be expected.

In the year 1305, one of those in which the comet of Halley may have been expected, a comet is recorded of remarkable appearance; *cometa horrendæ magnitudinis visus est circa ferias Paschatis, quem secuta est pestilentia maxima.* Had the horrid appearance of this body alone been recorded, this description might have passed without the charge of great exaggeration; but when we find the great plague connected with it as a consequence, it is impossible not to conclude that the comet was seen by its historians through the magnifying medium of the calamity which followed it. Another appearance is recorded in the year 1380, unaccompanied with any other circumstance than its mere date. This, however, is in strict accordance with the ascertained period of Halley's comet.

We now arrive at the first appearance at which observations were taken, possessing sufficient accuracy to enable subsequent investigators to determine the path of the comet; and this is accordingly the first comet, the identity of which with the comet of Halley, can be said to be conclusively established. In the year 1456, a comet is stated to have appeared of "unheard of magnitude;" it was accompanied by a tail of extraordinary length which extended over sixty degrees (a third of the heavens,) and continued to be seen during the whole of the month of June. The influence which was attributed to this appearance renders it probable that in the record there exists more or less of exaggeration. It was considered as the celestial indication of the rapid success of Mahomed II., who had taken Constantinople, and struck terror into the whole Christian world. Pope Calixtus II. leveled the thunders of the church against the enemies of his faith, terrestrial and celestial, and in the same bull exorcised the Turks and the comet; and in order that the memory of this manifestation of his power should be for ever preserved, he ordained that the bells of all the churches should be rung at mid-day—a custom which is preserved in those countries to our times. It must be admitted that, notwithstanding the terrors of the church, the comet pursued its course with as much ease and security as those with which Mohammed converted the Church of St. Sophia into his principal mosque.

The extraordinary length and brilliancy which was ascribed to the tail upon this occasion, have led astronomers to investigate the circumstances under which its brightness and magnitude would be the greatest possible; and, upon tracing back the motion of the comet to the year 1456, it has been found that it was then actually under the circumstances of position with respect to the earth and sun most favourable to magnitude and splendour. So far, therefore, the results of astronomical calculation corroborate the records of history.

The next return took place in the year 1531. Pierre Appian, who first ascertained the fact, that the tails of comets are usually turned from the sun, examined this comet, with a view to verify his statement, and to ascertain the true

direction of its tail. He made accordingly numerous observations upon its position, which, though, compared with the present standard of accuracy, they must be regarded as of a rude nature, were still sufficiently exact to enable Halley to identify this comet with that observed by himself in 1682.

The next return took place in 1607, when the comet was observed by the celebrated Kepler. This astronomer, on his return from a convivial party, first saw it on the evening of the 26th September; it had the appearance of a star of the first magnitude, and, to his vision, was without a tail; but the friends who accompanied him having better sight, distinguished the tail. Before three o'clock the following morning the tail had become clearly visible, and had acquired great magnitude. Two days afterwards the comet was observed by Longomontanus; he describes its appearance, to the naked eye, to be like Jupiter, but of a paler and more obscure light: that its tail was of considerable length, of a paler light than that of the head, and more dense than the tails of ordinary comets. He states, that on the 24th of September following, the comet was not apparent; that on the 24th of October it was seen obscurely, and some days afterwards disappeared altogether.

The next appearance, and that which was observed by Halley himself, took place in 1682, a little before the publication of the *Principia*. A comet of frightful magnitude had appeared in 1680, and had so terrified all Europe, that the subject of our present enquiry, though of such immense astronomical importance, excited comparatively little popular notice. In the interval, however, between 1607 and 1682, practical astronomy had made great advances; instruments of observation had been brought to a state of comparative perfection; numerous observatories had been established, and the management of them had been confided to the most eminent astronomers of Europe. In 1682, the scientific world was, therefore, prepared to examine the visiter of our system with a degree of care and accuracy before unknown. It was observed at Paris by Lahire, Picard, and Dominique Cassini; at Dantzic, by Hevelius; at Padua, by Montanari; and in England, by Halley and Flamstead.

In 1686, about four years afterward, Newton published his *Principia*, in which he applied to the comet of 1680 the general principles of physical investigation first promulgated in that work. He explained the means of determining, by geometrical construction, the visible portion of the path of a body of this kind, and invited astronomers to apply these principles to the various recorded comets,—to discover whether some among them might not have appeared at different epochs, the future returns of which might consequently be predicted. Such was the effect of the force of analogy upon the mind of Newton, that without awaiting the discovery of a periodic comet, he boldly assumed these bodies to be analogous to planets in their revolution round the sun.

In the third book of his *Principia*, he calls them a species of planets revolving in elliptic orbits, of a very oval form, and even remarks an analogy observable between the order of their magnitudes and those of the planets. He says,—

"As among planets without tails, those which revolve in less orbits, and nearer to the sun, are of less magnitude, so comets which in their perihelia approach still nearer to the sun than the planets, are much less than the planets, that their attraction may not act too strongly on the sun. But," he continues, "I leave to be determined by others the transverse diameters and periods, by comparing comets which return after long intervals of time in the same orbits."

It is interesting to observe the avidity with which minds of a certain order snatch at generalisations, even when but slenderly founded upon facts. These conjectures of Newton were soon after adopted by Voltaire: "Il y a quelque apparence," says he, in an *Essay on Comets*, "qu'on connaitra un jour un certain nombre de ces autres planetes qui sous le nom de comètes tournent comme nous autour du soleil, mais il ne faut pas espérer qu'on les connaittent toutes."

And again elsewhere, on the same subject:—

"Comètes, que l'on craint à l'égal du tonnerre,
Cessez d'épouvanter les peuples de la terre;
Dans une ellipse immense achevez notre cours,
Remontez, descendez près de l'astre des jours."

Extraordinary as these conjectures must have appeared at the time, they were soon strictly realised. Halley undertook the labour of examining the circumstances attending all the comets previously recorded, with a view to discover whether any, and which of them, appeared to follow the same path. Antecedently to the year 1700, four hundred and twenty-five of these bodies had been recorded in history; but those which had appeared before the fourteenth century had not been submitted to any observations by which their paths could be ascertained,—at least not with a sufficient degree of precision to afford any hope of identifying them with those of other comets. Subsequently to the year 1300, however, Halley found twenty-four comets on which observations had been made and recorded, with a degree of precision sufficient to enable him to calculate the actual paths which these bodies followed while

well founded, the comet must have appeared about the year 1790. No comet, however, appeared at or near that time following a similar path.

In his second conjecture, Halley was more fortunate, as indeed might be expected, since it formed upon more conclusive grounds. He found that the paths of comets which had appeared in 1531 and 1607, were very nearly identical, that they were in fact the same as the path followed by the comet observed by himself in 1705. He suspected, therefore, that the appearances of these three epochs were produced by three successive returns of the same comet, and that consequently its period in its orbit must be about seventy-five years.

So little was the scientific world at this time prepared for such an announcement, that Halley himself only ventured at first to express his opinion in the form of conjecture; but after some further investigation of the circumstances of recorded comets, he found three others which least in point of time agreed with the period assigned to the comet of 1682, viz. those of 1380, and 1456.* Collecting confidence from these circumstances, he announced his discovery as the result of combined observation and calculation, and entitled to as much confidence as any other consequence of an established physical law.

There were nevertheless two circumstances which to the fastidious sceptic might be supposed to offer some difficulty. These were, first, the intervals between the supposed successive returns to perihelion were not precisely equal, and, secondly, that the inclination of the comet's path to the plane of the earth's orbit was exactly the same in each case. Halley, however, with a degree of sagacity which, considering the state of knowledge at the time, cannot fail to excite unqualified admiration, observed that it was natural to suppose, that the same causes which disturbed the planetary motions must likewise act upon comets; and that their influence would be so much the more sensible upon these bodies because of their great distances from the sun. Thus, as the attraction of Jupiter upon Saturn

ginning of 1750. It is impossible to imagine any quality of mind more enviable than that which, in the existing state of mathematical physics, could have led to such a prediction. The imperfect state of mathematical science rendered it impossible for Halley to offer to the world a demonstration of the event which he foretold. "He, therefore," says M. de Pontecoulant, "could only announce these felicitous conceptions of a sagacious mind as mere intuitive perceptions, which must be received as uncertain by the world, however he might have felt himself, until they could be verified by the process of a rigorous analysis."

The theory of gravitation, which was in its cradle at the time of Halley's investigations, had grown to comparative maturity before the period at which his prediction could be fulfilled. The exigencies of that theory gave birth to new and more powerful instruments of mathematical enquiry: the differential and integral calculus was its first and greatest offspring. This branch of science was cultivated with an ardour and success by which it was enabled to answer all the demands of physics, and consequently mechanical science advanced, *pari passu*. Newton's discoveries having obtained reception throughout the scientific world, his enquiries and his theories were followed up; and the consequences of the great principle of universal gravitation were rapidly developed. Among these enquiries one problem was eminently conspicuous for the order of minds whose powers were brought to bear upon it. One of the first and simplest results of the theory of gravitation was, that if a single planet attended the sun (its mass being insignificant compared with that of the sun), that planet must revolve in an ellipse, the focus of which must be occupied by the centre of the sun; but, if a second planet be admitted into the system, then the elliptic form of their paths round the sun can be preserved only by the supposition, that the two planets have no attraction for each other, and that no physical influence is in operation, except the attraction of the solar mass for each of them. But the law of universal gravitation is founded upon the principle, that *every body in nature must attract and be attracted by every other body*. Thus, the elliptic character of the orbit is effaced the moment a second planet is introduced. But let us remember, that in this case each of the two supposed planets are in mass absolutely insignificant compared with the sun. The amount of attraction depending on the greatness of the attracting body, the intensity of the solar attraction of each of the planets must preponderate enormously over the comparatively feeble influence of their diminutive masses on each other. The tendency of the solar attraction to impress the elliptic form on the paths of those planets, must therefore prevail in the main; and although their mutual attraction, however feeble, cannot be wholly ineffective, their orbits will, in obedience to the solar mandate, preserve a general elliptic form, subject to those very slight deviations, or disturbances, due to their reciprocal attraction. The problem to discover the nature and amount of these disturbances is one of paramount importance in astronomy, and has been

called the "problem of three bodies;" and its extension embraces the effects of the mutual gravitation of all the planets of the system upon each other. This celebrated problem presented enormous mathematical difficulties. A particular case of it, which, from the comparative smallness of the third body considered, was attended with greater facility, was solved by Euler, D'Alembert, and Clairaut. This was the case in which the single planet, revolving round the sun, was the earth, and the third body the moon.

Clairaut undertook the difficult application of this problem to the case of the comet of 1682, with a view to calculate the effects which would be produced upon it by the attractions of the different planets of the system; and by such means to convert the conjecture of Halley into a distinct astronomical prediction, attended with all the circumstances of time and place. The exact verification of the prediction would, it was obvious, furnish the most complete demonstration of the principle of universal gravitation; which though, generally received, was not yet considered so completely demonstrated as to be independent of so remarkable a body of evidence, as the fulfilment of such a calculation would afford.

To attain completely the end proposed, it was necessary to solve two very different classes of problems, requiring different powers of mind, and different habits of thought and application. The mathematical part of the enquiry, strictly speaking, consisted in the discovery of certain general analytical formulæ, applicable to the case in question; which, when translated into ordinary language, would become a set of rules expressing certain arithmetical processes, to be effected upon certain given numbers; and when so effected would give as the final results, numbers which would determine the place of the comet, under all the circumstances influencing it from hour to hour. The *actual place* of the body being thus determined, it became a simple question of practical astronomy, to ascertain its *apparent place* in the firmament, at corresponding times. A table, exhibiting its apparent place thus determined in the firmament for stated intervals of time, is called its *ephemeris*; it is the final result to which the whole investigation must tend, and is that whose verification by observation would ultimately decide the validity of the reasoning, and the accuracy of the computations. Clairaut, a mathematician and natural philosopher, was eminently qualified to conduct such an investigation, as far as the attainment of those general analytical formulæ which embodied the rules by which the practical astronomer and arithmetician might work out the final results; but beyond this point, neither his habits nor his powers would conduct him. Lalande, a practical astronomer, no less eminent in his own department, and who indeed first urged Clairaut to this enquiry, accordingly undertook the management of the astronomical and arithmetical part of the calculation. In this prodigious labour (for it was one of most appalling magnitude) he was assisted by the wife of an eminent watchmaker in Paris, named Lepaute, whose exertions on this occasion have deservedly registered her name in astronomical history.

It is difficult to convey to the reader who is not conversant with such investigations an adequate notion of the labour which such an enquiry involved. The calculation of the influence of any one planet of the system upon any other, is itself a problem of some complexity and difficulty; but still, one general computation, depending upon the calculation of the terms of a certain series, is sufficient for its solution. This comparative simplicity arises entirely from two circumstances which characterise the planetary orbits. These are, that though they are ellipses, they differ very slightly from circles; and though the planets do not move in the plane of the ecliptic, yet none of them deviate considerably from that plane. But these characters do not, as we have already stated, belong to the orbits of comets, which, on the contrary, are highly eccentric, and depart from the ecliptic at all possible angles. The consequence of this is, that the calculation of the disturbances produced in the cometary orbit by the action of the planets must be conducted, not like the planets, in one general calculation applicable to the whole orbit, but in a vast number of separate calculations; in which the orbit is considered, as it were, bit by bit, each bit requiring a calculation similar to that of the whole orbit of the planet. In fact, for a very small part of its course, we treat the comet as we would a planet; making our calculations, and completing them nearly in the same manner; but for the next part we are obliged to enter upon a new calculation, starting with a different set of numbers, but performing over again similar arithmetical operations upon them. When it is considered that the period of Halley's comet is about seventy-five years, and that every portion of its course, for two successive periods, was necessary to be calculated separately in this way, some notion may be formed of the labour encountered by Lalande and Madame Lepaute. "During six months," says Lalande, "we calculated from morning till night, sometimes even at meals, the consequence of which was, that I contracted an illness which

These elaborate calculations having been completed, Clairaut, fearing that the comet might anticipate his announcement, presented his memoir to the academy on the 14th November 1758. In this memoir he was compelled to the path of the comet, upon its former appearance, as determined by the observations of the ancients. These, however, were made at a time when little attention was paid to comets; and were made, moreover, without that consideration on the part of the observer of their future appearance, which would doubtless have procured greater accuracy. In calculating the effect of the attractions of Jupiter and Saturn upon the comet in its two periods between 1607 and 1682, and between the latter period and the expected return, Clairaut proceeded upon the supposition that the masses of these planets were each as they were then supposed to be. It has, however, since appeared, that the estimates of the masses were incorrect, more especially of Saturn. The planet Herschel being afterwards known, its influence upon the comet was, of course, wholly omitted. Neither did Clairaut take into account the action of the earth. Buried under the disadvantages of this want of precision in his data, he predicted, in his memoir, that the comet would arrive at its nearest point to the sun on the 18th of April 1759; but he stated at the same time that the imperfection of some of the methods of calculation he was compelled to adopt, was such as to leave a possibility of his prediction being incorrect to the extent of a month. After presenting this memoir he resumed his calculation, and completed some which he had not time to execute previously. He then announced that the 4th of April would be the day of the comet's arrival at the nearest distance from the sun.

This wonderful astronomical prediction was accompanied by a circumstance still more remarkable and interesting than that which we have noticed in the conjectures of Halley, the disturbing effects of the planets upon

magnitude and brilliancy to be progressive, Lalande entertained serious apprehensions that on its expected return it might escape the observation even of astronomers; and thus that this splendid example of the power of science, and unanswerable proof of the principle of gravitation, would be lost to the world. It is not uninteresting to observe the misgivings of this distinguished astronomer with respect to the appearance of the body, mixed up with his unshaken faith in the result of the astronomical enquiry. "We cannot doubt," says he, "that it will return; and even if astronomers cannot see it, they will not therefore be the less convinced of its presence; they know that the faintness of its light, its great distance, and perhaps even bad weather, may keep it from our view; but the world will find it difficult to believe us; they will place this discovery, which has done so much honour to modern philosophy, among the number of chance predictions. We shall see discussions spring up again in the colleges, contempt among the ignorant, terror among the people, and seventy-six years will roll away before there will be another opportunity of removing all doubt."

Fortunately for science, the arrival of the expected visitor did not take place under such untoward circumstances. As the commencement of the year 1759 approached, "Les astronomes," says Voltaire, "ne se couchèrent pas." The honour, however, of the first glimpse of the stranger was not reserved for the possessors of scientific rank, nor the members of academies or universities. On the night of Christmas day, 1758, George Palitzch, of Prolitz, near Dresden, "a peasant," says Sir John Herschel, "by station, an astronomer by nature," first saw the comet. He possessed an eight-foot telescope, with which he made the discovery; and the next day communicated the fact to Dr. Hoffman, who immediately went to his cottage, and saw the comet on the evenings of the 27th and 28th of December. An astronomer of Leipzig observed it immediately afterwards; "but," says M. de Pontecoulant, "jealous of his discovery as a lover of his mistress, or a miser of his treasure, he would not share it, and gave himself up to the solitary pleasure of following the body in its course from day to day, while his contemporaries throughout Europe were vainly directing their anxious search after it to other quarters of the heavens." At this time Delisle, a French astronomer, and his assistant, Messier, who, from his unwearied assiduity in the pursuit of comets, received from Louis the Fifteenth the appellation of *Le Furet de Comètes*, (the comet-ferret,) had been constantly engaged for eighteen months in watching for the return of Halley's comet. It would seem that La Caille, and other French astronomers at that time, considering that Delisle and Messier, from the attention which they had given to such objects, and more especially from the ardour and indefatigable perseverance of the latter, could not fail to detect the expected body the moment it came within view, did not occupy themselves in looking for it. Delisle computed an ephemeris, and made a chart of its supposed course in the heavens, and placed it in

the hands of Messier to guide him in his search. This chart was erroneous, and diverted the attention of Messier to a quarter of the firmament through which the comet did not pass, and thus, most probably, deprived that zealous and assiduous observer of the honour of first discovering its return to our system. He succeeded, nevertheless, in observing it on the 21st of January, 1759; nearly a month after it had been seen by Palitzch and Hoffman,* but without knowing that it had been already observed. The comet was now observed in various places. It continued to be seen at Dresden, also at Leipzig, Boulogne, Brussels, Lisbon, Cadiz, &c. Its course being observed, it was found that it arrived at its perihelion, or at its nearest point to the sun, on the 13th of March, between three and four o'clock in the morning; exactly thirty-seven days before the epoch first assigned by Clairaut, but only twenty-three days previous to his corrected prediction. The comet on this occasion appeared very round, with a brilliant nucleus, well distinguished from the surrounding nebulosity. It had, however, no appearance of a tail. About the middle of the latter month it became lost in the rays of the sun while approaching its perihelion; it afterwards emerged from them on its departure from the sun, and was visible before sunrise in the morning on the 1st of April. On this day it was observed by Messier, who states that he was able to distinguish the tail by his telescope. It was again observed by him on the 3d, 15th and 17th of May. Lalande, however, who observed it on the same occasions, was not able to discover any trace of the tail.

Although it is certain that the splendour and magnitude of the comet in 1759 were considerably less than those with which it had previously appeared, yet we must not lay too much stress upon the probability of its really diminished magnitude. In 1759 it was seen under the most disadvantageous circumstances—it was almost always obscured by the effect of twilight, and was in situations the most unfavourable possible for European observers. It had been discovered, however, in the southern hemisphere at Pondicherry by Pere Cœur-Doux; and at the isle of Bourbon by La Caille, under more favourable circumstances; and

* An interesting memoir of Messier may be found in the *Histoire de l'Astronomie au dix-huitième Siècle*, by Delambre. La Harpe (*Correspondence Littéraire*, Paris, 1801, tom. i. p. 97) says, that "he passed his life in search of comets. The *ne plus ultra* of his ambition was to be made a member of the academy of Petersburg. He was an excellent man, but had the simplicity of a child. At a time when he was in expectation of discovering a comet his wife took ill and died. While attending upon her, being withdrawn from his observatory, Montagne de Limoges anticipated him by discovering the comet. Messier was in despair. A friend visiting him began to offer some consolation for the recent affliction he had suffered: Messier, thinking only of the comet, exclaimed, — 'I had discovered twelve. Alas, that I should now be robbed of the thirteenth by Montagne!' and his eyes filled with tears. Then, remembering that it was necessary to mourn for his wife, whose remains were still in the house, he exclaimed, — 'Ah! cette pauvre femme,' and again wept for his comet."

both of these astronomers agree in stating that the tail was distinctly visible by the naked eye, and varied in length at different periods from ten degrees to forty-seven degrees.* These circumstances are obviously in perfect accordance with the former appearance of the same body.

On its departure from the sun it continued to be observed until the middle of April, when its southern position caused the time of its rising to follow that of the sun; consequently it ceased to be visible in the morning. By a further change in its position, however, it again appeared after sunset on the 29th, and Messier then describes it as having the appearance of a star of the first magnitude. But here again unfortunately another circumstance interposed a difficulty—the light of the moon was at the time so strong as in a great degree to overcome the effect of the comet. The body disappeared altogether in the beginning of June.

The comet had now commenced a new period under circumstances far more favourable than had ever before occurred. An interval of seventy-six years would throw its return into the present year 1835. But during that interval, the science of analysis, more especially in its application to physical astronomy, has made prodigious advances. The methods of investigation have acquired greater simplicity, and have likewise become more general and comprehensive; and mechanical science, in the large sense of that term, now embraces in its formularies the most complicated motions and the most minute effects of the mutual influences of the various members of our system. These formulæ exhibit to the eye of the mathematician a *tableau* of all the evolutions of these bodies in ages past, and of all the changes they must undergo (the laws of nature remaining unchanged) in ages to come. Such has been the result of the combination of transcendent mathematical genius and unexampled labour and perseverance for the last century. The learned societies established in the various centres of civilisation have more especially directed their attention to the advancement of physical astronomy; and have stimulated

moiseau. In 1826, the French Institute proposed a similar prize, having twice before offered it without calling forth any claimant. On this occasion M. de Pontecoulant aspired to the honour. "After calculations," says he, "of which those alone who have engaged in such researches can estimate the extent and appreciate the fastidious monotony, I arrived at a result which satisfied all the conditions proposed by the institute. I determined the perturbations of Halley's comet by taking into account the simultaneous actions of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, (Herschel), and the earth; the comet having passed in 1759 sufficiently near our planet to produce in it (the comet) sensible disturbances; and I then fixed its return to its nearest point to the sun for the 7th of November, 1835." Subsequently to this, however, M. de Pontecoulant made some further researches, which have led him to correct the former result; and he has since announced that the time of its arrival at its nearest point to the sun will be on the morning of the 14th of November next.

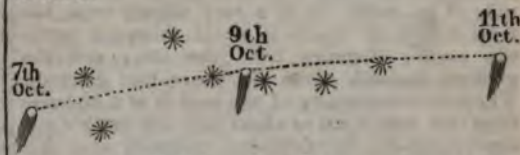
Although the highly improved methods of calculation which have been employed in this investigation, combined with the comparatively accurate knowledge of the solar system to which we have arrived, render it extremely probable that this prediction will be fulfilled, yet still there are circumstances which render it possible that the event may differ to a certain extent from the prediction. A great number of small quantities are necessarily neglected in such a calculation, which might in a slight degree affect the result. But, independently of this, the mass of the planet Herschel is not perfectly known, and consequently the effect of its attraction on the comet may have been erroneously estimated; also the enquiry has proceeded upon the supposition that the planets move through a space entirely void of matter, and consequently that they suffer no resistance in their course. But, as we shall presently explain, circumstances have recently rendered it probable, if not certain, that the abyss of space is filled with an ethereal fluid offering a resistance, which, though small, may

sun, for the 4th of November, and Mr. Lubbock for the 31st of October. The cause of the difference between the results of the calculations of Damoiseau and Pontecoulant, arise partly from the circumstance of these mathematicians having adopted different estimates of the path of the body on its former appearances; and partly from having followed a different course of calculation. They do not, however, as has been somewhere said, arise from their having adopted different estimates of the masses of the disturbing planets.

MM. de Pontecoulant and Damoiseau having assumed the path of the comet in 1759, have calculated the alterations which would be produced upon it in the interim, by the various disturbing causes. Mr. Lubbock, however, undertook to ascertain the orbit which it followed in 1759, by means of such observations as had been recorded at that time. Dr. Rosenberger, another enquirer in this field, undertook a similar investigation. In fact, the complete investigation of the circumstances attending the approaching return of the comet, involved two distinct questions—first, the determination of the exact path which the comet followed in 1759, by means of observations made at that time; and, secondly, the determination of the alterations which these elements have undergone between 1759 and the present time. Dr. Rosenberger and Mr. Lubbock have directed their attention to the former question; but MM. de Pontecoulant and Damoiseau have been content with assuming the path attributed to the comet in 1759; and have confined their calculations to determine how much that path has been altered by the various disturbing causes. It will be observed, that to estimate these disturbances with great accuracy, it is not necessary that the path of the body in 1759 should be known with the same accuracy. A considerable error in the imputed path would produce an error of quite insignificant amount in the computed alterations.*

On the whole, it may be considered as tolerably certain, that the comet will become visible in every part of Europe about the latter end of August, or beginning of September next; that is to say, rather more than two months before its arrival at that point where it will be nearest the sun. Its situation also will be favourable to the splendour of its appearance. It will most probably be distinguishable by the naked eye, like a star of the first magnitude, but with a duller light than that of a planet, and surrounded with a pale nebosity, which will slightly impair its splendour. On the night of the 3d of October, about midnight, it will appear in the east, at an elevation of about thirty degrees; and will be a little above a line joining the bright star, called Castor, with the star called α in the Great Bear. Between that hour and sunrise, it will ascend the firmament, and will cross the meridian near the

zenith of London about sunrise. On the night of the 7th, the comet will approach the well-known constellation of Ursa Major; and between that and the 11th it will pass directly through the seven conspicuous stars of that constellation, following the track which we have here attempted to mark.



In our latitude this constellation never sets, and consequently the comet may be looked for at any hour of the night. But the time most favourable for its appearance will be on the 7th, before the commencement of the morning twilight; on the 9th, at any time in the absence of twilight, when it will pass during the night from the northwest to the northeast, its altitude not, however, exceeding thirty-five degrees; and on the 11th, after the close of the evening twilight, when it will be seen approaching the constellation of the *Crown*, in a direction a little north of west, and at an altitude of about thirty degrees.

Towards the end of November, the comet will plunge among the rays of the sun, and disappear, and will not issue from them on the other side until the end of December. On its departure from the sun, it is doubtful whether it will be visible at all; but, under any circumstances, it cannot remain long apparent.

Such are the principal circumstances, which, so far as we may conjecture with high probability, will attend the coming appearance of this comet. We must not expect to be revisited by that body of portentous aspect and gigantic magnitude which spread terror among the people of the fifteenth century. Happily the light of science has dissipated these vain superstitions. Since astronomy has passed from the hands of priests and historians into those of geometers, nature, immutable in her laws, and grand in her simplicity, seems to have obeyed, in the succession of her phenomena, an habitual order, from which she never departs. That passion, in the excitement of which mankind so much delights, will still be stimulated—not, however, as formerly, accompanied by vain terrors raised by a physical prodigy, but accompanied by sentiments of the highest admiration at those powers of thought, by the exercise of which the day is appointed at which a star shall return to us from such enormous distances, that, for three fourths of a century, it has transcended the limits of our system. It is doubtless not one of the miracles of science least to be admired, nor one of the proofs of the progress of the human mind least striking, to behold this comet, formerly the terror of mankind, now waited for with impatience by the learned, as a sure witness to the truth of their sublime theories. And in these times, when information is so widely diffused, we may hope, perchance, that men of the world themselves may partake in these high sentiments; and that, relying upon the assurances of the learned, they

* Mr. Lubbock very happily illustrates this, by observing, that in the same way a small error in the capital produces a smaller error in the interest; but the error in a debt, consisting of capital and interest together, is, of course, the error of both.—*Companion to British Almanac*, 1835, p. 263.

may seize the opportunity which thus presents itself, to judge, by the evidence of their own eyes, of the actual state of astronomical science, and of the high degree of perfection to which it has attained.

One of the circumstances, not the least surprising, connected with this comet, is the magnitude of its orbit. It is a very oblong oval, the total length of which is about thirty-six times the earth's distance from the sun; and the greatest breadth about ten times that distance. The nearer extremity of the oval is at a distance from the sun equal to about half the earth's distance; and the more remote extremity at a distance equal to thirty-five and a half times the earth's distance from the sun. The earth's distance from the sun is, in round numbers, one hundred millions of miles; the comet's least distance then will be fifty millions of miles, and its greatest distance three thousand five hundred and fifty millions of miles. Also, since the heat and light supplied by the sun to bodies which surround it diminish in the same proportion as the square of the distance increases, it follows, that at the nearest distance of the comet, the heat and light of the sun will be four times the heat and light at the earth, and at the greatest distance they will be about twelve hundred times less. Also the heat and light at the more remote extremity of the orbit will be nearly five thousand times less than at the nearer extremity; so that while the sun seen from the comet will appear four times as large as it appears at the earth, at the nearer extremity, it will be reduced to the magnitude of a star, at the more remote extremity. The vicissitudes of temperature, not to mention those of light, consequent upon this change of position, will be sufficiently obvious. If the earth were transported to the more remote extremity of the comet's orbit, every liquid substance would become solid by congelation; and it is extremely probable that atmospheric air and other permanent gases might become liquids. If the earth was, on the other hand, transferred to

will again arrive at its nearest distance to the sun in the month of July in the present year.

On February 28th, 1826, M. Biela, an Austrian officer, observed in Bohemia a comet, which was seen at Marseilles about the same time by M. Gambart. The path which it pursued was observed to be similar to that of comets which had appeared in 1772 and 1806. Finally, it was found that this body moved round the sun in an oval orbit, and that the time of its revolution was about six years and eight months. It has since returned, in the year 1832, at its predicted time; and has been adopted as a member of our system, under the name of Biela's comet.

The orbit of Encke's comet is an oval, whose length is about double its breadth. At its nearest approach to the sun the distance of the comet is about thirty-four millions of miles, which is about the distance of the planet Mercury. When most remote from the sun, its distance is about four hundred and forty-three millions of miles, which is nearly four and a half times the earth's distance, and is little less than the distance of Jupiter. The orbit is inclined to that of the earth at nearly thirteen degrees. This comet may be considered as a planet, revolving within the orbit of Jupiter, and nearly in the common plane of the solar system. Its motion also, as well as that of Biela's, is in the same direction as that of the planets.

In the calculations of Encke for the determination of the movement of this comet, the most scrupulous account was taken of the effects which the planets must produce upon it. Nevertheless, a small discrepancy was found to exist between its observed and computed returns in 1822, 1825, 1829, and 1832; and what was still more remarkable, this discrepancy was of the same nature in every case; so that it is impossible to suppose that it could have arisen from any casual error of computation or of observation; since, had it so occurred, it would have effected the result irregularly. We must therefore conclude, that this comet does not precisely retrace its steps each revolution. It is found, however, that this irregu-

have developed. If an effect similar to that which has been observed in Encke's comet should be discovered on the approaching return of Halley's comet, and still more, if it be observed on the next return of Biela's comet,* the undulatory hypothesis will begin to assume the character of a *vera causa*; and that theory of light must, under such circumstances, be considered as established.

The effect on the return of a comet produced by this resistance, contrary to what might at first be expected, is to accelerate it; or to make the actual return anticipate the return as computed on the supposition that the comet moves in an unresisting medium. This difficulty will, however, be removed, if it be remembered that a resisting medium, by diminishing the velocity of the body in its orbit, diminishes the influence of the centrifugal force to resist solar attraction. The body, therefore, follows a path constantly nearer to the sun;—in other words, the orbit is in a progressive state of diminution. Now, the less the orbit is, the less time necessary to describe it, and consequently the shorter the period of the successive returns of the body to the same position.

The return of Halley's comet having been computed without taking into account the effect of this supposed resistance, it is possible that its actual may anticipate its predicted arrival. From the small effect, however, produced upon the successive returns of Encke's comet, it is not probable that the event will, on this account vary very materially from the prediction.

If the successive returns of the periodic comets should establish satisfactorily the existence of the luminous ether, it will follow that after the lapse of a certain time every comet will ultimately fall into the sun. In every succeeding revolution of the same comet, its path would fall a little within its former course, and it would describe a spiral line round the sun, continually approaching that body, until at length it would arrive close to his surface: before this would happen, it would doubtless be wholly converted into a light gas by his heat, which would probably mingle with the solar atmosphere.

In the efforts by which the human mind labours after truth, it is curious to observe how often that desired object is stumbled upon by accident, or arrived at by reasoning which is false. One of Newton's conjectures respecting comets was, that they are "the aliment by which suns are sustained;" and he therefore concluded, that these bodies were in a state of progressive decline upon the suns, round which they respectively swept; and that into these suns they from time to time fell. This opinion appears to have been cherished by Newton to the latest hours of his life: he not only consigned it to his immortal writings, but, at the age of eighty-three, a conversation took place between him and his nephew on this subject, which has come down to us. "I cannot say," said Newton, "when the comet of 1680 will fall into the sun; possibly after five or

six revolutions; but whenever that time shall arrive, the heat of the sun will be raised by it to such a point, that our globe will be burned, and all the animals upon it will perish. The new stars observed by Hipparchus, Tycho, and Kepler, must have proceeded from such a cause, for it is impossible otherwise to explain their sudden splendour." His nephew upon this asked him, "Why, when he stated in his writings that comets would fall into the sun, did he not also state those vast fires which they must produce, as he supposed they had done in the stars?"—"Because," replied the old man, "the conflagrations of the sun concern us a little more directly. I have said, however," added he, smiling, "enough to enable the world to collect my opinion."

It may be asked, if the existence of a resisting medium be admitted, whether the same ultimate fate must not await the planets? To this enquiry it may be answered, that within the limits of past astronomical record, the ethereal medium, if it exist, has had no sensible effect on the motion of any planet. That it might have a perceptible effect upon comets, and yet not upon planets, will not be surprising, if the extreme lightness of comets compared with their bulk be considered. The effect in the two cases may be compared to that of the atmosphere upon a piece of swan's down and upon a leaden bullet moving through it. It is certain that whatever may be the nature of this resisting medium, it will not, for many hundred years to come, produce the slightest perceptible effect upon the motions of the planets.

Biela's comet moves in an orbit whose plane is nearly the same with those of the planets. It is but slightly oval, the length being to the breadth in the proportion of about three to two. When nearest to the sun, its distance is nearly equal to that of the Earth; and when most remote from the sun, its distance somewhat exceeds that of Jupiter. Thus it ranges through the solar system, between the orbits of Jupiter and the Earth.

Excepting these three comets of Halley, Encke, and Biela, there is no other whose periodicity has been satisfactorily established; that is to say, a prediction of whose return has been fulfilled. Dr. Olbers observed a comet in 1815, whose return he has predicted in 1887.

The great comet of 1680 was conjectured to be identical with comets which had appeared in 1106, in 531, and in 43, B.C., the intervals being 575 years. This conjecture, however, rests altogether upon the equality of the intervals of its appearance; the path not having been observed antecedent to 1680. Should the conjecture be well founded, it cannot be verified until about the year 2255.*

Notwithstanding the discovery of the periodic comets of Encke and Biela, still the comet of Halley maintains a paramount astronomical inte-

* The last return of this comet anticipated its calculated return by one day—Encke's comet loses two days of its period every revolution.

* This is the comet to whose near approach to the earth, Whiston attributed the deluge; the interval of time between 1680 and the period assigned to the deluge, either by the Hebrew or Septuagint chronology, being very nearly an exact multiple of the supposed period of the comet.

rest; and may be considered to stand alone in exhibiting those physical phenomena which seem to be the exclusive characteristics of the class to which it belongs. Although the comets of Encke and Biela are unquestionably objects of interest to the geometer and astronomer, yet their short periods, the limited space within which they are circumscribed in their motion, the small obliquity and eccentricity of their orbits, and consequently the very slight disturbance which they sustain from the attraction of the planets, render them for all physical purposes nothing more than new planets of inappreciable mass belonging to our system. Unlike other known comets they do not rush from the invisible and inaccessible depths of space, and, after sweeping our system, depart to distances under the conception of which the imagination itself is confounded. They possess none of that grandeur which is connected with whatever appears to break through the fixed order of the universe. It is still reserved for the comet of Halley alone to exhibit a phenomenon, so far as we know, unique;—to afford a splendid result of those powers of calculation by which we are enabled to follow it through the depths of space, two thousand million of miles beyond the extreme verge of the solar system; and, notwithstanding disturbances which render each succeeding period of its return different from the last, to foretell that return with precision.

By far the greater number of comets appear to be mere masses of vapour, totally divested of all concrete or solid matter. So prevalent is this character, that some observers hold it to be universal. Seneca mentions the fact of stars having been distinctly seen through comets. A star of the sixth magnitude was seen through the centre of the head of the comet of 1795 by Sir William Herschel; and in September, 1832, Sir John Herschel, when observing Biela's comet, saw that body pass directly between his eye and a small cluster or knot of minute telescopic stars of the sixteenth or seventeenth magnitude. This little constellation occupied a space in the heavens,

more than he knew. But certainly any one who would positively deny the fact, would deserve the same censure.⁷⁷⁸

Nevertheless, M. Arago leans to the opinion, that some of the comets which have appeared have a solid nucleus within the nebulous matter which surrounds them. This opinion he grounds upon the intense splendour which has been imputed to several of the recorded comets—such, for example, as in that which appeared in the year 43, B.C., and which the Romans considered to represent the metamorphosis of the soul of Cæsar. This was said to be visible in the presence of the sun. In 1402, another comet appeared, so brilliant, that the light of the sun, in the month of March, not only did not prevent the nucleus, but even the tail from being seen. We should attach to this example greater importance, but for the latter part of the statement. Whatever doubt there may be respecting the solidity of the matter forming the nucleus of some comets, there can be none respecting the tail; and it does appear to us something little less than incredible that the tail of any comet could have been seen in the presence of the sun. On the whole, however, M. Arago's inference is, that while there are many comets without any nucleus, there are some with a nucleus which perhaps may be transparent; and others more brilliant than planets, having a nucleus which is probably solid and opaque. The comets which are most intimately connected with our system—those of Encke and Biela—are mere masses of vapour, totally divested of solidity, and so small and faint, that they are not at all discoverable by the unassisted sight, and frequently cannot be detected without considerable difficulty even with telescopic aid. In 1832, Sir John Herschel, with the aid of a reflecting telescope of twenty feet in length, and possessing an enormous illuminating power, could barely see Biela's comet; and he asserts, that if he had not discovered its position by such means, he would have found it quite impossible to have detected it with a refracting telescope, although he did see it

on receding from the sun it passed, in 1779, among the satellites of Jupiter, and was again thrown into another orbit by the attraction which it suffered, and was never afterwards seen. This circumstance, which was not understood at the time, occasioned considerable difficulty to astronomers; but the problem has since been solved by the methods given by Laplace; and it has been ascertained that previous to 1767 the comet moved in an orbit in which its period must have been at least fifty years, and at its nearest approach to the sun its distance would have been about six times the earth's distance. In such an orbit it is impossible the comet would ever have been visible. The next disturbance of Jupiter, in 1779, threw it into a new orbit, in which its period would have been twenty years, and its least distance from the sun four times the earth's distance. Consequently, in such an orbit it never could be visible from the earth. In this case not the slightest effect was produced upon the motion of Jupiter's satellites by the attraction of the comet; from whence we must infer that the mass of the comet must have had an infinitely small proportion to the mass of the smallest of the satellites.

It is an interesting and well ascertained fact, so far as any evidence can be collected from the periodic comets, that these bodies are undergoing a gradual decrease of magnitude. This has been particularly observable in the successive returns of Halley's comet; in which, from its very long period, such an effect might be expected to be conspicuous. But in the comets of Biela and Encké, of shorter periods, a like effect has been observed. The inference which must be drawn from this, is, that the constituent parts of comets are gradually scattered through space: possibly the formation of their tails, by the operation of the sun, may expel matter from their masses, which the gravitation of the mass does not possess sufficient coercion to recall. Unless, however, we admit that a period will come when comets will altogether vanish from our system, we can scarcely attribute this declension of magnitude and splendour to comets universally; if they have a decay, they must have a growth; if there be a decrease, there must be an increase, and a maximum; otherwise, on tracing back such effects, we must, by assuming a sufficient duration of time, find a set of bodies of infinite magnitude and infinite splendour.

May it not happen, that in their excursions through the abyss of space they may be fed with cometic matter, so that the waste of individual comets may be repaired? Under certain circumstances, comets, whose courses may intersect, may coalesce;—a larger may attract and carry with it a smaller. However this be, we are not warranted in hastily generalising the fact of the decay of magnitude observed in the cases just mentioned. It is true that in the five last appearances of Halley's comet, its magnitude and splendour appear to be on the decline. But if we apply the same reasoning to appearances antecedent to 1456, how, it may be asked, did its return so little attract the notice of historians in 1380? Also, between the year 1305 and 399, although some

returns are mentioned which correspond in time with the period of Halley's comet, yet we have no accounts of the same terrific object. The spirit of the times was nevertheless such, that had it so appeared, it could scarcely have passed without exciting the usual superstitious terrors. Must we not then admit the possibility of growth or increase as well as decline and diminution?

It is a curious, and not uninteresting circumstance, that the periodical path of Biela's comet passes very close to that of the earth; so close, that at the moment the centre of the comet is at the point nearest to the earth's path, the matter of the comet extends beyond that path, and includes a portion within it. Thus, if the earth were at that point of its orbit which is nearest to the path of the comet, at the same moment that the comet should be at that point of its orbit which is nearest to the path of the earth, the earth would be enveloped in the nebulous atmosphere of the comet. As this comet has no nucleus nor solidity, a collision in such a case would, of course, be out of the question. The effect produced would be merely an intermixture of the cometic atmosphere with that of the earth. The extremely light mass of the comet would, notwithstanding its proximity, render it impossible that it could produce any sensible effect, either on the annual or diurnal motion of the earth; so that our years, seasons, and days would remain unchanged. With respect to the effect which might be produced upon our atmosphere by such a circumstance, it is impossible to offer any thing but the most vague conjecture. We have already shown that the nebulous matter of this comet must be infinitely more attenuated than our atmosphere; so that the two fluids, when mixed, would be combined in a proportion in which our atmosphere would prevail to the extent perhaps of millions to one. For a single particle, therefore, of the cometary matter which we should inhale, we should inspire millions of particles of atmospheric air. Under such circumstances, it is scarcely probable that we should be conscious of the presence of the cometic matter at all. But even against the occurrence of such a circumstance as this, there are many thousand chances. It is certain that every year the earth must pass through the point in question; but the comet can only pass through the corresponding point of its path once in seven years. The earth moves in its orbit at the rate of about two millions of miles per day; it consequently could remain within the limits of danger for a very brief period; but unless that brief period precisely coincided with the moment in its seven years' circuit, at which the comet should pass through the corresponding point, the effect which we have now alluded to could not take place.*

* In the year 1832, Biela's comet arrived at the point of its orbit nearest the earth on the 30th of October, and enveloped within its limits a part of the earth's path; but the earth did not arrive at the corresponding point of its orbit until the 30th of November; and since the earth moves at the rate of two millions of miles per day, its distance from the comet on the 30th of October must have been sixty millions of miles.

The question of the near approach of comets to the earth, and of the effects of such an occurrence, has been very fully and satisfactorily investigated by Du Sejour.* He shows that of all the comets whose paths had been then ascertained, none could pass nearer to the earth than about twice the moon's distance; and that none ever *did* pass nearer to the earth than nine times the moon's distance. This occurred with the comet of 1770, already mentioned as having been changed in its course twice by the action of Jupiter. The least unreasonable ground of apprehension from the proximity of a comet would be the possible production of a tide in the ocean, which would so disturb its equilibrium as to submerge considerable tracts of land. But to accomplish this, or indeed to raise a tide at all, it is necessary (even admitting that the disturbing body can exert sufficient attraction) that the *angular motion* of the attracting body, with respect to the earth, should not exceed a certain rate. The moon only produces the tides because its angular velocity is considerably under this limit. Du Sejour has proved that a comet could not, by possibility, remain more than two hours and a half so near the earth as a fourth part of the moon's distance. And it could not remain even so long unless it passed the earth under a very peculiar and improbable combination of circumstances. For example, if its orbit were nearly perpendicular to that of the earth, it could not remain more than half an hour in such a position. Under such circumstances, the production of a tide would be impossible. He shows that eleven hours at least would be necessary to enable a comet to produce an effect on the waters of the earth, from which the injurious consequences so much dreaded could follow. The conclusion to which he arrives is, therefore, that "although in strict geometrical rigour, it is not physically impossible that a comet should encounter the earth, yet the moral possibility of such an event is absolutely nothing."

The determination of the number of comets

earth, it appears, that the numbers inclined at various angles, from 0 to 90°, is pretty nearly the same. Thus, at angles between 80° and 90° there are fifteen comets; while at angles between 10° and 20° there are thirteen; and between 30° and 40° there are seventeen. Again, the points where they pass through the plane of the earth's orbit, are found to be uniformly distributed in every direction round the sun. The points where they pass nearest to the sun are likewise distributed uniformly round that body. Their least distances from the sun also vary in such manner as leads to the supposition of their uniform distribution through space. Thus, if we suppose a globe, of which the sun is the centre, to pass through the orbit of Mercury, so as to enclose the space round the sun, extending to a distance on every side equal to the distance of Mercury, thirty of the ascertained comets, when at their least distance from the sun, pass within that globe. Between that globe and a similar one through the orbit of Venus, forty-four comets pass under like circumstances. Between the latter globe and a like one through the orbit of the earth, thirty-four pass; between the globe through the orbit of the earth and one through the orbit of Mars, twenty-three pass; and between the latter and a globe through the orbit of Jupiter, six pass. No comet has ever been visible beyond the orbit of Jupiter. It must be here observed, that beyond the orbit of Mars it is extremely difficult to discern comets; and this may account for the comparatively small number of ascertained comets which do not come nearer to the sun than that limit. A comparison of the above numbers with the spaces included between these successive imaginary globes, and with the relative facility or difficulty of discerning comets in the different situations thus assigned, leads to a demonstration, that, so far as these hundred and thirty-seven observed comets can be considered as an indication of the general distribution of comets through space, that distribution ought to be regarded as uniform; that is, an equal number

twenty-nine thousand, four hundred and seventy within the orbit of Herschel.

Thus it appears that, supposing no comet ranging within the limits of Mercury has escaped observation, that portion of space enclosed within the globe through Herschel must be swept by at least three millions and a half of comets. But there can be no doubt that much more than thirty comets pass within the globe through Mercury; for it would be contrary to all probability to assume that, notwithstanding the many causes obstructing the discovery of comets, and the short period during which we have possessed instruments adequate to such an enquiry, we should have discovered *all* the comets ranging within that limit. It is, therefore, more probable that *seven millions* of comets are enclosed within the known limits of the system, than the lesser number. Such is the astounding conclusion to which M. Arago's reasoning leads.

The light of comets is an effect of which astronomers have hitherto given no satisfactory account. If any of these bodies had been observed to have exhibited phases like those of the moon and the inferior planets, the fact of their being opaque bodies, illuminated by the sun, would be at once established. But the existence of such phases must necessarily depend upon the comet itself being a solid mass. A mere mass of cloud or vapour, though not itself luminous, but rendered visible by borrowed light, would still exhibit no effect of this kind: its imperfect opacity would allow the solar light to affect its constituent parts throughout its entire depth—so that, like a thin fleecy cloud, it would appear not superficially illuminated, but receiving and reflecting light through all its dimensions. With respect to comets, therefore, the doubt which has existed is, whether the light which proceeds from them, and by which they become visible, is a light of their own, or is the light of the sun shining upon them, and reflected to our eyes like light from a cloud. For a long period this question was sought to be determined by the discovery of phases. M. Arago then proceeded to apply to the question a very elegant mode of investigation, depending on a property* by which reflected light may be distinguished from direct light, and the existence of which property there are sufficient optical means of detecting. He has, however, within the last year, furnished, as we conceive, much more simple and satisfactory means of putting the question finally at rest; if, indeed it be not already decided.

It is an established property of self-shining bodies, that at all distances from the eye they have the same apparent splendour. Thus the sun, as seen from the planet Herschel, *seems* as bright as when seen from the earth. It is true that he is much smaller, but still equally bright. The smallest brilliant may be as bright as the largest diamond. We must not here be understood to imply that he affords the same light; that is quite another effect. What is intended to be conveyed, will perhaps be best understood by considering the effect of viewing the sun through

a pin hole made in a card. The card being placed at a small distance from the eye, it is evident that the eye will view only a small portion of the sun's disc, limited by the magnitude of the pin hole; but that portion, *so far as it goes*, will be as bright as it would be were the card removed. Now, the effect here produced, by limiting the portion of the sun's disc which the eye is permitted to see, is precisely the same as if the eye were carried to so great a distance from the sun, that its apparent magnitude would be reduced to equality with that portion of its disc which is seen through the hole in the card.*

Now, applying this principle to the question of cometary light, it will follow that, if a comet shines by light of its own, and not by light received from the sun, it will, like all other self-luminous bodies, have the same apparent brightness at all distances. It will therefore cease to be visible, not from want of sufficient apparent brightness, but from want of sufficient visual magnitude. Now, it may be shown that the limit of visual magnitude which would cause the disappearance of a self-luminous body is so extreme, that it would be wholly inapplicable to this case. By varying the magnitude of the object-glass of a telescope (which may be easily done), with which such a body is viewed, in proportion to the magnifying power of the eye-glass, it is always possible to make the image of the same apparent brightness; that is, supposing the object itself to maintain a uniform splendour. Consequently, if a body, submitted to this species of observation, cease to be visible even by a telescope, it will follow, that it must disappear either by a very extreme diminution of visual magnitude, or by the loss of its own intrinsic splendour. Now, to apply this test to the question of comets. Let us ask in what manner they disappear? Is their disappearance the consequence of an excessive diminution of visual magnitude? Or is it to be attributed to the diminished quantity of light which they transmit? Every astronomer will immediately reply that the latter only can cause the disappearance. The greater number of comets, including the most brilliant and remarkable one of 1680 more especially, have obviously disappeared by the gradual enfeeblement of their light. They were, as it were, extinguished. At the very time they ceased to be visible, they possessed considerable visual magnitude. But such a mode of disappearance is incompatible with the character of a self-luminous body, unless we suppose that, from some physical cause, it gradually loses its luminosity.

But, in answer to this is adduced the observed fact, that the dimensions of comets are enlarged as they recede from the sun; that the luminous matter, thus existing in a less condensed state, will shine with a proportionally enfeebled splendour; and that at length, by the dilatation of the body, the light becomes so dilute, that it is incapable of affecting the retina so as to produce sensation.

In answer to this objection, M. Arago has sub-

* This property is demonstrable by mathematical reasoning.

* Polarisation.

mitted to examination the rate at which comets increase their dimensions as they recede from the sun, according to Valz; and calculates the corresponding diminution of intrinsic splendour which would arise from such a cause. The question then is, whether, by such a diminution of splendour, the brightest comets would be invisible beyond the orbit of Jupiter? This question he proposes to decide by the following experimental test, to be applied to some future comet.

Let a telescope be selected having a large opening and low magnifying power, by the aid of which the comet may be observed in every part of its visible course. Let the body be observed with this instrument, at some determinate distance from the sun, such as, for example, the distance of Venus. M. Arago shows how, by applying different magnifying powers to the telescope under these circumstances, the image of the comet may be made to assume different degrees of brightness. He shows also how the magnifying power may be regulated, so as to exhibit the image of the comet with just that degree of brightness with which it would appear at any given increased distance to the lowest magnifying power; on the supposition of its being a self-shining body, losing brightness by reason of the enlargement of its dimensions. In this way, he shows that the actual brightness which the comet *ought* to have at any given distance from the sun, when looked at with any given magnifying power, may be predicted. He proposes, then, that, this observation being previously made, the comet should be observed subsequently at the proposed distances. If it appear with that degree of brightness which it ought to have in correspondence with such previous observations, then there will be a presumption that it shines with its own light. But if, as is probable, and perhaps nearly certain, the splendour of the comet at increased distances will be greatly less than it ought to be, and that it will be wholly invisible at distances at which it ought to be seen, then there will be conclusive proof that it is a body not self-luminous, but one which derives its light from the sun; and that its

the sun; and this is a law to which there appears to be no well-ascertained exception. This singular and unexpected phenomenon has been attempted to be accounted for in several ways. Valz ascribed it to the pressure of the solar atmosphere, acting upon the comet; that atmosphere being more dense near the sun, compressed the comet and diminished its dimensions; and, at a greater distance, being relieved from this coercion, the body swelled to its natural bulk. A very ingenious train of reasoning was produced in support of this theory. The density of the solar atmosphere and the elasticity of the comet being assumed to be such as they might naturally be supposed, the variations of the comet's bulk were deduced by strict reasoning, and showed a surprising coincidence with the observed change in the dimensions. But this theory is tainted by a fatal error. It proceeds upon the supposition that the comet, on the one hand, is formed of an elastic gas or vapour; and, on the other, that it is impervious to the solar atmosphere through which it moves. To establish the theory, it would be necessary to suppose that the elastic fluid composing the comet should be surrounded by a *nappé* or envelope as elastic as the fluid composing the comet, and yet wholly impenetrable by the solar atmosphere.

Several solutions of this phenomenon have been proposed by Sir John Herschel: * one is, that the comet consists of a cloud of particles, which either have no mutual cohesion, or none capable of resisting their solar gravitation; that therefore, these particles move round the sun as *separate and independent planets*, each describing an ellipse or parabola, as the case may be. If this be admitted, it is demonstrable on geometrical principles, and indeed it follows as a necessary consequence of the principle of gravitation, that the particles thus independently moving, *must* converge as they approach the sun, so as to occupy a more limited space and to become condensed; and that on receding from the sun, they will again diverge and occupy increased dimensions.

Herschel insists on this the more, because he

absorb its rays and become heated, a portion of them will be constantly passing from the liquid to the gaseous or invisible state. As this change must commence from without, and must be propagated inwards, the effect will be a diminution of the comet's visible bulk. On the other hand, as it retreats from the sun, it will lose by radiation the heat thus acquired; which, in conformity with the general analogy of radiant heat, will escape chiefly from the unevaporated or nebulous mass within. The dimensions of this will, therefore, begin, and continue to increase, by the precipitation immediately above it of fresh nebula; just as, we see fogs in cold still nights forming on the surface of the earth, and gradually extending upwards as the heat near the surface is dissipated. The comet would thus appear to enlarge rapidly in its visible dimensions at the moment that its real volume is in fact slowly shrinking by the general abstraction of heat from the mass.

"This process," says Sir John Herschel, "might go on in the entire absence of any solid or fluid nucleus; but supposing such a nucleus to exist, and to have acquired a considerable increase of temperature in the vicinity of the sun, evaporation from its surface would afford a constant and copious supply of vapour, which, rising into its atmosphere, and condensing at its exterior parts, would tend yet more to dilate the visible limits of the nebula. Some such process would naturally enough account for the appearances which have been noticed in the head of certain comets, where a stratum void of nebula has been observed, interposed, as it were, between the denser portion of the head, or nucleus, and the coma. It is analogous to the meteorological phenomenon of a definite vapour plane, so commonly observed; and in certain cases, may admit of two or more alternations of nebula and clear atmosphere."

Sir John offers a third supposition to account for the effects, by attributing them to the ethereal medium surrounding the sun.

"Fourier," says he, "has rendered it not improbable that the region in which the earth circulates has a temperature of its own greatly superior to what may be presumed to be the absolute zero, and even to some artificial degrees of cold. I have shown, I think satisfactorily, that if this be the case, such temperature cannot be due simply to the radiation of the stars, but must arise from some other cause, such as the contact of an ether, possessing itself a determinate temperature, and tending, like all known fluids, to communicate this temperature, to bodies immersed in it. Now, if we suppose the temperature of the ether to increase as we approach the sun, which seems a natural, and indeed a necessary consequence of regarding it as endued with the ordinary relations of fluids to heat, we are furnished with an obvious explanation of the phenomenon in question. A body of such extreme tenuity as a comet, may be presumed to take very readily the temperature of the ether in which it is plunged; and the vicissitude of warmth and cold thus experienced, may alternately convert into transparent vapour, and reprecipitate, the nebulous substance, just as we see an increase of atmospheric temperature dissipate a fog, not by abstracting or annihilating its aqueous particles, but by causing them to assume the elastic and transparent state which they lose, and again appear in fog when the temperature sinks."

We cannot conclude without noticing some of the imaginary influences imputed to comets; the more so, because, notwithstanding the general

intelligence of these times, such erroneous impressions do still to a certain extent prevail.

One of the most common effects attributed to these bodies, is an influence over the temperature of our seasons. It would be easy to expose such an error, by showing upon general physical principles, that there is no reason whatever, why a comet should produce such an influence; but it will perhaps be more satisfactory to refute it by showing, that it is not in conformity with observed facts. M. Arago has given a table, in which he has exhibited in one column the temperatures of the weather at Paris for every year, from 1735 to 1831 inclusive; and in juxtaposition with these he has stated the number of comets which appeared, with their magnitude and general appearance. The result is, that no coincidence whatever is observable between the temperatures and the number or appearance of comets. For example, in 1737, although two comets appeared, the mean temperature was inferior to that of the preceding years, during which no comet appeared. The year 1765, in which no comet appeared, was hotter than the year 1766, when two comets appeared; the year 1775, when no comet appeared, was hotter than the year 1780, which was marked by the appearance of two comets; and the temperature was still lower in the year 1785, in which two comets appeared; while on the other hand the temperature of the year 1781 was greater, which was likewise marked by the appearance of two comets.

This question, of the supposed connection between the temperature and the appearance of comets has been completely sifted by M. Arago. He has given not only the general temperatures, but also a table of the years of greatest cold—of the years in which the Seine has been frozen over, and also of the years of the greatest heat—and he has shown that the corresponding appearances of comets have been varied without any connection whatever with these vicissitudes of temperature.

We should have hoped that the absurd influences attributed to comets, would, at least in our times, have been confined to physical effects, in which the excuse of ignorance might be pleaded with a less sense of humiliation. But will it be believed that within a few years persons could be found among the better classes of society, and holding some literary and professional station—and in our own country too,—who could attribute to the influence of comets every prevalent disease, local or general, by which since the commencement of the Christian era, not the human race only was afflicted, but even the lower species of animals?

The splendid comet of 1811 was, on the continent considered as the immediate cause of the fine vintage of that year, and the produce was distinguished as the *wine of the comet*. But with us still more extraordinary effects were ascribed to that comet. In the "Gentleman's Magazine," for 1818, we were told that its influence produced a mild winter, a moist spring and a cold summer; that there was not sufficient sunshine to ripen the fruits of the earth; that, nevertheless, (such was the cometic influence,) the harvest was abundant,

and some species of fruits, such as melons and figs, were not only plentiful, but of a delicious flavour; that wasps rarely appeared, and *flies became blind, and died early in the season*; that, in the neighbourhood of London, numerous instances occurred of *women bearing twins*, and it even happened, in one instance, that the *wife of a shoemaker in Whitechapel had four children at a birth!*

So recently as the year 1829, a work appeared upon epidemic diseases,* by Mr. Forster, an English practitioner, in which it is asserted that, since the Christian era, the most unhealthy periods have been precisely those in which some great comet appeared; that such appearances were accompanied by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and atmospheric commotions, while no comet has been observed during healthy periods. Not contented, however, with the influences formerly attributed to comets, Mr. Forster, says M. Arago, has so extended, in his learned catalogue, the circle of imputed cometary influences, that there is scarcely any phenomenon which he does not lay to their charge. Hot seasons and cold, tempests, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, hail, rain, and snow, floods and droughts, famines, clouds of midges and locusts, the plague, dysentery, the influenza,† are all duly registered by Mr. Forster; and each affliction is assigned to its comet, whatever kingdom, city, or village the famine, pestilence or other visitation may have ravaged. In making thus, from year to year, a complete inventory of the misfortunes of this lower world, who would not have foreseen the impossibility of any comet approaching the earth, without finding some portion of its inhabitants suffering under some affliction; and who would not have granted at once, what Lubienetski has written a large work to prove, that there never was a disaster without a comet, nor a comet without a disaster.

Nevertheless, even the credulity and ingenuity of Mr. Forster were in one or two cases at fault, to discover corresponding afflictions for some of the most remarkable comets;—that of the year

but he does not favour us with any reason why Edinburgh, Dublin, and Paris, not to mention various English towns and villages, were spared from its malign influence. The crowning absurdity, however, is the effect imputed to the comet of 1668. It appears, according to Mr. Forster, that the presence of this body made "all the cats in Westphalia sick!"

Though our countryman probably stands alone in the degree of his absurdity on this subject, still, society in general, including even the classes reputed most enlightened, cannot be altogether acquitted of ignorance in regard to it. "I would have wished," says M. Arago, "for the honour of modern philosophy, to be freed from the necessity of taking serious notice of such absurdities; but I have acquired personal knowledge that some refutation of them is not useless, and that the advocates of these influences have an inconsiderable number of followers. Listen, when you are present at one of those brilliant assemblies, where you meet what is called good society;—listen to the talk of which the approaching comet furnishes the subject, and then decide if we ought to boast of that diffusion of knowledge, which so many declare to be the characteristic feature of our times."

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY.—PART III.

THE HISTORICAL PLAYS—JULIUS CÆSAR.

From Christian Italy, with its blazing passions of love and hatred, its luxurious and headlong pursuit of pleasure, its enthusiastic yet half sensual devotion, turn we to antique pagan Rome, with its grave and stately manners, its calm Stoic or Epicurean philosophy, its airy and poetical religion; where, in the Forum, eagle-eyed orators are holding listening senates in awe; where the white-stoled flamens are "at their service quaint" in yonder temple of Jupiter; where chiefs, at whose name the world grows pale, are climbing or descending the majestic

union of sagacity with power, of accuracy, of judgment, and moderation in taste, with unparalleled reach of imagination, are best illustrated by his historical plays. If, in his plays of pure invention, he was thrown more absolutely on his own resources, and forced, like the Israelites, to find the very straw out of which his bricks were to be made, the form at least of the structure which he was to rear with them, was at his command. No taskmaster prescribed its site or plan; all nature was before him, offering its inexhaustible materials to his choice, and he could place them beside each other in harmonious conjunction. But, in approaching the field of authentic history, his situation was very different. He was called upon, not to create a palace at will, from the vast stores which his treasury afforded, but to reconstruct, in its original symmetry and beauty, a ruined and dilapidated edifice, of which nothing remained but fragments of broken pillars, crushed arches, choked-up vaults, and half vanished staircases; an architectural labyrinth, chaotic and unintelligible, save to those to whom genius gave the clue. Yet every fragment which time had spared from the wreck, was to be preserved untouched—sacred even from genius itself; and out of the heterogeneous masses which lay strewn out, "gold, silver, or base lead," massive marble or crumbling clay, must he endeavour, as he best might, to supply the gaps, build up the broken towers, restore those buried vaults to the light of day, discern by conjecture the original meaning and purpose of that which seemed shapeless and uncouth, and give back to the whole structure its outward beauty, and its internal adaptation and significance. To do this effectually, and as Shakspeare has done; to take, if we may be allowed the comparison, the *bouts-rimés* which history has written down for us, and to fill up the theme, to unite those half connected conclusions in such exquisite and natural sequence, with such appearance of unity and compactness, is a task, demanding perhaps powers of a different kind, but scarcely inferior, on the whole, to those by which a Hamlet or a Caliban have been called into existence.

The difficulty of such a task is pre-eminently felt in every attempt to revive the spirit of classical antiquity, or to carry us back into familiar contact with the heroes of Greece and Rome. In drawing the characters of those who have occupied a prominent place on the theatre of the world's history, in modern or comparatively modern times, a certain community of feelings and sympathies, existing between ourselves and the subjects of our delineation—amidst all the differences which temperament, habits, or situation may produce—will always afford us a tolerable key to their probable conduct or feelings in given situations, while the more detailed and frequent notices of their history, which are at our command, though still leaving much for imagination and judgment to supply, are, like lamps in a city at night, sufficient to guide us on, dimly perhaps but safely, from one point to another, to our journey's end. But between the days of paganism and those of Christianity there is a great gulf fixed, not to be surmounted by labour, and which

only the strong wings of genius can overfly. The change from polytheism to Christianity is so sudden and complete, the influence thus brought into play so new and complex, the habits, manners, the whole relations of the sexes and of society, the whole forms of polity, the whole objects of sympathy and desire, here and hereafter, are so changed, that we can have no assurance of the correctness of any analogies drawn from the present to the past, and must feel that in our attempt to reconstruct from the meagre materials of history, aided by reasoning from our own feelings and passions, a consistent and real character of classical antiquity, we are either presenting a cold outline of a few superficial and obvious qualities, or accumulating an incoherent patch-work of others which never existed in the same being.

The French, no doubt, have often cut the knot more simply, by at once converting the heroes of Greece and Rome into Frenchmen, endowing them with modern feelings, passions, and forms of politeness and gallantry, and leaving, in fact, nothing classical about them, except their supposed local habitation and name. Thus inconsistency of drawing is in some measure avoided; for the characters, under whatever name disguised, are, *intus et in cute*, from their entrance to their exit, modern Frenchmen; and they think, speak, and act naturally enough in their vocation. But all truth of local colouring, all impression of reality, are of course at an end; all peculiarities are at once swept away by this leveling principle. Who can doubt, for instance, that there were many and marked distinctions between the Greeks and Romans; yet who can point out the smallest characteristic differences between the Greeks of the Iphigenie, the Greeks of the Trojan war, and the Romans of Cinna and Britannicus—the Romans of the meridian and declining empire?

Not in this spirit has Shakspeare gone to work. His studies from the antique are neither mere impersonations of a few traditional and prescriptive qualities, which make up our vague abstract notion of the Roman or the Greek, nor modernisations of history, carrying the spirit of the wars of the Roses or the Reformation, and the manners and intrigues of the court of Elizabeth, into the conspiracies of the Capitol, and the struggles of "the last of the Romans." He has taken the characters as he found them in history; he has surrounded them by no modern colouring; yet neither has he shrunk from following them into the inmost recesses of character and feeling. Far from being mere images of certain feelings of patriotism, bravery, and ambition—mere simulacra of human beings—they are living, breathing, active men, with the thousand shifting impulses and alternations of good and evil feeling, of greatness and littleness, of resolution and weakness, which characterise ourselves and those around us; yet, as by some magic, all those feelings and impulses, every word and action, carry us back thousands of years along the course of time; we feel, for the first time, the assurance that we are indeed in the Eternal City—that such were the majestic beings who in its

streets and senates contended for empire—such its venal, and vacillating, and profligate multitudes, ever ready to sell themselves to the highest bidder—such its orators, wielding at will this fierce democracy—such its warriors, so beautifully blending calm philosophy with action—such its festivals, elections, conspiracies, quarrels, and reconciliations. In *Coriolanus*, Julius Cæsar, Anthony, and Cleopatra—(and, let us add, though, perhaps, at a humble distance, in the admirable romance of *Valerius*)—alone do we ever experience that species of interest, that conviction of reality, with which we are impressed by an interesting narrative of more modern times. The conspiracy against Cæsar agitates us with suspense and curiosity like those of *Fiesco* and *Pierre*; the scene where *Coriolanus solicits (!)* the suffrages of the citizens; the oration over Cæsar's body—hurry us on like the tumultuous canvassings and popular declamations of a modern election; and yet in all this we have the full persuasion that there is nothing *modern*; that the true spirit of the past does in truth animate these creations, and that the essential truth and propriety of history, "the goodly usage of the antique time," has never been violated.

We say the *essential* truth, because nothing is more easy than to convict Shakspeare of minute mistakes in his Roman plays. A French critic, for instance, who would not have felt the least scruple, "*peindre Caton galant, et Brutus dameret*," would probably be much shocked by seeing a Roman mob throwing up their *caps*, or wearing *pockets*, or hearing the *clock* proclaim the hour in the Capitol; or finding Cæsar's gardens placed on the wrong side of the Tiber. In the delineation of the inner man, Shakspeare drew his materials from his own breast, and then he could not err; in externals even, his admirable tact and quick perception seem to supply, in a great measure, the want of learning, and to enable him, with all his limited reading, to avoid every material violation of manners or costume; in the slighter matters only, where inaccuracy was of little con-

and admirable oration over Cæsar's body. In like manner, much upon which the old gossiping biographer dwells with prolixity, Shakspeare passes over with a transient notice, his aim being not to exhibit the character of Cæsar alone (for, in truth, scarcely a single personage in the play is so slightly touched as the one from whom it derives its name), but to present a grand picture of the public life of Rome, at a moment when democracy was about to resolve itself for ever into its natural *euthanasia*—despotism; and to group round the stately central form of the philosophic Brutus, in whose character stoicism, and an ideal of republican virtue, antagonise so strongly and so strangely with influences the most benevolent and humane—a varied picture-gallery of subsidiary characters, in which the virtues, vices, passions, and sentiments of the time, should find their representatives. This is indeed the true spirit of history. Shakspeare invariably seizes the subject in its most poetical and dramatic point of view; gives unity and rounding even to the most complicated series of events, by extracting their spirit, discerning their connecting principle, and then carefully detaching and throwing into shadow every thing which does not tend to bring out in higher relief their characteristic traits, while he lavishes his whole treasury of imagination on those features which he retains, and renders more impressive and lovely.

How admirably, for instance, has he performed this task in that magnificent series of plays from English history, in which he has pursued his annals through changing scenes of glory, disaster, and crime, from the deposition of the Second Richard to the era of the Reformation, and the returning sunshine of the days of Elizabeth. We rise from their perusal with a far more perfect apprehension of this gloomy and troubled period of our history—with a more distinct conception of the causes, the secret springs, and real connection of events, which have formerly appeared inexplicable or incoherent—with a clear understanding of the spirit "and body" of the

are peopled; forms often of colossal and massive grandeur, but all "dabbled in blood;" Beaufort dying without a sign—hoping nothing, believing nothing; "grisly" Talbot, the terror of France, Clifford revenging his father's death with blood-thirsty affection, luxurious Edward, "perjured Clarence," "his great father-in-law, renowned Warwick," and, conspicuous amidst the ghastly procession, the terrible Richard—lowering obliquely at first like a thunder cloud on the horizon, which enlarges and approaches, till at the close it pours out, as in a deluge, the elements of destruction with which it is overcharged. If any thing could increase the dreary sense of moral confusion which all this leaves on the mind, it is that the only redeeming traits of goodness and humanity which exist in this polluted scene, are found in the weak vacillating King Henry, the tool and puppet of all parties; that greatness is always associated with guilt, that impotence seems annexed to innocence as the condition of its existence, and that in the solitary instance where we bestow our pity, we cannot at the same time withhold our contempt.

On the subject of these dramas from English history, however,—one of the noblest monuments of national poetry of which any country can boast—we shall probably have occasion to speak more at length hereafter. At present we must return to what forms more peculiarly the subject of this article, the plays founded on Roman subjects.

So far as the nature of the subject permitted, Coriolanus perhaps is as perfect in its way as Julius Cæsar; but in the former the field was comparatively narrow; the interest almost exclusively arising from the development of a single character; the accompaniments not of the same splendour and variety. In Julius Cæsar, on the contrary, a canvass of immense size is crowded with the most interesting historic personages; the empire of the world is at stake—all the powers of evil and good seem visibly to contend for mastery upon the scene; and it is but natural that with such elements to work upon, a drama of more stirring and varied interest should be the result. As a successful study, however, of a single character, nothing in Julius Cæsar can excel Coriolanus himself; and it is indeed truly wonderful to observe how Shakspeare, without softening the repulsive features of his character, has contrived to excite our admiration, and engage our sympathies for a being whom we find it impossible to love, and frequently even to comprehend.

We know that both in this case and that of Julius Cæsar, the only classical assistance which Shakspeare possessed, was the translation of Plutarch's Lives, by Sir Thomas North* (itself a translation from the French), a work utterly destitute of all spirit or feeling. From Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, he could derive no hints, for of these no translations existed—and assuredly Shakspeare never consulted them in the original. Yet the character which Shakspeare, in ignorance of these sources, has produced, ex-

actly corresponds with the conception we should ourselves have formed, after reading all which ancient history has put together on the subject.

Coriolanus is to be regarded as any thing but a perfect hero, and it would be a great mistake to suppose that Shakspeare identifies himself with him as such. His chief greatness, indeed, is relative, and derived from the meanness or baseness of the beings by whom he is surrounded, the Sicinius, Brutus, Aufidius, to whom he is opposed.

"He were no lion were not Romans hinds."

Brave indeed he is to rashness—but his patrician pride approaches to madness; it excludes all sympathy with inferiors, whom he regards as creatures of another clay. When the humble crowd are entreating, in the day of famine, for a grant of corn from the patricians, he lowers himself so far as to mock their misery by taunts and sarcasms, and drives them home to starvation without a feeling of remorse. His contempt for them is mingled with hatred—with a feeling almost of physical disgust. A spirit of despotism has been implanted by nature in his breast; it has been nursed by the arbitrary habits of military command, till selfishness has overgrown and overpowered all his other feelings. In such a character there can be no true nobleness—though Coriolanus's lofty estimate of himself, the laurels which encircle his brow, the terror he every where imposes, the idolatry with which his party look up to him; and yet withal a species of bastard modesty which makes it irksome to him to listen to the praises which he knows that he deserves, the contempt and dislike with which we cannot but regard the motives and characters of most of his opponents—surround him with a fictitious nobleness, and lead us, contrary to our better feelings and calmer judgment, to rejoice at the success with which the imperious dictator at first tramples down all opposition. It must indeed be admitted, that if Shakspeare loved and venerated the people in the higher sense of the word, no one ever more thoroughly despised the populace, or delighted more to expose the aimlessness, fickleness, and ingratitude of their conduct, or the selfishness, under the guise of patriotism and purity, by which their noisy leaders are generally influenced. Both in Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar he seems to have presented us with a perfect anthology of popular follies and vices; placing the rabble of Rome in the most contemptible light, and aggravating its usual vices by the addition of gross cowardice. His picture of the democracy and their rulers is indeed applicable not to Rome only, but to all times and to all countries, and Hazlitt might with justice observe, that any one who studies Coriolanus might save himself the trouble of reading Burke's reflections, or the debates in parliament since the French Revolution. Might we not indeed almost believe that the whisper of a faction in our own day was to be heard in these words of the Roman Opposition orator Sicinius:—

"Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say—*It shall be so*
I the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, or fine, or banishment, then let them,

If I say fine, cry fine, if death, cry death;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause."*

This revolting picture of mob rule was not only politically true, but dramatically necessary. Without this abasement of the character of the populace, the towering arrogance and unrelenting harshness of Coriolanus, which border occasionally upon insanity, would have been intolerable. As it is, we feel towards him something of that sympathy which we should experience towards a lion set upon by curs. Nature has certainly placed within his breast something of the "*vis insani leonis*," the same courage and the same cruelty. Savage as he is, however, it is too much that he should be made a mark for "such small deer" to bait and snarl at, nor is it altogether possible to suppress a feeling of satisfaction, a sense of poetical justice, when the lordly animal drives the yelping pack before him, or crushes a whole crowd of his pitiful opponents beneath his giant paw.

But Coriolanus's overweening estimate of himself, and his utter indifference to the feelings of others, on which Shakspeare has dwelt so strongly, prepare us for the crime which he ultimately perpetrates against his country. Grievous as his injuries might be, a patriot, a man of noble nature would have borne them in silence; he would sooner have raised his arm against himself than against his country. But Coriolanus has no true patriotism, and little true nobility of heart; his own greatness has always been to him a subject of more vital interest than the prosperity of Rome; and he hurries to avenge his wrongs upon his country with the rancour and eagerness with which he would have wreaked his vengeance on a personal rival. Most poetical and touching is the moral which Shakspeare impresses on our minds from this crime of Coriolanus and its consequences. For him there is henceforward no rest, no peace—no firm alliance either with Roman or Volscian; despondency, and an evil looking for of judgment, begin to haunt his mind and cloud his spirit from the moment he yields to the entreaties of Voluptas and repeats the

it produces is rather that of our being spectators of these scenes themselves, than readers of dramatic composition.

But the character of Coriolanus stands, be said, almost alone in the play—for none others, with the exception of the dry humour of Menenius, are drawn with much care or finish of finishing. If we wish to find a variety of characters all of first rate force, and events of corresponding magnitude, interest solicit and engage our attention; form an idea of the perfect success with which Shakspeare could throw his mind back to the region of antiquity, we must turn to the variety of Julius Cæsar. That this play of life, of character, so penetrated by the poetry, should have been characterised by so cold, must surprise even those who are least disposed to subscribe in general to a doctor's æsthetical views. Certainly he polishes the opinion; for probably the most striking characteristic of the play to the reader is, that, though perfectly Roman, it is so perfectly human, and that we can with little effort place ourselves among the stormy scenes which it presents, and watch with so intense curiosity and interest the shifting fortunes of the great contest on which hangs suspended the minion of the world. The sketches of character, the observance of minute particulars of dress and habit, the turn of the dialogue, would suggest the idea that Shakspeare had been present, had known the individuals by intimate acquaintance, had watched their looks and gestures, and "set in a note book" the very words to their varying characters, temperaments, and actions gave birth. How beautifully is this useful power illustrated in the scene where Coriolanus enters with his train after the games are over, and unfolds to Anthony his suspicions of Cassius; and where Cicero's appeal to the people, "with his fiery and ferret eyes," as "crossed by some senators;" Cæsar's deafness to Anthony's easy temper and thoughtless revelry; and above all, the speaking portrait of the

effect on the imagination. The deep interest and curiosity thus awakened, is sustained by a series of scenes of unparalleled dramatic force and variety. We seem to be agitated with the suspense of the conspirators themselves, as they throng around their victim in the senate house, and with their terrors after the great Julius has fallen. Then the speech of Brutus—its effect on the giddy populace, the masterly oration of Antony, by which its effect is so thoroughly neutralised, the gradual working up the spirits of the crowd to mutiny by the allusions to Cæsar's will, his scars, the stabs which had pierced his mantle—the honourable and friendly hands by whom those stabs had been inflicted—these scenes certainly place Julius Cæsar, in point of dramatic interest, far higher than either Coriolanus, or Antony and Cleopatra. The interest in the last two acts, it must be admitted, declines. Yet these were indispensable, for Brutus obviously, and not Cæsar, is the hero of the play, and it was necessary to follow out his fate to his defeat and death at Philippi. The fourth act, however, contains one scene sufficient to redeem any play, the celebrated scene of quarrel and reconciliation between Brutus and Cassius, in which, although Shakspeare has drawn exclusively from his own stores, more of the spirit of Roman life is to be found than in all our other classical plays put together.

Passing from the events to the characters of the play, our attention is immediately directed to the strongly contrasted characters of Brutus and Cassius. Though Shakspeare's leaning towards monarchy is well known, and is sufficiently obvious, not only from Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar, but from many others of his plays, it is singular that the most captivating picture of pure republicanism that ever was drawn should have proceeded from his hands. Such is Brutus. The rest conspire and slay from envy of great Cæsar,—

"He only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, makes one of them."

His natural inclinations are all calm, gentle, and benevolent; willingly he would pass his life in philosophic musing; with difficulty is he impelled unto the thorny and devious path of political action. Yet not from fear of consequences, for he is bravery itself; he loves "the name of honour more than he fears death;" the passionless calmness of his spirit is the result of a mental constitution which nothing mortal can agitate or unhinge. But he feels that in the troubled atmosphere of conspiracy, his pure mind cannot breathe freely; and the natural humanity and tenderness of his disposition are secretly at war with the stoical dogmas of patriotism by which he endeavours to steel himself to the bloody deed in which he is about to be involved. This native gentleness of disposition never forsakes him; even while his own heart is heavy with anxiety for the approaching battle, he can find time to bestow his care and sympathy upon the over-wearied Lucius. These very qualities, however, which render him so amiable, unfit him for the prominent part he is condemned to take in the struggle; even when he has drawn the sword, he

cannot fling away the scabbard, nor follow out conspiracy into all its bloody consequences. Hence he spares Antony, whose powers indeed he misunderstands and underrates, and falls at last the victim of his own mistaken humanity.

The gloomy Cassius, on the contrary, is all energy and action—a man on whose brow nature, with her own hand, has written conspirator. Shakspeare has somewhat softened the dark colouring of cruelty, vindictiveness, and avarice, with which Plutarch has painted his character, but he leaves him a being of mixed and questionable motives; impressive through his firmness and rapidity of decision, but repulsive in his mental conformation as in his outward form; "a good hater," but scarcely capable of loving or of being loved. Nothing in him is pure or unalloyed; envy and private revenge mingle with and pollute all his patriotism; if he hates tyranny much, he hates Cæsar more. Even when combating in the name of liberty, he can sell and mart his offices for gold, whilst he refuses a supply to his dearest friend. His strength of mind and uncompromising character give him a strong influence over others, but he feels the inferiority of his own nature and principles when compared with the purer mind of Brutus. Hence the superiority of the latter in the quarrel scene, in which the parties seem to have changed characters; where the gentle Brutus takes the high tone of command and reproach, while the once resolute and energetic Cassius feels his spirit rebuked, and, after a brief struggle, acknowledges his error, and bends before the supremacy of virtue in the shape of his friend.

"But we prattle something too wildly," and are keeping our German commentators waiting rather too long. We now turn to our friend Horn, and shall begin by his observations on the Roman people as represented in this play.

"No one ever had a higher estimate of the people than Shakspeare—no one a lower estimate of the populace; I mean that idle rabble that swarms about the marketplace—the heartless creatures who are always gaping after something new; prepared to-day to trample in the dust the object of their yesterday's idolatry, if it can be done without danger or discomfort to themselves. This rabble, Shakspeare has frequently made the subject of his satire. It would even appear that he had a singular pleasure in so doing, partly from the feeling of just contempt which it inspired, partly from the comic and amusing materials it afforded. The poet who understands his rim so clearly, may well be allowed to indulge in a sneer against those who know not their own master or objects.

"We are introduced accordingly to a scene, in which we are glad to find any pretext for something more than a holiday, and as they had brought a woman in Cæsar's chariot wheels in his great chariot through the streets, now equally prepared to trample upon the person of Cæsar, from whom some of the most brilliant spectacles of the world have been derived, particularly prominent, who could be so impatient of the sight of something so common as a woman who has no time to spare to look at the people, much, and therefore the poet has made the scene a scene of tragic comedy."

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE CHILD'S BURIAL IN SPRING.

BY DELTA.

Where ocean's waves to the hollow caves murmur a low loud hymn,
In pleasant musing I pursued my solitary way;
Then upwards wending from the shore, amid the woodlands dim,
From the gentle height, like a map in sight, the downward country lay.

'Twas in the smile of green April, a cloudless noontide clear;
In ecstasy the birds sang forth from many a leafing tree;
Both bud and bloom, with fresh perfume, proclaimed the awakened year;
And Earth, arrayed in beauty's robes, seemed Heaven itself to be.

So cheerfully the sun shone out,—so smilingly the sky
O'erreached green earth,—so pleasantly the stream meandered on,—
So joyous was the murmur of the honey-bee and fly,—
That of our fall, which ruined all, seemed traces few or none.

Then hopes, whose gilded pageantry wore all the hues of truth,
Elysian thoughts—Arcadian dreams—the poet's falling strain—
Again seemed shedding o'er our world, an amaranthine youth,
And left no vestiges behind of death, decay, or pain.

At length I reached—a churchyard gate—a churchyard? Yes! but there
Breathed out such calm serenity o'er every thing around,
That "the joy of grief" (as Ossian sings) o'erbalm'd the very air,
And the place was less a mournful place, than consecrated ground.

Beneath the joyous noontide sun, beneath the cloudless sky,
'Mid bees that hummed, and birds that sang, and flowers that gemmed the wild,
The sound of measured steps was heard—a grave stood yawning by—
And lo! in sad procession slow, the funeral of a child!

I saw the little coffin borne unto its final rest;
The dark earth shoveled o'er it, and replaced the daisied sod,
I marked the deep convulsive throes, that heaved the father's breast,
As he returned (too briefly given!) that loan of love to God!

Then rose in my rebellious heart unhallowed thoughts and wild,
Daring the inscrutable decrees of Providence to scan,—
How death should be allotted to a pure, a sinless child!

From the London Quarterly Review.

Letters of J. Downing, Major, Downingville Militia, Second Brigade. New York. 12mo. 1834.

Since Washington Irving's delightful genius first revealed itself in the Knickerbocker, we have met with few specimens of native American humour calculated to make any very favourable impression on this side the Atlantic; with none, in our humble opinion, approaching, by many degrees, to the merit of this thoroughly homespun production. The "Letters of Major Downing" appeared originally in the New York Advertiser, at the time when General Jackson's grand experiment on the banking system of the United States was exciting throughout the chief provinces of that republic an interest hardly, if at all, inferior to what was among ourselves concentrated in 1831 upon the question of Parliamentary reform. They produced a powerful effect, and were presently collected into a volume, adorned with a variety of wood-cuts, which, though very rudely executed, are not without indications of the same odd humour that characterises the text. Edition has followed edition, until they are no longer enumerated on the title-page; and the author, Mr. Davis, of the respectable mercantile house of Brookes & Davis, New York, has fairly established a formidable reputation among the politicians of the western world—by what the European reader, unenlightened as to the topics, and indifferent as to the persons, discussed and satirised by his imaginary militia major, may be apt to consider merely as a handful of grotesque drolleries,—a local ephemeral *jeu d'esprit*.

We certainly shall not affect to hang a dissertation concerning American political economy, and the merits of the Jackson government, upon a performance of this description. Mr. Coleridge, however, has laid it down that every man of humour is more or less a man of genius,—and whether that be or be not so, few will dispute that all really effective humour must be bottomed upon a substratum of strong good sense. If, therefore, our readers derive any solid aliment for their minds from the extracts which we are about to submit, we shall be well pleased; but the primary object with us is to illustrate the merits of the author as a humourist, and more especially to call attention to what we think by far the most amusing, as it must be allowed to be the most authentic specimen that has as yet reached Europe, of the actual colloquial dialect of the northern states. It will be manifest that the representations of this gibberish, for which Mr. Mathews, Mrs. Trollope, and other strangers, have been so severely handled by the American critics, were in fact chargeable with few sins except those of omission. The most astounding and incredible of their Americanisms occur, *passim*, in the work of Major Downing; but it is as obvious that the wealth and prodigal luxury of his vocabulary put the poverty of theirs to shame, as that he applies the particular flowers and gems of republican rhetoric which had caught their fancy, with a native ease and felicity altogether beyond the reach of any super-

ficial and transitory admirer, not "to the manner born."

The French author, whose *Tableau des Mœurs Américaines* has already edified our readers, says, at p. 351 of his first volume,—

"The rivalry which exists between the English and the Americans is not solely that of commerce and industry. The two nations have a common language, and each asserts that it is better spoken on her side of the Atlantic than on the other. I believe they are both in the right. In England, the superior classes possess a delicacy of language which is unknown in America, except in a small number of *salons*, which can at best make an exception: but in the United States, where there is neither a really upper class, nor a positively low one, the entire population speak English less purely indeed than the aristocracy of England, but as well as her middle orders, and infinitely better than her populace."

We shall see: in the meanwhile, another author, already reviewed in this number, may save us some trouble in supplying a fit preface to our extracts from the classic of Downingville:—

"The interest of these letters lies partly in the simple and blunt, yet forcible, and not unfrequently convincing manner, with which certain intricate questions, of much importance to the nation, are treated in them; partly in the peculiar compound of the bluntness and shrewdness of a country Yankee, being personified in Major Jack Downing, the pretended author of the letters; partly, also, in the impudence of the real author, who, *sans façon*, makes the major tell long stories of what happened between him and the president, the vice-president, Mr. Clay, Calhoun, Biddle, and other distinguished citizens; and again, in the singular mode which the author has chosen for bringing forth his views and arguments, as Jack Downing pretends to belong to the party of the president, while the real author is a member of that party which thinks that the president has wantonly *disenchanted* the constitution, as Napoleon said of Dupont's defeat of Baylen:—"Il a désenchanté l'armée."

They will be a curiosity to the philologist some hundred years hence, when the true Yankee idiom will have given way, as all provincial languages in time do: and in fact they are now of interest to the student, unacquainted with the peculiar expressions of New England,—and a little glossary ought to be attached to them when they are collected together."—*The Stranger in America*, vol. i. pp. 253, 256.

This hint has not been taken by the editor of the copy now before us, so we must make the best we can of the Major's elegant idiom. One beauty that constantly occurs at first puzzled us, but in the book called "New England by one of her sons," we since found "*kind of*" used in the same fashion with the "*kinder*" of Downing; the other odd phrases of most frequent recurrence, such as *stumped*, *raft of fellows*, &c. seem to be derived either from the life of the wood-clearing farmer, or from the steam-boat *experiences* of the Yankee in general.

In the preface the major modestly says of himself,—

"I only wish I had gone to school a little more when I was a boy—if I had, my letters now would make folks crawl all over; but if I had been to school all my lifetime, I know I never could be able to write more honestly than I have. I am somewhat puzzled most plaguily to git words to tell jest exactly what I think, and what I know; and when I git 'em, I dont exactly know how to spell 'em—but so long as I git the sound, I'll let other

folks git the sense on't—pretty much as our old friend down to Salem, who bilt a big ship to go to China—he called her the “*Asha*.” Now there is sich a thing as folks knowin too much: all the larned ones was puzzled to know who “*Asha*” was: and they never would know to this day what it ment, if the owner of the ship hadn't tell'd 'em that China was in *Asha*. “Oh! ah!” says the larned folks, “we see now—but that ain't the way to spell it.” “What,” says he, “if *A-s-h-a* don't spell *Asha*, what on earth does it spell?” And that stump'd em.—Introduction. p. 2.

He thus announces his truly patriotic object in his authorship; with a caution to his countrymen, to which we humbly beg the attention of ours:—

“If folks will ony keep an eye to what I tell 'em, things will go strait enuff: but that won't be till the people agree to vote for no man to any office unless he has got a good character, and is capable to do all the duties honestly and well, and according to law—but if the people put scamps in office, jest because they are party-men, things will go on worse and worse, and there won't be no laws but jest such laws as will keep these very scamps in their offices.—*Ibid.* p. 5.

In June, 1833, the major accompanies General Jackson in a grand progress through New England, beating up in all quarters for recruits to help the worthy president in the approaching campaign against the bank. The visit to the author's own dear native Downingville is described with special gusto and emphasis:

“I went full drive down to the meetin-house, and got hold of the rope, and pull'd away like smoke, and made the old bell turn clean over. The folks come up thick enough then to see what was to pay, and filled the old tabernacle chock full, and there was more outside than you could count. ‘Now,’ says I, ‘I spose you think there's going to be preaching here to-day, but that is not the business. The ginerel is comin.’ That was enough—‘Now,’ says I, ‘be spry. I tell'd the ginerel last winter he'd see nothing till he got down here, and if we don't make him stare then there's no snakes—[*Subintellige* ‘in Virginia.’] Where's Captain Finny?’ says I. ‘Here I be,’ says he; and there he was, sure enough: the crittur had just come out of his bush-pasture, and had his bush-hook with him. Says I, ‘Captain Finny, you are

just as much like the old gentleman as I could. After tryin them two or three times I got 'em all as limber as a wither, and the last time I tried 'em you've no idee, it went off just as slick as ile.

“‘Now,’ says I, ‘tension the hull! Stand at ease till you see me agin;’ and then I streaked it down to old Miss Crane's tavern, about two miles off, and waited till the ginerel come along; and afore I had mixed a second glass of switchel up they came, and the ginerel looked as chirk and lively as a skipper. ‘Now,’ says I, ‘gineral, we are going right into Downingville, and no man here is to give orders but myself,’ and I said this loud enough for Mr. Van Buren and Governor Woodbury and all on 'em to hear me, and they were all as hush and that as cows in a clover lot. Then we all mounted and on we went—I and the ginerel a leetle a-head on 'em.

“Jist as we got on the nole on tother side the brook, we come in sight of Downingville. The ginerel riz right up in his stirrups, and pointed with his hickory, and says he, ‘Major, that's Downingville.’ Says I, ‘That's true enuff, and I should like to hear any one say it a'nt,’ says I, ‘for the sight on't makes me crawl all over, and whenever I hear any one say a word agin it, I feel as tho' I could take him, as I have done streaked snakes, by the tail, and snap his head off.’ ‘Why,’ says the ginerel, ‘I knew that was Downingville as soon as my eye caught a glimpse on't. I'd go,’ says he, ‘major, east of sunnys any day to see sich a place.’ The ginerel was tickled to pieces, and I thought I should go myself right through my shirt-collar—for, you see, the ginerel never see sich a sight afore. Seth Sprague had put the children all in the school-house—you couldn't see an atom of the roof—with green boughs, and singing a set piece he had made; and when I and the ginerel passed by they made it a ring agin, I tell you; whether it was his facing the em or what, but he looked as if he was e'ny jist a going to cry (for he is a mazin tender-hearted crittur). Jist then Sargent Joel, who had charge of the field-piece in front of the meetin-hous, touched her off; and didn't she speak! This composed the ginerel in a minute—says he, ‘major, I should'nt want nothing better than a dozen of them guns to change the boundary-line along here just to suit you.’”—pp. 18—22.

Then follows a report of Seth Sprague's harangue and the president's response:

“Here the ginerel was goin to stop, but says I in his ear, ‘You must give 'em a little Latin, Doctor.’ Here he off he goes. ‘E pluribus unum,’ says he, ‘tine

lect, almost suppose ourselves reading one of my Lord Brougham's despatches from "the north countrie" to his friends and admirers of last autumn in Windsor Castle.

"We had all been drinkin putty considerable of switchel, and cider, and egg-pop, with a little New England in it, and felt good-natur'd and wrathly just as it turn'd up, and came plaguy nigh having a fight right off. However, I thought I wouldn't spile sport, seein I was to hum, and they all strangers."

The good-natured officer accordingly did his best to prevent an open explosion on this interesting occasion; and a candid bystander is obliged to admit—

"He's a master crittur to put things to rights; and when we all got in that plaguy snarl there, he cut and shuffled them up, and afore we could say *Jack Robinson*, all the troublesome fellers were shuffled out. He's a master hand at it, sure enuff."

The end of the scene, too, has some touches of the Caledonian atmosphere;—

"As there was an eend of the dance, all the galls off shoes and stockings, and went hum, caze it was kinder muddy; and we all went to the tavern, and the gineral went to bed. We all then began to plan for the next day, but some of the folks was plaguy crusty. Seth Sprague wanted to show his school-house; Zekil Bigelow wanted all on us to go to his packin-yard; and the deacon said he would like to show us his füllin-mill, and give a kinder thanksgivin; but nothin seemed to go right."—pp. 29—32.

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"The crowd was so great, I was eny most mashed to a slab. All on 'em callin out, '*there's the major*,'—and all wantin to shake hands with me, and to know how you was, and what was goin to be done with the bank. Some fellers had only one shoe on, and eny most no shirt—and they too wanted to know about the bank. I never see sich a mess of fellers as they have here all the while; there is all kind of critters, jamming and scrouging folks, and one another; they don't seem to do nothin, and half on 'em think, when we come to nock the bank down they are to git the money."

They did not get the money when the bank was knocked down; and forthwith we hear not a little, from both general and major, about "the pressure from without"—but still "the government" kept up their spirits.

"It was nigh upon midnight when I got to the White House, and the gineral was a bed; and as I knew he wanted to see me dreadfully, I went right into his room and woke him up. '*Why*,' says he, '*major*, is that raly you?—for I have been dreamin about you. I'm glad you are back agin, for things are gittin putty stormy here; so do you come to bed, and we'll talk about it.' As soon as I got alongside the gineral—'*There now*,' says he, '*major*, I don't care for all the rest of the government, except Mr. Van Buren; and if we three ain't a match for all creation, I'm mistaken.'"

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folks git the sense on't—pretty much as our old friend down to Salem, who bilt a big ship to go to China—he called her the “*Asha*.” Now there is sich a thing as folks knowin too much: all the larned ones was puzzled to know who “*Asha*” was: and they never would know to this day what it ment, if the owner of the ship hadn't tell'd 'em that China was in *Asha*. “Oh! ah!” says the larned folks, “we see now—but that ain't the way to spell it.” “What,” says he, “if *A-s-h-a* don't spell *Asha*, what on earth does it spell?” And that stump'd em.—Introduction. p. 2.

He thus announces his truly patriotic object in his authorship; with a caution to his countrymen, to which we humbly beg the attention of ours:—

“If folks will only keep an eye to what I tell 'em, things will go strait enuff; but that won't be till the people agree to vote for no man to any office unless he has got a good character, and is capable to do all the duties honestly and well, and according to law—but if the people put scamps in office, jest because they are party-men, things will go on worse and worse, and there won't be no laws but jest such laws as will keep these very scamps in their offices.—*Ibid.* p. 5.

In June, 1833, the major accompanies General Jackson in a grand progress through New England, beating up in all quarters for recruits to help the worthy president in the approaching campaign against the bank. The visit to the author's own dear native Downingville is described with special gusto and emphasis:

“I went full drive down to the meetin'-house, and got hold of the rope, and pull'd away like smoke, and made the old bell turn clean over. The folks come up thick enough then to see what was to pay, and filled the old tabernacle chock full, and there was more outside than you could count. ‘Now,’ says I, ‘I spose you think there's going to be preaching here to-day, but that is not the business. The ginerel is comin.’ That was enough.—‘Now,’ says I, ‘be spry. I tell'd the ginerel last winter he'd see nothing till he got down here, and if we don't make him stare then there's no snakes—[*Subintellige* ‘in Virginia.’] Where's Captain Finny?’ says I. ‘Here I be,’ says he; and there he was, sure enough: the critter had just come out of his bush-pasture, and had his bush-hook with him. Says I, ‘Captain Finny, you are to be the marshal of the day.’ Upon that he jumps right on eend. ‘Now,’ says I, ‘where is Seth Sprague, the schoolmaster?’ ‘Here I be,’ says he; and there he stood with his pitch-pipe up in the gallery, just as if I was going to give out the salm for him. “You just pocket your pitch-pipe,” says I, ‘Seth, and brush up your larnin, for we have pitched on you to write the address.’—‘Why, major,’ says Zekiel Bigelow, ‘I thought I was to do that, and I've got one already.’ ‘But,’ says I, ‘you don't know nothing about Latin; the ginerel can't stomach any thing now without its got Latin in it, ever since they made a doctor on him down there to Cambridge t'other day; but howsever,’ says I, ‘you shall give the address after all, only just let Seth stick a little hog Latin into it here and there. And now,’ says I, ‘all on you be spry, and don't stop stirrin till the pudden's done.’ Then they begun to hunt for hats, and down the gallery-stairs they went. And if there'd been forty thanksgivens and independence days comin in a string, I don't believe there could be more racket than there was in Downingville that morn and night.

Ten o'clock next morning all was ready. I had stationed, and I went out and come back three or four across the brook by the potash, to try 'em. I had on, and shag-bark stick, put some flour on, and got on to my sorrel horse, and looked

just as much like the old gentleman as I could. Arter tryin them two or three times I got 'em all as limber as a witho, and the last time I tried 'em you've no idee, it went off just as slick as ile.

“‘Now,’ says I, ‘tension the hull! Stand at ease till you see me agin;’ and then I streaked it down to old Miss Crane's tavern, about two miles off, and waited till the ginerel come along; and afore I had mixed a second glass of switchel up they came, and the ginerel looked as chirk and lively as a skipper. ‘Now,’ says I, ‘gineral, we are going right into Downingville, and no man here is to give orders but myself;’ and I said this loud enough for Mr. Van Buren and Governor Woodbury and all on 'em to hear me, and they were all as hush arter that as cows in a clover lot. Then we all mounted and on we went.—I and the ginerel a leetle a-head on 'em.

“Jist as we got on the nole on tother side the brook, we come in sight of Downingville. The ginerel riz right up in his stirrups, and pointed with his hickory, and says he, ‘Major, that's Downingville.’ Says I, ‘That's true enuff, and I should like to hear any one say it a'nt,’ says I, ‘for the sight on't makes me crawl all over, and whenever I hear any one say a word agin it, I feel as tho' I could take him, as I have done streaked snakes, by the tail, and snap his head off.’ ‘Why,’ says the ginerel, ‘I knew that was Downingville as soon as my eye caught a glimpse on't. I'd go,’ says he, ‘major, east of sunrise any day to see sich a place.’ The ginerel was tickled to pieces, and I thought I should go myself right through my shirt-collar—for, you see, the ginerel never see sich a sight afore. Seth Sprague had put the children all on the school-house—you couldn't see an atom of the roof—with green boughs, and string a set piece he had made; and when I and the ginerel passed by they made it all ring agin, I tell you; whether it was his facing the sun or what, but he looked as if he was e'eny jist a going to cry (for he is a maxin tender-hearted crittur). Jist then Sargent Joel, who had charge of the field-piece in front of the meetin'-house, touched her off; and didn't she speak! This composed the ginerel in a minute—says he, ‘major, I should'nt want nothing better than a dozen of them guns to change the boundary-line along here just to suit you.’”—pp. 18—22.

Then follows a report of Seth Sprague's harangue and the president's response:

“Here the ginerel was goin to stop, but says I in his ear, ‘You must give 'em a little Latin, Doctor.’ Here be off bat agin.—‘E pluribus unum,’ says he, ‘sine qua non.’ ‘That'll do, ginerel,’ says I; and then we turn'd to, and shook all the folks round till dinner time, and then we made the bake beans and salt pork fly, and the cider too, I tell you.”

The learned general appears to still greater advantage in the evening festivities of the drawing-room: the beauty and fashion of Downingville are all of course on the *qui vive* for his excellency's notice:—

“Miss Willoby, the deacon's eldest darter, is sprucin up for it. She is rather too old to be handsome, but she is a keen crittur. The ginerel and Mr. Van Buren both talk about her considerable. If the ginerel don't keep a sharp look out, Mr. Van Buren will go clean a-head on him on that tack; for he is the perlitest cretur amongst the women you ever see.

“Arter the quiltin, they cleared away the kiverlids and khock'd up a dance. The ginerel led off the old deacon's darter, and afore he got half down he began to smoke; so he off coat and at it agin, and went clean through.”

Some jealousies now began to peep out among the party; and we could, but for the major's dia-

lect, almost suppose ourselves reading one of my Lord Brougham's despatches from "the north countrie" to his friends and admirers of last autumn in Windsor Castle.

"We had all been drinkin putty considerable of witchel, and cider, and egg-pop, with a little New England in it, and felt good-natur'd and wrathly just as it turn'd up, and came plaguy nigh havin a fight right off. However, I thought I wouldn't spile sport, seein I was to hum, and they all strangers."

The good-natur'd officer accordingly did his best to prevent an open explosion on this interesting occasion; and a candid bystander is obliged to admit—

"He's a master critter to put things to rights; and when we all got in that plaguy snarl there, he cut and shuffled them up, and afore we could say *Jack Robinson*, all the troublesome fellers were shuffled out. He's a master hand at it, sure sauff."

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From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(Continued from page 676. vol. 23.)

We argued the matter over for some time, and then it was agreed that we should proceed together. I was informed by Mr. Cophagus that he had retired with a very good fortune, and was living in the country, about twenty miles from the metropolis; that he had been summoned to attend the funeral of a maiden aunt in Dublin, and had left him executor and residuary legatee, but he knew nothing of her circumstances. He was a bachelor, and amused himself in giving advice and medicines gratis to the poor people of the village in which he resided, there being no resident practitioner within some distance. He liked the country very much, but there was one objection to it—the *cattle*. He had not forgotten the *mad bull*. A very late hour we retired to our beds; the next morning the weather had moderated, and on the arrival of the mail we embarked, and had a very good passage over. On my arrival at Dublin I directed my steps to the F—— Hotel, as the best place to make enquiries relative to Mr. De Benyon. Mr. Cophagus also put up at the same hotel, and we agreed to share a sitting-room.

"Waiter," said I, "do you know a Mr. De Benyon?"

"Yes sir," replied he; "there is one of the De Benyons at the hotel at this moment."

"Is he a married man?"

"Yes—with a large family."

"What is his Christian name?"

"I really cannot tell, sir; but I'll find out for you by to-morrow morning."

"When does he leave?"

"To-morrow, I believe."

"Do you know where he goes?"

"Yes, sir, to his own seat."

"The waiter left the room. "Won't do, Japhet," said Cophagus. "Large family—don't want more—hard times, and so on."

"No," replied I, "it does not exactly answer; but I may from him obtain further intelligence."

"Won't do, Japhet—try another way—large family—want all uncle's money—um—never tell—good night."

This remark of Mr. Cophagus gave me an idea, upon which I proceeded the next morning. I sent in my card, requesting the honour of speaking to Mr. De Benyon, stating that I had come over to Ireland on business of importance, but that as I must be back if possible by

"No; nor has he ever been. He is a general in army. The second is myself, Henry."

"You are married, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, with a large family."

"May I request you to proceed, sir?"

"Arthur is the next brother; he also is a married man with a family; and Octavius is the fourth brother. He is lately married, and has two children."

"Sir, I feel much obliged to you; it is a curious and intricate affair. As I am here, I may as well ask a question, although not of great consequence. The man is married, I perceive, by the peerage, but I do not conceive that he has any children."

"On the contrary, he has two—and prospects of a third."

"This annoyed me, and the reader may imagine how mad I was by so trifling a circumstance."

"May I now request the particulars connected with the property?"

"The exact particulars, sir, I cannot well tell you. I am not acquainted with them myself; but the property in question, I rather think, depends upon a *name*. I venture to ask the names of all your children?"

Mr. De Benyon gave me a list *seriatim*, which I took down with great gravity.

"Of course there is no doubt of your elder brother not being married. I believe we ought to have a catechism. Do you know his address?"

"He has been in the East Indies for many years. He returned home on furlough, and has now just returned again for Calcutta."

"That is unfortunate; we must forward a letter through the India board. May I also be favoured with your address, as in all probability it may be advisable?"

Mr. De Benyon gave me his address. I rose, prepared to give him all the particulars as soon as they were known to me, bowed, and made my exit. To one who was of his sober senses, there certainly was not any important information gained; but to me, it was evident that Mr. De Benyon who had been a colonel in the army, was to be interrogated, and I had almost made up my mind to set off for Calcutta. Before I had gained my room, I informed Mr. Cophagus, who had just returned from a visit to his maiden aunt's house, of what had passed.

"Can't see any thing in it, Japhet—wild goose chase—who told you?—oh! Pleggit's men—sad liars—Benyon not name, depend upon it,—all stuff, and so on."

And when I reflected, I could not but acknowledge that the worthy apothecary was right, and that I

sonage, in a shabby-genteel dress, evidently not made for him, a pair of white cotton gloves, and a small stick. "I believe that I have the honour of spaking to the gentleman who crossed over the street about two hours ago?"

"Upon my word, sir," replied I, "that is so uncertain a definition, that I can hardly pretend to say whether I am the person you mean; indeed, from not having the pleasure of any one's acquaintance in Dublin, I rather think there must be some mistake."

"The devil a bit of a mistake, at all, at all; for there's the little bit of a cane with which you paid my friend Mr. O'Rourke the compliment over his shoulders."

"I really am quite mystified, sir, and do not understand you; will you favour me with an explanation?"

"With all the pleasure in life, for then we shall come to a right understanding. You were crossing the street, and a gentleman, a particular friend of mine, with a broom which he carries for his own amusement, did himself the honour to address you, whereupon of that same little stick of yours, you did him the honour to give him a slight taste."

"What do you mean: do you refer to the sweeper, who was so importunate when I crossed over the road?"

"Then by the powers, you've just hit it, as you did him. That's my particular friend, Thaddeus O'Rourke, gentleman."

"Gentleman!" exclaimed I.

"And with as good and as true Milesian blood as any in Ireland. If you think, sir, that because my friend, just for his own amusement, thinks proper to put on the worst of his clothes and carry a broom, just by way of exercise, to prevent his becoming too lusty, he is therefore to be struck like a hound, it's a slight mistake, that's all; and here, sir, is his card, and you will oblige me by mentioning any friend of yours with whom I may settle all the little points necessary before the meeting of two gentlemen."

I could hardly refrain from laughing at this Irish gentleman and his friend, but I thought it advisable to retain my countenance. "My dear sir," replied I, "it grieves me to the heart that I should have committed such an error, in not perceiving the gentility of your friend; had I not been so careless, I certainly should have requested him to do me the honour to accept a shilling instead of having offered him the insult. I hope it is not now too late?"

"By the powers, I'm not one of those harum-scarum sort, who would make up a fight when there's no occasion for it, and as your 'baviour is that of a gentleman, I think it will perhaps be better to shake hands upon it, and forget it altogether. Suppose, now, we'll consider that it was all a mistake? You give the shilling, as you intended to do, I'll swear, you were only in so great a hurry—and then, perhaps, you'll not object to throw in another shilling for that same tap with the cane, just to wipe off the insult as it were, as we do our sins, when we fork out the money, and receive absolution from the padre; and then, perhaps, you'll not think it too much if I charge another shilling for my time and trouble, for carrying a message between two gentlemen."

"On the contrary, Mr. O'Donaghan, I think all your demands are reasonable. Here is the money."

Mr. O'Donaghan took the three shillings. "Then, sir, and many thanks to you, I'll wish you a good evening, and Mr. O'Rourke shall know from me that you have absolution for the whole, and that you have offered every satisfaction which one gentleman could expect from another." So saying, Mr. O'Donaghan put his hat on with a firm cock, pulled on his gloves, manœuvred his stick, and, with a flourishing bow, took his departure.

I had hardly dismissed this gentleman, and was laughing to myself at the ridiculous occurrence, when Mr. Cophagus returned, first putting his cane up to his nose

with an arch look, and then laying it down on the table and rubbing his hands. "Good—warm old lady. No—dead and cold—but left some thousands—only one legacy—old Tom cat—physic him to-morrow—soon die, and so on."

On a more full explanation, I found that the old lady had left about nine thousand pounds in the funds and bank securities, all of which, with the exception of twenty pounds per annum to a favourite cat, was left to Mr. Cophagus. I congratulated him upon this accession of fortune. He stated that the lease of the house and furniture was still to be disposed of, and that after that he should have nothing more to do; but he wished me very much to assist him in rummaging over the various cabinets belonging to the old lady, and which were full of secret drawers; that in one cabinet alone he had found upwards of fifty pounds in various gold coins, and that if not well examined, they would probably be sold with many articles of consequence remaining in them. As my only object in Ireland was to find out Sir Henry De Clare, and identify him, (but really why, I could not have said, as it would have proved nothing after all,) I willingly consented to devote a day to assist Mr. Cophagus in his examinations. The next morning after breakfast we went together to the house of the old lady, whose name had been Maitland, as Mr. Cophagus informed me. Her furniture was of the most ancient description, and in every room in the house there was an or molu, or Japan cabinet; some of them were very handsome, decorated with pillars, and or molu and silver ornaments. I can hardly recount the variety of articles, which in all probability had been amassed during the whole of the old lady's life, commencing with her years of childhood, and ending with the day of her death. There were antique ornaments, some of considerable value—miniatures, fans, etuis, notes, of which the ink from time had turned to a light red—packages of the letters of the various correspondents in her days of hope and anticipation, down to those of solitude and age. We looked over some of them, but they appeared to both of us to be sacred, and they were after a slight examination, committed to the flames.

After we had examined all the apparent receptacles in these cabinets, we took them up between us, and shook them, and in most cases found out that there were secret drawers, containing other treasures. There was one packet of letters which caught my eye, it was from a Miss De Benyon. I seized it immediately, and showed the inscription to Mr. Cophagus. "Pooh—nothing at all—her mother was a De Benyon."

"Have you any objection to my looking at these letters?"

"No—read—nothing in them."

I laid them on one side, and we proceeded in our search, when Mr. Cophagus took up a sealed packet. "Heh! what's this—De Benyon again? Japhet look here."

I took the packet, it was sealed, and tied with red tape. "Papers belonging to Lieutenant Maurice De Benyon, to be returned to him at my decease." "Alice Maitland, with great care," was written at the bottom of the envelope.

"This is it, my dear sir," cried I, jumping up and embracing Mr. Cophagus; "these are the papers which I require. May I keep them?"

"Mad—quite mad—go to Bedlam—strait waistcoat—head shaved, and so on."

He then, after his own fashion, told me, that as executor, he must retain those papers; pointed out to me the little probability there was of their containing any information relative to my birth—even allowing that a person of the name of De Benyon did call at the Foundling to ask for me, which was only a supposition; and, finally, overthrew all the hopes which had been for me

would hardly be noticed. That I had been held up to the resentment of the inhabitants as a tithe collector and an attorney with a warrant, was quite sufficient, I felt conscious, to induce them to make away with me. How to undecieve them was the difficulty. Kathleen came in with fuel to light the fire, and looking rather hard at me, passed by, and was soon busy blowing up the turf. She was a very handsome, dark-eyed girl, about nineteen years of age, stout and well made. "What is your name?" said I.

"Kathleen, at your service, sir."

"Listen to me, Kathleen," said I in a low voice. "You are a woman, and all women are kind-hearted. I have overheard all that passed between your mistress and you, and that M'Dermott has stated that I am a tithe collector and an attorney, with a warrant. I am no such thing. I am a gentleman who wishes to speak to Sir Henry de Clare on a business which he does not like to be spoken to about; and to show you that what I say is the truth, it is about the daughter of his elder brother, who was killed when hunting, and who is supposed to be dead. I am the only evidence to the contrary; and, therefore, he and M'Dermott have spread this report that I may come to harm."

"Is she alive, then?" replied Kathleen, looking up to me with wonder.

"Yes; and I will not tell Sir Henry where she is, and that is the reason of their enmity."

"But I saw her body," replied the girl in a low voice, standing up, and coming close to me.

"It was not hers, depend upon it," replied I, hardly knowing what to answer to this assertion.

"At all events it was dressed in her clothes; but it was so long before it was discovered, that we could make nothing of the features. Well I knew the poor little thing, for my mother nursed her. I was myself brought up at the castle, and lived there till after Sir William was killed; then we were all sent away."

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" cried the landlady.

"Call for every thing you can think of one after another," whispered Kathleen, leaving the room.

"I cannot make the peat burn," said she to the landlady, after she had quitted the little room; "and the gentleman wants some whiskey."

"Go out then, and get some from the middle of the stack, Kathleen, and be quick; we have others to attend besides the tithe proctor. There's the O'Tooles all come in, and your own Corny is with them."

"My Corny, indeed!" replied Kathleen; "he's not quite so sure of that."

In a short time Kathleen returned, and brought some dry peat and a measure of whiskey. "If what you say is true," said Kathleen, "and sure enough you're no Irish, and very young for a tithe proctor, who must grow old before he can be such a villain, you are in no very pleasant way. The O'Tooles are here, and I've an idea they mean no good; for they sit with all their heads together, whispering to each other, and all their shillelaghs by their sides."

"Tell me, Kathleen, was the daughter of Sir William a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl?"

"To be sure she was," replied Kathleen, "and like a little mountain fairy."

"Now, Kathleen, tell me if you recollect if the little girl or her mother ever wore a necklace of red beads mixed with gold."

"Yes, that my lady did; and it was on the child's neck when it was lost, and when the body was found, it was not with it. Well I recollect that, for my mother said the child must have been drowned or murdered for the sake of the gold beads."

"Then you have proved all I wished, Kathleen; and now I tell you that this little girl is alive, and that I can

produce the necklace which was lost with her; and more, that she was taken away by Sir Henry himself."

"Merciful Jesus!" replied Kathleen; "the dear little child that we cried over so much."

"But now, Kathleen, I have told you this to prove to you that I am not what M'Dermott has asserted, no doubt with the intention that my brains shall be knocked out this night."

"And so they will, sure enough," replied Kathleen, "if you do not escape."

"But how am I to escape? and will you assist me?" And I laid down on the table ten guineas from my purse, "Take that, Kathleen, and it will help you and Corny. Now will you assist me?"

"It's Corny that will be the first to knock your brains out," replied Kathleen, "unless I can stop him. I must go now, and I'll see what can be done."

Kathleen would have departed without touching the gold; but I caught her by the wrist, collected it, and put it into her hand. "That's not like a tithe proctor, at all events," replied Kathleen; "but my heart aches, and my head swims, and what's to be done I know not." So saying, Kathleen quitted the room.

"Well," thought I, after she had left the room, "at all events I have not been on a wrong scent this time. Kathleen has proved to me that Fleta is the daughter of the late Sir William; and if I escape this snare, Melchior shall do her justice." Pleased with my having so identified Melchior and Fleta, I fell into a train of thought, and for the first time forgot my perilous situation; but I was roused from my meditations by an exclamation from Kathleen. "No, no, Corny, nor any of ye—not now—and mother and me to witness it—it shall not be. Corny, hear me, as sure as blood's drawn, and we up to see it, so sure does Corny O'Toole never touch this hand of mine." A pause, and whispering followed, and again all appeared to be quiet. I unstrapped my portmanteau, took out my pistols, which were loaded, re-primed them, and remained quiet, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

It was more than half an hour before Kathleen returned; she looked pale and agitated. "Keep quiet, and do not think of resistance," said she, "it is useless. I have told my mother all, and she believes you, and will risk her life to save him who has watched over the little girl whom she nursed; but keep quiet, we shall soon have them all out of the house. Corny dare not disobey me, and he will persuade the others."

She then went out again, and did not return for nearly an hour, when she was accompanied by her mother. "Kathleen has told me all, young sir," said she, "and do what we can, we will; but we hardly know what to do. To go to the castle would be madness."

"Yes," replied I; "but cannot you give me one of your horses to return the way I came?"

"That was our intention; but I find that the O'Tooles have taken them all out of the stable to prevent me; and the house is watched. They will come at midnight and attack us, that I fully expect, and how to conceal you puzzles my poor head."

"If they come, and we can but persuade them that he has escaped," replied Kathleen, "they will no longer watch the house, and he will then have some chance."

"There is but one chance," replied the mother, who took Kathleen aside, and whispered to her. Kathleen coloured to the forehead, and made no reply. "If your mother bids you, Kathleen, there can be no harm."

"Yes; but if Corny was——"

"He dare not," replied the mother; "and now put this light out, and do you get into bed, sir, with your clothes on." They led me to a small bed-room, a miserable affair; but in that part of the country considered respectable. "Lie down there," said the mother, "and wait till we call you." They took the light away, and left me to

AGENT IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

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"Sir Henry will not accept of your terms. I thought
not," said Melchior. "I am sorry—very sorry."

"Melchior," replied I, starting up: "let us have no
more of this duplicity. I am not quite so ignorant as
you suppose. I know who Fleta is, and who you are."

"Indeed," replied Melchior; "perhaps you will ex-
plain?"

"I will. You Melchior, are Sir Henry de Clare; you
succeeded to your estates by the death of your elder bro-
ther from a fall when hunting."

Melchior appeared astonished.

"Indeed!" replied he! "pray go on. You have made
a gentleman of me."

"No; rather a scoundrel."

"As you please; now will you make a lady of Fleta?"

"Yes, I will. She is your niece. Melchior started
back. "Your agent, M'Dermott, who was sent over to
find out Fleta's abode, met me in the coach, and he has
tracked me here, and risked life, by telling the people
that I was a tithe proctor."

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say."

"Not the least," replied I, flushed with anger and with
wine. "I have proof positive. I have seen her mo-
ther, and I can identify the child by the necklace which
was on her neck when you stole her."

"Necklace!" cried Melchior.

"Yes, the necklace put into my hands by your own
wife when we parted."

"Damn her," replied Melchior,

"Do not damn her; damn yourself for your villany,
and its being brought to light. Have I said enough, or
shall I tell you more?"

"Pray tell me more."

"No, I will not, for I must commit others, and that
will not do," replied I; for I felt I had already said too
much.

"You have committed yourself, at all events," replied
Melchior; "and now I tell you, that until—never
mind," and Melchior hastened away.

The door was again locked, and I was once more alone.

I had time to reflect on my imprudence. The coun-
tenance of Melchior when he left me, was that of a de-
mon. Something told me to prepare for death; and I
was not wrong. The next day Melchior came not, nor the
next; my provisions were all gone. I had nothing but
a little wine and water left. The idea struck me that I
was to die of starvation. Was there no means of escape?
None; I had no weapon, no tool, not even a knife. I had
expended all my candles. At last it occurred to me, that,
although I was in a cellar, my voice might be heard, and
I resolved, as a last effort, to attempt it. I went to the
door of the cellar, and shouted at the top of my lungs,
"Murder—murder!" I shouted again and again as loud
as I could, until I was exhausted. As it afterwards appear-
ed, this plan did prevent my being starved to death, for
such was Melchior's villanous intention. About an hour
afterwards I repeated my cries of "Murder—murder!"
and they were heard by the household, who stated to
Melchior, that there was some one shouting murder in
the vaults below. That night, and all the next day, I
repeated my cries occasionally. I was now quite ex-
hausted, I had been nearly two days without food, and
my wine and water had all been drunk. I sat down

arched mouth and heated brain, waiting till I efficiently recover my voice to repeat my cries, heard footsteps approaching. The key was rmed in the door, and a light appeared, carried f two men, armed with large sledge hammers. then all over with me," cried I; "and I never l out who is my father. Come on, murderers, our work. Do it quickly."

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"Then, sir," replied the good girl, "you know how I overcame my feelings to serve you, will you overcome yours for me? I cannot bear the idea that any one, bad as he may be, of the family who have reared me, should perish in so miserable a manner; and I cannot bear that any man, bad as he is, even if I did not feel obliged to him, should die so full of guilt, and without absolution. Will you let me have the key, that Sir Henry de Clare may be released after you are safe and away? I know he does not deserve any kindness from you; but it is a horrid death, and a horrid thing to die so loaded with crime."

"Kathleen," replied I, "I will keep my word with you. Here is the key; take it up to-morrow morning, and give it to Lady de Clare; tell her Japhet Newland sent it."

"I will, and God bless you, sir."

"Good by'e, sir," said Mrs. M'Shane, "you have no time to lose."

"God bless you, sir," said Kathleen, who now put her arms round me and kissed me. We mounted our horses and set off.

We pressed our horses, or rather ponies, for they were very small, till we had gained about six miles, when we considered that we were, comparatively speaking, safe, and then drew up, to allow them to recover their wind. I was very much exhausted myself, and hardly spoke one word until we arrived at the next post town, where we found every body in bed. We contrived, however, to knock them up, and Timothy having seen that our horses were put into the stable, we lay down till the next morning, upon a bed which happened to be unoccupied. Sorry as were the accommodations, I never slept so soundly, and woke quite refreshed. The next morning I stated my intention of posting to Dublin, and asked Tim what we should do with the horses.

"They belong to the castle," replied he.

"Then in God's name, let the castle have them, for I wish for nothing from that horrid place."

We stated to the landlord that the horses were to be sent back, and that the man who took them would be paid for his trouble; and then it occurred to me, that it would be a good opportunity of writing to Melchior, alias Sir Henry. I do not know why, but certainly my animosity against him had subsided, and I did not think of taking legal measures against him. I thought it, however, right to frighten him. I wrote, therefore, as follows:—

SIR HENRY,—I send you back your horses with thanks, as they have enabled Timothy and me to escape from your clutches. Your reputation and your life are in my power. How far you may be safe at the castle, surrounded by your adherents, I know not; but if you or M'Dermott, whom I shall include in the warrant—being able to prove him an accessory—venture to leave your present security, you will be immediately apprehended; and, as the fact of your intended murder is fully proved by my friend Timothy, who was employed by you in disguise, and accompanied your gipey, you cannot escape the sentence of the law. Prepare yourself, then, for the worst, as it is not my intention that you shall escape the disgraceful punishment due to your crimes. Yours,
JAPHET NEWLAND.

Having sealed this, and given it to the lad who was to return with the horses, we finished our breakfast, and took a postchaise on for Dublin, where we arrived late in the evening. During our journey I requested Timothy to narrate what had passed, and by what fortunate chance he had been able to come so opportunely to my rescue.

"If you recollect, Japhet," replied Timothy, "you had received one or two letters from me, relative to the movements of the gipey, and stating his intention to carry off

observed Melchior; but I think, Japhet, you will agree with me, that it will be better to yield to the wishes of Sir Henry, and not remain in this horrid hole."

"Very true, Melchior," replied I: "but allow me to ask you a question or two. How came you here? where is Nattee, and how is it, that after leaving the camp, I find you so reduced in circumstances, as to be serving such a man as Sir Henry De Clare?"

"A few words will explain that," replied he. "In my early days I was wild, and I am, to tell the truth, in the power of this man; nay, I will tell you honestly, my life is in his power; he ordered me to come, and I dare not disobey him—and he retains me here."

"And Nattee?"

"Is quite well, and with me, but not very happy in her present situation! but he is a dangerous, violent, implacable man, and I dare not disobey him. I advise you, as a friend, to consent to his wishes."

"That requires some deliberation," replied I, "and I am not one of those who are to be driven. My feelings towards Sir Henry after this treatment, are none of the most amicable; besides, how am I to know that Fleta is his relative?"

"Well, I can say no more, Japhet. I wish you well out of his hands."

"You have the power to help me, if that is the case,"

"I dare not."

"Then you are not the Melchior that you used to be," replied I.

"We must submit to fate. I must not stay longer; you will find all that you want in the basket, and more candles, if you do not like being in the dark. I do not think I shall be permitted to come again till to-morrow."

Melchior then went out, locked the door after him, and I was left to my meditations.

Was it possible that what Melchior had said was true? A little reflection told me that it was all false, and that he was Sir Henry de Clare. I was in his power, and what might be the result? He might detain me, but he dare not murder me. Dare not? My heart sank when I considered where I was, and how easy it would be for him to despatch me, if so inclined, without any one ever being aware of my fate. I lighted a whole candle, that I might not find myself in the dark when I rose, and exhausted in body and mind, was soon fast asleep. I must have slept many hours, for when I awoke I was in darkness—the candle had burnt out. I groped for the basket, and examined the contents with my hands, and found a tinder box. I struck a light, and then feeling

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"Sir Henry will not accept of your terms. I thought not," said Melchior. "I am sorry—very sorry."

"Melchior," replied I, starting up: "let us have no more of this duplicity. I am not quite so ignorant as you suppose. I know who Fleta is, and who you are."

"Indeed," replied Melchior; "perhaps you will explain?"

"I will. You Melchior, are Sir Henry de Clare; you succeeded to your estates by the death of your elder brother from a fall when hunting."

Melchior appeared astonished.

"Indeed!" replied he! "pray go on. You have made a gentleman of me."

"No; rather a scoundrel."

"As you please; now will you make a lady of Fleta?"

"Yes, I will. She is your niece. Melchior started back. "Your agent, McDermott, who was sent over to find out Fleta's abode, met me in the coach, and he has tracked me here, and risked life, by telling the people that I was a tithe proctor."

"Your information is very important," replied Melchior; "but you will find some difficulty to prove all you say."

"Not the least," replied I, flushed with anger and with wine. "I have proof positive. I have seen her mother, and I can identify the child by the necklace which was on her neck when you stole her."

"Necklace!" cried Melchior.

"Yes, the necklace put into my hands by your own wife when we parted."

"Damn her," replied Melchior.

"Do not damn her; damn yourself for your villainy, and its being brought to light. Have I said enough, or shall I tell you more?"

"Pray tell me more."

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The two men advanced without speaking a word; the foremost who carried the lantern, laid it down at his feet, and raised his hammer with both hands, when the other behind him raised his weapon—and the foremost fell dead at his feet.

"Silence," said a voice that I well knew, although his face was completely disguised. It was *Timothy*!

"Silence, Japhet," again whispered Timothy; "there is yet much danger, but I will save you, or die. Take the hammer. Melchior is waiting outside." Timothy put the lantern in the bin, so as to render it more dark, and led me towards the door, whispering, when he comes in, we will secure him."

"Melchior soon made his appearance, and as he entered the cellar, "Is it all right?" said he, going up to Timothy, and passing me.

With one blow I felled him to the ground, and he lay insensible. "That will do," replied Timothy, "now we must be off."

"Not till he takes my place," replied I, as I shut the door, and locked it. "Now he may learn what it is to starve to death."

I then followed Timothy, by a passage which led outside of the castle, through which he and his companion had been admitted. "Our horses are close by," said Timothy; "for we stipulated upon leaving the country after it was done."

It was just dark when we were safe out of the castle. We mounted our horses, and set off with all speed. We followed the high road to the post town to which I had been conveyed, and I determined to pull up at Mrs. M'Shane's, for I was so exhausted that I could go no further. This was a measure which required precaution, and as there was moonlight, I turned off the road before I entered the town, or village, as it ought to have been called, so that we dismounted at the back of Mrs. M'Shane's house. I went to the window of the bedroom where I had lain down, and tapped gently, again and again, and no answer. At last Kathleen made her appearance.

"Can I come in, Kathleen?" said I; "I am almost dead with fatigue and exhaustion."

"Yes," replied she, "I will open the back-door; there is no one here to-night—it is too early for them."

I entered, followed by Timothy, and as I stepped over the threshold I fainted. As soon as I recovered, Mrs. M'Shane led me up stairs into her room for security, and I was soon able to take the refreshment I so much required. I stated what had passed to Mrs. M'Shane and Kathleen, who were much shocked at the account.

"You had better wait till it is late before you go on," said Mrs. M'Shane, "it will be more safe; it is now nine o'clock, and the people will all be moving till eleven. I will give your horses some corn, and when you are five miles from here, you may consider yourselves as safe. Holy saints! what an escape!"

The advice was too good not to be followed, and I was so exhausted, that I was glad that prudence was on the side of repose. I lay down on Mrs. M'Shane's bed, while Timothy watched over me. I had a short slumber, and then was awakened by the good landlady, who told me that it was time for us to quit. Kathleen then came up to me and said, "I would ask a favour of you, sir, and I hope you will not refuse it."

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JAPHET NEWLAND.

Having sealed this, and given it to the lad who was to return with the horses, we finished our breakfast, and took a postchaise on for Dublin, where we arrived late in the evening. During our journey I requested Timothy to narrate what had passed, and by what fortunate chance he had been able to come so opportunely to my rescue.

"If you recollect, Japhet," replied Timothy, "you had received one or two letters from me, relative to the movements of the gipsy, and stating his intention to carry off

the little girl from the boarding-school. My last letter, in which I had informed you that he had succeeded in gaining an entrance into the ladies' school at Brentford, could not have reached you, as I found by your note that you had set off the same evening. The gipsy, whom I only knew by the name of Will, enquired of me the name by which the little girl was known, and my answer was Smith; as I took it for granted that in a large seminary there must be one, if not more, of that name. Acting upon this, he made enquiries of the maid servant to whom he paid his addresses, and made very handsome presents, if there was a Miss Smith in the school; she replied, that there were two, one a young lady of sixteen, and the other about twelve years old. Of course the one selected was the younger. Will had seen me in my livery, and his plan was to obtain a similar one, hire a chariot, and go down to Brentford, with a request that Miss Smith might be sent up with him immediately, as you were so ill that you were not expected to live; but previous to his taking this step, he wrote to Melchior, requesting his orders as to how he was to proceed when he had obtained the child. The answer from Melchior arrived. By this time he had discovered that you were in Ireland, and intended to visit him; perhaps he had you in confinement, for I do not know how long you were there, but the answer desired Will to come over immediately, as there would be in all probability work for him, that would be well paid for. He had now become so intimate with me, that he disguised nothing; he showed me the letter, and I asked him what it meant; he replied that there was somebody to put out of the way, that was clear. It immediately struck me, that you must be the person if such was the case, and I volunteered to go with him, to which, after some difficulty, he consented. We traveled outside the mail, and in four days we arrived at the castle. Will went up to Melchior, who told him what it was that he required. Will consented, and then stated he had another hand with him, which might be necessary, vouching for my doing any thing that was required. Melchior sent for me, and I certainly was afraid that he would discover me, but my disguise was too good. I had prepared for it still further, by wearing a wig of light hair; he asked me some questions, and I replied in a surly, dogged tone, which satisfied him. The reward was two hundred pounds, to be shared between us; and as it was considered advisable that we should not be seen after the affair was over, by the people about the place, we had the horses provided for us. The rest you well know. I was

DEAR SIR:—They say there is terrible work at the castle, and that Sir Henry has blown out his brains, or cut his throat, I don't know which. Mr. M'Dermott passed in a great hurry, but said nothing to any body here. I will send you word of what has taken place as soon as I can. The morning after you went away, I walked up to the castle and gave the key to the lady, who appeared in a great fright at Sir Henry not having been seen for so long a while. They wished to detain me after they had found him in the collar with the dead man, but after two hours I was desired to go away, and hold my tongue. It was after the horses went back that Sir Henry is said to have destroyed himself. I went up to the castle, but M'Dermott had given orders for me not to be let in on any account. Yours,

KATHLEEN M'SHANE.

"This is news indeed," said I, handing the letter to Timothy. "It must have been my threatening letter which has driven him to this mad act."

"Very likely," replied Timothy; "but it was the last thing the scoundrel could do, after all."

"The letter was not, however, written with that intention. I wished to frighten him and to have justice done to little Fleta—poor child! how glad I shall be to see her!"

The next day the newspapers contained a paragraph in which Sir Henry de Clare was stated to have committed suicide. No reason could be assigned for this rash act, was the winding up of the intelligence. I also received another letter from Kathleen M'Shane, confirming the previous accounts; her mother had been sent for to assist in laying out the body. There was now no further doubt, and as soon as I could venture out, I hastened to the proper office, where I read the will of the late Sir William. It was very short, merely disposing of his personal property to his wife, and a few legacies; for, as I discovered, only a small portion of the estates were entailed with the title, and the remainder was not only to the heirs male, but the eldest female, should there be no male heir, with the proviso, that should she marry, the husband was to take upon himself the name of St. Clare. Here, then, was the mystery explained, and why Melchior had stolen away his brother's child. Satisfied with my discovery, I determined to leave for England immediately, find out the dowager Lady St. Clare, and put the whole case into the hands of Mr. Masterton. Fortunately, Timothy had money with him sufficient to pay all expenses, and take us to London, or I should have been obliged to wait for remittances, as mine was all expended before I arrived at Dublin. We arrived at 5 o'clock

From Fraser's Magazine.

A DECADE OF NOVELS AND NOUVELLETTES.

Such is the forty-horse power of novel-writing, that we continue behind—do what we can to keep down the arrear. Yet, *courage!* here goes for a decade! We cannot hold this pace much longer. Never mind!

Our decade is as follows. Let us begin with Hood.

1. MR. HOOD'S "HOUSEKEEPER'S TALE," IN "THE COMIC ANNUAL."
2. MR. HOOD'S "TYLNEY HALL."
3. MR. STEPHENS'S "MANUSCRIPTS OF ERDELY."
4. COUNT BRONIKOWSKI'S "COURT OF SIGISMUND AUGUSTUS."
5. MR. HOGG'S "WARS OF MONTROSE."
6. MRS. SHELLEY'S "LODORE."
7. MRS. STRUTT'S "CHANCES AND CHANGES."
8. MR. SCARGILL'S "PROVINCIAL LETTERS."
9. { ANONYMOUS } "ENGLISH IN INDIA."
10. { ANONYMOUS } "FINESSE."

1. THE HOUSEKEEPER'S TALE, IN THE "COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1834," AND, 2. TYLNEY HALL.

Hood has most deservedly obtained for himself the fame and glory of being a first-rate punster. His powers and resources in that department appear to be inexhaustible. Year after year he puts forth some couple of hundred pages, containing something at the rate of a pun per line, a most astonishing number of which are remarkably good. If he who puns would pick a pocket, then must Mr. William Soames, who, in the *Comic Annual*, "were very kind and partickler in his inquerries after Mr. Speker's vallybles" (after the fire), vail bonnet to Mr. Thomas Hood. He is the very Homer of punning.

Almost equally successful is he in the concoction of short stories of quaint humour or dioll dialogue, such as the "Sketches on the Road" in his last *Comic Annual*. "The Discovery," for example, is very good. The joke of the master bringing home his new cook, never suspecting her to be such, on his lap in a stage-coach, is so well managed, that we are inclined to believe—what we have been told—that it was an accident which actually occurred to Mr. Hood himself, somewhat to the derangement and surprise of his household. We can easily conceive with what annoyance Hood must have cried out at the end of an awkward adventure which promised so pleasantly—"Renounce the woman—why the devil didn't she tell me she was the new cook!" "The Runover" is almost as agreeable, but it wants the reality which is impressed on "The Discovery." The author, in fact, does not feel the same personal interest in that tale.

But all, down to the least amusing, are good—some in their way infinitely clever. With this feeling of admiration for the labours of Hood in his peculiar line, we proceeded to the perusal of *Tylney Hall*;* but, after perusal, we regret to be

obliged to state, that it not only does not in any degree sustain the character of the author for talent, but that it is one of the most stupid and ill-written books we ever had the misfortune to meet with. Dull, heavy, twaddling, and uninteresting, it is perfectly worthy of being dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire. "It has often happened to me," says Hood, in his dedication, "in my sea-side rambles, to behold the name of some illustrious personage gracing a craft of very humble pretensions. Such an inscription, doubtless, exalts the vessel in the eyes of its owner; for instance, the master of the *William the Fourth* must feel something of the conscious dignity of a prime minister, when he takes the helm in his hand to guide his sovereign through his watery empire." That the master of the *William the Fourth* has any such nonsense in his head we take leave to doubt; but that the name of the Duke of Devonshire, who, according to the impartial testimony of Prince Puckler Muskau, resembles in countenance and intellect a middle-aged Merino sheep, should inspire feelings of dullness in the mind of Thomas Hood is on this theory not unnatural; and beyond question the goods are worthy of the sign which hangs over them.

The story is told in the most confused and unsatisfactory manner. You could put the action of the first hundred pages, for example, into five lines. A tedious description of a country public-house,—a tedious account of a whist club held there,—a tedious enumeration of the characters of the half-dozen principal people, great and small, about the place,—a sporting baronet, who talks everlastingly in the language of the field,—a jobbing undertaker, who never utters a sentence without a *hic jacet* or a *memento mori*,—a pedantic doctor, full of the technical terms of medicine,—a quacking hostess, discoursing perpetually of slops, and broth, and gruels, and sagos, and arrow-roots, and panadoes, and so forth,—a wheezing kousekeeper, who jabbars in dashes,—and one or two other figures (of which unlucky Joe is the only one that has any pretensions to cleverness) form the vehicle which cumbrously introduces us to the fact that the younger brother of Sir Mark Tyrrel, of Tylney Hall, having returned from the West Indies in ill health, has reached the public-house adjacent to his paternal mansion only in time to die, leaving a Creole son behind under the care of Sir Mark. The kind-hearted baronet brings the boy home, with the purpose of rearing him with his own children; and this positively is all the progress that the story makes up to page 99, vol. i. In page 100 we are introduced to one of the numerous bores that abound in these volumes, a cousin of Sir Mark, who has changed his name from Tyrrel to Twigg. This gentleman is a cockney, who has fought his way up in trade; and, as the dialogue which introduces him to Sir Mark is a fair sample of the kind of wit and discrimination of character with which we are entertained in the book, we shall quote part of it. Twigg had been at the funeral of Sir Mark's brother, and could not obtain a bed at the Green Man; he therefore came to throw himself on the hospitality of Sir Mark,

* Tylney Hall. By Thomas Hood. In 3 vols. London: Baily & Co. 1834.

who, after having with some difficulty recognised him bade him welcome to Tynney Hall.

"I beg to say I am much obliged, Sir Mark, for all favours; and must solicit a continuance of the same for my horse, and my shay, and my servant. By the by, if you'd like my shay to go with the line of carriages, at the burying, I shall feel happy to oblige: I brought my own man down with me, and new blacked him on purpose. I assure you it's a very spruce sort of a set-out—bran new only a month ago—yellow picked out with red, and lots of bright brass bees on the harness. A bit of a flourish, says you, for one that has known afore now what drawing a truck is. But where's the harm o' that? I've riz like a rocket at Vauxhall by the exertion of my own hands, and have as good a right to leave off with a bit of a flash."

"Mr Twigg," said the baronet, "there's no disgrace in a humble set out in life, provided we're well up at the end: in this world, you know, we can't all be equally mounted; one begins his course on a plate-horse, may be, another on a cock-tail, and another on a galloway; but if, by straight riding, and so forth, a man's in a good place at the finish, why it's to his honour and credit, and let him have the brush or the pad, as may be, gentle or simple."

"My own sentiments to a T," exclaimed the delighted Twigg. "We ought never to forget what we sprang from, as I said the very last show to the lord mayor, who begun life as a common waiter at a tavern. My lord mayor, says I, while all the steeples was apealing, them's bigger bells than used to ring for you at the King's Head. To be sure the sword-bearer took me to task, but I gave him his change. I wonder, says I, a man can be so uppish at riding behind six horses, that to my knowledge has been drawn by eight, and that's when he first came up to London in the Bath wagon."

"I believe," said Sir Mark, "you were not intimate with my poor brother Herbert; indeed he was so long abroad, I can hardly say I was intimate with him myself."

"Never set eyes on him," said Twigg, "but for all that, am anxious to treat his remains with strict assiduity and attention, and indeed any connection in the same line; and that's more than I could say twenty years ago. It was all up hill then, and living from hand to mouth, and even my own three first children, God forgive me, I could not afford to fret for; but now I'm a man of property, I feel for every body, and was at a neighbour's funeral only last week. He died worth a plum, if he

This being duly discussed, we find a sternistrate, Mr. Rivers, and his amiable daughter Grace. As usual, in this book, the magi talks of nothing but true bills, committin manding, revising judgment, and other w the law. Next we have the baronet's sister arriving from the north with her S waiting-maid, whose talents in talking the S dialect we recommend our friend the sheph appreciate by the following specimen; it first with which we are favoured, and the h shall extract.

"Wae worth that fule body, the maister at the cried Tibbie, "for letting yon wiselike cannie la aff the saddle, and trusting his naigs to a muckle ing gowk, wha kens nae mair about guiding the a born natural!"

"Ecod, she do wag her tongue moightily; but I moind she," remarked Jolterhead, looking stoical all his might; and quietly pocketing a liberal gu along with the hire of the chaise, away he rattled pursued by a parting benediction.

"Ay, gang yer gate, the unchancey deevil's that ye are—I'm thinking it'll no be lang or ye co crans a'thegither,—and na harm dune, gin the suld ding out yer barns!"

"Whist, Tibbie woman," said her mistress, inter "you're wanted to take the things up to my room never fash yourself about your own gear, for it all be made good."

"You're vary kind, my ledly," answered Tibbie it's ill makin a silken pouch o' a sow's lug. I think, mem, there's ony livin body in England can short-breed, forbye marmalade—or div ye thin change-houses a'thegither haud sae muckle as ae n kin o' Glenlivet—or div ye think the hail many-a in Lunnon can fashion siccan a mutch as yon ill hound is wearin in's wame? Made gude! by my it's gay an likely to come to pass, when the wind back the meal from a' the airts intill yon poke. gude, indeed! In coorse, mem, there's blue bonn be gotten aff windle-straes for the gatherin; an doot mytton-hams is to be pickit aff the grunt chuckie-stanes. There's wabs o'clait too, and m I've warrent, amang the English, wha toil not, neiv they spin, ony mair than King Solomon's lilies. I ye say, they're a' to be made gude."

pated; and the Creole cousin is made clumsily enough to show his spleen against him, by exposing him in what is said to be a cunning or covert manner to his father. Ringwood, in return, is so civil as to call his cousin brown bastard, by implication. The brown woman enters on the stage, and talks in imitation of *Meg Merrilies*; and so ends the first volume, we having got no further forward with the story.

Greater affairs burst upon us in the second volume. The gipsy woman committed by the inflexible justice turns out to be "no waiter, but a knight-templar." She meets the Creole, after he has been somewhat chafed by taunts, thrown out with sufficient frequency and unvarying stupidity of coarseness against his birth, and she shows him a miniature, which of course St. Kitts recognises to be that of his father. Some grand writing succeeds:

"You know, then, I am no gipsy juggler, no gossiping impostor, no crazy beldam. Now summon your senses, and think back as far as you can into childhood, and tell me if you remember any such name as—Indiana?"

"It seems as familiar to me," said the Creole, "as my own. My dear father mentioned it on his death-bed."

"And coupled it with a curse," said the woman.

"No," said St. Kitts. "In his delirium he accused her of stabbing him; but he was sensible when he died, and Indiana was amongst the very last words he murmured, with forgiveness and a blessing."

"The woman's head dropped at these words; she hastily seated herself in the dust of the road, and, covering her face with her hands, she wept till the tears gushed out between her fingers. It did not last long: with a violent effort she overcame her grief, and rose up, and spoke with a firm voice.

"Had she stabbed him to the heart, it had been but a just revenge. There are deeper and more cruel wounds than visible daggers can inflict—wounds that bleed inwardly, and are incurable; and Indiana had her share! But come, take a seat beside me on this bank,—this meeting is trying for us both."

"The Creole silently seated himself by her side, his whole frame quivering with intense excitement and agitation. There was one absorbing question in his heart, which it yearned, yet dreaded, to have solved; and the first word of it rose as often to his throat, and was choked there, as the 'Amen' of Macbeth. The woman perceived his emotion, and spoke first.

"I divine your thoughts. You think, perhaps fear, that I may be your mother?" Ringwood nodded. "I was your mother's dearest friend—her sworn sister—your nurse. She was raised from the same station in life as my own, to be your father's favourite; and I lived with her as her companion,—the partaker of her fortune, the depositary of her secrets and wishes. You were as frequently at my breast as at hers, as often on my lap as on her knee; and I believe you owe me as many embraces and kisses. But your father was stabbed for inconstancy—your mother fled the island—and I became what you are—an outcast and a wanderer."

The sublimity, good taste, and good sense of this passage are such that one does not feel much astonished that the author is so completely absorbed as to forget the name of his own hero, and to substitute for St. Kitts the name of Ringwood, who was his bitterest enemy.

We must skip some scenes in which the unhappy cockneyism of the Twiggs is held up to

due abhorrence, and pass over to where a new character—a ranting preacher, who deals in grocery—comes on the stage. Nothing can be imagined more absurdly overdrawn or inconsistently conceived than Uriah Bundy. He has no characteristic whatever of the race which he is intended to represent; he knows not even the ordinary cant of their fanaticism. This worthy person having attempted to kiss the interesting Indiana, she stabs him and escapes. The huntsman and whipper-in of Sir Mark coming up shortly after, Uriah, who recovers from a deadly wound with wonderful promptitude, informs them that the blow was struck by a man. They, in consequence, chase unlucky Joe, who is regularly introduced in turn for every misfortune, and succeed in making him their prisoner. Joe is "pulled up" before Justice Rivers; and, according to the peculiar practice of Tylney Hall and parts adjacent, he is sworn as evidence against himself.

No—hang it! some astonished natives will here break out—that cannot be,—you are humbugging us, Mr. Reviewer. Hood is an attorney—so are some of his kindred; he must know something of the law of the land,—at all events, he must have read those interesting documents which grace the diurnal press under the name of police-reports. We cannot believe you.

By the bones of Aristotle, we reply, it is as we say. Here is the passage.

"The oath was recited by the clerk, and Joe kissed the book.

"Prisoner, what is your name?" asked the justice, in a tone which he reserved for the chair and the bench.

"Joseph Spiller," answered the culprit, "and I wish I'd never been born to be baptised."

"How do you get your livelihood?" enquired the same stern voice.

"I was a post-boy aforesometimes," said Joe; "but now I'm nothing, and nobody suffers from my misfortunes but myself."

"Now, then," said the magistrate, with a manner meant to be particularly impressive, "now, then, Joseph Spiller,—and remember you are on your solemn oath,—pray tax your memory, and inform us how you were employed during the morning of Friday the 21st."

After this specimen of English administration of the law, we need not wonder that, when Uriah Bundy appears to save his character by swearing that the prisoner was the man who wounded him, and the illustrious Indiana comes forward to assert Joe's innocence, by declaring that it was she who stabbed Uriah, the useful magistrate discharges all the parties! Is not this fine? And yet it is finer to find all this gross ignorance of matters strictly pertaining to Hood's own profession interlarded by minute slang about cock-fighting, horse-racing, hunting, sporting, &c., of which he knows nothing except from the diligent perusal of the columns of *Bell's Life in London*.

The mysterious Indiana soon persuades the Creole that it would be particularly convenient to him to marry Grace Rivers, and to get rid of his cousins, so as to make himself master not only of the lady but of Tylney Hall. Grace, according to family compact, was to be married to Ringwood; but he must be a novel-reader in-

perienced in the ways of A. K. Newman and Co. who does not see that she has fallen in love with Raby. The soft declaration is made while Raby is angling for smelts, and the lady is as soft as a roe. Unfortunately, the ever-present Indiana overhears the tender speechification which the enraptured fisherman makes, rod in hand, hooking the lady, and bursts forward to curse the enraptured pair, in a style that would draw down thunders at the Pavilion or the Surrey. She immediately afterwards meets the Creole, and communicates this disagreeable intelligence in all the oracular forms and phraseology of gipsyism, giving him, by way of consolation, a packet of papers, which prove that his father, Herbert Tyrrell, was legally married to Indiana Thurot, whom, however, he does not yet know to be the mysterious dame who gives him the information. A series of quarrels speedily occurs between him and his cousins arising out of petty trifles, carried on with a vulgar brutality of tone and conduct which leads us to regret that Mr. Hood knows so little of what is the usual style and manner of the gentlemen of Oxford, to which university he makes his heroes belong.

At this portion of the story the narrative is wholly interrupted for nearly sixty pages—from p. 214, vol. ii. to p. 271—to describe a fete given in the country by the Cockney Twigg, at which misfortunes of all kinds occur. Really, we must say that this repeated denunciation of vulgarity shows an intimate knowledge of it in all its branches that must be set down as the height of vulgarity in itself. It is a desperate striving at being desperately fine—uncommon genteel. But we must admit that the story does in the next twenty or thirty pages make a considerable bound; for we find Ringwood's birth-day "being solemnised," as Mr. Hood would say, in great pomp, and all persons happy but the Creole. Presents are made by the guests; and Raby, not knowing what to give his brother, determines on making him an offer of some game shot by himself,—a judicious idea, when we reflect that Raby had never taken a gun in his hands until that day.

the gun, the flash, and the loud report, had produced their full effect on the nerves of Raby; but horror seized him to the spot, when, as the smoke cleared away, he saw the convulsed frame of his victim now drawn; the knees met the face, and then inversely arched; the body rested merely on the heels and the back head.

"The struggle lasted not long: this motion and the petrified homicide was enabled to recognise the countenance of his victim—the features of R. Tyrrell!"

Is not that grand, pathetic, and probable? The other day, in Norway, was unlucky Joe to shoot his sporting companion, mistaking him as he glided through the snow in a rough coat, for a bear. Hood makes his hero shoot his brother in a fine summer's evening, mistaking him for a cock-rabbit. Why the sketches of men sporting in the picture-shop windows are nothing so absurd as this.

Raby wisely consents to fly, urged by the Creole, who of course accuses him of deliberate murder. A coroner's jury (on which the name of Uriah Bundy, a proved perjurer, is summoned, after an inquest, conducted as legally on evidence as satisfactorily gathered, as in the case of the examination of unlucky Joe, to a verdict of wilful murder against Raby. The unfortunate youth has been recommended to escape to the protection of a black-leg acquaintance of the Creole, with a recommendation to ship him to the West Indies. The country stables are sent in quest of him, and their search is so great that on their first cast they make of a drowned body, which answers in all particulars to Raby's. That it is *not* Raby's it is less to say, though his father and all his friends acknowledge it as such, and bury it with pomp in the family vault,—a proceeding in bad taste, considering that Raby had been pronounced guilty of the murder of the last party laid there. Deaths come thick; for a few further forward the old baronet dies; and, the knowledge of law and equity universally played throughout this whole work, the C

of the same jewels. The under-sleeves, of a gossamer texture, were confined at the wrist by massive bracelets of pure gold; and every taper finger of her well-formed hand glittered with one or more jeweled rings. On her head she wore a turban of a singular but becoming form, the material of which it was composed being one of those Indian many-coloured shawls which are always so picturesque. The bosom was covered, but not concealed, by the same delicate muslin as the under-sleeves; and her throat was encircled by a collar of gold to match the bracelets."

"And was not that a dainty dish
To set before a knight,"

Seated in a hut which was planted where "the disturbed adder darted across the path, and the iron tolling (?) of the raven broke harshly and ominously on its silence"—and where "the trees increased in size, and wreathed fantastically in more distorted attitudes, while the huge gnarled roots protruded here and there from the soil, like the bones of antediluvian monsters." The conversation is as much in keeping with the place and the character of the woman as is her costume. She declares herself to be Sir Walter's mother, and makes the reasonable demand that he should install her in that character in Tylney Hall, after having been known well to the parish as a vagrant. As he does not agree with this, "a cold dew started upon her forehead, her chest panted more violently, and, after a frightful struggle, she died, choked with her own blood. Such was the fate of Indiana Thurot"—one of the most nonsensical imitations of Meg Merrilies ever attempted. Sir Walter is not destined long to survive his amiable parent; because as Hood is in a hurry to finish his third volume, he kills off his characters with a double-barrel. The manner of the Creole's death is highly edifying. He and Ned Somerville, the Will Wimble of the book, who has had from the beginning a great hatred of him, now much augmented by suspicions that he was the person really guilty of the death of Ringwood, and the usurper of the title and estates of his old friend, meet together "in the nook of an extensive heath, which was traversed at some distance by the high road to the metropolis; and in this direction the eye of Sir Walter involuntarily glanced, but no coach was in sight—no stir of human life was visible, save one solitary pedestrian far off, who was moving along the heath." In this picturesque situation Somerville announces to Sir Walter that a letter of his has been found among the papers of the black-leg to whom he had consigned Raby in London, in which all his nefarious designs were exposed. Somerville produces a pair of horse-pistols, and challenges the Creole, who instantly feels that

"The crisis of his fate was come. His teeth chattered, and the hair rose on his head. The earth seemed opening under him as a living grave, and a precocious death-sweat broke out upon his forehead. But one chance remained, and he seized it with the desperation of a ruined man.

"I adopt your alternative—give me a pistol."

"Take your choice," said Ned; "all right—loaded an hour ago! And he tendered the weapons with the enviable serenity of a good conscience. He was as cool, and his hand as steady, as if he had been only going to shoot

at a target, instead of a living antagonist. The enormous guilt of the latter made the act the squire contemplated seem a righteous one, in which he was but the instrument of the divine judgment on a murderer. Sir Walter, in the meantime, had selected a weapon, and stood irresolute, as if revolving what should be the nature of his next step. His pistol once rose a little upward, but it instantly dropped again by his side.

"Long shot or short?" said the squire. "Name your own distance."

"Twelve paces," said Sir Walter; "or fifteen," he added, unconsciously acknowledging the deadly skill of his antagonist.

"The squire made no reply, but proceeded to measure off the required distance, the double click of the Creole's weapon, as he put it upon full cock, striking upon his ear as he completed the third stride; the sixth had hardly been taken, when the report rang, and the bullet whistled close by the squire's head.

"Ned stopped short, and wheeled round. His eye glanced fiercely for an instant at the assassin; the fatal barrel rose to its unerring level—a slight touch of the forefinger did the rest, and, after a convulsive leap, Sir Walter Tyrrel fell on his back on the grass, with a ball through his body.

"In a moment Ned was bending over him, but not in remorse or pity. 'One word, villain, for your soul's sake,' he said; 'did you see him in the fern?'"

"I did—God forgive me!" said the dying man, rolling himself over as he completed the confession, so as to lie with his face downwards.

"Then die! the sooner the better," and a blow from the butt-end of the squire's pistol sped the parting spirit in its exit."

This is as nice and as pretty a duel as we ever remember to have heard of; and the Christian conduct of the squire, who knocked out a wounded man's brains with the enviable serenity of a good conscience, and the butt-end of a horse-pistol, is perfectly delightful and philanthropic. The solitary pedestrian on the heath is Raby Tyrrell, who is immediately married to Grace Rivers, and turned into Sir Raby without further enquiry—no notice whatever being taken of the verdict which declared him guilty of murder, or the warrants that were out for his apprehension. All those trifles, it seems, were rendered null by his sham burial, which is a new view of the law. As to the squire—

"Briefly be it said, that a coroner's verdict of 'justifiable homicide' absolved the squire from all legal consequences on account of the death of the Creole. The evidence of Raby, in proof of the unfair conduct of the deceased, in shooting so prematurely, partly inducing the jury to give such a sentence."

What a beautiful jury! We rather think that where duels are fought in the most regular manner, and death ensues, the coroner's jury *always* finds wilful murder. In this case we doubt that even the evidence of the untried Raby, who could not have seen any thing of the quarrel, and was deeply incensed against the deceased, would have saved our friend the squire from the gallows. But Hood himself has recorded that jurors are not conjurers, and he certainly displays them in his book as if he had a perfect belief in his own pun. Such is a fair analysis of *Tylney Hall*; and we are bound to observe, with much regret, that it is a stupid book. The characters are un-

natural, and inconsistent, the incidents absurd, and the story—

"Story!—Lord bless you, there is none at all, sir!"

or little more than nothing—is wretchedly constructed, and in all its details ridiculous. There are some bits of fun which might suit some of the second-rate pages of the *Comic Annual*; but even they are not very good. On the whole, its pathos is laughable, its comedy lamentable, its fancies are dull as its law, and its law as nonsensical as its fancies. We are truly sorry to be obliged to say that, take it all in all, it is mere trash; and we hope that, by publishing a *Comic Annual* towards the end of the year, full of brilliant puns and capital caricatures, he will make us forget that he was ever guilty of the crime of perpetrating *Tydney Hall*.

3. THE MANUSCRIPTS OF ERDELY.*

Genius, the mysterious gift of strong volition, author of motives, and lord of circumstances—loves dominion, and claims sovereignty by celestial patent. It is essentially aristocratic and monarchic—irresponsible and unimpeachable,—vindicating its own ways as those of a divine power, and appealing to its own perceptions of truth and error, of right and wrong, as the sole authority for the creed which it believes itself, and insists on the world's believing. It will be both priest and king—its thoughts shall be oracles, its words laws. Such was Martinuzzi, bishop of Warradin, on whom, and on his queen Isabella, at the death of John Zapol Scæpus devolved the guardianship of his child and the regency of his kingdom. "Martinuzzi (to transcribe the words of Robertson), who had raised himself from the lowest rank in life to his present dignity, was one of those extraordinary men who, by the extent as well as variety of their talents, are fitted to act a superior part in bustling and factious times. In discharging the functions of ecclesiastical office, he put on the semblance of an humble and austere sanctity. In civil transactions he discovered industry, integrity and boldness. During war he laid aside

extenuate too much the heinousness of vice. Owing to the goodness of her patroness, her education was not neglected; and the stature of her mind speedily outgrew that of her body. She became versed in history, and delighted in her solitary musings to invest the characters of antiquity with an extrinsic halo reflected from the false colouring of her own warm heart. By the subtle process, she continues, "with which I filtered away aught objectionable, human nature stoal to my mental gaze purified from mortal dross. Cataline had a thousand excuses to offer would Cicero but have heard them; and Nero suffered a pang worse than a several death for every execution he believed himself compelled to order. One consequence of this lamentable habit of ever finding excuses gradually became apparent: the distinctive qualities of vice and virtue were insensibly confounded together, and that indignation which cruelty and injustice would otherwise have excited in my bosom was neutralised, by my fatal power of conceiving at will, palliative or justificatory circumstances which wholly escaped the more obtuse vision of the rest of the world."

George Martinuzzi shared the pastimes and studies of Alicia with the princess Beatrice, his sister Rose Martinuzzi, and Alicia's brother Luke. A similar course of study, if not congenial natures, brought George into private communication more frequently with Alicia than with the princess or his sister, who neither of them much delighted in historial disquisition. George was some few years her senior, and considerably her mental superior. The choicest impulses of humanity his heart drank in with the breath of love, and the sacred past was, to his inspired vision, a fount of deep and prophetic lore, which might serve to regulate the conduct of statesmen, and determine the destiny of nations. Finding her not merely a patient, but a rapt listener, he naturally affected her company, and repaid her attention with choice and precious thoughts, rich with the spoils of many a classic page. From his lips the simplicity of abstract truth, or the hardness of political disquisition, came clothed with the kne

should prevent either power obtaining a decisive superiority, by never joining in too strict relations with either, which were, he said, to make Hungary a dependent province; but by holding both Solyman and Ferdinand at distant amity, and by alternately closing the hands of alliance with one and the other, according to circumstances, to keep the balance even,—and thus, by restraining both, make their rival views subvert the interests of his kingdom.

"On this and like points of state government, which it was afterwards his destiny to illustrate so gloriously in the face of Europe, would George expatiate for hours together; and, oh, Heavens! I, when life was yet all verdure and freshness, with what entranced and childish admiration, all the while, would I ramble by his side, and hang with glistening eyes upon his every syllable, and every articulation; whilst my loud breathing, snatched during the pauses of his eloquence, alone bespoke my feelings. The cadence of his intermitting voice sounded on these occasions like unto Æolian music heard in weird hours of night and solitude. It seemed as if my own soul were musing audibly, and all that was previously dark, doubtful, and erudite, the rain-bow-light of his argument, flashed clear on the misty horizon of my brain. And who would suppose, singularly dear as his society was to me, that there could be danger to a very child from such close intercourse! Nor, perhaps, despite my mental interpretations of every movement, and casual word of my companion, was there, while my girlhood lasted; but the custom we delight in is not easily broken through, and these outpourings of Martinuzzi's soul were not discontinued when the throbbings of my virgin heart intimated, but to plainly, how years progressed with me. But to him it was all the same; and having gifted me, in my purer days, with the false title of his little sister, he looked upon me in that regard long after I disclaimed, from the bottom of my soul the obnoxious epithet."

This romance develops the effects of this woman's hopeless love on the fortunes of Martinuzzi. The canvass is crowded to excess—the characters are numerous, and decidedly portrayed. The author aims at the striking and the startling, in moving incident and individual destiny. It would be impossible, utterly impossible, to attempt a detail of the personal attributes, scenic changes, and dramatic accidents which make up this panorama. The minuteness of his touches, his innumerable (and sometimes unwise) imitations from authors old and new,—his historical references, his legendary colouring,—baffle representation. We have hinted that his imitations are sometimes unwise; and we may mention that his style is tinctured with insufferable pedantry. The foot of the page is often thronged with references to the sources of classical allusions mentioned in the text, serving to undeceive the reader very unpleasantly both as to the originality of the author's mind and the reality of the dialogue. Quotations from contemporary novelists are likewise pompously introduced with wretched effect. *Pelham* and *Eugene Aram* are ostentatiously quoted, *usque ad nauseam*,—and laudatory parentheses of Edward Lytton Bulwer are continually recurring. What the meaning of all this? What on earth has it to with the regent or the queen dowager of Hungary, or with Solyman the magnificent, or with Peter Penry, or his son Maximilian—one a knave and the other a fop,—or with

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Peter the Bloody, the prince of Moldavia, or with the Cygani-leader Alaric Polgar, Count Ragotsky, or with his mother Unna the gipsy, or with Count Rodna and Sigismund (the Hamlet of the scene), or Father Dominick, or Hubert Vicchy, and Veronica his noble daughter, or with the infant Czerina, or her lover Antoine Ferraro, or with Castaldo the Austrian ambassador? The writer is a scholar, evidently: he should have disdained any foreign admixture in his work, and given us his tale of confusion during a period of anarchy in the style of an old chronicler. What we have extracted shows the metaphysical estimation which he wishes to reach: it had been well if much of this kind of analysis had been omitted, and a simple narrative substituted of the events, the writer contenting himself with showing his persons in and by their acts, rather than by a vain attempt to reduce the moral chaos which he has chosen to exhibit to some apparent form of order of which it is not easily susceptible.

The course we have recommended would not only have increased the *raisemblance* of the action and manners, but would have beneficially abridged the labour of composition and perusal. The former must have been tedious to the writer, our own experience testifies that the latter is almost intolerable to the reader. The book constitutes the hardest reading we have ever encountered,—and we can ourselves both produce and go through some stiff stuff upon the occasion. Some of the scenes and dialogues are elaborately and powerfully wrought out; but they are long and heavy, and should have been weeded of many cumbersome sentences and clumsy phrases. They are absolutely clogged with uncouth words and revolting thoughts. To the pruriency of many of the descriptions and sentiments we decidedly object. It is as poor an ambition as to tear a passion to rags, to represent earth as a hell and human beings as fiends. There is a concealed weakness in the apparent excess of power; the verbosity not only overlays the meaning, but the meaning itself is the essence of bombast. It is the fustian of the soul, willing to be big though it cannot be great,—audacious where it cannot be sublime,—gaudy where it should be beautiful,—harrowing where it might be pathetic. Too frequently the writer hovers on the verge of all we hate, such as in the temptation scene between the dowager Isabella and the secretary Ferraro, in the twenty-eighth manuscript—a scene in other respects exhibiting power, and passion, and force of language of no ordinary kind. Nevertheless, it is stilted prose; we want the poetic elevation and purity of style with which true genius makes even horror beautiful, and gives to the furies themselves the divinity of loveliness.

4. COURT OF SIGISMUND AUGUSTUS.*

We have now to introduce our readers to another Slavonic romance, Bronikowski's *Court of Sigismund Augustus*. The author, though

* The Court of Sigismund Augustus; or Poland in the Sixteenth Century. By Alexander Bronikowski. Done into English by a Polish Refugee. 3 vols. London: Longman. 1834.

as the lovers of Penelope must have wooed her in the absence of Ulysses—deceived with hope during the progress of her suit, and at last obliged to retire without satisfaction.

But having disposed of Baillie Sydeserf, and all the remarkable passages in his life, we have no fault to find with the remaining stories. There are five of them—three in the second volume, two in the third,—and they are all delightful. "Colonel Peter Aston," a tale full of wild dramatic interest, begins the list: it involves the history of a young and gallant leader among the followers of Earl Mar, at bitter and revengeful variance with an older chieftain of the clan of Grant, who took more freedom than the young forester could brook with the fat bucks of the earl his lord. So Aston goes forth into the forest fastnesses of the Grants, and beards old Nichol in his own den. His ferocious adherents would have murdered him; but the old man said no, and challenges him to a fight with sword. His challenge is accepted,—the young forester disarms him, throws him, and, in token of triumph, places his foot upon his breast; then he is set upon by the ferocious adherents of the Grants: they bind him hand and foot, bear him to the old man's dwelling, and imprison him, without food or hope, leaving him to the loneliness which it is their intention early to metamorphose into that of the tomb. But Aston goes to sleep, and dreams that he is preserved by an angel; and his dream is broken and realised—ay, realised, for she was an angel—by the entrance of Marsali, the bright-haired and bright-hearted daughter of old Nichol Grant, who makes him promise that he will never kill her father, either in the wars or private broil, and then makes him free,—afterwards watching and following his destiny in a manner that recalled the devotion of one trusting spirit to Childe Harold, and other love-born romances of the early crusades.

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The next tale, under the title of "Julia McKenzie," is even more eventful, and much better than any other in the volumes, where some told so well. It is a beautiful, heart-stirring and remarkable (like each of these tales, as we already said) for the truth and power of its few portraiture. Julia M'Kenzie, a budding blossoming, unripe, but not unlovely girl—(our shepherd never does paint a lassie without beauty)—married to the last lord of a long line, whose fear lest he should have no issue, and so let them at his death to pass into another clan with which, and its followers, they have been engaged in one of the direful quarrels of the times. And years go by—yes! one, two, three, four, five, six, seven years, pass in rapid flight, and their lord has no issue. Then the ire of the followers breaks out against the bride of the chief, and she must either be sacrificed or forced, that he may marry another woman, shall bring him an heir to perpetuate the name of his house.

But halt! What right have we to go on doing the plots and unravelling the mysteries of these stories? Assuredly none. These *Tales of the Wars of Montrose* are the shepherd's prop, and we have only critically and with discernment to pronounce them good or bad. We cry a good report, and say that they are good—except in subject (always excepting the passages in life of the stupid baillie), and written with a deal of natural power and very little care. "Julia McKenzie" is a delightful tale; and the episode of attachment between Mary Bewly and Col Sibbald, in the "Life of Sir Samuel Brodie," is worth a world; but Hogg might have made more of the *much* which they contain. He has somewhat too much of the historian and little of the poet; and, except where the love-admiration of woman urged him on, he has strained, rather than cherished, all the wild and warmest and most glorious impulses of his mind enriched with the purest elements of genius and educated by nature, without the polish of more pedantic schools. As a book, then, it

a page of fiction, but upon a field of fight. These are effects which it is the part of genius dramatically to work out, but which the shepherd has been somewhat careless of doing. His battle scenes are not tame, but they do not reach eloquence; and their warmth is only just sufficient to kindle sparks which are never fanned into a flame. There was no lukewarmness in the real wars of Montrose.

On the other hand, the shepherd excels in the portrayal of innocence; and nothing is more natural than his pictures of beauty, or more touching than those of pure and passionate love, striving, amid its own sorrow, with a wild and charming energy against the dangers that beset its object; and some of these he has painted standing forth from their delicate frame-works, upon a broad canvass, and in bright and beautiful relief. Hogg has a keen perception of the charms and qualities that constitute loveliness; above all, he knows well how sweetly it may be enhanced by simplicity—he has a poet's love for woman himself—he conceives her nature noble—and he has never taught himself, by any cold philosophy or wicked sophistry, to entertain an often-cultivated prejudice against her common character. Thus his portraits of female characters are striking, vivid, clothed with the life, and light, and lustre of fervid beauty, mild with the gracefulness of modesty, and rich with virtues that belong to their sex alone. He varies his drawings, but they are all embodied truths. To one he gives a shade of piety, to another a tinge of romance. This loves in her religion, that is religious in her love. We weep over one in her misfortunes; we laugh at the next in her radiant circle of joy: we wonder to see a third putting on the costume of war, and, in faithfulness of strong affection, performing the duties of the soldier, and rousing her courage without losing her gentleness of heart.

Such and so varied are the heroines of the shepherd's stories of the wars of their times—the beautiful Lady Gordon, the devoted Marsali, the fair reformer Bewly, the persecuted Julia M'Kenzie, and the lovely and innocent Mary Montgomery, sole heiress of three lordships in her native land. We shall presently introduce some of these to our readers, but we must take the stories in the order in which they come. The first and worst tale in the book is entitled "Some remarkable passages in the life of an Edinburgh Baillie;" and, in truth, it has given us some trouble to discover why it was written. A man of the name of Sydeserf, of decent family, but himself occupying at first a low station, eventually, by the patronage of the Duke of Argyll, becomes a baillie in Edinburgh, and, in sundry other respects, a man of importance; and at his death leaves behind him a sort of chronicle of his life, which Hogg has thought worth raking out of the obscurity where, as it seems to us, its own merits or demerits best entitled it to remain. The story begins by this Sydeserf informing his readers how he filled a miserable situation in a castle at Edinburgh, under a most notable tyrant, who throws all sorts of duties and responsibilities—account-keeping, troop-paying, and the like—upon

the overburdened shoulders of his unhappy menial. This tyrant was, however, governor of the castle, and at that time held prisoner the great and venerable Marquis of Huntley—a rigid Catholic, and uncompromising foe to the covenant; to which reformer Sydeserf was just as ardently attached.

He does not, however, so tenderly regard his religion or his honour at that period, but that he is induced by the glorious and resistless fascinations of Lady Jane Gordon to restore to the Marquis of Huntley his treasonable correspondence (the government's only vouchers against him), then kept in the castle; and for the loss of which papers the tyrant governor of Sydeserf is afterwards hanged in his own presence,—a fact of itself sufficient to show the baseness of his nature—baillie albeit he became. This commencement of the tale is invested with a charming interest, owing to Hogg's portraiture of the young Lady Gordon and her twin sister; where he forgets the baillie, to paint like the poet; and although he leaves the language in Sydeserf's mouth, the heart and eloquence of it all are his—the shepherd's; and he, and not the serf, or Sydeserf, is the true and speaking lover of the all-loveable Lady Jane. This bright and peerless creature is saved by the embryo baillie from a herd, or rather horde, of bulls, and his reward is a great kicking from Lord Enzie Gordon, the lady's brother, who catches his sister in her humble servant's arms, where she had fainted after her fright, and where Sydeserf, to bring her to, had taken the liberty to cut her stays! Out of this kicking the Scotsman conceives, delivers himself of, and cherishes a hatred of the intensest kind against the said Lord Gordon, whom he afterwards pursues with vengeance in the wars, and finally conducts to the scaffold. Meanwhile the Lady Jane is married, and with her wedding terminates the episode of love and beauty that alone creates any interest in the story, and beyond which the reader is never satisfied. The rest is all "vanity and vexation of spirit,"—vanity on the part of the intolerable conceited baillie, and vexation of spirit on the part of the reader, who longs for the bright presence and redeeming loveliness of Lady Jane. Nothing further treads in upon the ceaseless egotism of the story of the baillie's own rise in the world, his following of the wars of the covenanters, his fighting first with them against Montrose himself, his vengeance on Lord Gordon after his succession to the Marquisate of Huntley, and his party eulogiums on the character of Argyle. All this seems to be penned with a purpose so purely, and, let us add, so dryly historical, as to convey small delight to the lover of fiction, and little information that can be trusted to by the reader concerning the chiefs—such as Argyle, Huntley, Montrose, and others, who led in those wars. The part taken by an Edinburgh baillie in any of the fierce battles of the time must of necessity have been small; and we would not give more for his description of the fray than we should be inclined to bestow in these times for a city alderman's narrative of the battle of Waterloo. On the whole, the first tale, filling as it does the first volume, is at best but a tedious affair. The reader will get through it much after the same fashion

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boldness and directness in penetrating to the recesses and displaying the motives and workings of the heart, its feelings and passions—not in woman only, but in man also—which we certainly should have imagined to be far beyond the scope and power of a lady. Yet is there, at the same time, nothing in these volumes which a lady might not have known, and felt, and written; nor can there be the slightest doubt that they are the production of a feminine mind, albeit one of robust culture and extraordinary vigour. In the form and course of thought, if not actually in the style of expression in many passages, and in the downright, unaffected, noble simplicity, with which, in *Lodore*, subjects are treated, in which the heart and senses play a subtly mingled part, we were oftentimes reminded of the confessions of that charming enthusiast, Madame Roland—the only politician and philosopher in petticoats we could ever bring ourselves to regard with affectionate respect. Like her, too, Mrs. Shelley has shewn, not only that she can unveil the soul of woman to its very uttermost recesses, but that she can divine, appreciate, and depict the character of men. The work is very unlike the generality of our modern novels; it does not contain a sweeping together of incidents from a long suite of stories, historic, romantic, and burlesque; it does not present a faded anthology of *effecté* jests, of shrivelled gallantries, and impassible sentimentalities. There is not a constant succession of the startling events, the outrageous griefs, the bloody battles, the atrocious catastrophes, which form the staple commodity of that farrago of elongated melodramas which so frequently constitutes a modern novel. Nor is that ingenious device resorted to, which was originally borrowed by our novel-spinners from the festival scene in the pantomimes, of having a number of persons, bedecked in the costume of great names, to stand by and assist at the multifarious performances of the regular actors in the scene—pseudo-representatives of kings and Cæsars, beauties and heroes, wits and sages—to witness, as it were, the vigour of Harlequin and the agility of Columbine, to say nothing of the parts of the Clown and Pantaloon. Nor is that vile expedient put in use, of pretending to gratify the prurient curiosity of the vulgar by the introduction of real characters, who have rendered themselves either distinguished or notorious on the stage of life. No! nor is the plot “perplexed in the extreme;” nor are the characters multitudinous, like the waves of the sea; nor are they ever suffered, in obedience to some immediate necessity of the author, to obey the magical injunction,

“Come like shadows,
So depart;”

nor, moreover, do we, from first to last find a single being who is absolutely exalted above, or depressed below humanity.

The story is simple—its theme is

“Love, still love!”

It treats of the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the delights and dangers, the blessings and

the evils, of the fierce and tender passion. A healthy moral pervades her whole treatment of the subject. She might as well, perhaps, have taken for her motto the following lines of her husband, as those she has selected from Ford:

“Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts; and that must be
Our recompense or wretchedness.”

Yet her motto is also fine:

“In the turmoils of our lives,
Men are like politic states or troubled seas,
Tossed up and down with several storms and tempests,
Change and variety of wrecks and fortunes;
Till labouring to the havens of our homes,
We struggle for the calm that crowns our ends.”—FORD.

Do not imagine, however, from this, that there is the slightest touch of fatalism in her novel; on the contrary, the principle she would fain inculcate seems to be, that men hold their destinies in their own hands, and that our own evil passions are our only potent enemies. The execution of the work is, upon the whole, extremely good—it is quite worthy of the design. The impress of an original and thoughtful mind is visible throughout, and there are many passages of exceeding gracefulness, of touching eloquence, and of intense feeling. Her most obvious faults are that of occasionally introducing, by way of illustration, wild and quaint imagery—we might say, in some instances, imagery which is quite incongruous with that it is intended to illustrate; and, secondly, that of analysing and detailing too minutely each and every one of the sensations, intermingled or successive, which, when operating in mass (so to speak), constitute a feeling or a passion. The result of this extreme elaborateness is often to weary, and always, by refining away, to injure the general effect. These faults, however, we apprehend, may be with her either the results of education, or the pious faults of imitation; for her husband has fallen into the first in several of his poems, her father is remarkable for the other.

Mrs. Shelly has not like a weak and ambitious artist, crowded her canvass with figures. Her characters are few—they were well-considered, perfectly individualised, and in happy contrast. There is no attempt at a violent opposition of colours to produce startling effects. In the calm consciousness of power, she has dispensed altogether with a villain who, in many a grand modern novel is made to serve the same purpose, as a daub of black in one of Martin's monster-pictures. All the characters are excellently drawn: the greater number are very elaborately wrought forth, the rest are firmly sketched. We have said that Mrs. Shelly has not condescended to play the pander to the appetite for private scandal, in introducing “fashionables” notorious for good or evil, into her work; yet has she availed herself of her experience, on the quality and nature of which, we do maintain, does the value of the novel mainly depend: nothing can compensate in the novel for want of experience. And therefore is it, that the attempt of ladies generally to write of “many-figured life,” is so utterly cold, incapable, and ridiculous.

The best fashionable stuff of the day bears the same relation to a true novel as the idle, aimless sonata, does to the passion-breathing, soul-fraught melody. "*Que me veux tu sonate?*" exclaimed Rousseau;—"What are you after, Listonia Bulweria Wigetta?" exclaims the reader to the mocking-bird she-novelist;—and even accommodating echo can only furnish an eh! or an ah! in the guise of a reply to either of these interesting enquiries. But neither the vigorous but vague *whinney* of the eh! or the desponding expectation of the ah! at all effect Mrs. Shelley. In this novel she has availed herself of her association with greatest men. We have some allusions to their story, some fine and sweet touches of their character: rather, let us say, of their idiosyncrasy. This is, to those who have known them through their works, coming from a devoted, but too wise to be a superstitious worshipper, altogether delightful. But of this anon: we will now turn to the story.

Lodore is the son of a gentleman, ennobled for his exploits during the American war. He has passed a number of years abroad, to the great grief of his father and family, who cannot imagine why he should continue to absent himself from the dear paternal roof-tree. But he has formed an unfortunate attachment abroad—a *liaison avec une femme mariée*; which, although apparently the most easy, is yet in truth, one of the most difficult *liaisons* possible to break. The fact is, he gets very tired—(it is not declared, but it is clearly intimated in the novel)—and he returns to England. He is now at that "most damnable of middle ages," the middle age of man; he is not acquainted with the course of fashionable life—he is at once too full of pride himself, and too ignorant of the utter meanness of others, to make his way there. He fails, too, like Byron, in politics; and he retires from the busy struggles of ambition, fantastical or political. He goes to Wales, and there he commits the horrible but common fault of the morbid sentimentalist, of marrying a mere juvenile piece of womanhood, who has nothing to recommend her

forth. His young son and his young wife enter into a palpable flirtation, and, in a paroxysm of jealousy and rage, he strikes the boy, and determines to abandon name and fame rather than to stigmatise his high-born mistress and son. He determines on leaving England for ever. He invites, in the most intense earnestness of feeling, his wife to accompany him: under the chilling auspices of her mother she refuses, and he departs with his child. The wife and husband are thenceforth parted: they never allowed the opportunity of understanding each other's hearts, through the formality of the wedding heart, which had been disciplined into coldness and the sensitive pride of the husband. He sails to America, turns settler, and his wife's delight is the culture of his daughter. The religion is holy, the occupation sacred—he rears her as a lady. At length, like a wise man, he finds it necessary, from the very love of his innocent girl to leave the solitude in which he fancied was all safe. We subjoin an outline of the circumstances and reason; Whitelock, be it observed, is a young artist, who has come to the settlement and commenced making love to Lodore's daughter.

"Ethel knew nothing of the language of love; she read of it in her favourite poets, but she was yet young and guileless to apply any of its feelings to her own. Love had always appeared to her blended with the high imaginative beauty and heroism, and thus was, in her eyes, at once awful and lovely. Nothing had vulgarised it to her. The greatest men were its slaves, and among them as their choice fell on the worthy or unworthy, were elevated or disgraced by passion. It was the duty of a woman so to refine and educate her mind, as to be the cause of good alone to him whose fate depended on her smile. There was something of the *Orondates* in her ideas, but they were too vague and general to influence her actions. Brought up in American society with all the refinement attendant on European society she was aristocratic, both as regarded rank and sex. All these were as yet undeveloped feelings—seeds planted by the careful maternal hand, not yet called into action or growth.

"Whitelock began his operations, and was obliged

or two proceeded in an occult and mysterious manner: but this day he had withdrawn the veil, and she understood much that had appeared strange in him before. The dark, expressive eyes of her father she fancied to be before her, penetrating the depths of her soul, discovering her frivolity, and censuring her lowly vanity, and, even though alone, she felt abashed. Our faults are apt to assume giant and exaggerated forms to our eyes in youth, and Ethel felt degraded and humiliated; and remorse sprang up in her gentle heart, substituting itself for the former pleasurable emotion.

"The young are always in extremes. Ethel put away her drawings and paintings. She secluded herself in her home; and arranged so well, that, notwithstanding the freedom of American manners, Whitelock contrived to catch but a distant glimpse of her during the one other week that intervened before her father's return. Troubled at this behaviour he felt his bravery ooze out. To have offended Fitzhenry was an unwise proceeding, at best; but when he remembered the haughty and reserved demeanour of the man, he recoiled, trembling, from the prospect of encountering him.

"Ethel was very concise in the expressions she used to make her father, on his return, understand what had happened during his absence. Fitzhenry heard her with indignation and bitter self-reproach. The natural impetuosity of his disposition returned on him, like a stream which had been checked in its progress, but which had gathered strength from the delay. On a sudden, the future, with all its difficulties and trials presented itself to his eyes; and he was determined to go out to meet them, rather than to await their advent in his seclusion. His resolution formed, and he put it into immediate execution: he would instantly quit the Illinois. The world was before him; and while he paused on the western shores of the Atlantic, he could decide upon his future path. But he would not remain where he was another season. The present, the calm, placid present, had fled like morning mist before the new-risen breeze: all appeared dark and turbid to his heated imagination. Change alone could appease the sense of danger that had arisen within him—change of place, of circumstances, of all that for the last twelve years had formed his life. How long am I to remain at peace?"—the prophetic voice heard in the silence of the forests recurred to his memory, and thrilled through his frame. "Peace! was I ever at peace? Was this unquiet heart ever still, as, one by one, the troubled thoughts which are its essence have risen and broken against the barriers that embank them? Peace! My own Ethel! all I have done—all I would do—is to gift thee with that blessing which has for ever fled the thirsting lips of thy unhappy parent." And thus, governed by a fevered fancy and untamed passions, Fitzhenry forgot the tranquil lot which he had learnt to value and enjoy; and quitting the haven he had sought, as if it had never been a place of shelter to him, unthankful for the many hours which had blessed him here, he hastened to reach the stormier seas of life, whose breakers and whose winds were ready to visit him with shipwreck and destruction."

Reader! are not these pages beautiful as true? But to go on with the story. Lodore arrives at New York with Ethel, and is shortly after shot in a duel by a Yankee, who had denounced him as a coward.

Ethel passes over to England, and is received by a maiden aunt: Lodore had in his will especially exempted her from the guardianship of her mother. She is accompanied by the daughter of an old schoolfellow of Lodore's, and by Mr. Villiers, a young English gentleman, who had acted as her father's friend in the fatal duel. Ethel and

he fall in love with each other, and are after a time married; and all is happiness until poverty besets their path, but is powerless against the strength of their affections. Nothing, in sooth, can be more exquisitely told than the whole story of their loves. They are perfectly happy, and continue to be happy, without the zest of sin. The tale is as fervently and as beautifully told as that of the sunny existence of unfailing love led by Trelawney's hero, and his Arab bride, in that work of passion, and power, and genius, styled *The Adventures of a Younger Son*. The feeling in either is true, and therefore the same in both. The scene only, with its figures and accessories, is different: the one is laid within the precincts of savagery, the other within the limits of civilization.

At length these married lovers are rescued from misery and confinement by an act of glorious generosity upon the part of her mother—an act of which nobody would have supposed the fashionable Lady Lodore capable. Pride and a cold-hearted, vulgar mother have spoiled Lady Lodore, and troubled the whole current of her life; pride caused her separation from her husband; pride prevented her from marrying a certain Horatio Saville, in whose person and character we recognise many traits of our beloved Shelley—of him who was, in his own sweet words,

"Gentle, and brave, and generous;
The child of Grace and Genius."

Witness the following sketch:

"It was very late at night when they reached their hotel, and they were heartily fatigued; so that it was not till the next morning that, immediately after breakfast, Villiers left Ethel, and went out to seek the abode of his cousin.

"He had been gone some little time, when a waiter of the hotel, throwing open Ethel's drawing-room door, announced 'Signor Orazio.' Quite new to Italy, Ethel was ignorant of the custom in that country of designating people by their Christian names; and that Horatio Saville being a resident in Naples, and married to a Neapolitan, was known every where by the appellation which the servant now used. Ethel was not in the least aware that it was Lucy's brother who presented himself to her. She saw a gentleman, tall, very slight in person, with a face denoting habitual thoughtfulness, and stamped by an individuality which she could not tell whether to think plain, and yet it was certainly open and kind. An appearance of extreme shyness, almost amounting to awkwardness, was diffused over him, and his words came hesitatingly; he spoke English, and was an Englishman—so much Ethel discovered by his first words, which were, 'Villiers is not at home?' And then he began to ask her about her journey, and how she liked the view of the bay of Naples, which she beheld from her windows. They were in this kind of trivial conversation when Edward came bounding up stairs, and with exclamations of delight greeted his cousin. Ethel, infinitely surprised, examined her guest with more care. In a few minutes she began to wonder how she came to think him plain. His deep-set dark grey eyes struck her as expressive, if not handsome. His features were delicately moulded, and his fine forehead betokened depth of intellect; but the charm of his face was a kind of fitful, beamy, inconstant smile, which diffused incomparable sweetness over his physiognomy. His usual look was cold and abstracted—his eye speculated with an inward thoughtfulness—a chilling seriousness sat on his features, but this glance

ing and varying half-smile came to dispel gloom, and to invite and please those with whom he conversed. His voice was modulated by feeling, his language was fluent, graceful in its terms of expression, and original in the thoughts which it expressed. His manners were marked by high breeding, yet they were peculiar. They were formed by his individual disposition, and under the dominion of sensibility. Hence they were often abrupt and reserved. He forgot the world around him, and gave token, by absence of mind, of the absorbing nature of his contemplations. But at a touch this vanished, and a sweet earnestness, and a beaming kindliness of spirit, at once displaced his abstraction, rendering him attentive, cordial, and gay."

We have only left ourselves space to say that Lady Lodore is at last married to Horatio, and that with her change of name ends *Lodore*, one of the best novels it has been of late years our fortune to read. We are very happy in being able to confer this praise on Mrs. Shelley, whose name is dear to us (as we doubt not, from "the late remorse of love," it is to the public), for the sake alike of the dead or the living—her illustrious husband, and her living son, who was born in his image.

7. CHANCES AND CHANGES.*

We have long bid farewell to courts, and kings, and times of old; and may now, therefore, with Mrs. Strutt, the author of *Six Weeks on the Loire*, seek in the *Chances and Changes* of domestic life, argument of more familiar interest, yet not less touching. There is throughout this little tale a style of sentiment and intelligence which must render it acceptable to such as seek moral improvement in the works they read. There is nothing new in the story, or in its incidents; but there is sometimes a vein of opinion which deserves to be further opened. The following remarks, occasioned by a Sabbath spent among the mountains of Switzerland, merit consideration. The poet-laureate would echo every sentence.

"What a contrast," said Catherine to Edward Longcroft, "is this little church upon the mountains to the fashionable churches in London! when I saw the benches

fault might be in myself; but I must own that could feel half the devotion, sitting by the fire-side on a velvet cushion at my back, and my feet on an ' in Mr. Longcroft's pew, that I did at our or Nethercross, and at this little church in the desert

"Catherine is right," said Edward; "there be no distinctions of persons in places of worship is none in catholic churches: the good sense of ple teaches them all to take their places with regard to their respective conditions, and that is Open pews and open doors are what we might with great advantage from our continental neigh

"Yes," said Mr. Neville; "and, as our friend is not here to start at my acknowledgement, I should be very glad of their pictured walls and mented altars, now that we could combine the purity of an amended form of worship. I do religion of types, when not made to stand in place things typified; I suppose I may say so, without being condemned as orthodox. The remark of real splendour and perfection of a state is without utmost pomp and magnificence in public matters bined with simplicity in private life and individual will apply as well to the ornamenting of churches other national treasures; so it was in ancient and early Rome. But we shall not see those England, I fear; nor any where else where coaches, and rail-roads, and flying ships and balloons are perpetually at work to minister to whims, and absorb the money which might, if staid at home and lived within their means, be to public benefits."

One more extract, and we close our review of this domestic story.

"Do you remember that pretty stanza of Byron's?" he said to her one day, whilst she had been upon her knee,—

When first I saw your sleeping child
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when it looked on me and smiled,
I kissed it for its mother's sake."

"No," said Catherine, a slight flush of discolouring reddened her cheek,— "You know I never read Byron."

"Ah, but you must read those stanzas. What what simplicity, what a history of absence, what

whose work we have just reviewed, we next pay our respects to Mr. Scargill.

S. PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.*

The volume so entitled contains a decade of sketches, bearing the following titles: "The Rival Farmers," "Country Newspapers," "The Snug Little Watering-Place," "Amateur Concerts," "Itinerant Lecturers," "Itinerant Artists," "The Public Library," "Gentility," "Village Choristers," "Dame Deborah Boreham's Alms-houses." Thus, it will be seen, has the author treated of almost every possible provincial nuisance or abomination on a large scale, with the exception of "strolling players," "assizes," "sessions," and "elections." There is a great deal of playful humour, and oftentimes a flash of genuine wit, in each and all of these productions. The style is quaint and sparkling. The author is evidently a man of infinite shrewdness, of great nicety of observation, and with an exquisite sense of the ridiculous—*circum præcordia ludit*. He tickles you from the first; and ever and anon you find yourself surprised by some happy stroke of irresistible comicality into a roar of laughter. His satire is keen and searching; but at the same time it is polished and debonair, and perfectly free from the taint of "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness." A safer or pleasanter volume than that furnished forth by these *Provincial Sketches* it would be difficult to discover. The "Rival Farmers" are persons ruining themselves in the vain endeavour to become gentlemen. One of the two is admitted to the great object of their common ambition, a place in the fashionable club of the town; and he accordingly stuck true to his old "church and king" principles. But as for the disappointed candidate, he naturally enough took refuge in patriotism.

"From this moment Simon Growse became a decided liberal, and the leader of the liberal party in his own immediate neighbourhood. He gave up the *Quarterly Review* completely, out of spite to Jedediah Stott, and left off reading *Blackwood*, in order to annoy the committee of the Loppington assembly; and of course they were very greatly annoyed by the circumstance. He grew very intimate with the liberal party in the town of Loppington, which, after the soreness of his disappointment was over, he visited more frequently; and he now pleased by his condescension those whom formerly he had offended by his pride; not that his pride had at all abated, it was only variously modified.

"Simon now began to be happy again; he had found out that the country was ruined—that was one comfort; and he was fully resolved to oust one of the county members at the next election, and that was another comfort. He now found out, what he had always thought, that the haughtiness of the aristocracy had risen to most unbearable height, and that it was high time it should be humbled, and he was determined to humble it according to the best of his ability. Forgetting, poor man, that he himself was the very prince of agricultural dandies, he was always declaiming against dandyism, pride, and exclusiveness. Oh! you should have seen him magnificently lounging in one corner of his four-wheeled open carriage, drawn by two horses, driven by a great

bumpkin in gingerbread livery. He looked as big as a duke—I mean Simon, not the bumpkin, who looked rather ashamed of his finery, and almost frightened at the gold lace on his hat. Well, an election came; Simon was as busy as an anonymous gentleman in a high wind. He was flying about the country, here, there, and every where; and if any body had told him that there was a voter in the moon, Simon would have sent a post-chaise for him. The liberal candidate gained the election; and Simon was so happy, that at the election dinner, when he was shouting three times three, he absolutely crowed with ecstasy—some wag said that Simon had been bit by a mad bantam. Soon after this event the Reform-bill was carried; and to this day it is a doubtful matter, round about Loppington, to whom the country is most indebted for the parliamentary reform, whether to the Duke of Wellington, to Earl Grey, or to Simon Growse, Esq."

The article on "Country Newspapers" is a very happy burlesque review of the style and character of these "best possible instructors;" but we shall perhaps revert to this subject, and add to the observations of our author some remarks of our own, which shall be in a graver tone. The "Snug Little Watering-Place" is an admirable piece of fun, showing how for the sake of "gentility" you vulgar folk will submit to every species of discomfort, privation, and annoyance. Observe, reader, the grave whimsicality of the style in which the paper commences:

"Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and Brighton, are but so many metropolitan laundries, and the very waves of the sea which wash their coasts are saturated with smoke and savour strongly of London: so that he who goes to one of these places does not so much go out of town, as out with town. But for a most perfect, most beautiful, and most genteel retirement, give me a snug little watering place, accessible only to the inhabitants of small genteel towns, and far away from all metropolitan din or manufacturing smoke; in a word, just such an one as Sloppesly, on the —shire coast. All I fear is, that this pleasant place will soon become too popular, that it will lose its selectness; for all who have visited it speak of it with such rapture, that it must soon be as much frequented as it is admired. At present, however, I am happy to say that there is nothing vulgar about it; for there are no cliffs or rocks, and no romantic country in its rear, inviting to equestrian or pedestrian excursions; there are no trees, but pollard willows, within ten miles of the place; no road runs through it, and only one runs into it, and that one runs or lies—for running and lying is all the same thing for a road—along an exquisite swampy level, abounding in bullrushes. The sea also at this part of the coast, is most delightfully shallow: no vessels of greater burden than small fishing-boats can come within five leagues of the town; and that is great comfort, for vulgar people are very much attracted to the seaside by great waves and the sight of big ships. There is, indeed, a tradition in the town that a man-of-war was once seen through a telescope from the church steeple; but there is only one telescope in the town, and only one church steeple; and the telescope is very much out of order, for all the glasses are cracked, and the ascent to the church steeple is dangerous, for all the stone steps are loose. At low water the sea is pretty nearly out sight; and sometimes at high water, in rainy weather, the land is out of sight, for the low grounds are nearly covered with water: but no one need, for all that, be at all afraid of the ague, for there are innumerable infallible remedies for that complaint sold at every shop in the town; so that if you should find that one infallible re-

* Provincial Sketches. By the author of "The Usurer's Daughter," "The Puritan's Grave," &c. London, 1835. E. Churton.

medy will not do, you may try another, and another; and by the time that you have tried them all, the season will be over, and you may go home."

"Amateur Concerts," as may be guessed from the title and the talent of the writer, is a most racy sketch of these musical abominations. The tricks of your itinerant artists and lecturers are shown up in a most amusing manner. Paintpot Haydon and Balderdash Bowring—i. e. the two most impudent of quacks and pretenders—are hit off to the very life. "Gentility," "The Public Library," and "Dame Boreham's Almshouses," are each excellent in their way; but "Village Choristers" it is impossible to read without roars of laughter.

In conclusion we take leave to say, that the large expanse of the author's sympathies, his fine sense of the ridiculous, in whatever class of the community it may appear, and his keen relish of fun, go far to induce us to believe that he must be at least something very like a man of genius. If Coleridge were alive, he would agree with us in this opinion.

Our preceding notices have been of people with names and of name. For the two concluding authors, although we know them and their whereabouts well enough, such is their undeserving, that we will not bestow on them an hour's celebrity by nominating their worthless productions.

9. THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

All the world knows that if as critics we have a fault it leans to the side of mercy; and that many a poor devil has been tempted by our misplaced lenity to venture a second time into the field of literature, where neither art nor nature ever intended that he should show himself. It is not for us to determine how far the opinion which our good nature tempts us to give of *The English in India, and other Sketches*, may or may not produce a like result. We write, however, in the best possible humour, and with an anxious

Captain Seymour—imagine all this, enlivened with ample descriptions of Indian balls, dining conversations, scenery, watches, &c., and have before you the plot of a narrative which winds up with making the prude a countess expectant, and the faithless wife, first divorced and then wedded to her betrayer. We put the most resolute devourer of what are called works of fiction, whether it is possible to extract that either instruction or amusement could be worked up out of such materials? The descriptions of Anglo-Indian manners may, for aught we know, be just. We confess, indeed, that we entertain some doubts on that head; for we have seen a few specimens of the sort of thing, we must say that the original of any one of the pictures brought before us here is yet to be seen. But as the traveller professes, in his introduction to draw all his portraits from life, it would be quite contrary to our system of *good-breeding*, to contradict him.

We had written thus far, when it was communicated to us, on authority which it would be rash to distrust, that the author of *The English in India* and Ensign Simms were one and the same person. The son of an attorney in the county of Devon, the ensign enjoyed opportunities which he made use of, mixing, while yet a young man, in the best society of the place; indeed, it was through the interest of Sir Joseph Bramble, Mr. Herbert, the sitting member, that he obtained a cadetship to India. Hence the felicity with which he sketches the various characters introduced into the legend of "Knighthood," as well as the intimate acquaintance with law terms and lawyer's tricks which are displayed in "Will." But it is on his Indian stories that the fame of the ensign will rest. His "Suttee" such a suttee as Ensign Simms can alone witness; his "Half-caste Daughter" is worthy of the father that begot her; and, above all, his narrative of his own death and burial in the jaws of a tiger goes beyond all praise. How he managed to describe the latter occurrence is a mystery to us. But it is

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

POSTROPHE TO THE APPROACHING
COMET.

may be considered as tolerably certain, that the comet will be visible in every part of Europe about the latter end of August beginning of September next. On the night of the 3rd of August, about midnight, it will appear in the east, at an elevation of thirty degrees; and will be a little above a line joining the star called Castor, with the star called α in the Great Bear. Between that hour and sunrise, it will ascend the firmament and will cross the meridian near the zenith of London about the 10th.—*Edinburgh Review. Art. Approaching Comet.*

end of August! Potentate august,
that the period settled for your visit?
at indeed the time when life's short crust
is to be consumed—baked—burnt to cinders? Is it?

August's "latter end" is ours, I think,
as your advent you've resolved to fix it;
for a Mediterranean of ink,
blot out the Reviewer's *ipse dixit*!

terrestrial! or blue, or black,
green, each deep ere long will be a Red-sea;
Atlantic, Euxine, Baltic,—nay, alack!
the very tide of life will be a Dead-sea.

have not several "pages" brought us here
piece of news too heavy for a porter,—
thou, within a quarter wilt appear,—
the quarter more, and show us no more quarter!

not stated, to astound all earth,
and be it fact or falsehood, I've no share in't)
men shall see a strange and fearful birth—
at thou O comet, wilt become a *parent*?

ible tidings—wonder full of woe!
these astronomers proclaim it rightly,
thou'lt become a mother?—is it so?
and will the prodigy be witnessed nightly?

ter of young comets!—Literature
once grows convert to the creed Malthusian,
though unable to prescribe a cure,
deems the new birth a case of clear intrusion.

stay, a letter from Vienna!—what?
is said by Herschel—see the public papers—
comet seeks a more sequestered lot,
and all our fierce volcanoes are mere vapours.

course quite changed—its orbit not the same—
that's something yet to make one's horror risible;
ah! not much; we still shall feel its flame—
danger's not safe because it is invisible.

no! thy tidings, Herschel, even at first
had been for comfort wholly unavailing;
woe bad tales men always trust the worst—
is human nature's virtue, not its failing.

we're to feel no fright, to make no fuss,
because the foe we're not to have a sight of;
omplished ignorance may reason thus,
it comets are not creatures to make light of.

us be miserable; yes, let us leave
idle boys and philosophic codgers
joys of hope; let us despond and grieve—
"I would not, if I could be gay," writes Rogers.

uish is easier when past all cure;
seek not your sorrow—call it uncontrollable;
it may be disagreeable; yet, endure—
grows more pleasant when it's inconsolable.

we'er is not quite horror-stricken, hums;
it him think only of the earth's destroying;

A quarter's misery ere the comet comes
He thus, at least, is certain of enjoying.

Mine be sweet wretchedness and dear despair;
Long for this weight of woe I've been a waiter;
Troubles we've had, 'tis true, and "tails" to spare—
But none like thine, Celestial Agitator!

Talk not of fierce Lord Durham—hot-brain'd Home—
Give each his tail, and Fate may save us from it;
What jack-o'-lanterns make us mortals fume!
Of Cobbett think not—think upon the comet!

Why what's O'Connell? Him we may defy,
With all his "joints," to shake us in our beds;
For Ireland's self may now in candour cry,
"Ye little tails, hide your diminished heads!"

A great Enlightener, bidding others cease,
Will wag a tail of fire ere summer ceases;
Then will the house divide—then England's peace
Will end, in England split into two pieces!

I care not what the Tories now endure;
Nor what the Whigs have got, nor who have bought
'em;

Nor when the Radicals will come in sure;—
Who will, I ask, ensure the Thames next autumn?

Oh Press, prodigious "organ," cease to blow
Your bellows, while the fiery foe's about;
But rather as a mighty "engine," show
How we're to put the coming comet out.

No more about the "March;" on August preach!
I feel its heat—its glare is on my eye,
So ends—"my tale"—another's within reach;—
My pen—is shrivell'd—and my ink—is dry!

† †

Critical Notices.

Elliott's Poems. Vol. III.

Our opinion of Ebenezer Elliott has been so distinctly and fully expressed, originally in the "Repository," and more recently elsewhere, that we shall merely now mention the appearance of this volume, and recommend its immediate possession to our readers. We presume the "Poet of the Poor" to have been made free of their libraries, of their clubs, of their institutes; and only take on ourselves to announce a fresh visit from him. Yet we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving them a foretaste of his coming. We shall give specimens of several kinds. How rational and manly is the piety of the following hymn:—

FOREST WORSHIP.

"Within the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high:
Beneath the frown of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But, thanks to God, they can't prevent
The lone wild flowers from blowing!

"High, high above the tree-tops
The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken clouds
His speckled breast I see.
Beneath the might of wicked men
The poor man's worth is dying;
But, thank'd be God, in spite of them
The lark still warbles flying.

"The preacher prays, 'Lord bless us!'
 'Lord bless us!' echo cries;
 'Amen!' the breezes murmur low;
 'Amen!' the rill replies.
 The ceaseless toil of woe-worn hearts
 The proud with pangs are paying;
 But here, O God of earth and heaven!
 The humble heart is praying.
 "How softly, in the pauses
 Of song, re-echoed wide,
 The cushat's coo, the linnet's lay,
 O'er rill and river glide!
 With evil deeds of evil men
 The affrighted land is ringing:
 But still, O Lord! the pious heart
 And soul-toned voice are singing.
 "'Hush! hush!' the preacher preacheth;
 'Woe to the oppressor, woe!
 But sudden gloom o'ercasts the sun,
 And sadden'd flowers below:
 So frowns the Lord!—but, tyrants, ye
 Deride his indignation,
 And see not in his gathered brow
 Your days of tribulation!
 "Speak low thou heaven-paid teacher!
 The tempest bursts above;
 God whispers in the thunder: hear
 The terrors of his love!
 On useful hands, and honest hearts,
 The base their wrath are wreaking:
 But, thank'd be God! they can't prevent
 The storm of heaven from speaking!"

p. 105—107

One of Burn's most deeply touching compositions is the epitaph which was meant for his own grave. The suggestion has not been lost on Elliott. If less affecting than the well-known lines of the Ayrshire peasant, the following are more dignified:—

A POET'S EPITAPH.

"Stop mortal! here thy brother lies,
 The poet of the poor:
 His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
 The meadow and the moor;
 His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
 The tyrant and the slave,

THE STRANGER'S SONG.

"When Bill left Mary, o'er the seas
 He sailed so long, and sailed so far,
 That not a sixpence he could squeeze
 Between his nose and yonder star.
 "But o'er the mast, that had got fast
 Hook'd on the moon's depending horn,
 He heard strange voices in the blast
 Pronounce his name with boisterous scorn.
 "So westward up he looked, and lo!
 The blue of heaven turned sickly pale,
 And, west by north, he heard and saw
 Nine comets all tied tail to tail.
 "And they all laughed, and every one
 Sang, 'Will, go home, go home for shame,
 For Matthew Hall, a tailor's gone
 To woo and wed thy sulky dame.'
 "Then all the comets loos'd their tails,
 While William shed the briny tear,
 Unhooked his mast, let drop his sails,
 And tacked for Goole, to bless thee here!"

p. 21

There are two dramatic compositions in this volume which have in them much of poetry and of passion; we doubt the author's vocation to the drama. The transmigration of souls is more easily believed in than justified; and the difficulty is not vanquishable in exact proportion to the general power of the poetic spirit. In lyric poetry that Elliott breathes and while he doubtless, overcome the difficulties of the drama, it is more lyrics that we, and the world, are longing.—*Monthly Repository*.

The History of Ireland. By Thomas Moore. (Vol. 1. the "Cabinet Cyclopædia.")

This volume is rather a series of historical dissertations than a history. The author seems determined to demonstrate that poets can be as diligent, careful, critical as other people. He is quite successful. The state of the materials rendered it impossible to write early history of Ireland in any other way, at least to good purpose; and the mode of exhibiting the result of the author's investigations renders them not less interesting than they are curious and historically important. The succeeding volumes will probably have more of the

The Pilgrims of Walsingham; or Tales of the Middle Ages. By Agnes Strickland. London: Saunders & Otley. 1835.

Were we to search for any one evidence, among the various classes of publications, of the general advanced Education and refinements of the present generation, the number and character of the novels that are month after month issuing from the press would probably be the most striking. The status which this class of books maintain in our modern literature, the variety of authors which it has called into celebrity, are tokens of its value and magnitude, which no common-place sneers regarding its frivolity or unreal nature has been able to bear down. It is not too much to say, that to our novels, the established rules which refined society acknowledge and study, has been greatly indebted; probably indeed, the allant bearing of our gentry, and the delicacy of our public morals, have been brought about more by these multiform codes of social morality, than by the school-room or the pulpit. In this good work our female writers have been the most industriously engaged, and so this very circumstance has the special effects of such a class of literature been principally owing. For just as surely as the society of an accomplished woman smooths the natural asperities of the other sex, and elevates the tone of their sentiments, by polishing their noblest exhibitions, so truly are the loftiest doctrines, or the most ordinary ideas, gracefully set by female writers, and made to tell on the conventional tastes and opinions of mankind with a potent charm.

Novels have become so numerous as to be divisible into separate orders, according to well defined marks; and the rules by which to judge of them have become so generally known, that those which half a century ago would have been called very superior, hardly now-a-days obtain the character of mediocrity. We know not indeed that of the scores that annually appear, one can be found of late years that gives not a flattering specimen of literary composition, at least so that we cannot but exultingly ejaculate—What a number of elegant writers does our country possess! Besides the beauty of the language, English novels also display an immense variety and extent of knowledge of the finest and richest description. Human nature is the capital study of novelists—in exhaustless subject to be sure; but yet through them it has become greatly developed. In cultivating this study they have traversed every age and condition; and as the scope to such writers is unlimited, we have of late years beheld a bright array of cultivators, whose especial design and work has been to place before us the men of other days, and to exhibit them breathing and acting, as if we had been of their age, and participators of their feelings, at the time too that we can bring into comparison our own personal experience and limited era. The lights of history and the intentions of our common nature become, under the management of a skilful artist, sure guides in this excursive employment; and ornamented as such work requires to be, its study becomes not merely highly instructive but surpassingly delightful. How many sound lessons have we met with in novels! But still more triumphantly would we ask, how much real enjoyment have we derived from them? We think, of every sound and cultivated mind it would be a ground of deep concern, were it announced that never more was to be allowed to taste the elegant pleasure and instruction communicated by such works as the *Pilgrims of Walsingham*.

The authoress of these volumes has fallen upon a happy fancy as regards their plan. She has founded her fiction on a custom at one time not uncommon in

this country—that of a devotional pilgrimage. Her pilgrims have the additional recommendation that they are historical characters of great celebrity. It is well known that persons of the very highest rank undertook such journeys, and sometimes in disguise. This is the style in which the authoress places her personages, these being no less than Henry VIII., his queen Catherine, the emperor Charles V., who visited this country twice, and on one of those occasions his stay was about five weeks, when, according to historians, he won the affections of the whole court. The other characters are Mary Queen Dowager of France and Duchess of Suffolk, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Anne Boleyn, the Abbot of Glastonbury, and the Abbess of Ely.

The period selected by the authoress for description, was one of great pageantry and also fanciful adventures. The visit of the accomplished, and at the time, young emperor, must have called forth all the devices that were likely to astonish and charm him; but as it had something more important in it than a love of travel or tokens of friendship, however ingenious might seem to be his purposes, it is here supposed that those pageants were ill calculated to allow time and opportunity for him to compass his profound views, and that an unostentatious and disguised pilgrimage to the shrine at Walsingham was undertaken in consequence of the cunning suggestion of the young diplomatist, when he might hope to fathom the mind of the bluff king and his wily minister. The adventures in the course of this supposed pilgrimage, and the tales that they relate to, enliven the journey, fill these volumes, and are also to be extended to another series—for only some of the characters have here contributed their share, nor is the pilgrimage closed.

The plan admits and suggests variety in the tales, according as the diversity of characters on the part of the narrators would afford. All of them possess merit, and form as a whole a very entertaining work. There seems to have been not a little care bestowed in its detail, and such is the interest excited, that every one who reads the present series will be impatient to see the succeeding. Upon the whole too, we are pleased with the manner in which the characters deport themselves, that being in sustained harmony with authentic history. Anne Boleyn has ever been a favourite in our eyes: this partiality no doubt having been strengthened by the account of her great misfortunes and cruel fate. The present picture of her, however, is of a different style, and the levity as well as heartlessness of a coquette, are attributed to her without charity, and beyond historical support. Queen Catherine, however, who is also associated with our kindest sentiments, is deservedly treated as the high-souled, confiding, and enduring wife; nor can the reader but be earnest in the sympathy here kept alive towards her whose feelings the presence of Mistress Anne, and the fickleness of the tyrant, must have so often distressingly excited.

The present volumes contain the tales of Cardinal Wolsey, King Henry, the Abbot of Glastonbury, Queen Catherine, the Emperor Charles, and the Abbess of Ely. We wish we had space to present a few extracts from the king's tale—not that it is the best, but it affords a fair specimen of how the writer elucidates the character of the narrator in the style of the tale. It is entitled William Rufus and the Salmon-Pasty. The monarch commences with a quotation, that goes to show the light esteem in which the second of the Norman line of sovereigns was held by his subjects. It contains reflections which may naturally enough have been familiar on the part of such a moralist.

The writer has talent in the construction of a story, and also in the careful keeping that is maintained in reference to the character of the narrator. The humour and the satire of these volumes are also good, as well as

* Now republishing in Waldie's Select Circulating Library, part 2. 1835. Nos. 1, 2, 3.

polished. And where the sentiments are of a tenderer class, and the narratives pathetic, there is much gracefulness in style and thought, which begets in the reader such a kindred improvement as to render cultivating an acquaintance with the work a grateful occupation.—*Monthly Review*. May, 1835.

The Works of William Cowper, his Life and Letters.

By William Hayley, Esq. Now first completed by the Introduction of Cowper's private Correspondence. Edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A. M. London: Saunders & Otley. 1835.

This, we think, is the handsomest specimen of the popular, yet elegant, as well as convenient form of modern standard works, that we have yet seen. The letter-press, the embellishments, the entire *getting up*, are exquisite. The first and second volumes are before us, and when the succeeding portions have been published, according to the ordinary regular issue of such efforts, our great Christian poet will doubtless take his place in many hundreds of drawing-rooms, that have hitherto been denied the possession of his surpassing beauty and refinement.

This edition will contain not only Hayley's life and letters of Cowper, the former purified from its acknowledged errors and deficiencies, but upwards of two hundred letters will be added of the poet's private correspondence, which have never before been incorporated in any uniform edition of his works, and which, by competent judges, have been considered to be even of a superior order to those published by Hayley. Hayley's great fault was, fear lest he should exhibit Cowper too much in a religious garb. But this edition will do better, for it will show him as he was, and that will be as one of the most estimable, lovely, and wonderful objects in the moral world.

We observe, that a rival edition is talked of, under the superintendence of Southey, certainly an excellent hand for such a work. But the present publication can hardly be surpassed in plan or execution, whilst its priority in the market would decide our choice, where there can be so very little room for real superiority, since both editions have nearly equal access to the poet's productions and letters. We have only again to state, that a more desirable object cannot be thought of than Grimshawe's edition of Cowper's works.—*Ibid*.

various departments of writing and the fine arts; virtue and morality are the objects which the fabulists have endeavoured to inculcate. The treatise before us, though somewhat unequal, is yet a good and elegant work. The writer has judiciously made for the sake of giving the spirit of the author, considerable freedom in translation, and altered some all which were purely Spanish, so as to suit our English customs and modes of thinking. We shall give specimens, which, though not the best, yet being they suit our pages, and at the same time sufficiently prove the beauty and the peculiar character of the volume, from which many a pithy aphorism may be culled.

"THE FLINT AND THE STEEL.

"The flint, with language, harsh and high,
Accused the steel with cruelty,
In striking her with all his might
Whene'er he wanted fire and light.
The steel the imputation spurned,
And, with such warmth the contest burned,
That both, at last, agreed to slip
Their contract of companionship.
'Good bye, then, madam,' said the one;
'And since my company you shun,
And to continue with me doubt,
We'll see what use you are without.'
'About as much as you will be,
Good sir,' she answered, 'without me.'
Writers, revolve this tale of mine,
Nor think it needless to combine
With powers naturally strong,
The help of study, close and long.
Does not this fable true reveal,
The flint shines not without the steel?
No more can talent without art,
For both are useless when apart."—pp. 6. 7.

Critics as well as authors, come in for it.

"THE VIPER AND THE LEECH.

"'Dear sister leech,' the viper cried,
Gently approaching to her side,
'Since you, like me, bite when you can,
Why does unjust and partial man
So differently treat the two,
Submitting to be bit by you.

preceding volumes in the interest and importance of the subject. We have already commended Mr. Martin's faithful labours, and should be sorry to be compelled to retract or modify the praise which we have once sincerely bestowed: but we must again warn him to avoid as much as possible encumbering his pages with crude and hasty political discussions. Let him diligently collect facts, historical and statistical, and, by a judicious array of these, exhibit the colonies to us as they are, leaving readers to determine what they ought to be. Some twenty years hence, when Mr. Martin shall have acquired more learning, &c., and a more mature judgment, may venture to propound systems of colonial policy. At present, his attempts at speculations of this kind, are of that the subject is beyond his grasp. He tells us, indeed, that we and other critics ought not to find fault with his doctrines until we have reperused all that he has written on the subject of free trade; that is to say, he tries to deter us from commenting on one piece of nonsense, by requiring us in justice to read another, which is longer. In whatever way Mr. Martin may think fit to abuse the well defined terms of political science, it is certain that his own doctrines of trade are the worst possible. He has imbibed, or affects to have imbibed, the narrow feelings, the narrow and interested notions of our colonies, and gravely indites of the numberless grievances which these are subject, from the exuberant civilisation of the mother country; which he would reduce to a wretched situation of the pelican, and compel it to feed its progeny with its own blood.

We regret that Mr. Martin's historical investigations are so often superficial and inaccurate. Thus, he says, that the English claim to have been the first discoverers of Australia, their claim being founded on two charts in the British Museum. Now, the charts referred to, (the drography of John Rotz,) prove that the Portuguese, and not the English, were the true discoverers of that continent, and that they had traced its western shores in the earlier half of the sixteenth century. The gravity with which Mr. Martin relates ghost stories, and apparitions of the spectre-ship commonly called the Flying Dutchman, cannot fail to lower his credit as a historian. *Athenæum*.

Notabilia.

HOMŒOPATHY.—French writers do not attribute the invention of this system of medical treatment to M. Hahnemann, but they carry it back even as far as Descartes, who, during his last illness and while at the court of Christiana, Queen of Sweden, having caught cold by attending her majesty at five o'clock in the morning, in direct contradiction to his usual habits, insisted upon curing the inflammation in his lungs by drinking wine and brandy. It appears, however, that the remedies accelerated his death, if they were not the immediate cause of it. M. Hahnemann has just married a young wife, and is about to settle in Paris. The Académie de Médecine has appointed a committee to consider the propriety of establishing an hospital in the above city, where the patients are to be treated according to this method. Reports have been made concerning the success of homœopathy as applied to horses; some experiments of the kind having been tried in the department of La Gironde.

CHOLERA.—Out of 665 persons attacked with cholera at Marseilles, between the 17th of February and 10th of March, only 184 have survived.

NEW BOILER.—Messrs. Petherick and West, of the Tescot Mine, Cornwall, have invented and brought into use a boiler of a new construction, which is stated, in the last annual report of the Cornwall Polytechnic Society, to effect such an economy in the consumption

of fuel, as to raise the duty performed by an engine to between ninety and a hundred millions of pounds! In Watt's time *nineteen* millions was considered prodigious. The improvement consists principally in having a horizontal cylindrical tube enclosed within the tube which contains the fire. Water is supplied to this inner tube from the feed pump; and the steam and heated air pass from it to the boiler, whence it is conveyed to the steam-pipe. — *Mechanic's Magazine*.

PNEUMATIC RAILWAY.—We have lately had an opportunity of examining a large working model of a somewhat novel system of inland transit, which is about to be brought before the public. The body of the railway is a hollow cylinder with ledges on the outside, under the horizontal diameter, to serve as rails, upon which the carriages travel, bestriding the upper semi-circumference of the cylinder; on the inside there is a raised ledge at the lower end of the vertical diameter, and upon this two wheels are placed, connected longitudinally by a divided perch or duplex branch, and held upright by a vertical arm affixed at its lower end to the perch, and passing out through a continued longitudinal slit, or thorough groove in the upper surface of the cylinder. The upper end of this arm enters the floor of a car on the outside, and is the means of connecting the internal apparatus with that on the outside, and thus of communicating the impulse obtained within to carriages without. The impulse is obtained upon a piston or shield, which is held up by the vehicle within the cylinder, and which is allowed to travel freely through it, by the action of air-pumps worked by fixed steam-engines, of sufficient power, at stations along the line of road. The longitudinal slit or chase, through which the vertical arm passes, is covered, and the cylinder made air-tight by a wadded strap or cord, which is laid over it in a trough, and being lifted by a wheel placed in the body of the external car, over which it is passed.

It is impossible to convey a competent idea of the system, by a verbal description only; but it is believed by the projectors, to be a safe, certain, and highly economical application of power, to effect transit of carriages; and it has been, we are informed, examined and approved of by many of our most eminent men of science, among whom we may mention Dr. Lardner and Mr. Faraday, as well as by many other persons who are skilled in practical mechanics. We shall not ourselves presume to offer an opinion on the merits of the system, but we certainly think it well worthy examination, by those who are skilful and interested in such subjects. — *Athenæum*.

A REFLECTION.—Round the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with a fond affection. It is the first, sweet, deep thought, stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. I do not know that even in our old age we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have known through life. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or her opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles amongst the tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the early period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces and beauties and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed. Thus had it been with De Vaux: he could just call to mind a face that had ap-

peared to him very beautiful, and a few kind and tender words from the lips of her he had called mother : but he had fancied her all that was good, and gentle, and virtuous; and now that he was forced to look upon her as a fallen being—as one that had not only forgotten virtue herself, but in sin had brought him into the world, to degradation and shame—what could be his feelings towards her?—*The Gipsy.*

The publication of the letter of Marion Delorme, concerning Salomon de Caus, has, it seems, stirred up other candidates for the invention of mechanism by steam, and Vincent de Beauvois, an ancient historian, gives it to a learned pope, Sylvester II., who, in the tenth century, constructed clocks and organs which were kept in motion by steam.

Literary Intelligence.

Miss Landon has just sent to the press a new Poem, entitled "The Vow of the Peacock," the subject of which is illustrated by a beautiful painting, which is to appear in the ensuing exhibition at the Royal Academy, by M. Lire.

Mr. Montgomery is about to publish a new and revised edition of his "Satan," a Poem.

The third volume of the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe's Complete Edition of Cowper, which is just ready, contains a beautiful View of Huntingdon, the scene of the poet's happy residence, during his first acquaintance with the Unwins; and a *Vignette* of the Picturesque Village of Hertford, near Huntingdon, to which he so feelingly alludes in one of his Letters to Lady Hesketh. It is pleasing to find that this valuable work is taking that high standing in the public estimation, to which it is so justly entitled.

The Rev. A. Smith has a work in the press entitled "An Essay towards a more exact Analysis of the Moral Perceptions;" with a view to determine the ultimate Essence of Right and Wrong, and illustrate the principles of Theology, Jurisprudence, and general Politics.

Plebeians and Patricians, an attractive novel in 3 vols., is now preparing for early publication.

Mr. G. I. Bennett, the author of "The Albanians," is about to publish a novel in 2 vols., entitled "The Em-

Water; with some Account of the Rail Roads now progress in various parts of the World. By the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, L. L. D. Fifth edition. One 12mo. illustrated with numerous Engravings and Woodcuts.

A Narrative of the Visit made by the Deputies to American Churches from the Congregational Union of England and Wales. By Andrew Reed, D. D. and James Matheson, D. D.

Miss Kemble's Journal of a Residence in the United States.

Our readers will be gratified to learn that Mr. Balm has in the press a new work entitled "The Student."

The literary circles are now on the *qui vive* for the appearance of the Hon. Mrs. Norton's new novel, "The Wife." It is said to be a domestic story of deep interest.

The new work by the author of "The Collegians" recently announced, will appear forthwith; it is entitled "My Neighbourhood."

Dr. Hogg has just committed to the press his interesting "Travels in the East. His opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the countries through which he has passed have been very peculiar.

Mr. N. P. Willis, the American poet, has just published a volume, entitled "Melanie and other Poems," which is edited by his friend Barry Cornwall.

A new edition of the popular novel of "Anne Grey," edited by the author of "Granby," is in preparation. Also, a new edition of Captain Marryatt's "Jacob Faithful."

The first and second volumes of the "Rev. W. Grimshawe's complete edition of Cowper," are now ready, beautifully embellished by the Findens. They are printed uniformly with the works of Byron, Crabbe, &c.

Rainbow Sketches; consisting of comic and serious Tales, Poems, &c., by John Francis, author of "Shine; or Lays for Ladies;" &c. Embellished with Lithographic Illustrations, by M. B. S.

Observations on the Natural History and Productions of British Guiana. With suggestions on Colonization and Emigration to the Interior of that Country. Founded on a long residence. By John Hancock, M. D.

Corn Law Rhymes; the Third Volume of the Works of Ebenezer Elliott will appear in the ensuing month. Amongst its contents will be found some of the earlier productions of this talented writer, without any political allusions, which were almost unheeded at the time of their publication.—Southey alone addressing him to the



Jane Porter

Engraved by J. Rogers

THE AUTHORESS OF 'THADDEUS OF WARSAW'

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

MISS JANE PORTER.

Miss Jane Porter is depicted in the quiet and ladylike occupation of taking a cup of coffee at a *soiree*, given, we suppose, by Mrs. Skinner in Portland Place. The graceful and delicate hand, to which we are indebted for *Thaddeus*, is stirring up, not Poles to the bitterness of strife, but sugar to the sweetening of Mocha.

Nun-like is she drawn in the picture given of her in *Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*; and here we find that she chooses to exhibit with so much of monastic costume as the graceful hood, or something like it, cast over her head: Do not let the protestant apprehensions of our readers be aroused, for Miss Porter is as high a protestant even as ourselves; but in compliment to her Polish novel (which was a great favourite on the continent), she was appointed a lady of a chivalric order by one of the German; and for that reason she appears as a *religieuse*. We shall not say any thing about the suitability of such a headgear to a long and handsome face.

Handsome the face is still. We hope that Miss Porter has sufficient philosophy to pardon us for that fatal adverb. Time and tide wait for no man—nor woman neither; and there is the fact extant, that she published the *Spirit of the Elbe* in 1800—some five-and-thirty years ago. Allowing that she was then but twenty, it brings her now-a-days near to the Falstaffian age of some seven-and-fifty, or, by 'r Lady! inclining to three score. She wears the years well; but, these publications are sad tell-tales. Many a lady of Miss Porter's standing, if she had kept Miss Porter's good looks, could well smuggle off ten or a dozen years from the account, if she had not dabbled in printer's work. Joe Miller informs us that a coal porter having enquired what the crime was for which he saw a man hanging at Tyburn-tree, and being told that it was for forgery, exclaimed, "Ay, that comes of knowing how to read and write, my good fellow!" We are tempted to make a similar exclamation when we find a lady rendering the foot-steps of time traceable, by manifesting her powers of penmanship.

It is a matter of no great importance. Of her novels, we do not think that any won enduring fame but *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, published in 1803. In her *Scottish Chiefs*, Wallace wight is drawn as a sort of sentimental dandy, who, if we mistake not, faints upon occasion, is revived by lavender water, and throughout the book is tenderly in love. There are some good passages in the *Pastor's Fireside*, though it was not very successful. *Thaddeus*, however, "which in our youth beguiled us of our tears," is the favourite. It is to her fame that she began the system of historical novel-writing, which attained the climax of its renown in the hands of Sir Walter Scott; and no light praise it is that she has thus pioneered the way for the greatest exhibition of the greatest genius of our time. She may parody Bishop Hall, and tell Sir Walter—

"I first adventured—follow me who list,
And be the second Scottish novelist."

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Her sister, now three or four years dead, was a woman of talent; and her brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, will be remembered as a man of intellect and acquirements, and an artist of no mean powers.

If we say that she is the daughter of a cavalry officer—that she was born in the metropolis of Mustard, viz. Durham, no matter in what year—that her first book was (we believe) the *Spirit of the Elbe*, published in 1800: that it was followed, in 1803, by *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, which went through several editions, and in due course of years by the *Scottish Chiefs*, the *Pastor's Fireside*, and some other novels that we do not just happen to recollect—that as a philosophical or ethical writer she is known as the collector of the aphorisms of Sir Philip Sydney, and a contributor to the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*,—we shall have exhausted all the events of her placid and useful life which are known to the public. In private she is a quiet and good-humoured lady, rather pious and fond of going to evening parties, where she generally contrives to be seen patronising some sucking lion or lioness. In which occupation may she long continue, devoting her mornings to the prayer-book, and her evenings to the *conversazione*—

And may no ill event cut shorter
The easy course of Miss Jane Porter.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Selections from the American Poets. Svo. Dublin: 1834.

We have the misfortune, we fear, in common with most of our critical brethren in this country, to stand in a somewhat displeasing position in regard to our transatlantic neighbours. We have more than once adverted to the literature of America, in terms, as it appeared to us, of warm praise; we have most cordially acknowledged its present excellence in some departments, and anticipated with satisfaction its high destinies for the future;—but simply, it would seem, because the praise was not unqualified—because we could not exactly admit that America had yet conquered for herself that place in the republic of letters which is now on all hands conceded to her in the political world,—because we professed our ignorance of the literary pretensions of some names which had attained an American celebrity; the compliment is thrown back upon our hands with much indignation:—we are accused of 'damning with faint praise,' of being actuated by feelings of national jealousy, and the spirit of detraction. Conscious it seems of the rapid strides which America is making in literature, and fearful of the coming eclipse which is to darken the glories of Great Britain, we are all engaged in a comprehensive conspiracy to deny all merit to the literature of the United States; or where that is impracticable, to reduce its claims to the lowest possible amount.

If we had not seen these opinions gravely announced and reiterated in American publications of acknowledged ability and influence, we should have had the greatest difficulty in believing that such impressions could seriously exist as to the

temper and tone of British criticism, or the general feeling of literary men in this country. There might possibly be some feeling of jealousy on our part towards America in those matters where her rivalry is practically felt; in regard to her commercial enterprise, her growing naval strength, her political importance—though even ‘that’s not much,’ and the feeling, never very general, seems to us on the decline—but in literature!—we are assured no jot or tittle of such an unworthy feeling exists. Could America rival England tomorrow; were her rolls of fame as crowded with bright names as our own; could she point to some masterpiece on which the stamp of eternity was as visibly impressed as on the dramas of Shakspeare or the epic of Milton, we have the most complete conviction that, instead of exciting a feeling of jealousy and disappointment, her triumph would be hailed in Britain with delight—as that of a kindred nation, sprung from ourselves, clothing its freeborn thoughts in the same noble language, and still connected with us by a thousand ties of common remembrances and associations, which neither physical nor political separation—neither differences of government nor of interests can altogether sever.

Such we venture to say would be the feeling with which Great Britain would regard the literary pre-eminence of America, even if the sun of the latter were in the ascendant, and ours, after a long day of glory, “towards heaven’s descent had sloped his westering wheel.” But (and let our American brethren believe we say this without the slightest wish to undervalue their literary progress) that day is yet distant, far too distant, we think, to excite either fear or jealousy on our part, or to warp our judgment in regard to their productions. America has already done much; but a national literature, and particularly a poetical literature, is the growth of centuries, the last product of leisure, with perhaps a touch of luxury: and the result of a long and picturesque train of old recollections and associations. For America, that period has not yet arrived; and perhaps it is less likely to be of speedy occurrence

up, though some of them have already found worthy occupants, not likely to be “pushed from their stools” by posterity. Jealousy in such circumstances is out of the question; and it is really hard that those who have always been among the first to do justice to the claims of America, even in those points where they came most strongly in collision with our own, should be accused of being influenced by such motives in their estimate of her literary pretensions; simply because though they “do most potently believe” in the *future* excellence of America in this as in other matters, they cannot exactly confound the America that is, with the America that is to be; because they hesitate a little when asked to discount, at sight, those transatlantic drafts upon posterity, and to hand the amount across the table to the holder, in the shape of ready praise.”

Has America ever yet produced a work of original genius in literature, which has not instantly found admirers on this side of the Atlantic, as enthusiastic, though perhaps a little more discriminating than at home? Was it in his own country, or in this, that the graceful humour of Washington Irving was most felt or most warmly acknowledged? We shall be told that the popularity of the author of the “Sketch Book” was owing to his English tendencies, to his preference of our institutions, to his flattering pictures of our society, to his sensibility to all those historical and romantic associations, on which we love to dwell. It is true there was something uncommon and unexpected in all this; but we will venture to say that had Irving never written one word in praise of Old England; were all his flattering pictures of Christmas life in old ancestral halls, of generous and noble landlords, honest yeomen, contented peasants, and the other personages whom he has arrayed in such holiday colours, to be at once swept away, his fame would at this moment stand as high in Great Britain as it does: we should still point to the exquisite quaintness and subdued humour of his *Rip Van Winkle*, and his *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, and place him, in these respects, a little, and but a little, lower than

savage ran," and placed on *terra firma* among civilised society,—particularly where he ventured a descent on the shores of Great Britain,—he sank rather below the mark of a second-rate novelist. Because he fettered our imagination by his powers, when he guided his vessel through rocks and shallows amidst the howling of the storm and the roaring of the sea, were we to be insensible to the childishness of the incidents on shore, the tediousness of some of the scenes, the melo-dramatic bombast of others? Let any one take up his later romances, in which, leaving his vantage ground, he has placed himself on a level with the writers of this country, and attempted to rest the interest of his tale on the associations of the past, and the delineation of stronger passions—as in the *Bravo*, the *Heiden Mauer*, and the *Abbot*: and if he can venture to say that they rise in the least above the rank of second-rate novels, he must be less critical or more American than we can pretend to be. Cooper, in short, is the master but of one element; Scott moves with grace and security in all. America has reason certainly to be proud of her son; but if she persist in placing him beside his great original, it will be long before Europe be disposed to ratify the judgment.

Irving, Brown, Cooper, are distinguished and original names—a worthy triumvirate, heralding, we hope, in due time, an Augustan age. Are there others? Possibly; but if there are, we can only say in all candour, with Roderigo "It hath not appeared." The Ames, Adams, Buckminsters, Madisons, Jays, to whom we are referred, are doubtless men of great ability—not one of them, so far as we can see, a man of genius. They deserve, we doubt not, their American popularity, but it will be long before their names be familiar in our mouths as household words, like those of the men of genius to whom we have above alluded. We turn to the literary criticism of the continent, as well as our own, and ask, where is the place which Fame has awarded to these worthies, and Echo answers, "Where?" If we are wrong, it is at least a comfort to think we err in company with all Europe; and a still greater consolation to know, that, far from judging of American literature in a spirit of unkindness, and with a wish to depreciate, we are conscious of the most opposite feelings—of a warm admiration of the genius which has already illustrated her literary career, and of the strongest hope and belief that every succeeding age of her annals will furnish its full complement of those names which "in Fame's eternal temple shine for aye."

We can hardly hope, after the misconceptions which have already taken place, and the strange misconstruction which has been put upon our intentions and motives, that, in recurring to the subject of American literature, and expressing our candid opinion of the poetical specimens before us, we shall not run the risk of galling a little the kibes of our American brethren, however inclined we may be to tread with all caution; and, as old Isaac Walton advises in describing the process of putting a worm on the hook, to "handle them tenderly as if we loved them."

If, however, we deal less in superlatives than may be agreeable to American nationality, and still regard these compositions as works of promise more than performance, we can only say, that we never were more anxious to form an unbiassed judgment, or to award praise where we believed it to be deserved.

In the preface to this little volume, which is written with much moderation and considerable ability, the editor, adverting to his selections, tells us, that "Such poems have been generally chosen (with due regard to their real merit) as were thought most likely, by their descriptive power, to convey, through the medium of common associations, forcible and faithful impressions of the characteristics of the New World—the leading external features, and the internal operations of habits and institutions on the moral character. In these selections will be felt and seen the living spirit, the moving realities, and the striking natural features of America, more vitally preserved, and perceptibly true and characteristic, than in all the *Tours and Sketches* that have teemed from the press on this topic." Never was any statement less borne out by the fact. On the contrary, we will venture to say, that the impression on the minds of most persons, on closing the volume, will be one of surprise, that its contents differ so little from the character of our own poetry—that its beauties and defects are so much of the same kind—that the moral operation of different governments, scenery, and habits of life, have so little modified and altered the current of sentiment and thought—and that, in short, there is so little in the volume which can be called exclusively national, or American—with the exception of some forcible and graphic descriptions of external nature. We do not very well see how it should be otherwise; but, assuredly, the editor labours under a grievous mistake, if he thinks that this volume is likely to exhibit, in any very intelligible form, "the living spirit, the moving realities, and the striking natural features of America." Great beauties it certainly displays; but, for any thing exclusively national or transatlantic it contains, it might as well have been written on the banks of the Humber as on those of the Hudson. Many persons in this country seem to have expected—rather unreasonably, like our editor—that American poetry, springing to life under popular influences, in a new country, where the city and the desert, the crowded highway and the lonely prairie,—“with its wild flock that never needs a fold,”—where civilisation and savage life border on each other so closely, was to be something quite peculiar, and altogether unlike the poetry of old feudal Europe, with its “thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers.” And so it probably would, had the short, but glorious annals of America been in a condition to afford native materials, and the moral world had assumed that picturesque character which nature has impressed upon the landscape. Giant mountains, rivers rolling like seas into the ocean, “endless lakes,” on which the navies of the earth might struggle for dominion, are noble elements of picturesque effect; but alone, they are but inefficient. The sublimity of external nature can never compete

with the sublimity of moral associations ; and the finest descriptive poetry which deals only with the external soon becomes monotonous. To interest, to rouse the mind, these scenes must have been peopled with actors and sufferers, with recollections of men and of their virtues, their glories, or their crimes ; and over these, distance must have shed its softening hues,—hiding the homelier features, and giving additional dignity and importance to the nobler. A *past* of half a century is too brief for poetical purposes, though it may be beginning to afford materials for the novel. In our own country, though the dust of more than a century has descended on the laces and fardingales, the amber snuff-boxes, and clouded canes of Queen Anne's time, they are still felt to be altogether impracticable for serious poetical purposes ; and he would be a bold man who would venture on an epic, of which Marlborough's campaigns were to be the subject. Still less is it possible, as yet to invest with epic or tragic dignity the brigadiers of Bunker's hill, or Saratoga, or to shed a political halo round a successful cruise of Commodore Rogers or Decatur. Animating and elevating recollections certainly, but as yet far too close at hand to be poetical ; and, therefore, to find a *past*,—that region where poetry has its birth and its peculiar home,—the American poet, who wishes to build the lofty rhyme in the shape of an epic, or let the muse of "gorgeous tragedy, in sceptered pall, come sweeping by," must leave his country behind him, cross the ocean, and find in the bright or bloodstained history of that "proud old world beyond the deep,"* the materials which that of America denies him.

There is less of this necessity, of course, experienced in lyric poetry, which, as the expression of individual feeling, may be supposed to embody a little more vividly the "living spirit and moving realities" of the present—of American life and character as they exist. And yet even here it is wonderful how much the result has been influenced by the study of English models ;

radical and palpable differences which are likely to distinguish the poetry of the two countries.

But though those who expect to find in these "selections" a literature of a peculiar and strikingly national character will probably be disappointed, those who more reasonably expected to meet with compositions breathing the spirit of their English models—and not unworthy of being placed side by side with them—will assuredly rise from the perusal with a high idea of the talent, taste, and sensibility, which has already in America devoted itself, and with success, to poetry. Making allowance for the obstacles which poetry has had to encounter in that quarter,—as the editor confesses, "amid the cares of gain, the noise, the bustle, the distractions of agricultural, commercial, and political pursuits, which so universally, and in some measure necessarily engage the undivided attention of the population of this new country," and excluded any devotion to literature except as a matter of taste and amusement rather than a pursuit—we think its progress has been very remarkable. Though we should be puzzled, no doubt, to lay our hand on any one of the forty individuals, from whose works the present "selections" are taken, and say, "this is a great poet," there are many to whom the praise of tenderness and imagination, and some to whom that of occasional sublimity would be most cordially awarded. The real truth is, and we are convinced the Americans feel it as well as ourselves, a great poet has not *yet* arisen in America. A great poet is felt to be such in the shortest productions as certainly as in the longest. Milton cannot be mistaken even in his "Comus," or his "Allegro ;" the slightest song of Shakspeare,—*"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,"* for instance,—reveals the poet, and touches the heart like a spell.

Short, therefore, as the most of the pieces in this volume are, they are long enough to satisfy us, that no mind of *great* poetical compass has yet, in America, devoted himself to literature. How soon such a luminary may arise, is not for us to conjecture : but in the mean time, we may

are ever full of delightful feeling, we confess that the few specimens which are given from the works of Brainard seem to us to have in them more of the warm spirit of poetry. Brainard died young, like our Kirk White, but his intellect was of a more masculine character. He was careless, and in finish of versification far inferior to Bryant, who is not himself remarkable for extreme solicitude in that matter; but even in this carelessness, which presents the thought in its full and undiluted force, there is often a charm. The melancholy wayward character of his poetry is well indicated in the following lines, which not unpleasantly remind us of Shelley's most touching stanzas, written in dejection on the shore of the Bay of Naples:—

"The dead leaves strew the forest-walk,
And withered are the pale wild flowers;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dewdrops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers,
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
And autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

"I learned a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swelled from yonder tree—
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
There perched, and raised her song for me.
The winter comes, and where is she?
Away where summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

"Too mild the breath of southern sky,
Too fresh the flower that blushes there;
The northern breeze that rustles by,
Finds leaves too green and buds too fair;
No forest-tree stands stript and bare,
No stream beneath the ice is dead,
No mountain top with sleety hair,
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

"Go there with all the birds, and seek
A happier clime, with livelier flight;
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek;
And leave me lonely with the night.
I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
And mark where all its glories shone—
See—that it all is fair and bright,
Feel—that it all is cold and gone!"

We have already hinted that the most transatlantic characteristic of these specimens consist in their occasional allusion to Indian traditions and superstitions. Not but that a tolerable portrait of a Red Indian may be drawn nearer home; nor does it seem a very difficult task to give picturesque effect to the desert worship of Areouski or Manitou. But there is a novelty in some of these sketches,—an allusion to superstitions less known,—which gives an air of truth and individuality, which the more vague European pictures want. How well, for instance, are some of these brought before us in Brainard's fine and natural lines "To Salmon River," some stanzas of which (would we could extract the whole) we must quote.

"Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain,
And blood has dropt there like the drops of rain,
The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain;
And many a quiver,

Filled from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,
Has spent itself in carnage. Now 'tis still,
And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill
From Salmon River.

"Here, say old men, the Indian Magi made
Their spells by moonlight; or beneath the shade
That shrouds sequestered rock, or dark'ning glade,
Or tangled dell.
Here Philip came and Miantonimo,
And asked about their fortunes long ago,
As Saul to Endor, that her witch might show
Old Samuel.

"And here the black fox roved, that howled and shook
His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook
Where they pursued their game, and him mistook
For earthly fox;
Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
And his soft peltry, stripped and dressed, to wear,
Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair,
Transfer him to a box."

To return, however, to Bryant, who, after all, we believe, is likely to be the more general favourite. The editor presents us with no fewer than twenty specimens from his poems. Several of which, such as his beautiful "Lines to a Waterfowl," "After a Tempest," and "To the Evening Wind," have already made their appearance in more than one of our British journals. All of them are pleasing, many of them exquisitely so; but certainly the epithet "bold," which the editor applies to his manner, appears to us singularly inapplicable to the mind of Bryant, which seems far more remarkable for tenderness and delicacy than power, and deals infinitely more with the beautiful than the terrible: even in his pictures of inanimate nature, and still more in his delightful studies of human feeling. His pleasure seems to be in conjuring up pictures of domestic tenderness, "of simplest mirth and tears," calm household scenes, where the current of life glides by, neither overshadowed by gloom nor fretted into agitation. Such is the following beautiful song of Pitcairn's Island, sung by some island Neuha to her English Torquil, to our minds the finest, with, perhaps, the exception of the noble lines, "The Indian at the Burying-Place of his Fathers," of all the specimens from Bryant contained in the volume.

"Come take our boy, and we will go
Before our cabin door;
The winds shall bring us, as they blow,
The murmurs of the shore;
And we will kiss his young blue eyes;
And I will sing him, as he lies,
Songs that were made of yore;
I'll sing in his delighted ear,
The island lays thou lov'st to hear.

"And thou, whilst stammering I repeat,
Thy country's tongue shall teach;
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
Than my own native speech;
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When, scarcely twenty moons ago,
Upon Tahites beach,
Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine,
With many a speaking look and sign.

"I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
My eyes, my locks of jet;

Ah! well for me they won thy gaze!
 But thine were fairer yet!
 I'm glad to see my infant wear
 Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
 And when my sight is met
 By his white brow and blooming cheek,
 I feel a joy I cannot speak.

"Come, talk of Europe's maids with me,
 Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,
 Outshine the beauty of the sea,
 White foam and crimson shell.
 I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,
 And bind like them each jetty tress,
 A sight to please thee well;
 And for my dusky brow will braid
 A bonnet like an English maid.

"Come, for the soft low sunlight calls—
 We lose the pleasant hours;
 'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls,
 That seat among the flowers.
 And I will learn of thee a prayer,
 To Him who gave a home so fair,
 A lot so blest as ours—
 The God who made for thee and me
 This sweet lone isle amid the sea."

Full of sweet sympathy with nature's minutest beauties, as well as her more magnificent, are the lines, "To the Fringed Gentian," where the pure mind of the author draws a moral even from the flower.

"Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew
 And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
 That openest when the quiet light
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

"Thou comest not when violets lean
 O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
 Or columbines, in purple drest,
 Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

"Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are flown,
 And frosts and shortening days portend
 The aged year is near its end.

"Then doth the sweet and quiet eye

"The sight of that young crescent brings
 Thoughts of all fair and youthful things,
 The hopes of early years;
 And childhood's purity and grace,
 And joys that like a rainbow chase
 The passing shower of tears.

"The captive yields him to the dream
 Of freedom when that virgin beam
 Comes out upon the air;
 And painfully the sick man tries
 To fix his dim and burning eyes
 On the soft promise there.

"More welcome to the lover's sight
 Glitters that pure emerging light;
 For prattling lovers say,
 That sweetest is the lover's walk
 And tenderest is their murmured talk,
 Beneath its gentle ray.

"And there do grave men behold
 A type of errors, loved of old,
 Forsaken and forgiven;
 And thoughts and wishes not of earth,
 Just opening in their early birth,
 Like that new light in heaven."

We leave Bryant with reluctance even Dana. More of strength and grasp than the latter, but also more of irregularity and inequality. He aims higher, but does not reach his mark. Yet though the qualities of his mind have not yet been so completely harmonized as might be desirable, we should say that there was a greater chance of his producing, in the end, a great work, than in the case of "The Forty," whose productions are here before us. For most of the elements of a poet are here; quick sensibility, strong emotion, great force and apparent facility of expression, though alloyed a little by a tendency to exaggeration, and not united with all the compactness which would be desirable. He gives at length his "Tale of the Buccaneer," a ghastly story of the sea, of murder and suspicious terror. To quote enough to give an idea of this very striking poem would be

With motion and with roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

"Of thousands thou, both sepulchre and pall
Old Ocean, art! A requiem on the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells,
A tale of mourning tells—
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

"Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more:
Come quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light,
Where birds of summer sing."

Of the specimens from Percival, which are numerous, we like best the simple stanzas, entitled, "The Grave of the Indian Chief." The lines to "An Eagle," which, we believe, have already made their appearance in some English publications, are more ambitious, but less successful—and, indeed, less calculated to give a true idea of the manner of the author—whose cast of mind, like Bryant's inclines him more to a mournful simplicity, than to pomp or energy of thought or style. We are not sure, however, but that his little poem of "The Deserted Wife," unaccountably omitted by the editor, to make room, as we cannot help thinking, for pieces of inferior merit, is better than the poem we are about to quote from these "Selections." Is there not profound pathos in this picture of a deserted wife, still loving, though she has ceased to be loved, and watching beside her slumbering infant for her husband's return?

"He comes not. I have watched the moon go down,
But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow;
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears;
O, how I love a mother's watch to keep
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile that cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow fixed and deep.
I had a husband once who loved me; now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees from laurel flowers a poison sip.
But yet I cannot hate—O! there were hours
When I could hang for ever on his eye;
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then; he loved me too; my heart
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile—
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart."

THE GRAVE OF THE INDIAN CHIEF.

"They laid the corpse of the wild and brave
On the sweet, fresh earth of the new-day grave,
On the gentle hill, where wild weeds waved,
And flowers and grass were flourishing.

"They laid within the peaceful bed,
Close by the Indian chieftain's head,
His bow and arrows; and they said
That he had found new hunting grounds,

"Where beauteous Nature only tills
The willing soil; and where o'er hills,

And down beside the shady rills,
The hero roams eternally.

"And there fair isles to the westward lie,
Beneath a golden sunset sky,
Where youth and beauty never die,
And song and dance move endlessly.

"They told of the feats of his dog and gun,
They told of the deeds his arm had done,
They sung of battles lost and won,
And so they paid his eulogy.

"And o'er his arms, and o'er his bones,
They raised a simple pile of stones;
Which, hallowed by their tears and moans,
Was all the Indian's monument.

"And since the chieftain here has slept,
Full many a winter's winds have swept,
And many an age has softly crept
Over his humble sepulchre."

Passing over the poems of Lydia Sigourney, which, though pleasing and breathing a fine strain of devotional feeling, are not peculiarly striking, we come to the following winter piece, by a poet whom we do not recollect having before heard of—H. W. Longfellow; ("Phœbus, what a name!") which seems to us remarkably graphic. Its accumulation of American winter imagery, produces a feeling like Shakspeare's "When icicles hang on the wall," till we almost begin with Hob "to blow the nail."

WOODS IN WINTER.

"When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the whitethorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

"O'er the bare upland, and away,
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play.
And gladden these deep solitudes.

"On the grey maple's crested bark
Its tender shoots the hoar-frost nips;
Whilst in the frozen fountain—hark!
His piercing beak the bittern dips.

"Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke—
The crystal icicle is hung.

"Where, from the frozen runs, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

"Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
Where birds sang out their mellow lay;
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day!

"But still wild music is abroad.
Pale, desert woods, within your crowd;
And gathered winds, in hoarse accord,
Amidst the vocal reeds pipe loud.

"Chill airs, and wintry winds, my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and it cheers me long."

As a pendant to this winter piece from inanimate nature, take the little poem by Willis, entitled—

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

"I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray ;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

"I have walked the world for fourscore years ;
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true ; it is very true ;
I'm old, and "I 'bide my time ;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

"Play on, play on ; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring ;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up, on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

"I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go ;
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low :
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way ;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay."

It is to us truly inconceivable how the author of these natural and touching lines, which bring together in such vivid juxtaposition the associations of childhood and age, could have written any thing so unfortunate, both in conception and execution, as "Parrhasius ;" and equally so that any one who takes upon himself the responsible office of introducing the poets of the new world to the "reading public" of the old, should have thought of quoting, as a favourable specimen, a production so utterly unworthy of its companions. "Parr-

sion as might be supposed to emanate from poetical butcher—in Bedlam.

We turn to another of a very different character, and we are sorry that this selection must be our last. It is a composition of great tender and beauty, by Flint, a poet with whom we are already partially acquainted, though we had met with any thing from his hand, of so good a promise as

LINES ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.

"On yonder shore, on yonder shore,
Now verdant with the depth of shade,
Beneath the white-armed sycamore,
There is a little infant laid.
Forgive this tear.—A brother weeps.—
'Tis there the faded flowret sleeps.

"She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
And summer's forests o'er her wave ;
And sighing winds at autumn moan
Around the little stranger's grave,
As though they murmur'd at the fate
Of one so lone and desolate.

"In sounds that seem like Sorrow's own,
Their funeral dirges faintly creep ;
Then deep'ning to an organ tone,
In all their solemn cadence sweep,
And pour, unheard, along the wild,
Their desert anthem o'er a child.

"She came, and passed. Can I forget,
How we whose hearts had hailed her birth,
Ere three autumnal suns had set,
Consigned her to her mother Earth !
Joys and their memories pass away ;
But griefs are deeper ploughed than they.

"We laid her in her narrow cell,
We heaped the soft mould on her breast,
And parting tears, like rain-drops fell
Upon her lonely place of rest.
May angels guard it :—may they bless
Her slumbers in the wilderness.

"She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone ;
For, all unheard, on yonder shore,
The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,
At evening lifts its solemn roar.

own poets might well be proud of. But we here conclude. Had our limits permitted, could willingly have lingered a little on the works of Whittier, Everett, Lucretia Davidson, many others, which are worthily written in chronicles of the poetry of America. A rare opportunity may offer of recurring to the act, and of doing justice to the claims of it; that on this occasion, we have been compelled to pass over with regret; and should it, we shall not fail to embrace it. We have, in the whole, received the highest gratification from the perusal of this delightful volume; and closing it we still are disposed to characterize it as a work of promise rather than of performance—we make that observation, not meaning to say that America has already done much, but that the assurance we feel that she is destined to do so much more, and that when there are already so many good poets, the advent of a great poet, with all impediments from the engrossing interests of commerce or the turmoil of politics hardly likely to be very distant.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE LAST NEW MURDERESS.

She was dressed in a black gown, coloured; and a black bonnet; her appearance and her were appropriate and becoming." Such description of the dress and demeanour of "Mary Anne Burdock" on the occasion of proceeding the other day, "leaning on the warden's arm," from the press-room to the gallows, to—see an execution?—no; to be decapitated herself. Her appearance was appropriate! We have not the least doubt of it. The appearance of the gallows was singularly inappropriate also. Never was a more fitting action on either side. "We distinctly hear respond to the prayers, and, we should willingly," How very consoling. This is the beginning of a conversion, and a day more would have turned "Mrs. B." into a saint. A pity she could not be spared so! "While the rope was being adjusted to her neck, she asked if something soft could be put round it." No wonder—"Mrs. Burdock" had every reason to expect the most indulgent treatment. Truly precious for the comfort of every body—the most interesting thing—"your only neat monster"—a parcel of papers considered generally sensible hanging on the wall. A very little word she spoke "enamoured"—and a right to demand that her part in the exhibition should be made at least as good as it is possible. We do not wish to disgust more than may be necessary, but, as a specimen of the atrocious absurdities which on these occasions for the morbid maw of newspaper public, we would quote the following as objectionable. This has reference to "Mrs. Burdock's" manner the day before her execution. "We were pressed not then to think of this; but now, when your greedy gossips give the consideration and disinterested advice at all," she said, "I must attend to business."

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She then called Mrs. Vowles, the matron of the prison, and asked, 'Who makes the jail coffins?' On receiving an answer, she again turned to her brother, and desired him 'to get a good strong plain coffin,' adding, 'but mind, you are not to give more than 2*l.* for it;' at the same time moving herself up from the bed, and lifting her elbows, she said, 'Mind, it must be full-sized, and let it be lined with flannel; and mind that I have a warm, comfortable shroud, and don't let the coffin be screwed down too tight; recollect that it be brought to me this evening. I'll have it put by my bedside.' What a pathetic impression all this is calculated to leave on the public mind! What an idea of the comfort of an execution! "Mrs. Burdock" was just too early, however, for the advertisement of a few days ago. How superior "caoutchouc" would have been to flannel! How gratifying to the public to have been informed that her desires for submundane luxury (as the Bristol Recorder would have said) had been even more than accomplished, and that she lay "water-proof" in her interesting grave! We wonder whether it was in consequence of reading this account that M. Abel inserted his advertisement in last week's Parisian papers:—"Foreigners have the advantage of knowing that M. Abel is authorised to inter them as soon as convenient; having an extensive stock of oak, &c., he hopes his friends will favour him with an early application. He can be strongly recommended." This ingenious gentleman must surely have observed the national characteristic as exemplified at Bristol. We blush to think in what other quarters the filthy accounts may have been observed, and noted down to the credit of our nation. In every point of view they are ineffably disgusting. In the present instance, it is true, there is little reason to regret the "foregone conclusion" they most generally imply with reference to the unfortunate creature who happens to be their object, for "Mrs. Burdock," as they delight to call her, appears to have been utterly devoid of any thing like sensibility or shame. But fancy a sore and sensitive mind constantly measured in this way—its attempts at composure ruffled—the last retirements of its misery haunted and vexed—the agonies of its cup of bitterness regularly gauged! And for what? To gratify a vulgar curiosity, and sell a dozen copies more of some local journal!

SHAKSPEARE IRELAND.

This strange and unfortunate person died the other day in an obscure lodging in town, in great want and suffering. We do not know that sufficient interest survives about him to warrant even this word of public mention, but his fate has been instructive enough to call for it on other grounds. His ingenuity was considerable, and would unquestionably have carried him safely and honourably through life, but that its first exhibition was a lie. The indulgence of such a singular ambition was fatal to every other—may it never be indulged in any walk of life or literature without a result as fatal!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FEMALE CHARACTERS IN OUR
MODERN POETRY.

NO. I. KAILYAL—IN THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

We meditate a series of effusions, which, without any merit of ours, must be delightful; for in them will be found much of the finest poetry ever poured forth by genius under the inspiration of woman's virtues. No need to go back to the heroic ages—though the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* hath each its own fair feminine star—Andromache and Penelope—shining yet unclouded in Homer's sky. Let Alcestis—Iphigenia—Antigone—each a loveliest light—repose in constellation—by us now dreamt of and no more—among the mournful mist of remotest years. Cordelia, Desdemona, Ophelia, Juliet! fade away and forsake us, for a while into the abysses of oblivion, O! sink, ye immortal shadows, with your still eyes triumphant over death and the grave! And ye who haunted the storms like streaks of sunshine—Una, and Florimel, and Britomart, and Belphebe—be hidden till we again evoke ye—in the green glades or black caves of far Faery Land! Invade not our soul, thou bright image of ethereal chastity! as thou wanderest heaven-guarded through the mazes of that enchanted wood! Invisible in Eden's bowers, be she the first and fairest, for whom the blind bard of paradise beheld in a vision how the very heavens did weep!

All are gone, at our bidding to return, yea, at the lifting of a finger, for imagination has command over the whole spiritual world, and her empire is called the past. No boundaries hath her reign, for it is momentarily swallowing up the present. All that wavers away from our senses is hers in the twinkling of an eye, the fluctuating become motionless, the evanescent fixed, on that sea there are no billows, on that sky no clouds: all, all is still in that universe, to that divine idea of nondisturbance in our love and our fear we have given the name of death.

the realms of inanimated dust. But imagination, though born in the heart, possesses a power not given to that strange, tumultuous thing which is disturbed for ever by its own beatings, her eyes discern, and know that it is immortal, the essential light that trickles in a transient tear. Therefore it was that Wordsworth called her

"The vision and the faculty divine."

Poetry, then, you perceive, is piety, and its spirit is religious, obeying in its liberty the laws by which it is bound, for they are self-imposed: and in silken fetters, that but confine its feet and wings within the regions of holiness, be they on earth or in air, it feels for ever free, now like the rooted flower, now like the soaring bird, for is not the primrose as free in its still bloom on the brae, as the lark in its song that beats at the gates of heaven?

We do not fear to say that we ought to read the poetry of uninspired men, as far as may be, in the same spirit in which we read the Scriptures. As far as may be, and that must depend on the faithfulness of the poet's self to the sacred trust confided to him by his Maker. Genius is naturally a holy thing, and it has remained so till the last in the souls of most great poets: bear witness three of the greatest, Spenser, Milton, Cowper. Profaned and desecrated it has too often been, wooing and wooed by pollution; and oftener, while it has yielded not to such temptations, nevertheless has it been lowered by the ascendancy of passions originating and ending in earth. Such accusation has been brought even against Shakspeare's self, though we hope unjustly; yet the charge is sometimes not without semblance of truth, and we take refuge from it in the calm that succeeds the trouble of his tragedies. On the heart-breaking here arises the sense of a soul consoling hereafter. Conscience tells us that earth and hell cannot thus baffle the decrees of heaven. As the innocent die with the guilty, the visionary spectacle confirms the belief, which all realities inspire, that there is a world of reward and retribution. Dimly of old in such sins and

eclipse by the perpetual passing of his admirable prose work between the eyes of the public and its splendour, and that many thousands of his countrymen know Thalaba, and Madoc, and Roderick but by name, while by universal consent their author is rightfully placed at the head of the literature of England.

This is a kind of obscurity of his fame which a man of genius may contemplate even with pride; yet highly as we estimate the many merits of Mr. Southey's prose, we cannot prefer it to his poetry, or think that future ages will do so, except in the article of style, which is indeed worthy of all admiration, and far beyond that of any other writer of the age characterised by the grace and power of true English speech. But wise, and good, and learned man as he is, he does not possess in great strength the faculty of reasoning; and on some questions of vast importance to the welfare and well-being of mankind, he often rashly delivers judgments which, on an appeal to the tribunal where that faculty alone is privileged to preside will assuredly be set aside as contrary to the law both of nations and of nature. Yet we had, perhaps, no business to say so now; and with far greater satisfaction to ourselves declare our perfect trust in the truth of all the feelings, and sentiments, and affections with which his poetry overflows, and which win their way into the heart, while the images that so naturally accompany them at the same time delight the fancy, and with an emotion of the beautiful often subdue and temper into pleasure what otherwise might have been a too painful passion. His pathos is never so profound as Wordsworth's, but its touches, though gentle, are irresistible, for they are frequently let fall on those holy weak-points of our nature, pity and grief. We have heard it called *womanish*; and let it bear the reproach.

But the great glory of Southey's genius is its *originality*. It is easy to assert that he draws on his vast stores of knowledge gathered from books, and that we have but to look at the multifarious accumulation of notes appended to his great poems to see that they are not inventions. The materials of poetry indeed are there, often the raw materials, seldom more, but the imagination that moulded them into beautiful, or magnificent, or wondrous shapes is all his own, and has shown itself most creative. Southey never was among the Arabians nor Hindoos, and therefore had to trust to travellers. But had he not been a poet he might have read till he was blind, nor ever seen

"The palm-grove inland amid the waste,"
where with Oneiza in her father's tent

"How happily the years of Thalaba went by!"

In what guidance but that of his own genius did he descend with the destroyer into the Domdaniel Caves? And who showed him the Swerga's Bowers of Bliss? Who built for him, with all its palaces, that submarine City of the Dead, safe in its far down silence from the superficial thunder of the sea? The greatness as well as the originality of Southey's genius is seen in the conception of every one of his five chief works, with

the exception of Joan of Arc, which was written in very early youth, and is chiefly distinguished by a fine enthusiasm. They are one and all national poems, wonderfully true to the customs and characters of the inhabitants of the countries in which are laid the scenes of all their various adventures and enterprises, and the poet has entirely succeeded in investing with an individual interest each representative of a race. Thalaba is a true Arab, Madoc a true Briton, King Roderick indeed the Last of the Goths. Kehama is a personage whom we can be made to imagine only in Hindostan. Sir Walter confined himself in his poetry to Scotland, except in Rokeby, and his might then went not with him across the Border: though in his novels and romances he was at home when abroad, and no where else more gloriously than with Saladin in the Desert. Lalla Rookh is full of brilliant poetry; and one of the series, the Fire Worshipers, is Moore's highest effort: but the whole is too elaborately Oriental—and often in pure weariness of all that accumulation of the gorgeous imagery of the East, we shut up the false glitter, and thank heaven that we are in one of the bleakest and barest corners of the west. But Southey's magic is more potent, and he was privileged to exclaim—

"Come listen to a tale of times of old!
Come, for ye know me. I am he who framed
Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.
Come listen to my lay, and ye shall hear
How Madoc from the shores of Britain spread
The adventurous sail, explored the ocean path,
And quelled barbaric power, and overthrew
The bloody altars of idolatry,
And planted on its fane triumphantly
The Cross of Christ. Come, listen to my lay."

And listen to it you now will, with us, the lay that sings of the trials of Kailay and Ladurlad, of many a sore trouble all ending in bliss.

When and why pronounced was Kehama's Curse, and who was Kehama? According to the Hindu religion, prayers, penances, and sacrifices are supposed to possess an inherent and actual value in no degree depending upon the disposition or motive of the person who performs them. The worst men, bent upon the worst designs, have in this manner obtained power, which has made them formidable to the supreme deities themselves, and rendered necessary an Avatar, or incarnation of Veeshnoo the Preserver. The Rajah Kehama had to perform but one more sacrifice to obtain such power—but ere he had effected it, his son Arvalan was slain by a peasant—Ladurlad—whose daughter Kailay he had sought to violate. The foul spirit of the ravisher appears before his father at the funeral of his own corpse, and on being asked what it desires, answers

"Only the sight of vengeance, Give me that!
Vengeance, full worthy vengeance! Not the stroke
Of sudden punishment, no agony
That spends itself and leaves the wretch at rest,
But lasting long revenge."

The man, only not almighty, while

"The strong reflection of the pile
Lit his dark lineaments."

fixed his dreadful frown on Ladurlad, and pronounced the curse. Reginald Heber calls it "horribly sublime." Francis Jeffrey, "miserable doggerel." Christopher North avers that it is neither one nor other, but stern and savage as a curse should be, and in expression simple and direct to the point.

"I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth
And the beasts of blood,
From sickness I charm thee;
And time shall not harm thee;
But earth which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee:
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee:
And thou shalt seek death
To release thee in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart
And a fire in thy brain;
And sleep shall obey me
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever."

"The greatest part of this curse," quoth the ex-king of criticism, "would appear to most people, we believe, as no inconsiderable blessing: since it charms its object from the effects of wounds and violence—and sickness and infirmity and of old age; and merely dooms him not to be wet with water nor fanned with wind, and to pass his days without sleep, with a fire in his heart and a fire in his brain." Comfortable as may seem to this arch-hypercritic, the condition of a person "merely so doomed," the poor Hindoo looked forwards with horror to an eternal

ed the wretch away into endless wandering, but knew not that his curse had empowered the father to save his child. And now it may be said that the action of the poem begins, the travel and the travail of filial and paternal piety, illustrating the power of love and pity to soothe pain that may never know respite, and to sustain the spirit from which they overflow on that one holiest head! And they who have seen the head of Lear on the knees of Cordelia will not withhold their tears at the sight of Ladurlad's on the lap of Kailyal: for no less sacred a thing is misery when witnessed in a Hindoo peasant than in a Briton king.

"Reclined beneath a cocoa's feathery shade
Ladurlad lies,
And Kailyal on his lap her head hath laid,
To hide her streaming eyes.
The boatman, sailing on his easy way,
With envious eye beheld them where they lay;
For every herb and flower
Was fresh and fragrant with the early dew;
Sweet sung the birds in that delicious hour,
And the cool gale of morning as it blew,
Not yet subdued by day's increasing power,
Ruffling the surface of the silvery stream,
Swept o'er the moistened sand, and raised no shower.
Telling their tale of love,
The boatmen thought they lay
At that lone hour, and who so blest as they!
"But now the sun in heaven is high,
The little songsters of the sky
Sit silent in the sultry hour,
They pant and palpitate with heat;
Their bills are open languidly
To catch the passing air;
They hear it not, they feel it not,
It murmurs not, it moves not.
The boatman as he looks to land,
Admires what men so mad to linger there,
For yonder cocoa's shade behind them falls,
A single spot upon the burning sand.
"There all the morning was Ladurlad laid,
Silent and motionless, like one at ease;
There motionless upon her father's knees,
Reclin'd the silent maid,

And down he bent,
And in the stream he plung'd his hasty arm
To break the visionary charm.
With fearful eye and fearful heart,
His daughter watched the event;
She saw the start and shudder,
She heard the in-drawn groan,
For the water knew Kehama's charm,
The water shrunk before his arm.
His dry hand mov'd about unmoisten'd there;
As easily might that dry hand avail
To stop the passing gale,
Or grasp the impassive air.
He is almighty then!
Exclaim'd the wretched man in his despair;
Air knows him, water knows him; sleep
His dreadful word will keep;
Even in the grave there is no rest for me,
Cut off from that last hope—the wretch's joy;
And Veeshnoo hath no power to save,
Nor Seera to destroy.
“Oh! wrong not them! quoth Kailyal,
Wrong not the heavenly powers!
Our hope is all in them: They are not blind!
And lighter wrongs than ours,
And lighter crimes than his,
Have drawn the incarnate down among mankind.
Already have the Immortals heard our cries,
And in the mercy of their righteousness
Beheld us in the hour of our distress!
She spake with streaming eyes,
Where pious love and ardent feelings beam;
And turning to the image threw
Her grateful arms around it,—It was thou
Who sav'd'st me from the stream!
My Marriataly, it was thou!
I had not else been here
To share my father's curse,
To suffer now,—and yet to thank thee thus!
“Here then, the maiden cried, dear father, hero
Raise our own goddess, our divine preserver!
The mighty of the earth despise her rites,
She loves the poor who serve her.
Set up her image here,
With heart and voice the guardian goddess bless,
For jealousy would she resent
Neglect and thanklessness—
Set up her image here,
And bless her for her aid with tongue and soul sincere.
“So saying, on her knees, the maid
Began the pious toil.
Soon their joint labour scoops the easy soil;
They raise the image up with reverent hand,
And round its rooted base they heap the sand.
O thou whom we adore,
O Marriataly, thee do I implore,
The virgin cried; my goddess, pardon thou
The unwilling wrong, that I no more,
With dance and song,
Can do thy daily service as of yore!
The flowers which last I wreathed around thy brow,
Are withering there; and never now
Shall I at eve adore thee,
And swimming round with arms outspread,
Poise the full pitcher on my head,
In dexterous dance before thee;
While underneath the reedy shed, at rest,
My father sate the evening rites to view,
And blest thy name, and blest
His daughter too.
“Then—heaving from her heart a heavy sigh,
O goddess! from that happy home, cried she,

The almighty man hath forced us!
And homeward with the thought unconsciously
She turn'd her dizzy eye—but there on high,
With many a dome and pinnacle, and spire,
The summits of the golden palaces
Blaz'd in the dark blue sky, aloft, like fire.
Father, away! she cried, away!
Why linger we so nigh?
For not to him hath Nature given
The thousand eyes of Deity,
Always and every where with open sight,
To persecute our flight!
Away—away! she said,
And took her father's hand, and like a child,
He followed where she led.”

There are few if any pictures in our poetry more beautiful than this—so perfect is the repose, that we almost forget there is a sufferer. As we remember the curse, we believe that filial piety has even already impaired its power of inflicting misery—and that with such a daughter always at his side the father—in spite of that unquenchable fire—will day by day better bear his lot. On they go through the evening silence, while

“Arising from the stream
Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight;”
the evening gale is blowing, and

“Like plumes upon a warrior's crest
They see yon cocoas tossing to the breeze;”
but no breath of air cools Ladurlad's brow—the sound and the sight of waters more torment his brain; and the two lie down amid the wild in the moonlight, heeding not the white flag flapping to

“Mark where the tiger seized his human prey.”

Ladurlad neither moves, nor groans, nor sighs—and Kailyal, “willingly deceived,” believes her father sleeps, and in that blessed belief falls herself asleep by his still but agonised side. His misery is more than he can bear—or, if he can bear the burden of his curse, why endure

“The unavailing presence of her grief?”

The rajah believes her dead—and she may live secure in some still but far remote from the palace. So assuring himself that she is asleep, he rises up, and “stealing away with silent tread,” leaves her in the wild never more to be afflicted by the misery of her father's face. We know not whether this be natural or no—Southey felt it to be so as he was in the fit of strong imagination—and therefore we would fain believe it right—nor is it often that a poet errs in conceiving a crisis—yet we have never yet been affected by the passage as we would wish—and even now suspect that the “Separation” was suggested, not by the passion of the present scene, but with an eye to the future. Kailyal awakens and feels him gone, and madly rushes through the boughs that smite her—when on a sudden,

“Distinctly shaped by its own lurid light,”

the living form and face of the spectre Arvalan! She flies to an open fane opportunely near, of

“Pollear, gentle god,

“To whom the travellers for protection pray;”

and as Arvalan seizes her in the sanctuary, the deity

"Over the forest hurl'd him all abroad."

Not knowing what power had saved her, she continues her flight, and stumbling on the knotted root of a manchineel,

"Fell senselessly beneath the deadly shade."

And there she lies, while the poison-dews distil over her from the baleful boughs of that mortal tree—and

"What if the hungry tiger, prowling by,

Should snuff his banquet nigh?

Alas! death needs not now his ministry!"

If there be something rather harrowing and horrible in all this than pitiful—which to us we confess there is—perhaps it was purposely made so by the poet, that by the force of contrast, the sudden beauty that succeeds might be still more startling and impressive. Yet it needed no such artifice—if artifice it were—to enhance the delight inspired by such a vision.

"Bright and so beautiful was that fair night,
It might have calmed the gay amid their mirth.
And given the wretched a delight in tears.

One of the Glendoveers,
The loveliest race of all of heavenly birth,
Hovering with gentle motion o'er the earth,
Amid the moonlight air,
In sportive flight was floating round and round,
Unknowing where his joyous way was tending,
He saw the maid where motionless she lay,
And stooped his flight descending,
And rais'd her from the ground.
Her heavy eyelids are half clos'd,
Her cheeks are pale and livid like the dead,
Down hang her loose arms lifelessly,
Down hangs her languid head.

"With timely pity touch'd for one so fair,
The gentle Glendoveer
Prest her thus pale and senseless to his breast,
And springs aloft in air with sinewy wings,
And bears the maiden there,
Where Himakoot, the holy mount, on high
From mid-earth rising in mid-heaven,
Shines in its glory like the throne of even.
Soaring with strenuous flight above,

vain aspire." Such is the picture painted of the holy mount by Calidasa, the great dramatic poet of the Hindoos, and Southey sees of it a vision even more beautiful. Ereenia, for that is the name of the Glendoveer, lays the lifeless Kailyal at the feet of the father of the immortals, where he sits beside the tree of life that shades the fountains of the sacred river. Casyapa smiles benignantly on his son, but says he dare not receive the mortal maid into the sanctuary, for he fears Kehama, whom the Asuras and the spirits of the damned acclaim their hero—whom Yamen, and Brama, and Veeshnoo, dread as they turn their faces in doubt towards Seeva's throne. Kehama might seek her even on the holy mount, and were force and evil to enter here, the stream of the Ganges would lose its virtue;

"And they who gasp upon its banks in death
Feel no salvation."

Ereenia continues to plead fervently for the "poor child of earth," and Casyapa listens but does not relent. Look says the Glendoveer—

"Look! she drinks
The gale of healing from the blessed groves.
She stirs, and lo! her hand
Hath touched the holy river in its source,
Who would have shrunk if aught impure were nigh."

CASYAPA.

"The maiden, of a truth is free from sin."

All this while Kailyal has been lying insensible at Casyapa's feet—and what can be more exquisite than the picture of her revival!

"The waters of the holy spring
About the hand of Kailyal play;
They rise, they sparkle, and they sing,
Leaping where languidly she lay,
As if with that rejoicing stir
The holy spring would welcome her.
The tree of life which o'er her spread,
Benignant bow'd its sacred head,
And dropt its dews of healing;
And her heart-blood at every breath,
Recovering from the strife of death,

"Straight to the Swerga, to my bower of bliss,
The Glendoveer replies,
To Indra's own abodes."

There is a delightful simplicity of poetical diction in the whole passage from which we have now made extracts—nor is there one superfluous or misplaced word. The poet's heart is hushed by the dream of his fancy—all is serene around the flight of the Glendoveer, ere yet he leaves the air of earth—fit place of repose for Kailyal is that heavenly breast—on which she is wafted away to a place of profoundest peace. Yet even there we continue to pity her—and nothing can be more affecting than her speechlessness on awaking in presence of celestial beings on the holy mountain. Power and will have left her—and gazing on them she is passive as in sleep. It is not in fear, nor yet in joy, that she is mute—though both fearful and joyful—but it would seem as if the language of the lower world were either forgotten, or felt by her unfitting such a place, nor meet for the ear of its inhabitants—standing like gods before her, or the spirits of the blest.

But now that her trance is over, and Kailyal sitting by the side of her Glendoveer in the ship of heaven, on its aerial voyage to Swerga's bowers of bliss, why should not the poet indulge—nay revel and riot in the pleasures of imagination—if such be his sovereign will? And what forbids that we should enjoy his joy, and sympathise with him in that excitement of the very senses that kindles the fancy till it clothes all they look on with the gorgeous colouring of the light it loves? What sense is there in declaring all such descriptions "redundant," "diffuse?" That is their merit. They *are* redundant and diffuse; and so are the folds of the crimson-cloud draperies depending from the sky-ceiling to the sea-floor on either side of the throne of the rising or setting sun.

"Then in the Ship of Heaven, Ereenia laid
The waking, wondering maid:
The ship of heaven, instinct with thought display'd
Its living sail, and glides along the sky.
On either side in wavy tide,
The clouds of morn along its path divide;
The winds who swept in wild career on high,
Before its presence check their charmed force;
The winds that loitering lagg'd along their course,
Around the living bark enamoured play,
Swell underneath the sail, and sing before its way.

"That bark, in shape is like the furrowed shell
Wherein the sea-nymphs to their parent-king,
On festal day, their duteous offering bring.
Its hue?—Go watch the last green light
Ere evening yields the western sky to night;
Or fix upon the sun thy strenuous sight
Till thou hast reach'd its orb of chrysolite.
The sail from end to end display'd,
Bent, like a rainbow, o'er the maid.
An angel's head, with visual eye,
Through trackless space, directs its chosen way;
Nor aid of wing, nor foot, nor fin,
Requires to voyage o'er the obedient sky.
Smooth as the swan when not a breeze at even
Disturbs the surface of the silver stream,
Through air and sunshine sails the ship of heaven.

"Recumbent there the maiden glides along
On her aerial way,
How swift she feels not, though the swiftest wind
Had flagg'd in flight behind.
Motionless as a sleeping babe she lay,
And all serene in mind,
Feeling no fear; for that ethereal air
With such new life and joyance fill'd her heart,
Fear could not enter there;
For sure she deem'd her mortal part was o'er,
And she was sailing to the heavenly shore;
And that angelic form, who mov'd beside,
Was some good spirit sent to be her guide.

"Daughter of earth! therein thou deem'st aught
And never yet did form more beautiful,
In dreams of night descending from on high,
Bless the religious virgin's gifted sight;
Nor, like a vision of delight,
Rise on the raptur'd poet's inward eye.
Of human form divine was he,
The immortal youth of heaven who floated by;
Even such as that divinest form shall be
In those blest stages of our onward race,
When no infirmity,
Low thought, nor base desire, nor wasting care,
Deface the semblance of our heavenly sire.

The wings of eagle or of cherubim
Had seem'd unworthy him;
Angelic power and dignity and grace
Were in his glorious pennons; from the neck
Down to the ankle reach'd their swelling web,
Richer than robes of Tyrian die, that deck
Imperial majesty;
Their colour like the winter's moonless sky
When all the stars of midnight's canopy
Shine forth; or like the azure deep at noon,
Reflecting back to heaven a brighter blue.
Such was their tint when closed, but when outspread,
The permeating light
Shed through their substance thin a varying hue;
Now bright as when the rose,
Beauteous as fragrant, gives to scent and sight
A like delight: now like the juice that flows
From Douro's generous vine,
Or ruby when with deepest red it glows:
Or as the morning clouds refugent shine
When, at forthcoming of the lord of day,
The orient like a shrine,
Kindles as it receives the rising ray,
And heralding his way,
Proclaims the presence of the power divine.

"Thus glorious were the wings
Of that celestial spirit, as he went
Disporting through his native element.
Nor these alone
The gorgeous beauties that they gave to view;
Through the broad membrane branch'd a pliant bone;
Spreading like fibres from their parent stem,
Its veins like interwoven silver shone,
Or as the chaster hue
Of pearls that grace some sultan's diadem.
Now with slow stroke and strong, behold him smite
The buoyant air, and now in gentler flight,
On motionless wing expanded, shoot along.

"Through air and sunshine sails the ship of heaven.
Far far beneath them lies
The gross and heavy atmosphere of earth;
And with the Swerga gales,
The maid of mortal birth
At every breath a new delight inhales.
And now toward its port the ship of heaven,
Swift as a falling meteor, shapes its flight,

Yet gently as the dew of night that gem,
And do not bend the hare-bell's slenderest stem.
Daughter of earth, Ereenia cried, alight,
This is thy place of rest, the Swerga this,
Lo, here my Bower of Bliss!

"He furl'd his azure wings, which round him fold
Graceful as robes of Grecian chief of old.
The happy Kailyal knew not where to gaze;
Her eyes around in joyful wonder roam,
Now turn'd upon the lovely Glendoveer,
Now on his heavenly home."

And has she forgot her father? She has, for a while, and all the world below: nor remembers that it is called earth. Her bliss has been the oblivious bliss of a trance! On the holy mount she had drunk the gale of healing from the blessed groves, in the ship of heaven, sailing with the Glendoveer through the waveless sea of sky, she had enjoyed the ether in which the Devetas delight: and now she was in the Swerga's bowers, the terrestrial paradise, the abode of Indra: and during such wonderful waftage was it a sin in Kailyal to cease to remember even the brightest and blackest of her former being, that the past with all its delight and all its distraction was extinguished in the present: Ladurlad, Kehama, Arvalan not even so much as names! In this the poet obeyed the still sweet voice of nature; but hark! how a single word brings back the mortal maid to her mortal life. Ereenia tells her

"The almighty rajah shall not harm thee here:"
and Kailyal replies in a line that explains all—
"I thought that death had saved me from his power."

The Glendoveer gently says

"Long years of life and happiness,
O child of earth, be thine!
From death I saved thee, and from all thy foes
Will save thee, while the Swerga is secure."

KAILYAL.

"Not me alone, O gentle Deveta!
I have a father suffering upon earth,
A persecuted, wretched, poor, good man

"Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta!
Take me again to earth! This is no place
Of hope for me!—my father still must bear
His curse—he shall not bear it all alone;
Take me to earth, that I may follow him!—
I do not fear the almighty man! the gods
Are feeble here; but there are higher powers
Who will not turn their eyes from wrongs like ours;
Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta!—

"Saying thus she knelt and to his knees she clung,
And bowed her head, in tears and silence praying.
Rising anon, around his neck she flung
Her arms, and there with folded hands she hung,
And fixing on the guardian Glendoveer
Her eyes more eloquent than angel's tongue,
Again she cried, there is no comfort here!
I must be with my father in his pain—
Take me to earth, O Deveta again!

"Indra with admiration heard the maid.
O child of earth, he cried,
Already in thy spirit thus divine,
Whatever weal or woe betide,
Be that high sense of duty still thy guide,
And all good powers will aid a soul like thine.
Then turning to Ereenia, thus he said,
Take her where Ganges hath its second birth,
Below our sphere, and yet above the earth:
There may Ladurlad rest beyond the power
Of the dread rajah, till the fated hour."

From the ship of heaven voyaging toward
this middle region of repose, the Glendoveer se
Ladurlad combating in a whirlwind of sand wi
the spectral Arvalan—and he sinks down to t
rescue.

"He bade the ship of heaven alight,
And gently there he laid
The astonished father by the happy maid,
The maid now shedding tears of deep delight."

But ere this meeting there is some very affecti
descriptions of the sufferings and sorrows of L
durlad since he had left his child—and the se
tion entitled "Home Scene," has been thougl
by many to be the most beautiful part of tl
poem. In it,

"Unwittingly the wretch's footsteps trace

owned thee with these garlands day by day,
 ead before thee, eye at even-tide,
 In beauty and in pride.
 Marriatally, wheresoe'er she stray
 and wretched, still be thou her guide!"
 and other passages equally touching en-
 r happiness on seeing the much-enduring
 g with his daughter in his arms in the
 eaven.

ing all things with incredulous eyes
 ry with the sand-storm, there he lay,
 siling up the skies, the living bark,
 n air and sunshine, held its heavenly way."
 its delight, it sails up the fields of ether
 ngel, and on reaching Meru mountain,
 ls float round to honour it, and the even-
 ers in heaven. On Meru mountain is
 al birth—for none hath seen its source—

The holy river, the redeeming flood."
 ountain-valley the stream expands into
 ot so fair as Windermere!) on whose
 living bark alights.

"The Glendoveer
 lays Ladurlad by the blessed lake.
 py sire! and yet more happy daughter!
 he ethereal gales his agony aslake,
 aughter's tears are on his cheek,
 His hand is in the water:
 he innocent man, the man oppress,
 Oh, joy! hath found a place of rest
 Beyond Kehema's sway;
 extends not here—his pains have past away."
 ssing away—to him who had so long
 ire in his heart and fire in his brain,
 tself have been bliss! But here not with
 alone has Ladurlad met—the spirit of
 er Yedillian—"the early-lost the long-
 '—no such sallow, shrouded, silent, and
 phantom as grief, unable to forget the
 ages the ghost of her who was once so
 n her joy—but fairer even than when
 slept in the nuptial bower, and lustrous
 ty beyond that of the daughters of man-
 towed on her by the air inhaled by those
 ves had been pure on earth, in regions
 everlasting light inaccessible to the
 of death!

happy sire and happy daughter!
 on the banks of that celestial water
 resting place and sanctuary have found.
 ! hath not then their mortal taint defil'd
 The sacred solitary ground?
 thought!—the holy valley smil'd
 Receiving such a sire and child;
 Ganges, who seem'd asleep to lie,
 Beheld them with benignant eye,
 And rippled round melodiously,
 And roll'd her little waves to meet
 And welcome their beloved feet.
 The gales of Swerga thither fled.
 d heavenly odours there were shed
 About, below, and overhead;
 And earth, rejoicing in their tread
 built them up a blooming bower,
 Where every amaranthine flower
 deathless blossom interweaves
 ith bright and updecaying leaves.
 xvii. AUGUST, 1835.—17

"Three happy beings are there here,
 The Sire, the Maid, the Glendoveer.
 A fourth approaches—who is this
 That enters in the Bower of Bliss?
 No form so fair might painter find
 Among the daughters of mankind;
 For death her beauties hath refin'd,
 And unto her a form hath given,
 Fram'd of the elements of Heaven;
 Pure dwelling-place for perfect mind.
 She stood and gaz'd on sire and child;
 Her tongue not yet had power to speak,
 The tears were streaming down her cheek,
 And when those tears her sight beguil'd,
 And still her faltering accents fail'd,
 The Spirit mute and motionless,
 Spread out her arms for the caress,
 Made still and silent with excess
 Of love and painful happiness.

"The maid that lovely form survey'd;
 Wistful she gaz'd, and knew her not;
 But nature to her heart convey'd
 A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
 A feeling many a year forgot,
 Now like a dream anew recurring,
 As if again in every vein
 Her mother's milk was stirring.
 With straining neck and earnest eye
 She stretch'd her hands imploringly,
 As if she fain would have her nigh,
 Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,
 At once with love and awe oppress.
 Not so, Ladurlad; he could trace,
 Though brighten'd with angelic grace,
 His own Yedillian's earthly face;
 He ran and held her to his breast!
 Oh joy above all joys of heaven,
 By death alone to others given,
 This moment hath to him restor'd
 The early-lost, the long deplor'd.

"They sin who tell us love can die.
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity,
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
 Earthly these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they have their birth;
 But Love is indestructible.
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceiv'd, at times oppress,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of love is there.
 Oh! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight!

A blessed family is this
 Assembled in the Bower of Bliss!
 Strange woe, Ladurlad, hath been thine,
 And pangs beyond all human measure,
 And thy reward is now divine,
 A foretaste of eternal pleasure.
 He knew indeed there was a day
 When all these joys would pass away,
 And he must quit this blest abode;
 And, taking up again the spell,

Groan underneath the heavy load,
 And wander o'er the world again
 Most wretched of the sons of men :
 Yet was this brief repose, as when
 A traveller in the Arabian sands,
 Half-fainting on his sultry road,
 Hath reach'd the water-place at last ;
 And resting there beside the well,
 Thinks of the perils he has past,
 And gazes o'er the unbounded plain,
 The plain which must be travers'd still,
 And drinks,—yet cannot drink his fill ;
 Then girds his patient loins again.
 So to Ladurlad now was given
 New strength and confidence in Heaven,
 And hope and faith invincible.
 For often would Ereenia tell
 Of what in elder days befell,
 When other tyrants, in their might,
 Usurp'd dominion o'er the earth ;
 And Veeshnoo took a human birth,
 Deliverer of the sons of men ;
 And slew the huge Ermaccasen,
 And piece-meal rent, with lion force,
 Errenen's accursed corse,
 And humbled Baly in his pride ;
 And when the Giant Ravenen
 Had borne triumphant from his side,
 Sita, the earth-born god's beloved bride,
 Then, from his island-kingdom, laughed to scorn
 The insulted husband, and his power defied ;
 How to revenge the wrong in wrath he hied,
 Bridging the sea before his dreadful way,
 And met the hundred-headed foe,
 And dealt him the unerring blow ;
 By Brama's hand the righteous lance was given,
 And by that arm immortal driven,
 It laid the mighty tyrant low ;
 And Earth and Ocean and high Heaven,
 Rejoiced to see his overthrow.
 Oh ! doubt not thou, Yedillian cried,
 Such fate Kehama will betide ;
 For there are gods who look below. . . .
 Seeva, the avenger, is not blind,
 Nor Veeshnoo careless for mankind.
 " Thus was Ladurlad's soul imbued
 With hope and holy fortitude ;
 And still he lived, with him, the soul of the

They strove to pay their willing duty
 To mortal purity and beauty !"

Reginald Heber says that, "accustomed as we are to the Grecian Cupid, we cannot reconcile ourselves to Camdeo's bowstring, which being composed of live bees, must have been singularly ill adapted to the purposes of archery ; nor are we at all pleased with the bees breaking off upon one occasion, and hiving upon Kailyal's head." But why may not an English Christian critic, "accustomed as he may be to the Grecian Cupid," easily reconcile himself to the Hindu Cupid, in a poem where all are Hindoos ? Camdeo's bow is not classical—you may call it, if you choose, fantastic—but it is not inelegant ; and though it would have been found "singularly ill-adapted" to the purposes of archery in the hands of Robin Hood, Little John, Adam Bell, Clym-o'-the-Clough, or William of Cloudeslie, in those of Camdeo, who, it must be remembered, was not an outlawed forester, but a god, it was found serviceable, and sent a shaft into the side of many a hart and many a hind. The bees do not, we see, "hive on Kailyal's head," though they would have shown as good taste by doing so, as did their cousins of Hybla and Hymettus, by swarming on the lips of the infant Plato. The incident is assuredly told with grace, and Southey was not the poet to shun the Lad on the Lory, in an imagination peopled with all the chief personages of that fabulous faith. What creature of the Grecian mythology resembled the Glendoveer ? What machine the ship of heaven ?

" Ah ! wanton ! cried the Glendoveer,
 No power hast thou for mischief here ?
 Choose thou some idler breast,
 For these are proof, by nobler thoughts possess.
 Go, to thy plains of Matra, go,
 And string again thy broken bow !
 Rightly Ereenia spake ; and ill had thoughts
 Of earthly love beseeemed the sanctuary
 Where Kailyal had been wafted, that the soul
 Of her dead mother there might strengthen her."
 And was it not right too that "the soul of the

Thy presence doth its doleful tidings tell,
O father! cried the startled Glendoveer,
The dreadful hour is near! I know it well.
Not for less import would the sire of gods
Forsake his ancient and august abodes!"

Casyapa tells them that Kehama is about to consummate the mighty sacrifice of the hundredth steed untouched by human hand, and then he will be man almighty!

"And now, O child and father, ye must go,
Take up the burthen of your woe,
And wander once again below.
With patient heart hold onward to the end—
Be true unto yourselves, and bear in mind,
That every god is still the good man's friend;
And they, who suffer bravely, save mankind."

"The will of heaven be done," are all the words Ladurlad speaks—Yedillian had vanished—the Glendoveer must go with Casyapa—and he and Kailyal again be wanderers on earth.

"There was no word at parting, no adieu.
Down from that empyreal height they flew:
One groan Ladurlad breathed, yet uttered not,
When, to his heart and brain,
The fiery curse again like lightning shot.
And now on earth the sire and child alight—
Upsoar'd the ship of heaven, and sailed away from sight."

The glories and beauties of Mount Meru are no more—the streams of paradise have ceased to flow—the fountain-tree shakes forth no longer its diamond shower—the palace, whose far-flashing beams brightened the polar night of the north's extreme shore, is gone like a rainbow—for the inevitable hour has confirmed the almighty rajah in his power over earth, and hell, and heaven—and the Asuras and the giants join the cry of the damned in Padalon,

"Up rose the rajah through the conquered sky,
To seize the Swergera for his proud abode;
Myriads of evil genii round him fly,
As royally, on wings of wind, he rode,
And scaled high heaven, triumphant like a god."

Our delight now is to be with Kailyal and Ladurlad; and we have no more to do with Kehama than is necessary to the unfolding of the story of their woes and virtues; else we could say much about that extraordinary incarnation of supernatural ambition and pride. He had long been powerful—now he is omnipotent; and perhaps it might be difficult to account for his not having left a vicegerent or lord-lieutenant behind him, on his ascent to the Swergera; but suffice it now to say that, however it may fare with the rest of the earth, things seem to go on in Hindostan pretty much according to the old régime.

Kailyal implores a promise from her father that he will never leave her more, which is given, and her soul is satisfied; and looking around them as if to seek

"Where they should turn, north, south, or east or west," the maiden cries—

"Have we not here the earth beneath our tread—
Heaven overhead,
A brook that winds through this sequestered glade,
And yonder woods, to yield us fruit and shade,
The little all our wants require is nigh;

Hope we have none—why travel on in fear?
We cannot fly from fate, and fate will find us here."

Every good poem, we believe, has a beginning, a middle, and an end. We have reached the end of the middle, and are at the beginning of the end—of the second series of their sufferings; but there is a pause of peace between—a prolongation on earth of the happiness they enjoyed on the Meru mount. But the fire burns in the heart and brain of Ladurlad—Yedillian may never revisit mortal shades—and Kailyal has been forsaken by her Glendoveer!

"Hope we have none, said Kailyal to her sire.
Said she aright? And had the mortal maid
No thoughts of heavenly aid,
No secret hopes her inmost heart to move
With longings of such deep and pure desire,
As vestal maids, whose piety is love,
Feel in their ecstasies when, rapt above,
Their souls unto their heavenly spouse aspire?
Why else so often does that searching eye
Roam through the scope of sky?
Why, if she sees a distant speck on high,
Starts there that quick suffusion to her cheek?
'Tis but the eagle, in his heavenly height:
Reluctant to believe, she hears his cry,
And marks his wheeling flight,
Then languidly averts her mournful sight.
Why ever else, at morn, that waking sigh,
Because the lovely form no more is nigh,
Which hath been present to her soul all night;
And that injurious fear
Which, ever as it riseth, is repress,
Yet riseth still within her troubled breast,
That she no more shall see the Glendoveer!"

Oh! why had Reginald Heber—(perhaps it was not he)—whom all admired and loved—the heart to say, "that the love of the Glendoveer reminded us of the *Comte de Gabalis*, and of *Pope*!!!" who adapted to comic machinery the attachment of his airy beings. It is perhaps less fitted to serious poetry; for so inseparable are our ideas even of sentimental affection, from the pangs of jealousy and the tumults of desire, that we can hardly conceive love, in the sense usually affixed to the word, existing between two beings of different natures, any more than between two persons of the same sex." True, we cannot "in the sense usually affixed to it;" but Southey has shown us how we can in the sense he has chosen *unusually* to affix to it; "pangs of jealousy and tumults of desire," would indeed be out of place here, but not so the gentle glow that warms Kailyal's bosom, not so the sadness that shadows it, not so the regret almost like an upbraiding which her heart will not suffer her lips to whisper, that no ship of heaven—though often the eagle—is seen in the sky. The poet knew well that to have touched her heart with slightest passion for a human lover would have ruined utterly her divine devotion to her father; yet at the same time he knew well, that even in among the midst of life-deep emotions of filial piety might steal delight in the angelic beauty and benignity of a blessed Glendoveer.

Yet in not a word of the following altogether matchless description is there any allusion to the holy attachment—delicate its links as the lines of

gossamer of which the knots are dewdrops between Kailyal and Ereenia.

"Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
And in the midst an aged banian grew.

It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree,
For, o'er the lawn irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propt its lofty head;
And many a long depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground.
Some on the lower boughs, which crost their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing wind at times, with sway
Of gentle motion, swung,
Others of younger growth, unmov'd, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height.
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds nor briars deform'd the natural floor,
And through the leafy cope which bower'd it o'er
Came gleams of checkered light.

So like a temple did it seem that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer.

"A brook, with easy current, murmured near;
Water so cool and clear

The peasants drink not from the humble well,
Which they with sacrifice of rural pride,
Have wedded to the cocoa-grove beside;
Nor tanks of costliest masonry dispense
To those in towns who dwell,

The work of kings in their beneficence.
Fed by perpetual springs, a small lagoon,
Pellucid, deep, and still, in silence join'd
And swell'd the passing stream. Like burnished steel
Glowing, it lay beneath the eye of noon;
And when the breezes in their play,
Ruffled the darkening surface, then with gleam
Of sudden light, around the lotus stem
It rippled, and the sacred flowers that crown
The lakelet with their roseate beauty, ride,
In gentlet waving rock'd, from side to side;
And as the wind upheaves
Their broad and buoyant weight, the glossy leaves

He, too, by day and night, and every hour
Paid to a higher power his sacrifice;
An offering, not of ghee, or fruit, or rice,
Flower-crown, or blood; but of a heart subdued
A resolute, unconquer'd fortitude,
An agony repress, a will resign'd,
To her, who, on her secret throne reclin'd
Amid the milky sea, by Veeshnoo's side,
Looks with an eye of merey on mankind.
By the preserver, with his power endued,
There Voondavee beholds this lower clime
And marks the silent sufferings of the good
To recompense them in her own good time

"O force of faith! O strength of virtuous w
Behold him in his endless martyrdom,
Triumphant still!

The curse still burning in his heart and b
And yet doth he remain
Patient the while, and tranquil and conten
The pious soul hath fram'd unto itself
A second nature, to exist in pain
As in its own allotted element.

"Such strength the will reveal'd had given
This holy pair, such influxes of grace,
That to their solitary resting-place
They brought the peace of heaven.
Yea all around was hallowed! Danger, f
Nor thought of evil ever entered here.
A charm was on the leopard when he cam
Within the circle of that mystic glade;
Submiss he crouch'd before the heavenly n
And offered to her touch his speckled si
Or with arch'd back erect and bending he
And eyes half-clos'd for pleasure, would he st
Courting the pressure of her gentle hand.

"Trampling his path through wood and brak
And canes which crackling fall before his
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers
O'ertopping the young trees,
On comes the elephant, to slake
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.
Lo, from his trunk upturn'd, aloft he flings
The grateful shower; and now
Plucking the broad-leav'd bough

"Well might they thus adore that heavenly maid!

For never nymph of mountain,
Or grove, or lake, or fountain,
With a diviner presence fill'd the shade.
No idle ornaments deface
Her natural grace,

Musk-spot, nor sandal-streak, nor scarlet stain,
Ear-drop nor chain, nor arm nor ankle-ring,
Nor trinketry on front, or neck, or breast,
Marring the perfect form; she seem'd a thing
Of Heaven's prime uncorrupted work, a child
Of early nature undefil'd.

A daughter of the years of innocence
And therefore all things lov'd her. When she stood
Beside the glassy pool, the fish, that flies
Quick as an arrow from all other eyes,
Hover'd to gaze on her. The mother bird,
When Kailyal's steps she heard,
Sought not to tempt her from her secret nest,
But hastening to the dear retreat would fly
To meet and welcome her benignant eye."

Delighted reader! to whom but snatches, or stray glimpses of Southey's inspirations have hitherto been known, thou may'st perchance have seen bits and pieces of the above description quoted in some scores of the more popular of our thousand and one periodicals. And you may have admired them as you might half a foot of canvass cut off the corner of a picture by some Goth, or out of its very heart. "Specimens of the Living Poets!" We have seen such collections, we think, for the use of schools. Sentences are generally, though not always, printed pretty entire, but few paragraphs are so fortunate; and the impression left on the mind of the pupil who may have attained his or her teens is, that the living poets are all idiots. The Quarterly Reviews (they have lately improved in this respect, though they might all "*thole amends*") used to stop short in their quotations long before the close of any sweeping sentence of numerous verse with "linked sweetness long drawn out," so that the effect on the ear, and mind, and temper, of the reader was like that which you may imagine might be caused on those of a lover of instrumental music by some fiend in human form knocking the kit from the shoulder of some famous fiddler—at the critical moment when he had run his fingers up to within an inch of the bridge, and was about to give the world assurance of a shake that would have eternised his name on earth. Southey has suffered severely from this system. There is, as we have said, a notion that he is very diffuse; and as the editors of elegant extracts cannot afford room for the whole of such a passage, as we for example have quoted, they cut it into shreds, and then insert the shortest as a specimen of the Laureate.

How complete the picture in all its fair proportions! Never again on this earth is Kailyal to be seen by her father so happy—and therefore it is that the poet lavishes all loveliness on her and on the scene she beautifies! But how can she have the heart to be so happy, and her father all the while enduring his curse? That he may be able to endure it, since he is excommunicated from death. It is her duty to be happy, not merely to seem so: for there must be no deceit practised on the miserable, by those who love

them—the pity of the pure-hearted for the strong-souled must be serene as that of the dewy but unclouded skies. The fire in Ladurlad's heart and brain would more intensely burn were he to suspect that his Kailyal was playing him false in dance and song, and that she had not obeyed the commands of himself, of nature, and of heaven, to be in her own heart, as well as before his eyes, blest as the bird of paradise hovering ever on unwearied wings.

The cane-bower is broken in upon, and Kailyal carried off by the foul priests of the temple of Jagah-Naut, but she is rescued by her father, who engages in many perilous adventures, and is empowered to achieve them all by his curse. In this part of the poem, Mr. Southey displays in prodigious splendour his genius for description of the wild and wonderful; nor is Kailyal often out of sight, ever out of mind: acting always like herself, as Wordsworth says of Emmeline (of whom anon) in the White Doe of Rylstone, by time and faith

"Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity."

Will no painter dare to show us by his art any one of these pictures? Ladurlad and Kailyal on the yellow shore, gazing on the wondrous city of Baly submerged in the sea—while of its ancient towers

"Their golden summits in the noon-day light
Shone o'er the dark-green deep that rolled between;
For domes, and pinnacles, and spires were seen
Peering above the sea—a mournful sight.
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
What works of wonder the devouring wave
Had swallowed there, when monuments so brave
Bore record of their old magnificence.
And on the sandy shore, beside the verge
Of ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn fane
Resisted in its strength the surf and surge
That on their deep foundations beat in vain.
In solitude the ancient temples stood,
Once resonant with instrument and song,
And solemn dance of festive multitude,
Now as the weary ages pass along,
Hearing no voice, save of the ocean flood,
Which roars for ever on the restless shores;
Or, visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around
Accordant to the melancholy waves!"

Turner! darest thou not face such city and such sea? Martin! recoilest thou from the vastness of those water shadows? Into those awful abysses Ladurlad descends to release the Glendoveer from his imprisonment among their ancient sepulchres. For seven days and nights he is in the depths—and for seven days and nights Kailyal is on the shore. Etty! there you may

"Behold upon the sand
A lovely maiden in the moonlight stand.
The land-breeze lifts her locks of jet,
The waves around her polished ankles play,
Her bosom with the salt sea-spray is wet;
Her arms are crost, unconsciously, to fold
That bosom from the cold,
While, statue like, she seems her watch to keep,
Gazing intently on the restless deep!"

Omitting much, we come now to the descent of Kehama, who is suddenly smitten with desire

for Kailyal, and speaking for her sake complacently to Ladurlad, who, he says, like himself has been doing the work of destiny, concludes with these words, "I take away thy curse" and it is gone!

"So rapidly his torments were departed
That at the sudden ease he started,
As with a shock, and to his head
His hands up-fled,
As if he felt through every failing limb
The power and sense of life forsaking him.

"Then turning to the maid, the rajah cried,
O virgin, above all of mortal birth
Favoured alike in beauty and in worth,
And in the glories of thy destiny,
Now let thy happy heart exult with pride,
For fate hath chosen thee
To be Kehama's bride,
To be the queen of heaven and earth,
And of whatever worlds beside
Infinity may hide."

Well might the maiden shudder to be wooed by such a lover, yet the man-almighty might have won the haughtiest of earth's fairest queens. For he

"Had laid his terrors by
And gazed upon the maid.
Pride could not quit his eye,
Nor that remorseless nature from his front
Depart; yet whoso had beheld him then
Had felt some admiration mixed with dread,
And might have said
That sure he seem'd to be the king of men;
Less than the greatest that he could not be,
Who carried in his port such might and majesty."

"High-fated one!" he cries, "ascend the subject sky, and sit on the Swerga throne a queen by Kehama's side. It is written by all-knowing nature upon thy brain in branching veins, that thou and I, alone of human kind, are doomed to drink the Amreeta-drink divine of immortality!"

"O, never—never, father! Kailyal cried!"

Kehama then bids Ladurlad counsel his daughter,

Ladurlad's brain and heart are again on fire—at Kailyal is a leper!

"The rajah, scattering curses as he rose,
Soar'd to the Swerga, and resum'd his throne.
Not for his own redoubled agony,
Which now through heart and brain,
With renovated pain,
Rush'd to its seat, Ladurlad breathes that groan.
That groan is for his child; he groan'd to see
The lovely one defiled with leprosy,
Which as the enemy vindictive fled,
O'er all her frame with quick contagion spread.
She, wondering at events so passing strange,
And fill'd with hope and fear,
And joy to see the tyrant disappear,
And glad expectance of her Glendoveer,
Perceiv'd not in herself the hideous change.
His burning pain, she thought, had forced the groan
Her father breath'd; his agonies alone
Were present to her mind; she clasp'd his knees,
Wept for his curse, and did not feel her own.

"Nor when she saw her plague, did her good heart,
True to itself, even for a moment fail.
Ha, rajah! with disdainful smile she cries,
Mighty and wise and wicked as thou art,
Still thy blind vengeance acts a friendly part.
Shall I not thank thee for this scurf and scale
Of dire deformity, whose loathsomeness,
Surer than panoply of strongest mail,
Arms me against all foes! O better so,
Better such foul disgrace,
Than that this innocent face
Should tempt thy wooing! That I need not dread,
Nor ever impious foe
Will offer outrage now, nor farther woe
Will beauty draw on my unhappy head;
Safe through the unholy world may Kailyal go.

"Her face in virtuous pride
Was lifted to the skies,
As him and his poor vengeance she defied;
But earthward, when she ceased, she turn'd her eyes,
As if she sought to hide
The tear which in her own despite would rise.
Did then the thought of her own Glendoveer
Call forth that natural tear;
Was it a woman's fear

And whither had flown the Glendoveer? To regions beyond the reach of thought, where sits on his throne Seeva, the alone, the inaccessible! Faith hath given him power to pierce the golden firmament "that closes all within."—

"By strong desire through all he makes his way,
Till Seeva's seat appears—behold Mount Calasay!"

Many mysteries he sees; and in the midst of them, and as they are all melting away, and himself sinking down in utter darkness that has suddenly fallen on "insufferable bright," he hears a voice within him, the indubitable word of him to whom all secrets are known,

"Go, ye who suffer, go to Yamen's throne.
He hath the remedy for every woe;
He setteth right whate'er is wrong below."

Precipitate but imperceptible was the fall of Ereenia from the heaven of heavens. When, coming within the mundane sphere, he felt that earth was nigh, the Glendoveer expanded his azure wings, and sloping down the sky, on the spot from whence he had soared aloft, is again on his feet.

"Kailyal advanced to meet him,
Not moving now as she was wont to greet him,
Joy in her eye and in her eager pace;
With a calm smile of melancholy pride
She met him now, and, turning half aside,
Her warning hand repell'd the dear embrace.
Strange things, Ereenia, have befallen us here,
The virgin said; the almighty man hath read
The lines, which, traced by nature on my brain
There to the gifted eye
Make all my fortunes plain,
Mapping the mazes of futurity.
He sued for peace, for it is written there
That I with him the Amreeta cup must share;
Wherefore he bade me come, and by his side
Sit on the Swerga-throne, his equal bride.
I need not tell thee what reply was given;
My heart, the sure interpreter of heaven,
His impious words belied.
Thou seest his poor revenge! So having said,
One look she glanced upon her leprous stain
Indignantly, and shook
Her head in calm disdain.

"O maid of soul divine!
O more than ever dear,
And more than ever mine,
Replied the Glendoveer;
He hath not read, be sure, the mystic ways
Of fate; almighty as he is, that mazo
Hath mock'd his fallible sight.
Said he the Amreeta-cup? So far aright
The evil one may see; for fate displays
Her hidden things in part, in part conceals,
Baffling the wicked eye

Alike with what she hides and what reveals,
When with unholy purpose it would pry
Into the secrets of futurity.
So may it be permitted him to see
Dimly the inscrutable decree;
For to the world below,

Where Yamen guards the Amreeta, we must go;
Thus Seeva hath exprest his will, even he
The holiest hath ordain'd it; there, he saith,
All wrongs shall be redrest

By Yamen, by the righteous power of death."
The father and the fated maid and that heroic

spirit now journey together for many a day along the dreary road that leads to the dread abodes of Yamen. They finally find themselves on the remotest bound of earth, where it is girded by the outer ocean. Ocean is it, or but an unimaginable abyss? And in a creek a vessel!

"Strange vessel sure it seemed to be,
And all unfit for such wild sea!
For through its yawning side the wave
Was oozing in; the mast was frail,
And old and torn its only sail.
How shall that crazy vessel brave
The billows that in wild commotion
For ever roar and rave?
How hope to cross the dreadful ocean,
O'er which eternal shadows dwell,
Whose secrets none return to tell!"

The travellers fear to enter; but as with reluctant feet they linger on the strand, and for sake of Kailyal, hangs back the Glendoveer—

"Aboard! aboard!
An awful voice, that left no choice,
Sent forth its stern command.
Aboard! aboard!
The travellers hear that voice in fear,
And breathe to heaven an inward prayer,
And take their seats in silence there."

Self-hoisted seem the sails, by invisible hands are let slip the cables of that fated ship, the land breeze rustles through her shrouds; leaving the living light of day, she stands out to sea with a fair wind to the world's end, and crazy as she seems to be, she is swifter than any arrow.

"And they have left behind
The raging billows and the roaring wind,
The storm, the darkness, and all mortal fears,
And lo! another light
To guide their way appears,
The light of other spheres."

All is bright above and below—all is still. Not in sunshine sails the ship—nor in moonshine—nor are there any stars. All they know is that they have reached the light of other spheres. And that light is holy, for from Ladurlad's heart and brain the curse is gone, and Kailyal no more is a leper.

"He feels again
Fresh as in youth's fair morning, and the maid
Hath lost her leprous stain.
The mighty one hath no dominion here,
Starting she cried; O happy, happy hour
We are beyond his power!
Then raising to the Glendoveer,
With heavenly beauty bright, her angel face,
Turned not reluctant now, and met his dear embrace!"

The ship reaches its destined shore; and the travellers pass through many sights of woe ere they reach the edge of the gulf in which is the road that leads to Padalon. What wonder if Kailyal's lips were blanched with dread? That she clasped the neck of the Glendoveer, and closing her eyes hid her face on his breast? Even Ladurlad is astonished by the sounds and sighs of woe; for Yamen's ministrant demons are for ever ascending from that gulf to drag down the ghosts of the wicked; and full of shrieks for ever is the

mouth of hell. The Glendoveer tells Ladurlad that for a little while he must be alone, till he has borne his daughter down and placed her safely by the throne of him who keeps the gates of Padalon.

"Then taking Kailyal in his arms, he said.

Be of good heart, beloved; it is I
Who bear thee. Saying this, his wings he spread,
Sprang upward in the sky, and pois'd his flight,
Then plunged into the gulf, and sought the world of
night."

And now they are at the southern gate of Padalon; and alighting there, Ereenia lays Kailyal at the feet of Neroodi, one of the eight janitors; for so many doors hath the place of doom. "And who and what art thou?" cried Neroodi; "and why, O son of light! now that Yamen trembles on his throne, bringst thou this mortal maid to our forlorn abodes?"

"Fitter for her, I ween, the Swerga bowers
And sweet society of heavenly powers!"

"Lord of the gate!" replied the Glendoveer, "we come obedient to the will of fate." Ereenia then intrusts Kailyal to Neroodi's care, while he reascends to bear down her father.

"Then quoth he to the maid,
Be of good cheer, my Kailyal! dearest dear,
In faith subdue thy dread,
Anon I shall be here. So having said,
Aloft with vigorous bound, the Glendoveer
Sprung in celestial might,
And soaring up in spiral circles, wound
His indefatigable flight.

"But, as he thus departed,
The maid, who at Neroodi's feet was lying,
Like one entranced or dying,
Recovering strength from sudden terror, started;
And gazing after him with straining sight,
And straining arms she stood,
As if in attitude
To win him back from flight.
Yes, she had shaped his name

To thee that heart of fortitude hath given,
Those eyes of purity, that face of love:
If thou beest not the inheritor of heaven,
There is no truth above.

"Thus as Neroodi spake, his brow severe
Shone with an inward joy; for sure, he thought,
When Seeva sent so fair a creature here,
In this momentous hour,
Ere long the world's deliverance would be wrought
And Padalon escape the rajah's power.
With pious mind the maid, in humble guise
Inclin'd, received his blessing silently,
And rais'd her grateful eyes

A moment, then again
Abas'd them at his presence. Hark! on high
The sound of coming wings! . . . her anxious ear
Have caught the distant sound. Ereenia brings
His burthen down! Upstarting from her seat,
How joyfully she rears

Her eager head! and scarce upon the ground
Ladurlad's giddy feet their footing found,
When, with her trembling hand, she clasp'd him round
No word of greeting,

Nor other sign of joy at that strange meeting.
Expectant of their fate,
Silent, and hand in hand,
Before the infernal gate,
The father and his heavenly daughter stand."

The Glendoveer commands the lord of the gate to direct them their way to the throne of Yamen and Neroodi calls on Carmala to bring forth her chariot. But before they ascend—

"Then Carmala brought forth two mantles, white
As the swan's breast, and bright as mountain snow
When from the wintry sky
The sun, late-rising, shines upon the height,
And rolling vapours fill the vale below.
Not without pain the unaccustom'd sight
That brightness could sustain;

For neither mortal stain,
Nor parts corruptible, remain,
Nor aught that time could touch, or force destroy
In that pure web whereof the robes were wrought
So long had it in ten-fold fires been tried,
And blanch'd, and to that brightness purified.
Apparel'd thus, alone

Compact, no human tongue could tell,
Nor human-wit devise; but on that wheel
Moving or still,
As if an inward life sustain'd its weight,
Supported, stood the car of miracle."

This car has been childishly laughed at as childish, because it has but one wheel, as if imagination cared about mechanics, and yet their laws are not violated by that invention. The miracle is specious; even as across the bridge that spanned the wide gulf of fire girding the realms of Padalon: a single rib of steel "keen as the edge of keenest scymitar," shot like a meteor the infernal car.

"At sight of Carmala,
On either side the giant guards divide,
And give the chariot way.
Up yonder winding road it rolls along,
Swift as the bittern soars on spiral wing,
And lo! the palace of the infernal king!"

What bard hath best sung of hell? Homer, or Virgil, or Dante, or Milton? Is there any other hell to be compared for a moment with the hell of the Hebrews?

Southey's Padalon on the whole is a fearful place; yet sometimes it appears but a "painted hell." We then admire the imagination of the poet; we cease to shudder at what is but a picture. Not so, however, on such sights as this—

"Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
They, too, in darkness entered on their way,
But, far before the car,
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Filled all before them. 'Twas a light which made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort, and the sight, dismayed,
Shrunk inward from the molten atmosphere."

That is sublime, and so is this

"Aloft the brazen turrets shone
In the red light of Padalon,
And on the walls between,
Dark moving, the infernal guards were seen,
Gigantic demons pacing to and fro;
Who ever and anon,
Spreading their crimson pennons, plunged below,
Faster to rivet down the Asura's chains!"

Wild is the din of punishment that through it breaks,

"Like thunder heard through all the warring winds,
The dreadful name Kehama! still they rave.
Hasten and save!
Now—now, deliverer, now, Kehama, now!
Earthly almighty, wherefore tarriest thou!
How fearfully to Kailyal's ear it came!"

And Kehama comes! Yamen falls from his sepulchral throne

"His neck beneath the conquering rajah's feet,
Who on the marble tomb
Had his triumphal seat."

"Who are ye who bear the golden throne, tormented there?" and each of the three burning statues declares the guilt now punished by eternal pain. Bring forth the Amreeta,

"Exclaimed the man-almighty to the tomb;"

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and the tomb, rent asunder, discloses a huge anatomy, who

"Puts forth his bony and gigantic arm,
And gave the Amreeta to the rajah's hand."

He drinks, "and the dreadful liquor works the will of fate." He glows like molten ore, doomed thus to live and burn eternally.

"The fiery three,
Beholding him, set up a fiendish cry,
A song of jubilee:
Come, brother, come! they sung; too long
We in our torments have expected thee;
Come, brother, come! henceforth we bear no more
The unequal weight; come, brother, we are four!"

"Vain his almightiness, for mightier pain
Subdued all power; pain ruled supreme alone.
And yielding to the bony hand
The unemptied cup, he mov'd toward the throne,
And at the vacant corner took his stand.
Behold the golden throne at length complete,
And Yamen silently ascends the judgment-seat.

"For two alone, of all mankind, to me
The Amreeta-cup was given,
Then said the anatomy;
The man hath drank, the woman's turn is next.
Come, Kailyal, come, receive thy doom,
And do the will of heaven?
Wonder, and fear, and awe, at once perplex
The mortal maiden's heart, but over all
Hope rose triumphant. With a trembling hand,
Obedient to his call,
She took the fated cup, and, lifting up
Her eyes, where holy tears began to swell,
Is it not your command,
Ye heavenly powers? as on her knees she fell,
The pious virgin cried;
Ye know my innocent will, my heart sincere,
Ye govern all things still,
And wherefore should I fear!"

"She said, and drank. The eye of mercy beam'd
Upon the maid: a cloud of fragrance steam'd
Like incense smoke, as all her mortal frame
Dissolved beneath the potent agency
Of that mysterious draught; such quality,
From her pure touch, the fated cup partook.
Like one entranced she knelt,
Feeling her body melt

Till all but what was heavenly passed away:
Yet still she felt
Her spirit strong within her, the same heart,
With the same loves, and all her heavenly part,
Unchanged, and ripen'd to such perfect state,
In this miraculous birth, as here on earth,
Dimly our holiest hopes anticipate.

Mine! mine! with rapturous joy Ereenia cried,
Immortal now, and yet not more divine;
Mine, mine. . . . for ever mine!
The immortal maid replied,
For ever, ever, thine!

"Then Yamen said, O thou to whom, by fate,
Alone of all mankind, this lot is given,
Daughter of earth, but now the child of heaven,
Go with thy heavenly mate.
Partaker now of his immortal bliss;
Go to the Swerga Bowers,
And there recall the hours
Of endless happiness.

"But that sweet angel, for she still retain'd
Her human loves and human piety,

As if reluctant at the god's commands,
 Linger'd, with anxious eye
 Upon her father fix'd, and spread her hands
 Toward him wistfully.
 Go! Yamen cried, nor cast that look behind
 Upon Ladurlad at this parting hour,
 For thou shalt find him in thy mother's bower.

"The car, as Carmala his word obey'd,
 Mov'd on, and bore away the maid,
 While from the golden throne the lord of death
 With love benignant, on Ladurlad smil'd,
 And gently on his head his blessing laid.
 As sweetly as a child,
 Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers,
 Tir'd with long play, at close of summer day,
 Lies down and slumbers,
 Even thus as sweet a boon of sleep partaking,
 By Yamen blest, Ladurlad sunk to rest.
 Blessed that sleep! more blessed was the waking!
 For on that night a heavenly morning broke,
 The light of heaven was round him when he woke,
 And in the Swergera, in Yedillian's bower,
 All whom he lov'd he met to part no more."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

KOSCIUSZKO.

Thaddäus Kosciuszko, nach seinem öffentlichen und häuslichen Leben geschildert, von Karl Falkenstein, Königlich. Sächsischem Bibliothekar, &c. &c. Thaddäus Kosciuszko, delineated in his public and domestic life, by Charles Falkenstein, Royal Saxon Librarian, &c. &c.) Svo. Leipzig, 1834.

There is in the Polish character a something of barbaric splendour and rudeness, of the very spirit of orientalism, mingled with European education and refinement, an ardour of patriotic valour alloyed by versatility,—both no doubt heightened, if not produced, by the strange, exciting, or rather distracting constitution of the old and truly republican monarchy of Poland,—combined with such a gay, light, mirthful gallantry—whence the Poles were once termed the French of the north—that all blending together, give the

colossus was not yet further strengthened by provinces torn from Sweden, Persia, and Turkey, as well as by a large portion of their own territories. The Poles were no doubt unwise, we have already said so, in rising against Russia; but even the extravagant temerity of enthusiastic patriotism and love of liberty kindles a sympathetic glow in the heart, whilst the calculating despondency of selfish prudence is approved with feelings more akin to dislike than to indifference. And if, as we doubt there is but too much reason to apprehend, that rash insurrection, which has deprived Poland of even the poor shadow of nationality restored to her by the congress of Vienna, was instigated by the liberal party, as they proudly style themselves, in France and England, if this same party—from a cautious fear of provoking either the active enmity of Russia, or the equally formidable active hostility of the tax-payers at home—afterwards left the Poles whom they had instigated to insurrection, to perish unaided,—if, we say, England has thus even in the remotest degree co-operated in the final annihilation of Poland, although a bitter and remorseful shame must rob our sympathy of the pleasing self-satisfaction usually blending with and sweetening that emotion—those very painful feelings must needs deepen our sympathy in every thing relative to a country, once, under her great Sobieski, the deliverer of Austria, perhaps of Europe, from Turkish bondage.

Touched with sympathies such as these, combined with a desire to institute a comparison between the struggle and the disasters of 1794, and those of 1831, we took up Falkenstein's Life of Kosciuszko, which, though originally published some few years ago, has, from feelings in a great measure analogous to our own, been lately reprinted with additions and corrections. Our main object in opening the volume was disappointed. Of the political condition of Poland prior to the new constitution, or even to the year 1794, of the circumstances which immediately produced the insurrection, and led to the final partition of the

The life of a man who owes his celebrity to his having been the leader and instigator of his countrymen in a desperate and splendid although unsuccessful attempt to maintain or recover the independence of their common country, seems to be so inextricably involved with the history of that country, at least during the period of his own activity, that, upon reading the first of these passages we were about to throw aside the volume with a sneer at its absurd plan, but the charm which resides in the mere name of every martyr to liberty tempted us forward; and although, as we read on, the author did not greatly rise in our estimation, we still read on, and now are glad that we did so. Nor, we think, will our readers be otherwise than pleased when we shall have imparted to them a sketch, although but little political, of the life of this eminent public man. In fact what we have said of the Polish nation applies with peculiar force to the nation's champion, Kosciuszko. His whole life is a romance, and as such really quite refreshing in these matter-of-fact days of steam-engines, rail-roads, and compendious compilations of cheap literature.

Of this romance, the Polish insurrection against Russian ascendancy forms scarcely a volume; a few chapters merely, or an act or two of the great drama; and, perhaps, not the least extraordinary of its features is, that Kosciuszko should have become so decidedly a public character, so thoroughly the idol of his country, the *one man* without whom resistance was impossible, whilst so very short a period of his life was dedicated to the active service of his country, at least in any prominently public character. The insurrection of which he was the leader was put down in less than a year, and prior to that, he had little opportunity to signalise himself at home except in one battle.

Our sketch of his adventurous life must be prefaced by a few words concerning the qualifications of his present biographer. It appears that Falkenstein, as a youth, was intimately acquainted with Kosciuszko during the last years of his life, from the circumstance of his (Falkenstein's) being the chosen associate of one of the young Zeltners, in whose family the exiled veteran in his declining years resided, and by whom he was most tenderly revered and cherished. From Kosciuszko's own lips Falkenstein thus heard many details, many incidents of his early and eventful career; others he learned from the Zeltners; and yet more he gathered from those Poles, whether exiles or Russian subjects, to whom his connection with the venerated patriot introduced him. He thus seems particularly well calculated to give those slight or familiar anecdotes to which biography owes its chief fascination, and the regular historical web into which these are to be interwoven he professes to have derived from a variety of publications upon Kosciuszko and Poland in almost every living language. Did his talent for arrangement and composition equal his diligence in collecting materials, and his honest zeal for his hero, we could have desired no better biographer. We shall endeavour in our sketch to spare our readers any inconvenience from the

disproportion between the former and the latter qualities.

Thaddeus Kosciuszko was a Lithuanian, and born in the year 1746, according to Falkenstein. We wish he had given his authority for this date, inasmuch as other writers place Kosciuszko's birth in 1756, and some circumstances in his life rather tend to render this last the more probable epoch. He was the only son of Casimir Kosciuszko, a nobleman, but of the class denominated the lesser nobility, of which the most that can possibly be predicated is, that it may perhaps answer to the English small squirearchy, though we are not very sure whether it approach not nearer to our yeomanry, since we are told that—

"Only by the clear judgment and unwearied diligence with which he constantly applied himself to agricultural improvement, could he augment his income sufficiently to support himself, with his wife, Thaddeus, and two younger daughters, in comfort and respectability. * * * Through the instrumentality of this noble friend, (Prince Adam Czartoryski, under whom Casimir Kosciuszko had served in his youth,) the father, whose indigence prevented his either paying instructors for his children at home, or sending them to school, obtained admission for Thaddeus into the cadet institution which King Stanislaus Poniatowski had recently established at Warsaw."

By those means of instruction, for which he was thus indebted to the honourable patronage of friendship, and to the wise liberality of the well-meaning, although unhappily feeble-minded king, the youthful Thaddeus laboured, with a diligence well nigh unexampled, to profit. We are assured, upon the authority of one of his brother cadets, that—

"Such was Kosciuszko's ardour for the acquisition of knowledge, that, in order to make sure of rising at three o'clock every morning, he commissioned the stove-heater to wake him by pulling a string, of which one end was tied about his arm, while the other passed out under the door of his room. If, when sitting up late at his writing table, sleep overpowered him before he had completed his day's task, he kept himself awake by either putting his feet into cold water or repeatedly bathing his forehead and neck.

"His favourite studies were now, as they had been in early childhood in his father's house, mathematics and history; and the susceptibility of his imagination for every thing elevated, probably led him to anticipate the fair fruits that these studies would produce during his future career. . . . Such was the esteem he inspired, that he was one of the twelve youths selected by the professors as entitled, by their superiority in character and in science, to contend for the prize of a traveling allowance—the King of Poland having deposited a sum of money, from which annually the traveling expenses of the four most distinguished youths of the Warsaw cadet corps were to be defrayed, that they might improve themselves in mathematics and other sciences under the tuition of foreign instructors. These twelve underwent a severe examination, when Kosciuszko's industry and pre-eminent talents insured his being one of the chosen. For some years he prosecuted his studies in the military academy at Versailles, under the especial protection of his original patron, the highly meritorious Prince Adam Czartoryski, who did so much for the intellectual cultivation of Poland."

Upon his return to Poland, Kosciuszko entered the army, and, as a proof of the king's approbation of his abilities and application, almost immedi-

ately obtained a company. But this, the natural career of a poor nobleman possessing military talents, was speedily interrupted, at least in his native land, by the influence of that most universal of passions, against the arbitrary power of which not even the wisest can shield themselves. Kosciuszko fell in love with a maiden, raised, by birth and fortune far above his pretensions, inasmuch as she was the daughter of one of the grand dignitaries of the kingdom, Joseph Sosnowski, marshal of Lithuania and vice-general of the crown. Towards the end of the year 1777, circumstances which he then esteemed most fortunate, quartered Kosciuszko's regiment in Lithuania, and the enamoured officer himself in the marshal's castle. He made good use of the opportunities thus afforded him to gain the affections of the Lady Louisa Sosnowski. But, once secure of her heart, Kosciuszko adopted a frank and honourable course.

"The young lady first confided her attachment to her mother; and then Kosciuszko, with tears, and kneeling at the father's feet, confessed his pure, but unconquerable passion. The parents, blinded by hereditary pride of ancestry, and exasperated at the idea that the splendour of their ancient house should be dimmed by their daughter's marriage with an officer of rank so inferior, prohibited all intercourse between the impassioned lovers; and, to insure the observance of their prohibition, placed spies upon all their steps. But love found means to deceive the Argus eyes placed over them, and knit two young hearts closer and closer to each other.

"Kosciuszko, now driven to despair, proposes an elopement. The lady agrees; all is arranged, and the happiest result promises to crown their hopes. Under the shade of a dark night, they effect their escape from the castle, attain, seemingly unpursued, to some distance, and a warm embrace speaks their mutual congratulations, and the bright hopes of union that are dawning upon their hearts. But a sudden noise startles the lovers from their dream of bliss: the marshal's people surround and attempt to seize them. Kosciuszko draws his sword, and desperately strives to defend his beloved. A sanguinary conflict ensues, but the issue could not be doubtful. Kosciuszko, wounded, exhausted, senseless, sank to the ground, and the Lady Louisa was dragged

ing authors, we might perhaps say, of her authors, dead or living, and one of her most ardent and constant patriots. And that this man should be Kosciuszko's most intimate friend, is a remarkable point in both their lives. Niemcewicz carefully concealed his unhappy comrade from any search that might be made after him; whilst Kosciuszko, with an impetuosity of feeling which we confess appears to us more consonant with the age of two and twenty than of two and thirty,* immediately wrote to the king, requesting his royal leave to resign his commission. The king granted the request, and the dejected lover repaired with all possible despatch to America, where, as we scarcely need remind our readers, the revolutionary war was then raging. Kosciuszko reached the new world utterly unprovided with letters of recommendation or introduction, and nearly penniless; he however asked an audience of Washington, to whom he boldly presented himself.

"What do you seek here?" enquired the general with his accustomed brevity.—"I come to fight as a volunteer for American independence," was the equally brief and fearless reply.—"What can you do?" was Washington's next question; to which Kosciuszko, with his characteristic simplicity, only rejoined, "Try me." This was done, occasions soon offered, in which his talents, science, and valour, were evinced, and above all his great character was duly appreciated. He was speedily made an officer, and further distinguished himself.

* * * * *

"He had not been long in America, when he had occasion to display his undaunted courage, as captain of a company of volunteers. Generals Wayne and Lafayette, notwithstanding the heat of the battle in which they themselves were fully engaged, observed with satisfaction the exertions of that company, which advanced beyond all the rest, and made its attacks in the best order.

"Who led the first company?" asked Lafayette of his comrades on the evening of that memorable day (the 30th of September).

"The answer was 'It is a young Pole, of noble birth, but very poor; his name, if I am not mistaken, is Kosciuszko.' The sound of this unusual name, which he could hardly pronounce, filled the French hero with so eager

nary influence which he, a foreigner, exercised over the American volunteers, as by his military skill and daring valour. With an anecdote or two illustrating the former qualities, we shall close our account of his American campaigns. The soldiers of an English regiment were, upon one occasion, surprised and nearly cut off in their sleep.

"Only about 40 privates and a few non-commissioned officers were made prisoners, and they owed their lives to the humanity of Kosciuszko, who, in opposition to his general's commands, ordered the lives of all who asked quarter to be spared, on pain of death.

"How much he was beloved and feared by those under him was made manifest during the bloody siege of Ninety-six. A detachment of militia had been detained in the army long after their term of service had expired, because the detachment ordered to relieve them did not arrive to take their place. The complaints and murmurs at this detention grew louder and louder. Kosciuszko, well aware both of the justice of these complaints, and of the inconvenience which a longer absence from their homes might occasion these militia-men, with kindly earnestness addressed them as follows:—

"My good friends, you have been promised your dismissal, and to me this promise is sacred: if you are not willing to stay, go home in peace. You are dismissed! As for myself, I cannot desert the post intrusted to me, and shall remain here with our few regular troops."

"These words were more powerful than argument or entreaty; all unanimously exclaimed, 'We will stay! We will not desert our leader!' And afterwards no one of these militia-men could have been induced to leave the army, except by giving him a certificate that illness, or some other cause, actually compelled his departure."

Upon the signature of peace between Great Britain and the United States, Kosciuszko returned to Poland with the American rank of general of brigade. He was kindly received by Stanislaus, and re-entered the Polish army, retaining his American rank; he was before long raised to that of major-general in the service of his native king and country. For some years after his return, he appears to have lived in great retirement, from which he was in some measure called forth when Stanislaus endeavoured, by introducing really great improvements and reforms into the Polish constitution, so to increase the energies of his kingdom as might enable him to shake off the ascendancy of Russia. Stanislaus drew up a new constitution, certainly very far from a perfect scheme of civil polity, and too like the equally unsuccessful and equally short-lived French constitution of the year 1790, but still very much better than the anarchy which had previously reigned in Poland; especially inasmuch as it obviated the tremendous evils almost always incident to the election of a king, by making the crown thenceforward hereditary. This Stanislaus could do with better grace from having no children.

"On the 3d of May 1791, in spite of the opposition of all the partisans of Russia, the king swore to observe the new constitution; the whole assembly (a sort of national assembly convoked for the purpose) followed him into the church, where the evening twilight, dimly illuminating the primeval arches, heightened the solemn effect of the oath-taking scene. Two days afterwards,

the new constitution was accepted by the whole assembly. And Kosciuszko, to whom the independence of his native land was the first of blessings, loudly declared in favour of this new charter, and received with deep-felt joy from the hands of the king, who was now wholly bent to avert Russian influence, his promotion to the rank of lieutenant general."

Enthusiasm like Kosciuszko's was unluckily far from universal in Poland. The new laws deprived the haughty nobles of many of those proud and elsewhere unparalleled prerogatives, in which they had so long gloried, through which they had already well nigh destroyed their country; and their reluctance to part with them, though for a while brooded over in secret, at length produced the confederation of Targowica. This was a professedly patriotic confederation, instituted for the sole purpose of saving the old republic, as the kingdom of Poland was designated.

"The confederates bound themselves to annihilate the constitution of 3d of May, as the grave of liberty. Potocki declared himself marshal-general; Branicki and Rzewuski appointed themselves counsellors to the confederation."

And so blinded were these Polish magnates by political prejudice, and surely we must add by selfishness, that, in their frantic detestation of the royal innovations,—

"They published an address to the nation on the 22d of February, 1792, in which, among other things, they said, 'No hope remains for the republic, save an appeal to the magnanimity of the incomparable Catherine. Should the Poles not listen to the counsels of this exalted princess, they will themselves precipitate the ruin of their country. Upon this consideration, and in the name of that country so infinitely dear to us all, we implore the inhabitants of Warsaw, and of the provinces, not to take any hasty step that may undermine the general safety.'

"The Empress Catherine simultaneously announced her entire disapprobation of the new constitution, and her intention of sending a body of troops into Poland, to support the confederation of Targowica."

Poland was now divided into two hostile parties, the constitutional royalists and the confederates of Targowica, in arms against each other: the first headed by a timid, vacillating, and nearly powerless king; the other supported by the able, ambitious, and unscrupulous Catherine, wielding the power of Russia. The issue of such a contest could hardly be doubtful; but whilst it lasted it afforded Kosciuszko some opportunities of displaying in the cause of his native land, the skill and valour he had already proved as the champion of foreign liberty. Many slight encounters occurred, with fluctuating success. These are not worth dwelling upon; but the battle of Dubienka (pronounced Dubienkon) was more important, and upon it Kosciuszko's Polish military fame seems, at the period in question, to have rested. The orders of the government were to defend the passage of the Bug against the Russians.

"This river, which joins the Vistula, near Warsaw, is broad, but so shallow as in summer to be fordable in many places, Prince Joseph Poniatowski was to guard the banks from Dubienka to Brzesc, in Lithuania; Zabiello, from Brzesc to the Vistula.

"Kosciusko was posted at Dubienka. . . . The main attack of the Russians, led by their general-in-chief, Kochowski, at the head of 18,000 picked troops, with 40 cannon, was made upon Kosciusko. The Polish commander had but 4,000 men and eight pieces of cannon, to defend a post, strengthened only by such works as he had been able throw up in the four and twenty hours that he had been there stationed. Yet, with these feeble means, did he repulse every attempt of the Russians, and maintain his ground for five whole days. Then, finding his position menaced from Galicia, he retreated in good order, the Russians having lost 4,000 men, the Poles barely 900. The best military judges pronounced with one accord that the affair of Dubienka might stand a comparison with Greek and Roman deeds, and that Poland, if she had no Thermopylæ, yet boasted a Leonidas upon her open fields."

But the efforts of the Polish Leonidas were less beneficial in their result than those of his prototype, perhaps in proportion as the sacrifice at which they were made was less. The Bug was now passed; and Stanislaus, already terrified by the menaces of her, under whose superior mental energies he had doubtless painfully quailed, even when reveling in her guilty tenderness, was completely subdued when he beheld her troops ready to pour upon his capital. Exactly a week after the attack upon Dubienka, on the 23d of July, 1792,

"Stanislaus summoned his ministers, and the marshals of the confederation of the realm, showed them the last letter of the empress, spoke of the league of the three neighbouring states, of the impossibility of resistance, of the necessity of obtaining the protection of Russia, and concluded by saying, 'I have determined to sign the Targowica confederation.' . . . Kosciusko could not remain a witness of the consequent degradation of his country. He rejected the most brilliant offers of advancement in the Russian service, preferring poverty and exile to any sacrifice of principle. He resigned his Polish commission; and with the words, 'Grant, oh my God, that I may once more draw my sword for my native land!' entered the carriage that conveyed him to Dresden. Thence he proceeded to Leipzig. His example was followed by sixteen young men of the first families in Poland."

rities into perfect security, that we cannot suppose it more than a seeming contravention of the traveller's wishes and designs.

The king, "infirm of purpose," was now a mere puppet in the hands of the Targowica confederation, the heads of which were themselves equally puppets in the hands of Catherine, whose troops, pouring in, occupied and tyrannised over great part of Poland. On the 14th of October, 1793, the second partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, was completed.

"The popular ferment was now at its height, but the prudent Kosciusko remained quiet, like a volcano consumed by its internal fires. . . . A proposal, in the nature of a command, made by the Russian envoy, General Baron Igelstrom, to reduce the Polish army to 16,000 men, incorporating the rest of the troops with Russian regiments, provoked the explosion.

"Madalinski, commander of a brigade of national cavalry, learned that his brigade was one of those to be reduced. His resolution was immediate, to kindle at once the torch of insurrection. He made some Prussian officers prisoners, seized the Prussian military chest, outwitted Igelstrom by a stratagem, and, marching southward, reached the woiwodship, or palatinate of Sandomir. Here Madalinski proposed to the nobles a confederation to rescue Poland. But they dreaded the foreign armies. . . . The patriots wanted a leader, upon whose experience and abilities they could rely, to whose hands they could entrust their country's cause. . . .

* * * * *

"Under these circumstances General Igelstrom called Russian troops from all sides to Warsaw; but his military force could not check the growth of the popular fermentation, which abundantly revealed itself by incendiarism, red caps, (copied from France,) and other symptoms. In Cracow affairs looked more serious.

"Kosciusko, who had watched the progress of events, now thought that the hour of need was come. Hastily he retraced his steps, hurried to Cracow, and in the night of the 24th of March, 1794, entered the old capital of Poland at the head of a few friends.

"The people thronged to meet him. Torches were lighted and the night turned into day. Even ladies hurried

of a kind of provisional government indicated no purpose of superseding the king. The object was to provide a substitute for his authority so long as he should remain, in fact if not in name, a prisoner to the Russians, and the case very much resembled that of Spain, during the peninsular war, when Ferdinand the Seventh was a French prisoner. To return to Cracow.

"Scarcely had the morning dawned when the *Naczelnik*, (a Polish title meaning supreme chief,) Kosciuszko, was escorted to the market-place by the whole body of citizens. Here he harangued the people, pointing out the importance of the present moment to the future weal or woe of Poland, and demanding a cordial reception for his warriors, and vigorous co-operation. Shouts of exultation, and unanimous cries of 'Kosciuszko for ever! Liberty and Poland!' told the dictator that his exhortations would be obeyed."

After naming the members of the national council, and proclaiming anew the constitution abrogated by Russian command, Kosciuszko repeated his call for vigorous co-operation, and made it more general, by a proclamation of which we extract a few passages; the whole being somewhat lengthy: he, perhaps, had learned the thing, as we have the word, beyond the Atlantic.

"Fellow-citizens! Called upon from all sides to save our country, I appear, in obedience to your will, at the head of the lovers of liberty. But I alone cannot shake off the yoke of slavery, and break our chains. Every one must do his part; and then I can and will effect our deliverance. . . . In our common cause, one spirit must ensoul us, one zeal fire our hearts. Each for all and all for each! Consecrate to your country a part of your property, now not so much yours as the destined booty of despotic mercenaries! Fill our ranks with armed men! . . . Sacrifices made to liberty and our country will be worthily rewarded by a nation's gratitude! . . . The first step towards liberty is the resolution to be free; as the first towards victory is the knowledge of our own strength."

"My dear fellow-countrymen! I expect every thing from your zeal. . . . He who is not with us is against us! He who is not ready to sacrifice his life for his country means to oppose her, or to remain neutral; and both are sins against liberty, against patriotism!"

A proclamation, more original, as also much shorter, was addressed by the *Naczelnik* to his countrywomen.

"Ornaments of the human race! . . . You too, noble ladies, have felt the sad lot of our country, pining under the iron yoke of her enemies. Learn that we men will free you from this yoke! But allow me to make a request of you. Your tender sensibilities will awaken; you will feel that an oppressed nation can only recover her rights and liberties by the greatest sacrifices on the part of every man and of every woman."

"Your husbands, sons, brothers, gird them for the fight—our blood must lay the foundation of your liberty. Women! Be it yours to care for us when that blood streams. Prepare lint and bandages [alas! for the necessary bathos!] for the army. The work of such fair hands will allay the pangs of the sufferer, of the wounded!"

"These manifestoes acted like an electric shock upon the whole nation. The clang of arms resounded. The handicraftsman left his work, and presented himself with

his axe; the peasant came with his scythe, the day-labourer with his spade, the townsman with his sword and pike. The nobleman opened his castle, distributing guns and hunting weapons to the unarmed men who asked for them. Kosciuszko had required a soldier for every five hearths, but additional volunteers flocked from all sides to the banner of their motherland [this is the Polish tenderer, and, we think, more appropriate form of the German fatherland] to stake life and property for freedom. Side by side stood the noble and the bondsman, the graybeard and the boy; nor was it uncommon to find in the ranks women, wrapped in large coats, and with pikes on their shoulders, confronting death, braving toil and hardship; oft-times their sex remaining unsuspected till they were wounded or slain.

"From women whose patriotism was more feminine were received in abundance shirts, garments of all kinds, bandages, lint, plaisters, balsams, tea, all that could be wanted to dress wounds or to alleviate the toils of war. The noblest ladies of Warsaw secretly sold their jewels, and sent Kosciuszko the produce."

On the 4th of April, Kosciuszko, with 4,000 soldiers, and a body of these half-armed, untrained volunteers, without cannon, encountered a corps of 6,000 or 12,000 Russian troops.

"Several Russian battalions boldly attacked his left wing; the Poles resisted valiantly, and the Russians retreated. A new attack upon the centre;—similar resistance, and a similar result. Now a second column advances upon Kosciuszko's left wing and a third upon his right. The patriots, animated alike by the valour of their *Naczelnik* and by the prosperous commencement of the affair, rushed dauntlessly forward. Twice only can the Russians fire their artillery; the Poles are amidst their ranks; three guns are in the hands of the peasants. On all sides rages an obstinate, a bloody battle. . . . Neither party gives or asks quarter. The Russians fight desperately, lest they should be conquered by men whom they despise: but the impetuosity of the Poles is irresistible. The peasantry, shouting 'Kosciuszko and Liberty!' wield their scythes and pitch-forks with inconceivable fury, and enable the few regular troops to gain a complete victory. . . . Two of the scythe armed peasants so distinguished themselves in this sanguinary conflict, that Kosciuszko, in his bulletin, placed their names before those of all the other heroes of the day. . . . They were Pawle Glowacki and Thomasz Switacki."

Meanwhile the insurrection had spread so generally that Igelstrom had been obliged to send out detachments from Warsaw in all directions.

"He thus reduced the Russian garrison of Warsaw to 6,000 men. . . . Encouraged by this diminution of numbers, and reinforced by an influx of peasants artisans, and even of soldiers, the leaders of the malcontents deemed this a favourable opportunity for effecting their object. The popular rage daily increased, and acquired a more serious aspect. Polish plays, even such as under other circumstances would have been altogether insignificant, now produced first sullen murmurs, then satirical allusions, and finally loud threats. . . . Igelstrom sent an express to the Prussian General Wolki, to hasten his approach, and required of the king the immediate disarming of the Polish troops, the surrender to him of the arsenal and powder magazines, and the execution of twenty of the most suspected persons."

"The king, shocked at these demands, sends a person to remonstrate with Igelstrom, who persists in his requisitions. The crown high-chancellor, Prince Sulkowski, seeks the Russian in his palace to soften him, if possible. In vain! Igelstrom is inexorable; he issues commands,

he utters taunts, the deeply touched chancellor faints away, and is carried home insensible. The iron commander now requires the outlawry of all the insurgents: and on 2d of April the feeble Stanislaus blindly signs the condemnation of Kosciuszko, of his adherents, and of the declaration of independence.

"The announcement of this act inflames the public exasperation to the uttermost. . . . On the Thursday of Passion Week, April 17th, soon after midnight, the men of Warsaw occupy the streets leading to the gates, the arsenal and the powder magazine: and with the first gray dawn a crowd of Poles, nobles, citizens, and clergy, appear before the castle, demanding to speak with the king. . . . The crowd augments every minute. Arms are distributed. The royal guards, horse and foot, the Dzialynski regiment under Colonel Haumann, the artillery, in short all the Polish troops, leave their barracks; and at five o'clock in the morning Count Mirsch's cavalry makes the first attack upon a Russian post, cutting down the men and spiking the cannon. With shouts of 'Liberty! Kosciuszko!' the Poles assail the Russians, drive them back, and bring one gun in front of the arsenal. But that was already in possession of the gallant General Cichowski, who had beaten the Russians, and taken their commander. The alarm-bell sounds. Citizens rush out of their dwellings, with guns, pistols, sabres: boys, women, all are ready for the struggle. They who dare not confront the enemy in the street, fire pistols from the windows, and graybeards and children fling stones from the roofs of houses.

Igelstrom's troops, familiar with battle, unacquainted with defeat, fight with the courage of desperation. The Poles are equally resolved to conquer or die. Every where the Russians are overpowered, and no retreat offers. At length they fortify themselves in Igelstrom's mansion, a chapel, and three adjoining houses, barricading the doors. . . . They are besieged there. . . . Igelstrom, with his subordinate generals and 900 men, all that remain of his troops, and many of them wounded, effects his escape through his garden, through courtyards and alleys, and over a ruinous part of the city wall. But all his riches, his official papers, his artillery, and the baggage of his army, are the prize of the victors."

This most legitimate insurrection, in which the insurgents rose only to expel foreigners and restore the constitution spontaneously granted by their lawful king, was now triumphant, and it seemed

his office at their lawless bidding. Passion conquers all impediments: hundreds of hands were put forth to supply his place, and the women twisted cords of their ribbons. On the 28th of June, eight men of the first Polish families, all, probably, more or less guilty, fell victims to mob vengeance. They were Prince Anton Czétwertenski, Ignaz Massalski, Prince-Bishop of Wilna, the Privy-Councillor, Boscamp-Lassopolski, the financier, Grabowski, Majewski, Raguski, Pientka, and the lawyer, Wulfers, who was suspected of having suppressed papers of Igelstrom's, that might have inculpated important personages, perhaps the king. A ninth only, Count Moszcinski, could be rescued even by the favourite demagogue, Zakrzewski.

"On hearing of the tumult, Kosciuszko sent a body of troops from his camp to Warsaw, with orders to imprison the ringleaders, and march off a number of the most active rioters to his army, where they might expend their fury upon the enemy. He at the same time admonished the towns-people to prevent such excesses, lest the hirelings of tyranny or extravagant revolutionists should confound the sacred cause of freedom with license and murder. The author of the rising, Casimir Konopka, who afterwards distinguished himself in Napoleon Bonaparte's Polish legion, he banished.

"Kosciuszko said to those about him, that the loss of two battles would not have grieved him like the barbarities perpetrated at Warsaw in his absence; nor could such defeats have been so detrimental to their great cause as the bloodshed on the 28th of June."

These are the sentiments that we love to find in a champion of liberty: and it is grievous to think that the excellent Kosciuszko failed, whilst the execrable Robespierre and his brother terrorists succeeded in repulsing foreign aggression. But let not these opposite results be ascribed to the opposite courses respectively pursued. The virtuous Washington succeeded, if his Polish disciple failed; and the failure of the latter was the almost inevitable consequence of numerical inferiority, aided by the national character already described. Warsaw submitted quietly to the rebukes and chastisement of the *Naczelnik*, and, doubtless, honoured him the more for them, when the momentary frenzy had subsided. But in the field the aspect of affairs changed, and the hopes

forth, lay down his arms, and go home in peace.' No answer; no movement in the ranks. 'Once more,' exclaims Kosciuszko, 'I pledge my word as commander, to any one who hesitates, a release from our service!' Scarcely were the words spoken, when unanimous cries arose—'With thee, *Naczelnik!* We'll fight to the death with thee!' 'Then, march!' rejoined the deeply-affected general."

Unfortunately, all Kosciuszko's plans for defeating the Russian armies separately were foiled by the interception and capture of the messenger who bore his orders for co-operation and various important manœuvres. The Russians, in possession of his intentions, resolved to surprise him in his camp at dawn of the 10th of October.

"'Warsaw and revenge!' was the cry of the Russians: 'Victory or death,' the answer of the Poles. The Russian boldly assaults the works; a deadly fire receives him. His first step upon the bulwark is his last. Thus repulsed, Fersen again leads his infuriated soldiers to the assault. . . . He has only led them to death."

"He orders a third attack. . . . At the point of the bayonet the Russians carry the first redoubt. 'Forward, lads!' cried the brave Denisow to his Cossacks! 'If we fail, may none escape to report our shame!' A second, third, fourth redoubt is carried: no Pole surrenders; no Russian gives quarter. . . ."

"Undistinguished by his dress, recognisable only by his almost incredible daring, Kosciuszko was in the thickest of every danger. Three times had he repulsed Fersen, when Suwaroff appeared with a fresh army, and the two great generals stand face to face; but with most unequal forces. The Russian has double Kosciuszko's numbers, and his well-armed troops are tried soldiers. The Pole is armed with little more than love for his mother-land, and whatever had first come to hand, whether musket or scythe. No wonder if the weaker army gives way. The Polish infantry could not resist the Russian; and vain were Kosciuszko's efforts with the cavalry. Three horses had been shot under him, when a wound in the shoulder prostrated him on the ground. Then did the Poles begin to tremble. Kosciuszko recovered himself, and, with the aid of his friend, Niemcewicz, who fought as his adjutant by his side, mounted a fresh horse and hurried after his flying cavalry, to rally them and restore the fight. But, in leaping a ditch, his horse fell. Cossacks and carabineers are upon him: one wounds him in the head, another in the neck. Completely exhausted, with the exclamation '*Finis Polonia!*' (the end of Poland,) he swoons."

Our author gives several other narratives of this fatal battle of Macziewice, from various writers, differing only in immaterial details; but this one is enough for us.

Kosciuszko's falling exclamation was re-echoed throughout Poland. The tidings of his capture and reported death produced indescribable dismay at Warsaw. Eye-witnesses affirm that—

"Invalids were seized with burning fevers, and some pregnant females with madness, whilst many infants were prematurely born. Men and women were seen running about the streets, wringing their hands, dashing their heads against walls, and shrieking, in despair, 'Kosciuszko is dead! Our mother-land is lost!'"

They were in the right. Within a month of the battle of Macziewice, Suwaroff was master of Warsaw, and Poland was conquered. The following year, Stanislaus was commanded by his once fond and now imperious mistress to abdicate.

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The small remnant of his kingdom was then allotted amongst the three original partitioning powers, and the very name of Poland disappeared from the roll of European states. But our business is with Kosciuszko.

The hero was kindly treated by his military captors; but he was insensible from loss of blood, and the Russian surgeons would not dress his wounds until the following day, lest a renewed hemorrhage should prove fatal. This, to us, who are unprofessional, seems odd leechcraft; and not the less so when we find that he was afterwards surgically neglected at Petersburg. Right or wrong, however, we are further told that, when, 23 years afterwards, Kosciuszko died, the Swiss surgeons who opened his body, ascribed his death to continued debility, produced by the loss of blood at Macziewice. But he is not yet dead, and we must give an anecdote of his captivity.

"Kosciuszko was seated at a table, resting his head upon his hand, silent, and thoughtful, whilst an obstinate engagement was in doubtful progress at no great distance. At length an officer came in with tidings, that the Russians had, after a desperate struggle, broken through the enemies' ranks with the bayonet. 'God! God!' exclaimed Kosciuszko, starting up and striking his forehead, 'Why had not I such soldiers to fight in such a cause as mine!'"

Kosciuszko was taken to Petersburg, and there confined in the fort Petro-Pawlosk, but not, according to a popular error, sent to Siberia: nor does it seem that a heavier evil than perpetual imprisonment was contemplated for the invalid warrior even by the angry Catharine. But in December, 1796, she died, and we are glad to relate a pleasing trait of her unpopular and assuredly partially insane successor:—

"Paul, accompanied only by his two eldest sons, the Grand-Dukes Alexander and Constantine, repaired, in person, to the castle in which state prisoners were confined, released the Polish Phocion, and, in the following words, did homage to his virtues:—'I restore you your sword, general, asking you to pledge your word never more to use it against the Russians.'"

Kosciuszko is said to have declined the sword, saying, "I need none, having now no mother-land;" but pledged his word as the price of his liberty.

"The Czar then inquired whither the released prisoner would go. To which Kosciuszko firmly replied, 'To America, where I shall find brothers in arms and glorious recollections.'"

"The Czar bestowed on Kosciuszko 1500 peasants;* and, knowing that he and his friend, Niemcewicz, proposed to share one and the same fate, he likewise gave the noble poet his liberty, with a present of 1000 peasants. The further imperial offer to Kosciuszko of 6000 rubles a year, with the rank and title of a field-marshal in the Russian service, were, of course, rejected by him."

Kosciuszko, accompanied by Niemcewicz, now visited England, where he was received with the kindly respect befitting a country proud of her own liberty. Thence the two friends sailed for America, where Kosciuszko's arrival and short

* This is, we believe, the Russian mode of denoting the size of an estate.

stay were marked by honours analogous to those since paid to his American commander, Lafayette. The Congress likewise conferred upon him a substantial mark of gratitude, that could not but be welcome to the impoverished exile; they discharged the apparently long arrears of his pay, with interest, and by additional gifts made the whole a sum of money, (Falkenstein calls it a capital,) which enabled him

"To repay the Russian emperor the money received of him, and, with the warmest expressions of respectful gratitude, to implore that monarch's permission to decline the other gifts of his bounty, (including the 1500 serfs,) and depend for his future support upon that which he had fairly earned in America."

We do not propose to detail the profuse demonstrations of reverence and respect showered by brother Jonathan upon Kosciuszko, which seem to have soon become painfully oppressive to our modest hero. One or two anecdotes of this visit to the scene where his earliest laurels were gathered are however worth extracting. The first shows that his celebrity had spread into the yet uncleared native forests of the New World, and excited the admiration of the red men.

"The Chief of the Creeks, bearing the appellation of Little Turtle, was then at Philadelphia, and chanced to be in company with a party of statesmen and officers, whose conversation turned upon the division of Poland and the artifices of the Empress Catharine. The Little Turtle suddenly rose from his seat, walked rapidly about the room, with angry gesticulations, and swinging his tomahawk; and then, in accents of bitter contempt, exclaimed, 'The woman had best bethink her of what the man who is my friend can do.' General Harrison afterwards explained to the Creek chief, that the last king of Poland, Stanislaus Poniatowski, was a very handsome man, by which personal qualification chiefly he had gained the Empress's favour, and through that had obtained the Polish crown. He answered disdainfully, 'Had my friend, Kotscho,' (this was the nearest approach to Kosciuszko that his unpractised organs could accomplish,) been ever so handsome a man, he would not for that have undone his country."

Those whose organs can better pronounce the

guished statesmen and men of letters, and he particularly enjoyed the conversation of agreeable women.

"It was in such a circle that he met the Swiss Chargé d'Affaires, Peter Joseph Zeltner, a man of equally plain republican honesty, depth of judgment, and abundant knowledge, who was then in political relation with the greatest European diplomatists. . . . His wife was adorned with every quality of mind and heart. Kosciuszko presently became the intimate friend of the family, and soon afterwards their inmate. . . . When political relations were altered, and Zeltner, resigning his post in consequence, condemned himself and family to great privations, the connection between the friends remained unchanged. Kosciuszko shared every privation, every sorrow of his friends. His occupations were as characteristic as were his every word and action. One half of the day he dedicated to private study (generally in history and mathematics;) the other half to the education of his friend's children, to whom he supplied the place of their always over-occupied father. . . .

"Beyond the circle of the Zeltner family, he kept up most intercourse with the talented Madame General Fiszer, (by birth a Countess Kulieska,) the widow of his former adjutant. With her he loved to converse in their mother-tongue of their *mother-land*. After a while, he regularly drank tea with her. Those who wished to make Kosciuszko's acquaintance, procured an introduction to Madame Fiszer. One evening, this lady met her countryman, as he entered her apartments, with the information that he would now have an opportunity of admiring a very interesting woman, whose most earnest wish it was to make his acquaintance. 'With all my heart,' said Kosciuszko; 'provided it be not a learned lady, for to learned ladies I have a natural antipathy.'—'A learned lady it certainly is,' was the reply; 'and the most celebrated in the French literary world—Madame de Stael Holstein.' At these words Kosciuszko snatched up his hat, and, with a civil apology to his fair friend, hurried out of the house. When Madame de Stael appeared, full of eagerness for the anticipated pleasures of the evening, the Polish Countess frankly told her what had passed. Madame de Stael invited herself, for the following evening, and requested the lady of the house not to announce her visit to Kosciuszko, with the observation, 'Perhaps the oddity likes to be taken by surprise.' She soon afterwards withdrew. Next evening, Kosciuszko came as usual, found several countrymen, and was conversing with them, when Madame de Stael entered unannounced. When she met

of his banished countrymen as were not, like himself, pledged to inactivity, "to consider that the future prospects of their common country, as well as their own, depended upon France, and that they would therefore do well to join her, without however suffering themselves to be dazzled by Buonaparte's personal qualities."

Still, however, the emperor did not despair of gaining the more effective support of Kosciuszko's name and presence at head-quarters; and Fouché was employed to lure the patriot to violate the spirit, if not the letter, of his promise to his liberator, Paul,—a breach of faith, of which it seems he would have incurred the personal guilt, for the sake of his wronged mother-land, had he been sufficiently assured of the beneficial effects to her. How far this might or might not have been justifiable, is a question of political morality, which we are very glad that we are spared the task of here discussing, by the imperial arrogance of Napoleon in refusing the required engagement.

"Fouché employed every art of persuasion, and menaced the most terrible consequences in case of obstinate refusal. . . . Kosciuszko, in the last of these conversations, replied: 'I will have no concern with your enterprises in Poland, unless a national government, a liberal constitution, and her ancient limits, be preliminarily insured to my country.' 'And suppose you were conducted thither by an armed force?' asked the Duke of Otranto.—'In that case,' rejoined Kosciuszko, 'I will proclaim to the whole Polish nation, that I am no free agent, that I take no share in any thing.'—'Well then, we shall do without you,' were the concluding words of the angered Fouché."

And they "did without him," although not exactly in the way in which Kosciuszko had understood the words; for they did without him really, but not nominally. A proclamation in his name, calling upon all Poland to arm in support of Napoleon, and declaring that he himself, the *Naczelnik*, was setting out to head the national army, was published by the command of the French emperor; and it was not until Paris was in the hands of the allies, that Kosciuszko was enabled publicly to disavow this fraudulent abuse of his name.

From the period of this refusal to obey Napoleon, Kosciuszko lived undisturbed in the retirement already described, in a country-house called Berville, until the eventful spring of the year 1814. Then, if he did not resume his sword in defence of the country that sheltered him, he, without so doing, effectually protected his French neighbours against the hostile troops that were desolating the district.

"The aged hero could not endure the sight of such horrors. . . . He mounted his horse, and rode off alone towards the village of Cagny, where the thickest smoke proclaimed the greatest danger. There he found Russians, Cossacks, and Poles, firing the miserable cottages of the peasantry, thinking amidst the confusion to plunder the more undisturbedly."

"He galloped into the midst of them, and turning to the Polish battalion, known by their uniforms, shouted 'Hold, soldiers! When I led brave Polish troops, no one thought of plundering; and severely should I have punished any inferior officer who, regardless of my commands, had dared to suffer such disorder. But the leaders

are yet more blameable,' he added, addressing the officers, 'who by their example or their neglect tempt the privates into such conduct.'

"And who are you to talk to us?" resounded on all sides.—'I am Kosciuszko!'—At this name officers and men flung away their arms, and, according to the custom of their country, fell down before their *Naczelnik*. Those nearest to him touched his knee with their right hands, whilst with the left they uncovered their heads, which they strewed with dust in token of repentance. . . The kindled fires were promptly extinguished; what could be saved was saved. He assisted actively in the operation, and remained till all the stolen property that could be collected was replaced."

This power of a name is so fine, that it has been made the subject of a drama, by a Prussian poet, Karl von Holteiv. This piece, *Der Alte Feldherr* (the Old General), was very successful. The occurrence was much talked of at the time, and attracted the attention of the emperor Alexander, who invited Kosciuszko to visit him at Paris.

"The frank republican, who was no longer to be blinded by words, lured by promises, or deluded by hopes, hesitated to accept the invitation, when an imperial carriage and aide-de-camp, sent to fetch him, appeared. . . . The czar received him, not as a mere general officer, still less as a former enemy and prisoner. He welcomed him as a friend, with an embrace upon the palace steps. . . . After a while the czar turned the conversation upon the condition and prospects of Poland. Kosciuszko pointed out, upon an open map, the old frontier line between Poland and Russia, and urged the necessity of its being so fortified as to protect the former from invasion."

"After this conversation, the Grand-duke Constantine declared in the Parisian salons that the decrepid old man was in his dotage. But the emperor authorised Kosciuszko to explain and detail his views by letter."

The letter is long, but deserves to be generally known, as well for its simple disinterestedness, as because the Polish patriot herein recommends the very plan which the late Lord Londonderry successfully urged at Vienna, when, from the ambition of Russia and the selfish coldness of the other allies, he despaired of effecting more for Poland. The letter is in French, and it is not improbable that this language, so general upon the continent, might be the medium of communication between the Pole and the Russian. But Falkenstein gives in French other letters and speeches, which we feel morally certain must have been written and spoken in Polish, thus proving them to rest upon French authority, not upon Kosciuszko's or that of the Zeltner family.

"Sire!

"If from my obscurity I venture to address a petition to a great monarch, a great captain, and above all a protector of humanity, it is because his generosity and magnanimity are well known to me. I ask three favours of you.—The first is to grant a general amnesty, without any restriction, to all Poles, allowing the peasants who are scattered abroad to be free upon returning to their homes. The second is that your majesty would proclaim yourself King of Poland, with a free constitution, something like the English,—would establish schools at the expense of government, for the education of the peasants,—would abolish the villenage of the peasants in the course of ten years, and allow them to hold their possessions as freehold property."

"Should these my prayers be granted, I shall hasten, ill as I am, to throw myself at your majesty's feet, there to express my gratitude, and to be the first to do you homage as my sovereign. And, should it be thought that my poor abilities could be of any use, I would instantly set out for Poland to serve my country and my sovereign, honestly and zealously.

"My third prayer, sire, though of a private nature, is deeply interesting to my heart and feelings. For fourteen years I have resided with M. Zeltner, a Swiss, formerly envoy from Switzerland to France. I am under great obligations to him; but we are both poor, and he has a large family. I ask an honourable post for him, either in the new government of France, or in that of Poland. He is well informed, and I will answer for his integrity, &c. &c.

KOSCIUSZKO."

"Berville, 9th April, 1814."

The emperor's answer is autographic.

"It is with the greatest satisfaction, general, that I answer your letter. Your dearest wishes shall be fulfilled. With the aid of the Almighty, I hope to effect the regeneration of your brave and respectable nation. I have solemnly pledged myself to this, and the prosperity of Poland has long engaged my thoughts. Political circumstances alone have hitherto shackled my intentions. Those obstacles exist no longer. Two years of a terrible but glorious struggle have removed them. A little while, and prudent conduct, and the Poles shall recover their country, and their name; and I shall have the gratification of convincing them that it is he whom they have thought their enemy, who, forgetting the past, will realise their wishes. How satisfactory it would be to me, general, to see you my assistant in these salutary labours. Your name, your character, your talents, will be my best support.

"Receive, general, the assurance of my esteem,

"ALEXANDER."

"Paris, 3d May, 1814."

We know not whether the Polish patriot mistrusted the autocrat's sincerity, whether a revolutionary prejudice, by no means *unique*, made the constitutional charter of the restored Bourbons appear to him more inimical to liberty than the military despotism of Napoleon, or what other, perhaps immaterial, motive influenced him, but

Kosciuszko either differed in opinion from his biographer, or, as a Lithuanian, he held himself released from his engagements with the emperor, inasmuch as the latter kept Lithuania as a Russian province, instead of re-uniting it to Poland: a reunion which was, perhaps, necessary to make the nominal restoration of Poland any thing but mockery. Kosciuszko did not return either to Poland or to Lithuania, and this was the last public act of his life. We have now only to add some few details of his latter years.

After resuming and completing his Italian tour, Kosciuszko paused in Switzerland, and went to Solothurn to visit the family of his friend Zeltner, when he was so charmed with the Zeltner, there resident, a brother of Peter Joseph, that he domiciliated himself with him for the short remainder of his existence.

The following extracts will show the simplicity and benevolent tenor of the life he led at Solothurn:—

"For his meals, he partook of the ordinary frugal fare of the rather indigent family. He usually wore a threadbare blue great coat, with a rose or a pink in his button-hole. But this ornament was indispensable even in winter, and the Solothurn ladies took pleasure in supplying him with the requisite flowers.

"He slept upon a hard mattress, with very little covering upon him, and rose in summer at five, in winter at six o'clock. He felt no privation, except when he found himself without the means of relieving the distressed. He breakfasted with the Zeltner family, then withdrew to his own room where he occupied himself with his correspondence, his studies, and the preparation of lessons for his little pupil.—[This was Emilie Zeltner, the eldest daughter then about 12 years old, for whom he had conceived a parental affection, and whose education seems to have been one of his chief pleasures.] About ten o'clock he rode out, quite alone, avoiding the high-roads and seeking the most unfrequented paths, where he might do good unobserved. When he found a poor-looking cottage, he would tie his little black horse to a tree, or a hedge, go in, talk kindly to the inhabitants in his broken German, question them as to their circumstances, proportion his gift to the result of his enquiries, and then, hurrying away to escape their thanks and their earnest

usko. In a grave and fatherly tone, he said, 'I do not like to see a young maiden bury herself in a convent: go, therefore, and take a year to reflect maturely upon your project. If, at the end of that time, you persevere in your wish, your portion shall be ready.' At the end of the year the maiden appeared constant in her purpose, when Kosciuszko paid her portion, and attended at her pronouncing her vows."

Kosciuszko was visited by many Poles, in whose society, or in Zeltner's, he made excursions about Switzerland. Amongst other spots, celebrated in Switzerland, Zeltner led him to Morgarten, one of the Alpine Thermopylæ.

"Kosciuszko grasped Zeltner's hand, and mournfully exclaimed, 'Oh, that I had had, at Macziewice, a Humenberg to warn me, and that Poninski had been a Reding!'"

A fall from his horse on one of these excursions has been assigned as the immediate cause of his death. This his biographer, whose word upon this point is decisive, denies, averring that he perfectly recovered from its effects, and again enjoyed his usual health, which, however, at best, was but infirm, and had been so ever since the fatal battle of Macziewice. In the spring of 1817, Kosciuszko freed the peasants upon his patrimonial estate from bondage; and although this article is extending to a greater length than we had contemplated, the public document is too characteristic to be omitted:—

"He appeared before Xavier Amiet, now chancellor, then accredited notary of the state council of Solothurn, and directed him to prepare the following deed:—

"Being convinced that villenage is contrary to natural law and to the welfare of states, I hereby abrogate villenage upon my Lordship of Sienowicze, in the Wodship of Brzesc, situate in Lithuania, from this time forwards to all eternity, for myself and all its future possessors. I declare the peasants upon the village dependent upon this lordship, to be free citizens and full proprietors of the lands they occupy. I exonerate them from all imposts, duties, and personal services, which they have hitherto owed to the lords of the castle; and only implore them, for their own sakes and the good of their country, to establish schools for the education of their children.

"After this solemn act, I further declare that I, out of especial good will, give the said castle of Sienowicze, with the lands thereunto belonging, now and for ever, in full property, to my niece, the Lady Catherine Estkowa, and her children."

"When the notary Amiet first called upon him respecting this instrument, a favourite canary bird was flying about the room. Amiet ventured to ask why he did not set this little bird likewise at liberty? He answered, 'The little creature is too delicate to be set at liberty; it would perish.'"

Kosciuszko's end was now at hand, but its approach was cheered by the sight of the object of his early and constant attachment, now Princess Lubomirska.

"The princess, who was traveling to Geneva and Italy, stopped at Solothurn to spend some weeks with Kosciuszko, cheering the already declining old man by her agreeable pleasantries, and her rare gift of social wit. Kosciuszko had a presentiment that he should not see her again, and, when she bade him farewell, with a promise to return the following spring, tears swelled into his eyes, and the agitated hero asked for a token of her remembrance. The princess accordingly set him, from Lau-

sanne, a ring, with the motto, 'Friendship to Virtue.' But when the ring reached Solothurn, Kosciuszko was no more!

"On the 1st of October, 1817, he was seized with a nervous fever, then prevalent at Solothurn, which in spite of his struggles, confined him to his bed. Foreseeing the event, he made his will, bequeathed ample legacies to his friends, the Zeltners, especially to Emilie, and others to the town hospital, the orphan house, and the poor of Solothurn. He left 1000 francs for the expenses of his funeral, upon condition, that his body should be carried to the grave by six poor men. He ordered all his Polish papers to be burnt.

"After signing this will, he laid down the pen, raised his eyes towards heaven and said, 'Now I am easy!' He spoke often and long of his approaching end. His mind grew calmer and calmer, and voice and look bespoke the peace of his soul. His parting from his beloved friends, the blessing he bestowed upon Zeltner, his wife, and children, had all the august solemnity of a religious ceremony. According to the custom of the heroic times, he asked for his sword, that which had been shattered in his hand at Macziewice. To this broken sword he committed the guard of his ashes. The sabre of King John Sobieski, which he had received in the year 1799, from his brothers in arms, he directed to be sent to Poland, and there preserved for other times and other deeds."

"He retained the full possession of his faculties to his last breath; but his pulse grew fainter. On the morning of the 15th, he awoke from a heavy sleep, and his eye fell upon the whole Zeltner family, assembled round his bed. He seemed stronger, cheerfully stretched out his hand, and bade them good morning, with his wonted cordiality. But whilst he spoke, his voice nearly failed, and he himself asked for his physician.

"Towards ten o'clock, he raised himself, as though wishing to say something that required all his energies. He gave Zeltner his right hand, Madame Zeltner his left, smiled to his little friend Emilie, who stood at the bed's foot, and, thus taking leave of three beloved beings at once, he sank slowly down, sighed,———and his pure soul was in the presence of his Maker."

The body was embalmed, and, as he had directed, borne to the grave by poor old men, relieving each other. The funeral was attended by all Solothurn, for he was mourned by the whole canton, especially by the class so indebted to his liberality. His death was lamented, and his praises were celebrated by poets and orators in all languages. In Poland, the grief and mourning were universal; and at Warsaw the funeral oration was pronounced by the national poet, the friend of his youth Wiemcewicz.

But Poland grudged the remains of her noblest son to a foreign land, and Alexander readily sanctioned the national desire to bring them home. The body was asked of Switzerland by a formal Polish embassy, which having obtained, escorted it to Poland. At Cracow it was received by the senate, and with all military and civil honours interred in the cathedral. But the Polish senate and the Polish nation wished to raise to their heroic champion a more peculiar

* It was preserved by Princess Czartoryska, in her noble collection of arms and other Polish antiquities, at her castle of Pulawy, until the year 1830, since then, who can tell its fate?

and more durable monument than other men can boast, at least in modern times—

"A monument that might be an object of general enthusiasm, of heart-felt veneration to all Poles. The senate decreed the raising of a mound (in fact, a barrow), upon the eminence called *Bronislawa* (meaning the guardian of fame,) which commands the Vistula. At this mound, young and old, senators and citizens, nobles and peasants, even the magnates of the realm, and the most delicate ladies, laboured with their own hands. A countryman, who came from Volhynia to assist, accidentally received a severe wound; and in the fear that he might bleed to death, several persons were carrying him in quest of surgical assistance, when he resolutely exclaimed, 'Oh, let me bleed here! it is the only tribute I can pay to the great *Naczelnik*.'

"From the 16th of October, 1820, to the 16th of October, 1823, the labour continued. The *Mogila Kosciuszki* (Kosciuszko's Mount,) measures 276 feet in diameter at the base, and 300 feet in height. It is the largest ever formed by human hands.

"The sepulchral mounds of Queen Vanda, and of St. Cracus, respectively on the left and right banks of the Vistula, meet the traveller's view at some distance from Cracow, reminding him of the origin of the actual inhabitants of the country. Kosciuszko's monument completes the triangle, and connects the present with the past. . . . A convenient road, paved and planted with trees, for pedestrians, leads thither; for, since the beginning of the work, this has been the favourite *promenade* of the Cracovians. . . . From the ample contributions of the whole country, an adjoining piece of ground was purchased, upon which, close to the old chapel of St. Bronislawa, houses were built for four peasants, who had served under Kosciuszko. It is their duty, and that of their families for ever, to plant the mound as pleasure grounds, and to take the greatest care of the *ponnik* (monument).

"The management of the purchase, of the construction, and of the whole affair, was intrusted by the Cracow senate to a committee of twenty persons, with General Franciszek Paszkowski as president. . . . The expense was defrayed by contributions, not only of the most considerable families of Poland, but likewise of peasants, artisans, and private soldiers. Count Arthur Potocki alone gave 10,000 *gulden*, with which (we pre-

From the Eclectic Review.

A Poet's Port Folio; or Minor Poems, in Three Books. By James Montgomery. 12 mo, pp. 297. London, 1835.

A new volume from a veteran poet, whose praise has long been in all our churches, and whom even the king delighteth to honour, will be received as a welcome communication from an old friend after a long silence. There is a part of the year, during which our native songsters cease to sing. The silent season is during the fervid heat of summer, when the mower and reaper and other labourers are busy, but the birds are quiet. There would seem to be periods of our poetical history somewhat analogous to this; periods of fiery excitement and exhausting occupation—times for mowing what is rank, and reaping what is ripe—when the sons of song wisely keep aloof and maintain silence till quieter and cooler weather. With the exception of Taylor's "*Artevelde*," no original composition of striking character or merit has appeared for many years; and no poetry except Mrs. Hemans', has been selling. The booksellers have been cheapening their wares, and forcing a trade in cyclopedias, libraries, annuals, and reprints; but all this indicates the langour of that natural demand which is created by an increase of *readers*. Who reads any thing but the newspaper? Who has time for reading any thing in this busy, busy season of political movement and ecclesiastical strife, with all things in transition, and whirl, and transmutation around us! Coleridge tells us, "that there have been three silent revolutions in England; first, when the professions fell off from the church; secondly, when literature fell off from the professions; and thirdly, *when the press fell off from literature*." Such silent revolutions are continually going forward, unmarked except by the retired and thoughtful observer; while a slight and obvious change of mere political arrangement is sufficient to waken the loud and angry clamours of those conservative politicians with whom the word revolution is a synonyme for all that is tra-

and that the nation will be rescued from parent danger of becoming, under the aus-
pices of the useful knowledge companies, "penny-
and pound foolish."

Whether we are approaching this season, we
do not; but it is a good omen, that two of our
living minstrels, Wordsworth and Montgo-
mery are sending forth volumes at the same
time, as if, like Noah's dove, to see whether
the waters of agitation are subsiding. We are
glad that they should both meet with a kindly
reception from the public, not merely for their own
sakes but for that of their readers, or of those
ought to read. Many of the poems con-
tained in the present volume, have already ap-
peared in a fugitive shape, and some have been
reprinted into our pages; but this circumstance,
from detracting from the value of it, will
be an inducement to those who have in recollec-
tion those "snatches" of Mr. Montgomery's
to procure this collection of his miscellane-
ous poems.

It is worth nothing, that is only worth
nothing. It is addressed, not to our curiosity, like
a story or novel, but to our sympathies. The
poem which we read with pleasure, but do not
preserve, is, if we are capable of appre-
ciating it, only a weed. Were it a flower fit for
a garden, we should feel a wish to possess it,
and would bear looking at every day, and be-
come dearer by familiarity. It is true, every one
can know the flower from the weed; and it
is by using what blunders are made by those
who judge, the collectors of specimens.
The soil may and does produce weeds and
flowers. Or, to carry on the metaphor, it is not
the poem of a true poet that can thus root it-
self out of our literature, and fructify in the minds of
others. But the test of the poet is, his being
able to inspire both the desire and the power to
imitate his productions, or at least those hap-
pily chosen ones by which he is characterised.
Montgomery has, perhaps, produced more of these
imitable things, including his hymns, than
any other poet. Of course, in a volume like the
present, there will be productions of very different
degrees of merit and interest, elegant trifles and
"esprit," as well as poems of loftier and
more fervent strain; and a very numerous class
of readers will be best pleased, perhaps, with
the former of which the author, and those who feel
him, may deem most lightly. In many
of the larger proportion, perhaps, the poet
is content to please, without being under-
stood or appreciated in his highest moods. There
is in this volume, however, an ample variety;
and those who must be very fastidious or very insensi-
ble do not find much that may gratify their

The first book consists of "narratives." These,
if mistake not, will form the *staple* of the
volume, though they do not please us best. They
show the author's powers to great advantage;
as in the "Voyage of the Blind," the "Tale
without a Name," and the "Every day Tale,"
the poetical reader will recognise a genius cog-
nate with that of Wordsworth and Coleridge. The
poems are deeply tragical, which will be a re-

commendation to most persons. In the "Tale
without a Name," horror predominates, we think,
too much over pathos; but the simile in the fol-
lowing stanzas, strikes us as one of the happiest
and most picturesque in the compass of modern
poetry.

"It was not always thus; erewhile
The kindness of his youth,
His brow of innocence and smile
Of unpretending truth,
Had left such long delight, that she
Would oft recall the time,
And live in golden memory,
Unconscious of his crime.

"Though self-abandoned now to fate,
The expansive prey of grief,
Sullen and cold, and desolate,
He shunn'd—he spurn'd relief:
Still onward in its even course
Her pure affection press'd,
And pour'd with soft and silent force
Its sweetness through his breast.

"Thus Sodom's melancholy lake
No turn or current knows;
Nor breeze, nor billow sounding, break
The horror of repose;
While Jordan, through the sulphurous brine,
Rolls a translucent stream,
Whose waves with answering beauty shine
To every changing beam."

"Lord Falkland's Dream," is finely conceived.
"A snake in the Grass" has the playfulness of
Cowper. Ugolino, from Dante, shows how well
our poet can translate. But we must pass all these
by, as either too long for extract, or not exactly
suited to our pages, and proceed to notice the
second division of the Portfolio, consisting of
Miscellanies. The first of these, "A Voyage
round the World," has appeared in one of the
Annuals. It is a series of triplets, comprising a
sort of bird's eye view of the globe. We have
next, an ornithology moralised: we presume for
the amusement of young naturalists. And then
we come to the following very original rhapsody,
which *will not* be passed over.

"TIME:

"A RHAPSODY.

"Sed fugit, interea, fugit irreparabile tempus."

VIRG. GEORG. III. 234.

"'Tis a mistake: time flies not,
He only hovers on the wing:
Once born, the moment dies not,
'Tis an immortal thing.
While all is change beneath the sky,
Fix'd like the sun, as learned sages prove,
Though, from our moving world he seems to move,
'Tis Time stands still, and we that fly.

"There is no past: from Nature's birth,
Days, months, years, ages, till the end
Of these revolving heavens and earth,
All to one centre tend;
And having reached it late or soon,
Converge; as, in a lens, the rays
Caught from the fountain-light of noon,
Blend in a point that blinds the gaze;
What has been, is, what is shall last;
The present is the focus of the past;

The future, perishing as it arrives,
Becomes the present, and itself survives.

"Time is not progress, but amount;
One vast accumulating store,
Laid up, not lost; we do not count
Years gone, but added to the score
Of wealth untold, to clime nor class confined,
Riches to generations lent,
For ever spending, never spent,
The august inheritance of all mankind.
Of this, from Adam to his latest heir,
All in due turn their portion share,
Which as they husband or abuse,
Their souls they win or lose.

"Though history, on her faded scrolls,
Fragments of facts and wrecks of names enrols,
Time's indefatigable fingers write
Men's meanest actions on their souls,
In lines which not himself can blot:
These the last day shall bring to light,
Though through long centuries forgot,
When hearts and sepulchres are bared to sight.

"Then, having fill'd his measure up,
Amidst his own assembled progeny,
(All that have been, that are, or yet may be,)
Before the great white throne,
To him who sits thereon,
Time shall present the amalgamating cup,
In which, as in a crucible,
He hid the moments as they fell,
More precious than Golconda's gems,
Or stars in angels' diadems,
Though to our eyes they seemed to pass
Like sands through his symbolic glass:
But now, the process done,
Of millions multiplied by millions, none
Shall there be wanting, though by change
Ineffable and strange,
All shall appear at once, all shall appear as one.

"Ah! then shall each of Adam's race,
In that concenter'd instant, trace,
Upon the tablet of his mind,
His whole existence in a thought combin'd;
Thenceforth to part no more, but be
Impictur'd on his memory
As in the image chamber of the eye

"Not as they sunk into the tomb,
With sickness-wasted powers,
But in the beauty and the bloom
Of their best days, and ours.

"The troubles of departed years
Bring joys unknown before;
And soul-refreshing are the tears
O'er wounds that bleed no more.

"Lightnings may blast, but thunder-showers
Earth's ravaged face renew,
With nectar fill the cups of flowers,
And hang the thorns with dew.

"Remembrance of the dead is sweet;
Yet how imperfect this,
Unless past, present, future, meet,
A threefold cord of bliss!

"Companions of our youth, our age,
With whom through life we walked,
And, in our house of pilgrimage,
Of home beyond it talked.

"Grief on their urn may fix her eyes,
They spring not from the ground;
Love may invoke them from the skies,
There is no voice nor sound.

"Fond memory marks them as they were,
Stars in our horoscope;
But soon to see them as they are,
That is our dearest hope.

"Not through the darkness of the night,
To waking thoughts conceal'd,
But in the uncreated light
Of Deity reveal'd.

"They cannot come to us, but we
Ere long to them may go;
That glimpse of immortality
Is heaven begun below."

The third book comprises "Sacred and S
ture Subjects." Among these are the exqu
stanzas, "At Home in Heaven," (transcribed
our pages from "The Amethyst,") which
be pronounced one of the author's noblest str
"Farewell to a Missionary," "Evening Son

Who were these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we, like them shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!"

Mr. Montgomery's poetical works now extend even volumes, including the "Songs of Zion;" they are incomplete, as he has never yet collected into one volume his numerous contributions to our hymnology. Most of these, it is true, contained in the volume which he edited under title of "The Christian Psalmist;" but we could be glad to see them printed separately, or added to his "Imitations of Psalms," with the addition of such as are extant only in manuscript. *do not think that he has emptied his Portfolio. If he has, we have only to wish that it, in due course, be filled again.*

DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION.

A LYRIC.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

*Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele,
Omai la navicella del mio Intelletto.*—DANTE.

Soul was mantled with dark shadows, born
Lonely fear, disquieted in vain;
Hantoms hung around the star of morn,
Cloud-like weeping train;
Till the long day they dimm'd the autumn-gold
All the glistening leaves; and wildly roll'd,
When the last farewell flush of light was glowing,
Across the sun-set sky;
O'er its rich isles of vaporous glory throwing
One melancholy dye.

And when the solemn night
Came rushing with her might
Starry oracles from caves unknown,
Then with each fitful blast,
Prophetic murmurs pass'd,
Sighing or answering some deep Sybil tone,
I cried in my breast, yet prompt to rise
Every gusty wail that o'er the wind-harp flies.

"Fold thy wings," they cried, "and strive no more,
Faint spirit, strive no more!—for thee too strong
Are outward ill and wrong,
Inward wasting fires!—Thou canst not soar
Free on a starry way,
Beyond their blighting sway,
Heaven's high gate serenely to adore!
We shouldst thou hope earth's fetters to unbind?
Passionate, yet weak! O trembler to the wind!

For shall aught but broken music flow
Joy of thine, deep love, or tearful woe;
Such homeless notes as through the forest sigh,
On the reed's hollow shaken,
When sudden breezes waken
Their vague wild symphony:
Power is theirs, and no abiding-place
To human hearts; their sweetness leaves no trace,—
Born only so to die!

For shall aught but perfume, faint and vain,
The fleet pinion of the changeful hour,
Thy bruised life again
A moment's essence breathe;

L. XXVII. AUGUST, 1835—20

Thy life, whose trampled flower
Into a blessed wreath
Of household charities no longer bound,
Lies pale and withering on the barren ground.

"So fade, fade on! thy gift of love shall cling,
A coiling sadness, round thy heart and brain,
A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,
All sensitive to pain!

And still the shadow of vain dreams shall fall
O'er thy mind's world, a daily darkening pall.
Fold, then, thy wounded wing, and sink subdued,
In cold and unrepining quietude!"

Then my soul yielded; spells of numbing breath
Crept o'er it, heavy with a dew of death,
Its powers, like leaves before the night-rain, closing;
And, as by conflict of wild sea-waves, toss'd
On the chill bosom of some desert coast,
Mutely and hopelessly I lay reposing.

When, silently, it seem'd
As if a soft mist gleam'd
Before my passive sight, and, slowly curling,
To many a shape and hue
Of vision'd beauty grew,

Like a wrought banner, fold by fold unfurling.
Oh! the rich scenes that o'er mine inward eye
Unrolling, then swept by,
With dreamy motion! Silvery seas were there,
Lit by large dazzling stars, and arch'd by skies
Of southern midnight's most transparent dyes,
And gemm'd with many an island, wildly fair,
Which floated past me into orient day,
Still gathering lustre on th' illamin'd way,
Till its high groves of wondrous flowering trees,
Colour'd the silvery seas.

And then a glorious mountain-chain arose,
Height above spiry height!
A soaring solitude of woods and snows,
All steep'd in golden light!
While as it pass'd, those regal peaks unveiling,
I heard, methought, a waving of dread wings
And mighty sounds, as if the vision hailing,
From lyres that quiver'd through ten thousand strings:
Or as if waters forth to music leaping.

From many a cave, the Alpine Echo's hall,
On their bold way victoriously were sweeping,
Link'd in majestic anthems; while through all
That billowy swell and fall,

Voices, like ringing crystal, fill'd the air
With inarticulate melody, that stirr'd
My being's core; then, moulding into word
Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise and bear
In that great choral strain my trembling part
Of tones, by love and faith struck from a human heart.
Return no more, vain bodings of the night!

A happier oracle within my soul
Hath swell'd to power;—a clear unwavering light
Mounts through the battling clouds that round me roll,
And to a new control,

Nature's full harp gives forth rejoicing tones,
Wherein my glad sense owns

Th' accordant rush of elemental sound,
To one consummate harmony profound;
One grand creation-hymn,
Whose notes the seraphim

Lift to the glorious height of music wing'd and crown'd.

Shall not those notes find echoes in my lyre,
Faithful though faint?—Shall not my spirit's fire,

If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend
Now to its fount and end?

Shall not my earthly love, all purified,
Shine forth a heavenward guide?

An angel of bright power?—and strongly hear
My being upward into holier air,
Where fiery passion-clouds have no abode,
And the sky's temple-arch o'erflows with God?

The radiant hope new-born,
Expands like rising morn
In my life's life: and as a ripening rose,
The crimson shadow of its glory throws
More vivid, hour by hour, on some pure stream,
So from that hope are spreading
Rich hues, o'er nature shedding,
Each day, a clearer, spiritual gleam.

Let not those rays fade from me;—once enjoy'd,
Father of spirits! let them not depart!
Leaving the chill'd earth, without form and void,
Darken'd by mine own heart!
Lift, aid, sustain me! Thou, by whom alone
All lovely gifts and pure,
In the soul's grasp endure;—
Thou, to the steps of whose eternal throne
All knowledge flows—a sea for evermore
Breaking its crested waves on that sole shore—
O consecrate my life! that I may sing
Of thee with joy that hath a living spring
In a full heart of music!—Let my lays
Through the resounding mountains waft thy praise,
And with that theme the wood's green cloisters fill,
And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill
To the rich breeze of song! O! let me wake
The deep religion, which hath dwelt from yore,
Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,
And wildest river shore!
And let me summon all the voices dwelling
Where eagles build, and cavern'd rills are welling,
And where the cataract's organ-peal is swelling,
In that one spirit gather'd to adore!

Forgive, O Father! if presumptuous thought
Too daringly in aspiration rise!
Let not thy child all vainly have been taught
By weakness, and by wanderings, and by sighs
Of sad confession!—lowly be my heart,
And on its penitential altar spread
The offerings worthless, till thy grace impart
The fire from heaven, whose touch alone can shed
Life, radiance, virtue!—let that vital spark
Pierce my whole being, wilder'd else and dark!
This, O Father! I beseech thee, O Father! I beseech thee!

From the Asiatic Journal.

NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

SIR JOHN ROSS'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.*

Those who have well considered the physical impediments, which, under the most favourable circumstances, would obstruct a marine communication with the East by a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, must wonder at the pertinacity with which, for centuries past, such a passage has been sought. This eagerness was excusable, nay laudable, in the infancy of maritime discovery, when commercial ardour, a spirit of enterprise, a deficiency of geographical knowledge, and learned though erroneous theories, concurred to suggest the practicability of the passage, and incite private speculation to attempt it. The profound and elaborate treatise of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "to prove a passage by the north-west to Cathaia (China) and the East-Indies," contributed, perhaps, in no small degree, to the expenditure of labour and money in this chimerical project. "I cannot but much admire the work of the Almighty," observes Baffin, addressing Sir John Wolstenholme, after his return from the expedition in which he discovered the bay called by his name, "when I consider how vain the best and chiefest hopes of man are in things uncertain; and to speak of no other matter than of the hopeful passage to the north-west, how many of the best sort of men have set their whole endeavours to prove a passage that ways, and not only in conference, but also in writing and publishing to the world,—yea, what great sums of money hath been spent about that action, as your worship hath costly experience of; and, for my own part, I would hardly have believed the contrary, until mine eyes became witness of that I desired not to have found." At the present day, to incur risk, to waste money, and to inflict suffering, by encouraging further efforts to explore the arctic seas, with a view of finding a passage there to the other hemisphere, seems equally culpable and impolitic.

At the same time, we are not blind to the ad-

template the protracted sufferings, mental and bodily, of Sir John Ross and his hardy companions, without regretting that the great object which led them to risk their lives, and to drag out long years of toil and privation in those dreary regions, should have been one which past experience offered full assurance was utterly useless. It is true, indeed, that they, as well as their predecessors in this painful career, have not laboured wholly in vain; like the alchemists of old, though they missed their "great secret," they have enriched science with "good unsought experiments by the way."

From the discoveries of Parry and Franklin, Captain (now Sir John) Ross was persuaded that, if any passage did exist to the north-west, it must be through Prince Regent's Inlet, a southerly avenue from the westerly strait discovered by Parry at the bottom of the so-called Lancaster Sound. Captain Parry, in the journal of his first voyage (1819,) after observing that there can be no reasonable doubt of a north-west passage into the Pacific Ocean, thought that the most probable chance of finding the passage from the Atlantic into the Polar Sea would be about the parallels of 69° or 70° . Sir John Ross was, moreover, convinced that, in order to work up to the northward with sufficient expedition to take advantage of the brief summer of those latitudes, a vessel must be provided with steam-power, inasmuch as the south wind, which brings down the ice from the northward, and thereby opens a passage in the higher latitudes of Baffin's Bay, necessarily checks the progress thither of a sailing vessel.

Disappointed in his endeavours to induce the government to send out another expedition under his command, Captain Ross was so fortunate as to find in Mr. Felix Booth, a citizen of London, a patron of his scheme, who munificently contributed about £18,000, of his own private funds, to the outfit of the expedition, without the smallest prospect of pecuniary advantage; indeed, it was not until the repeal of the Act which offered a parliamentary reward for the encouragement of Northern discovery, that Mr. Booth consented to incur this large expenditure.

The expedition consisted of a vessel, which had been employed in the whaling trade, named the *Victory*, strengthened, raised to the burthen of 150 tons, and provided with patent steam-engines; and the *John*, a store-ship. The crew of the latter mutinied on the coast of Scotland, and the vessel was consequently left behind, the *Krusenstern*, a decked boat of 16 tons, being then the only companion of the commander's vessel. The officer second in command to Captain Ross, was his nephew, a commander in the Royal Navy.

They found, immediately on the commencement of their voyage, but too late to repair the evil, that the patent engine, although the principle was excellent, was not of corresponding execution: this, at least, is alleged by Sir John Ross, who is very loud in his vituperation of the patentees. The latter, however, dispute the justice of his strictures; and the question, in all probability, will be settled by a more satisfactory and competent tribunal than that of a critic.

Certain it is, that the progress of the *Victory*,

under all the advantages of steam-power, and the absence of ice in the straits and lower part of Baffin's Bay, was by no means so considerable as the success of the expedition demanded. It sailed from the Thames on the 23d May, much later than it ought to have done; it did not commence the actual voyage till the 14th June, when it took its departure from Loch Ryan, in Scotland; and did not enter Lancaster Sound till the 6th August, having stayed a short time at the Danish settlement of Holsteinborg.

On entering Lancaster Sound, and reaching the spot where, on his former voyage, he had decided to return, under the firm belief that there was no passage to the westward, Captain Ross entered some remarks in his journal; but before we refer to them, it may be as well to state the grounds upon which he came to that decision, as detailed in the narrative of his first voyage.

Captain Ross there states, that, when in the strait leading to Lancaster Sound, and in lat. $74^{\circ} 03'$, long. $81^{\circ} 28'$, on the 31st August, 1818, being at dinner in the cabin, he was informed by the officer of the watch, that there was an appearance of the weather clearing at the bottom of the bay. He says, "I immediately, therefore, went on deck, and, soon after, it completely cleared for about ten minutes, and I distinctly saw the land, round the bottom of the bay, forming a connected chain of mountains with those which extended along the north and south sides; this land appeared to be at the distance of eight leagues." He named these mountains running in the centre, north and south, "the Croker mountains." He says that, "the weather became thick again, and being now perfectly satisfied that there was no passage in this direction," he tacked to join the *Alexander*, (Lieut. Parry's ship,) which was at the distance of eight miles; and having joined her, they stood to the south-eastward. The soundings, at this time, gave 650 fathoms, though no current was found. Captain Ross observes afterwards: "My opinions were mentioned to several of the officers, after I had determined to proceed to the southward, and also to Captain Sabine, who repeated, on every occasion, that there was no indication of a passage. Lieut. Parry's ship, the *Alexander*, being nearly hull down astern at the time I drew the land, and the ice at the bottom of the bay, it was scarcely possible it could be seen from that ship; for, at that moment, she was very indistinctly seen from the *Isabella*. I, therefore, did not think it worth while detaining the ships for Lieut. Parry's report, but it afterwards appeared that the officer of the watch in the *Alexander* had seen the land at the bottom of the bay."

The observations which Sir John Ross entered upon his journal of the present voyage, and which he has inserted in the work before us, are intended to rebut the supposition that Lieut. (now Sir E.) Parry could have believed that there was a passage on that occasion. We do not know whether more is meant than meets the eye in these observations, but we are inclined to think that some readers will suspect them, although ostensibly addressed to inferences drawn by "some persons," to be really directed to Sir Edward Parry, who has certainly not, to our knowledge, made any

public declaration which could be construed into an acknowledgment that he differed from his commander. Sir John Ross clearly shows that, if he did so differ, it was his duty, and that of every officer in either ship in the same predicament, to have avowed their opinion.

The narrative of a voyage of discovery into the Polar regions presents few or no incidents which captivate the fancy or gratify the mind beyond the occasional acquisition of some dry scientific facts. There is no variety of landscape, there are no objects of natural history, a description of which relieves the tedium of a voyage. "All the landscape," says Sir John Ross, "was one indiscriminate surface of white, presenting, together with the solid and craggy sea, all equally whitened by the snow, the dreariest prospect it is possible to conceive, while unaccompanied by a single circumstance of the picturesque or any thing capable of exciting the smallest interest." The rational animals, which are scarce, must be placed in almost the lowest class, though even the Esquimaux, with all their dirt, gluttony, and ignorance, afforded some recreation to the travellers in their dreary abode.

We must, however, do justice to these poor creatures. Sir John Ross states that, excepting some trifling instances of petty pilfering, he had every reason to be pleased with the character and conduct of the tribe of Esquimaux he met with, not only towards the travellers, but each other. They appeared to be kind to their children and to the feeble, to live in perfect harmony together, and to be free from selfishness, even in respect to food, which constitutes almost the whole of their enjoyment. Of the voracity of these men, a pretty substantial proof was afforded at a dinner, to which a party of twelve was invited, on board the *Victory*. The fare was fish, which the Esquimaux preferred raw. For the whole of the English party, one salmon (7lbs.) and half of another sufficed; whereas each Esquimaux devoured two, or 14lbs., the party of twelve consuming just one hundred weight and a half of raw fish! "The Esquimaux," he remarks, "is an animal of

written on the heart," he says, "I could not doubt;" but he finds it difficult to suppose that any human power could ingraft a reasonable and efficient religion on men "who have little of man but what is found in those who approach most nearly to the pure animal nature."

Still, the Esquimaux are happy, because they are contented; and Sir John Ross has placed in counterpoise their enjoyments and privations, so as to appear to give the former the advantage.

A very essential object in view—upon which, in fact, the ultimate success of the expedition in a great measure depended—was the finding of the stores of the *Fury*, Captain Parry's ship, which was wrecked and abandoned in 1825, not far from the farthest point attained by that expedition in the S. W. As they approached the place, their anxiety naturally increased. Having moored the *Victory* in an ice-harbour, within a quarter of a mile of the spot, Captain Ross, with his second in command, the purser, and surgeon, proceeded to examine it. He says:

"We found the coast almost lined with coal, and it was with no common interest that we proceeded to the only tent which remained entire. This had been the mess-tent of the *Fury's* officers; but it was too evident that the bears had been paying frequent visits. There had been a pocket near the door, where Commander Ross had left his memorandum-book and specimens of birds; but it was torn down, without leaving a fragment of what it contained. The sides of the tent were also in many places torn out of the ground, but it was in other respects entire. Where the preserved meats and vegetables had been deposited, we found every thing entire. The cannisters had been piled up in two heaps; but, though quite exposed to all the chances of the climate for four years, they had not suffered in the slightest degree. There had been no water to rust them, and the security of the joinings had prevented the bears from smelling their contents. On examining the contents, they were not found frozen, nor did the taste of the several articles appear to have been in the least degree altered."

Not a trace of the vessel was to be seen, and it was evident that the moving masses of ice had carried her off, or ground her to atoms.

Provided with this accession to their stores,

over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies, while the flatter fields of ice, forced against these masses, or against the rocks, by the wind and the stream, rise out of the sea till they fall back on themselves, adding to the indescribable commotion and noise which attend these occurrences. It is not a little, too, to know and to feel our utter helplessness in these cases. There is not a moment in which it can be conjectured what will happen in the next; there is not one which may not be the last; and yet, that next moment may bring rescue and safety. It is a strange, as it is an anxious position; and, if fearful, often giving no time for fear, so unexpected is every event, and so quick the transitions."

From Creswell bay, they traced the western coast to about the 70th parallel, in the meridian of 92°, where they were stopped by the ice on the 30th September, and forced to winter.

The commander appears to have adopted every expedient which ingenuity and skill could suggest, to promote the comfort of his fellow-prisoners; his success is abundantly manifest from their freedom from disease, and their contentedness under so many privations. Future voyagers in those regions, will do well to adopt his contrivances, and attend to his suggestions respecting the means of generating heat, either internally (in the body) or externally, as well as in regard to the quantity of food. "In every expedition or voyage to a polar region," he observes, "at least if a winter residence is contemplated, the quantity of food should be increased, be that as inconvenient as it may. It would be very desirable, indeed, if the men could acquire the taste for Greenland food; since all experience has shown that the large use of oil and fat meats is the true secret of life in these frozen countries, and that the natives cannot subsist without it, becoming diseased and dying under a more meagre diet."

The history of their life for the rest of the year, and for the two following years, is almost as monotonous and dull as the aspect of the country in which their weary days were passed. The only diversities were their occasional meetings with the Esquimaux, their shooting expeditions, and their excursions to explore the country, in a temperature 48 degrees below zero, or 80 below the point of congelation,* dwelling on those journeys, in beautiful palaces of snow, purer than Parian marble, but, incurring the perpetual risk of frost-bites, and frequently doomed to drag, by painful manual labour, their supplies and stores over masses of hummocky ice, the dogs, though useful beasts of draught, being unequal to a long journey.

The surveys and journeys, however, have certainly filled up an important blank in the map of North America,† and have demonstrated that that continent is continuous up to at least the parallel of 74°, the northern portion of the newly discovered country (named by Captain Ross, in honour of the real author of the discovery, Boothia Felix)

being united to the southern (named King William's Land) by a narrow isthmus, only seventeen or eighteen miles in breadth, twelve of which consist of lakes of fresh water, (or rather, ice,) which isthmus is the only impediment to a union between the Atlantic and Polar seas, or a north-west passage, below the latitude of 70°, precisely where Captain Parry supposed it to be most probable that a passage existed. Thus, then, Sir John Ross observes, this part of the coast of North America, formerly a blank, has been surveyed, more or less fully, between the latitudes of 72° 30' and 69°, and under longitudes lying between 89° and 99° W. Commencing at Behring's Strait, and from the Cape Barrow of Beechey, the coast has now been marked to Point Back of Franklin; here, and as far as Mackenzie river, it is again laid down by Richardson to the exit of the Copper Mine river of Hearne; thence to Point Turnagain lie the discoveries of Franklin; after which, there is a blank of about 220 miles to the extremity of Sir John Ross's discoveries to the west, which, it is expected, will be filled up by Captain Back. Should this be the case, all that will be required to complete our knowledge of the northern coast of America, will be the space betwixt the Bank's Land of Parry and Boothia Felix. The line of coast on both sides of the isthmus has been traced, and some of the islands laid down, and the whole line from the isthmus up to the termination of Parry's voyage southward, in Prince Regent's Inlet, is now nearly complete.

The acquisitions in other departments of science are designed for an appendix, which is to appear hereafter. They are not probably very copious, though no opportunity appears to have been missed of adding to the stock, under so able and vigilant a scientific observer as Commander Ross. Their mineralogical collection they were obliged to abandon.

The actual discovery of the magnetic pole is one of the great features of this expedition. This was accomplished by Commander Ross, who started with a party from the *Victory*, and some Esquimaux, in the month of May, 1831. He traced the northern coast of Boothia Felix, as far as the western sea, and, guided by experiments with the needles, which gave him both the direction and the apparent distance, he was soon sensible of his proximity to the site of the magnetic pole. On the morning of the 31st May, the party encamped within fourteen miles of the computed position of the pole. Here they left the greatest part of their baggage, and commencing a rapid march, reached the calculated place at eight in the morning of the 1st June. Like Bruce at the fountains of the Nile, Mr. Ross was all elation and excitement upon attaining the object of his ambition; and like him, too, he seems to have felt an undefinable kind of disappointment at the unromantic character of so mysterious a spot.

"The land at this place is very low near the coast, but it rises into ridges of fifty or sixty feet high about a mile inland. We could have wished that a place so important had possessed more of mark or note. It was scarcely censurable to regret that there was not a mountain to indicate a spot, to which so much of interest must ever be attached; and I could even have pardoned any one among

* A ball of frozen mercury was fired through an inch plank, and a shot of frozen oil of almonds split a target, and rebounded unbroken.

† It is worthy of remark, that the apocryphal passage of De Fonte, from the Pacific into Hudson's Bay, as laid down by De Lisle, is somewhat countenanced by Sir John Ross's discoveries.

us who had been so romantic or absurd as to expect that the magnetic pole was an object as conspicuous and mysterious as the fabled mountain of Sinbad, that it even was a mountain of iron, or a magnet as large as Mont Blanc. But nature had here erected no monument to denote the spot which she had chosen as the centre of one of her great and dark powers; and where we could do little ourselves towards this end, it was our business to submit, and to be content in noting by mathematical numbers and signs, as with things of far more importance in the terrestrial system, what we could but ill-distinguish in any other manner. As soon as I had satisfied my own mind on this subject, I made known to the party this gratifying result of all our joint labours; and it was then, that amidst mutual congratulations, we fixed the British flag on the spot, and took possession of the North Magnetic Pole and its adjoining territory, in the name of Great Britain and King William the Fourth."

The site of this interesting spot was found to be in lat. $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ N.; long. $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ W.

The necessary observations were immediately commenced, and were continued throughout this and the greater part of the following day. The details have been since given by Captain James Ross, in a paper read before the Royal Society, and printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1834. On arriving at the calculated position, he says:

"My attention was first of all directed to ascertain, if possible, the direction of the magnetic meridian. For this purpose, I suspended horizontally the meridian that was used only for the determination of the intensity of the magnetic force, first by three or four delicate fibres of floss silk. It remained, however, exactly in the position in which it was placed. A single fibre of the floss silk was next tried; and lastly, a single fibre of flax. All these failing to demonstrate the smallest amount of horizontal attraction, a second needle was treated in a similar manner, and in all these attempts I was equally unsuccessful. The top of the instrument being so constructed as to admit of a half-circle of torsion, this was next tried; but the needle was moved from its position in nearly the same amount as the arc described by the point of suspension; showing that the smallest amount of torsion was sufficient to overcome the directive energy of the needle."

The needle was now removed to the dipping-

and their provisions being calculated to last only a sufficient time to enable them to return to the remaining stores of the *Fury*, they set forth upon a dreary pedestrian journey, dragging the boats along the coast by which they had sailed. After most laborious exertions, and many unavoidable retracings of their steps, which made the distance of 180 miles equal to 300, they got to their home, for such it then appeared to them; and here the state of the ice condemned them to pass another winter. In the ensuing summer, they were able to push their boats through the ice into Baffin's Bay; and at length they descried a whaler, the *Isabella* of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross, in which they found a hospitable welcome, and returned in her to England.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

BEGINNING LIFE AT FORTY.

A SKETCH OF REAL LIFE.

"Five feet eight, broad shoulders, hazel eyes, florid complexion, good nose, white teeth, high forehead, curly dark brown hair." Had I been lost or mislaid at the age of nineteen, such a description my affectionate parents might have calculated, in the fond hope of recovering their youngest treasure. Now alas!—but I will not anticipate.

I had good health and good spirits, and thought myself good-looking, and that is sufficient to insure happiness at nineteen. I was, however, a younger son,—the youngest, indeed, of five children,—and it was therefore my doom to dig out my own path through the world. My father had it not in his power to do more than give me a sum sufficient to buy me *the spade* with which I was to *dig it*;—in other words, to pay for my outfit. Away I went to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, in a climate where European brows are peculiarly addicted to the moisture which in genteel society is rarely named.

An uncle of mine had an estate in a West India island, and, it being considered prudent to

in yonder mirror, erect and robust, in the full maturity of good looks, forty years of age, with forty thousand pounds in the funds!"

I will not trouble the reader with the name of the island to which I was to be voluntarily transported, nor will point out the precise path in which I was to grub my way to independence. Whether my exertions were to be mercantile or legal,—whether I was perched for twenty years on a high stool before a higher desk,—or superintending slavery (for I am speaking of the *past*) in the open air, in a nankeen suit of *dittos*, with an immense straw hat, shall be matters left to the diligent research of the curious. I at once overleap the laborious interval, and come to the period when I found myself, as had been predicted, thirty-nine, and very rich. Be it most particularly remembered that my life during these twenty years had been one of *anticipation*. I left England for the purpose of enjoying life on my return. Enjoyment during my absence was not thought of. I had an object to gain, and every nerve was strained, every thought was devoted, to its attainment.

The boy who leaves the play ground to go into school and get through a hard task, when the job is finished rushes back to the scene of his sports precisely as spirited, as capable of exercise, and as alive to enjoyment as when he left them: and I thought myself the prototype of the boy; I felt no change within me,—in the glass which had reflected me daily for twenty years, it was not probable that I should detect an alteration. No; I would go and resume my old position *at home*, just as if I had never quitted it!

And home I went, with my bags of money and all my golden dreams of enjoyment!

I had left my family residing in a country town, but dignified with the name of a watering-place; for some medical gentleman, most fortunately for the inhabitants, had discovered that the well in his garden produced water that tasted particularly nasty. Being, therefore, unavailable for culinary purposes, he declared it to be eminently medicinal, analyzed it, and clearly pointed out how much salt there was in it, and how much carbonate of soda, and other nasty things; and the end of it was that people came there in crowds of a morning to make dry faces, swallow goblets of the physical stream, and listen to the necessary accompaniment of a band of wind instruments.

The only change that the lapse of twenty years had produced in my native town was a considerable increase of buildings. There my family still resided, all but my poor father: he was an invalid when I left home, and he had long since been numbered with the dead.

It is high time that I should announce the members of my family. My mother when I left home was fat, fair, and probably forty,—not that she owned to any thing like that age. I have said that I was the youngest of five children: my three sisters were the first born, and my brother was one year older than myself.

How impatient was I during the voyage! the night too, that I was forced to sleep at the inn at Bristol! and then the next day, what weather!

how it rained and blew! No inside place in the coach; but what cared I? My heart was *in its teens*, and I never gave a thought to my constitution; off I went, and arrived at my mother's house late in the evening.

Shall I ever forget our first meeting,—the happy meeting that I had so long anticipated! No, never! Was it happy? how could it be otherwise?

My mother received me as mothers ever receive a child,—all tears and affection. But, oh! what a change! The fatness and the fairness so entirely gone;—the *old woman* sat by my side, looking up in my face through a pair of spectacles. And what was my thought? It was this,—that my dear mother was grown old and infirm, that her life was rapidly on the wane, and that during her best days, the enjoyments of which I might have shared and promoted, I had been far away in a distant land. I am aware that I must very imperfectly describe the feelings that chilled me; I saw a change that I had not anticipated, and for which I was unprepared,—and I cried like a child.

My brother had married the year after I quitted England, but he still resided in the same town; and, had he been aware of my arrival, would certainly have met me at my mother's, but I was sure to see my former playfellow the next morning. One of my sisters (the eldest) was a widow, the other two still unmarried, and they all resided with my mother.

"They will come to you immediately," said my mother; "but you were not expected so soon, and you know, George, that ladies of a *certain age* cannot bear to be caught *en dtshabille*."

"A certain age!" said I. "Oh, yes: Matilda is five years older than I."

And presently down came Matilda, the widow, a lady of forty-five, who by dint of overmuch rouge, overmuch black front, and eyebrows artificially arched and blackened, had contrived to make herself appear fifty at the very least. It was *not* the Matilda I had left twenty years before; there was not the slightest resemblance; face, figure, manner, voice, all utterly unlike my sister "*Matty*." I saw it,—I *felt* it. The meeting gave me not the slightest pleasure; on the contrary, it was more painful than I can describe, particularly when I perceived that she never would have recognised me.

But I have not done yet. Presently appeared the elder of the two old maids, aged forty-five; she had never been the least good looking, and had therefore, I suppose, relinquished all matrimonial views earlier than many women, and was now what my mother hinted as "*rather serious*," and what the widow had openly declared to be "*very methodistical*." She was as neat as possible, as mild as milk, and I thought as cold as an icicle. She was soon followed by the youngest spinster (of forty-three), who was always called by the other two "*child*." She had been pretty—very much so I thought, when I left home—and she now, I suppose, might be said to have "*traces*" of beauty; but not a glimpse of my own gay sister Mary! She wore what, to my mind, on a *woman's* head, is the

greatest of abominations—a wig. A male wig is to my fancy a bad business; it never makes anybody look younger or better than he would look without it; it deceives nobody, and yet everybody who wears one flatters himself that not one in a hundred discovers his secret. When a man above forty is pointed out as good-looking, he is invariably the man *without the wig*; but a *female wig* is a hundred times worse! a wig with a long tail, which is twisted up to act youth! a wig with a flower stuck in it! It is like a garland on a tombstone, for a wig, after all, is but a memorial of departed youth! and such a wig was my sister Mary's, with a bit of lily of the valley hitched under one of the curls. I longed to snatch it off, and throw it into the fire, but thought *perhaps* that might not be taken in good part, and I desisted.

I felt miserably out of spirits, wofully disappointed, and I could not tell one of the family the cause of my depression. I felt relieved when it was time to take my candle and go to bed, and, after so long a journey in the open air, I soon fell fast asleep. The next morning I awoke by no means a giant refreshed; my wetting of the previous day had given me a lumbago and pains in all my limbs, and when I entered the breakfast-room, with my back bent, and one leg following the other with considerable difficulty, I saw clearly that my mother and sisters looked at me with compassion, and considered me a premature Methusalem.

There was, however, an old gentleman standing by the fire to keep me in countenance, and by his side a remarkably fine young man, who, on turning round at my entrance, displayed the very face of my dear elder brother, just as I had left him twenty years before. I shuffled up to the lad without an instant's hesitation, and, calling him by his name, caught him in my arms; to my surprise the young man laughed rather good-humouredly, but as it appeared rather with a feeling of awkwardness, and, without by any means reciprocating my endearments, walked away to the window. The elderly gentleman,

found in him the sole representative of the bloom which time had so ruthlessly wiped away from all the rest of the family. He seemed to take to me too, and my spirits began to rise; but, accidentally, as I left the room, I heard him say to my sister, "I say aunt, what can we do to amuse the *old gentleman*?" and *that* was a damper!

My disappointments were many, but to describe them in detail would be tedious. At balls I found that nobody expected *me* to dance, unless indeed there happened to be a lack of beaux, and then my "*good-nature*" in standing up was remarked, or some pert girl said, "What! *you* figuring away!"

I was advised by all my family to marry, by all means the very thing I wished; but I never dreamed of proposing for any woman that was not young and pretty; I *did* propose for one that was decidedly both, and was rejected.

And had I spent the twenty best years of my life, incessantly toiling to obtain wealth, in order that I might return home to enjoy myself? and had I returned at last only to discover that the season for enjoyment had passed away? So it would appear; but I had committed one great error, and these little confessions of an elderly gentleman may prove a warning to others who are similarly situated.

Let no one dream of "beginning life at forty;" were I to start again at the age of nineteen, to play the same part, on the same stage, I should know that on that stage my scene of youth must be enacted, and there the heroine of my love-story must be wooed and won. If it be your lot to pass so many years in a foreign land, that land must be the scene of your hopes and fears—your joys and sorrows—your loves—your friendship—your associations. Toil and climate may thin the hair and tan the cheek, but the married man and the father is not expected to return unchanged—he has assumed a new character; while one who, like myself, returns at the end of twenty years *en garcon*, to dance quadrilles and look for a wife, will find that, in his matrimonial researches, it behoves him not to be over parti-

always. If honest, his simplicity is genuine; if a rogue, 'tis so ably counterfeited, that it defies the detection of the common observer; and, notwithstanding his protestations, in all probability he does not care a fraction whether you succeed or fail—though, perhaps, he would sympathise in your good fortunes, and rather wish you well, through his constitutional good humour, than the reverse. Then he depends so much on fate. Onwards, blundering, slapdash—headlong he rushes in the teeth of common reason, with the blindness of a Musselman fatalist, or the *insouciance* of an eastern opium-eater;—utterly regardless of consequences is he in his devil may care career, hoping, in spite of probability, that his “luck,” “that jewel in his dower,” will befriend him to the end. “And if he so acts in his own affairs, will he be more circumspect in those of others? If he swims with the current, hoping the stream may turn with his all afloat, can it be expected he will buffet the tide for you? If he starts in a wrong direction, he is sure to gallop like fury—’tis the fault of his stars. He carries his stone up hill with the vigour of a dray-horse and pertinacity of a Sysiphus, till within a stride from the summit, when he wonders at its slipping from his grasp; and thundering into the vale below, he sees it sink in *gurgite vasto*, while he exclaims, “To the devil I pitch all bad luck!” His bad luck is bad calculation; and you who trust to Paddy’s luck, are but a bad calculator too. Yet, all things considered, it is not unpleasant being buoyed up by hope, however contrary to right reason, arising from his cheerfully confident affirmations of succeeding, instead of sinking to despair, which would be the case were he too joined in our doleful forebodings. Let not the stranger in Ireland, then, think himself safe when he is requested to “never fear, your honour,” nor put implicit faith in promises coupled with “I’ll engage.” Even when Paddy despairs of accomplishing your purpose, so sweet has been the delusion of hope in his own mind, that he cannot for the life of him find it in his heart to destroy them in yours by telling you so. At the end he can always shift the responsibility from his shoulders by laying the fault on “luck.”

A two months’ leave of absence, the first I had received from the regiment, having expired, it was incumbent on me to rejoin the head-quarters of the 18th, or Royal Irish, then stationed at Fermoy; and as we were commanded by Col. Gauntlet, whose name I had occasion to mention in a previous paper, as being a particularly taut hand of the old martinet school, I felt exceedingly nervous lest some untoward circumstance should occur to prevent my appearance at muster; especially as my stay in the paternal mansion of dear old Ballybeg had been prolonged to the last moment by my loving mother, rest her soul! who thought she never saw enough of her darling first-born.

Though the highroad from Galway to Limerick passed my father’s door, no mail coach ran upon it in those unsophisticated times. Almost all our journeys in that part of Ireland were made on horseback; and therefore, according to the usual mode of traveling, I took one of my father’s

hunters to Ennis, where I slept, from whence I was to procure some species of conveyance to Limerick. Next morning, the 24th day of December, some five or six-and-thirty years ago, the dawn found me on the road, occupying the only means of transport I could procure, viz. a hired jingling jaunting-car, drawn by a blindish, lamish sort of a mare, which, however, I was assured by the owner and driver, was one of the best in Clare county, and when once warm in the collar, would trot like a shot. “Oh, I’ll engage your honour,” he said more than once, “we’ll make out the road finely, never fear!” And, accordingly, we eaded *our* journey twenty minutes after the Cork coach, which was to have dropped me at Fermoy, began *its*—he of the jingling, jaunting-car laying the blame as usual on his hard fortune—for he swore the coach had always been at least half an hour late in starting till that very morning, “bad luck to it!”

Time, tide, and the 24th, never yet waited for a subaltern: a cock-and-bull story about the lame mare, though she was the best in Clare county, would prove but a sorry “reason in writing” (when any thing went amiss in the regiment, we were asked by the commanding officer for reasons in writing); and Gauntlet’s reports to the Horse Guards were not waste paper. Therefore, though but as slenderly provided with cash as an Irish country gentleman’s son could decently be, I was obliged to hire a chaise and proceed: which I did without any extraordinary mishap till I arrived at Kildorrery, one stage from my destination. Here the winter’s night set in; and my chance of getting post-horses on to Fermoy was but small, seeing that a Charleyville chaise was standing quietly in the street, while from within a gruff voice soundly rated mine host for not having any means of taking him forward to the very place I wished to go. No horses for one traveller, still less for two; we might join company, to be sure, yet still be only united in misfortune. The gruff voice swore roundly enough, and I sympathised with it; which the voice appeared to like, for it invited me to join it in the chaise if animals could be procured. A pair had been kept by the landlord; but unfortunately one of the pair had expired of the glanders that very morning, and nothing could persuade its disconsolate mate to draw a chaise alone. The idlers about the yard, of which in Erin there is a plentiful abundance, suggested divers steeds; but one man’s horse had been carting turf all day, another’s had “divil a shoe to her foot,” and that of a third was averred by the owner to possess “a quare sort of a weakness about her after nightfall.” At last a “cowl,” belonging to an absent neighbour, was mentioned as a substitute for the defunct. This suggestion was like a spark to gunpowder. The colt was caught, harnessed, and put to with great despatch; but who was to drive seemed a question in the yard: though why any hesitation was shown we had yet to learn. At the end of five minutes’ whispering, however, a loose-looking character swallowed a couple of glasses of whisky, rolled his *cottamore* about his person, flourished a cudgel, with a rope tied to it by way of a whip, about his head, seized the reins, crammed his hat, such

as it was, down over his ears, and having perched himself on the driving-bar, gave an encouraging "hellups!" to the nags; but he might as well have thus invoked spirits from the vasty deep—the chaise did not stir. "Drive on!" cried my companion, whom I had perceived by the light from the *soi-disant* hotel to be a downcast, black-looking genius, like a half-washed coal-porter.

"Drive on!" was the sentiment echoed from the crowd in several voices and in different modes of phraseology. For instance: "Can't ye be after starting?" cried one: "Hit 'em, Jack," exclaimed another: "Baste the hide of the cowl, John Carty; 'tis he have the raal go in his bones," roared a third: "Quilt 'em both your sowl to glory, Johnny!" exclaimed a fourth: "Strike him strong," was the enthusiastic advice of a fifth. Accordingly John Carty, as it seemed our phæton junior was called, struck the old horse a thwack with the butt end of his whip, which I thought must have splintered three of his ribs at least, with about as much and no more effect than the Abbess of Andouillet's address to her mules in the *Sentimental Journey*, the smited steed would not budge. He whisked the lash lightly over the other's loins; the cowl, putting its head between its forelegs, kicked at him like fury. But it appeared that John Carty had too much of a thorough-going Jehu in his composition to be scared by such trifles as horses' heels, for with a "*manamon dioul!*" he returned the colt's compliments in style with his cudgel, to the extreme gratification of the lookers-on, who audibly encouraged both combatants. But though this interlude was choice amusement to them, and even, perhaps, might have been fun for Jack Carty, I was by no means delighted with the prospect of a capsize. Bang! bang! went the colt's feet against the splinter bar and front part of the post-chaise, for that I did not much care; whack! whack! sounded the driver's whip-handle on the horse's ribs in reply, neither did that give me pain: but I expected plunging and bolting to follow, which would have upset us in a twinkling; and accordingly mentioned my fears to my companion, who, however, did not appear to be at all fearful of per-

I was obliged, literally speaking, to grin and bear it.

When this desperate work had continued for a couple of minutes, Carty suddenly altered his tactics. He ceased to strike; and one of the spectators, thinking him vanquished in the strife, exclaimed, "By Gor, boy-o! the bastes have flogged you entirely."

"Divil a hap'orth, you spalpeen with an ugly face!" returned our driver, "I'll start 'em—yet, never fear! Padreen *agra*, fetch me a sprig of furze out of the gap; and, little Thady, my blessings on you! just rowl a taste of red turf in a whisp of straw, and bring it hither to me. I'll engage, your honour, we'll go by an' by, if we have any luck."

His emissaries performed the parts assigned; one bringing a branch of a furze bush, and the other appearing with a bundle of straw; but for what purposes these adjuncts to his cudgel were paraded I could not guess. "Now, boys," said Carty, "one of ye's howld the head of the cowl firm till I give the word. Are ye ready with the whisp?"

"We are," answered little Thady.

"Give it a whisk in the wind till it lights, my *bouchal*; and, Padreen, lift up the old horse's tail, and shove the sprig between it and the crupper."

"By George I wont stand this!" cried I; "these vagabonds will have us dashed to pieces. You, Carty, Carty, you scoundrel! don't you hear?"

"I do, your honour," answered Jack; "but I'll engage we wont keep you long now, any way."

"I'll not pay you a farthing," I roared; "I'll break your head; I'll!"

"Ah now, sir, sit aisey, can't you?" interrupted my companion, in a most dissatisfied tone.

"When I screech 'Off,' thrust the whisp under the cowl's belly, in God's name!" cried Carty, and his myrmidons promised to obey him.

I endeavoured to let down the front window, which, by the way, was nearly all panel, with a little square pane of glass at top, in order to check the driver's hand with mine, but it was immovable. Padreen had the old horse's tail in his left hand

with seeming satisfaction, leant his back in the carriage, saying, "Elegantly done, by dad!"

Though our headlong career still continued, up hill, down hill, across ruts which *ought* to have shaken the chaise to pieces, and over stones that *should* have upset us, yet as no accident seemed to have occurred, my anxiety about whole bones subsided to a degree that permitted some conversation with my present associate; and I learned that he was a Mr. Malowney of the Reek, close to Newport, or Clew Bay, in the county Mayo, situated in that part of Europe called Connaught both by Strabo and Arkwright, and of which ancient kingdom the Malowneys were princes in the old, old time of all, or, in common parlance, before the flood; and further, it appeared that this Prince of Connaught, with whom I had the good fortune to be galloping at the rate of a steeple chase, was bound to Fermoy to pass the *Christmas* (next day) with his wife's family, then and there residing; winding up this detail by inviting me to dine with them as often as I pleased, while quartered in their neighbourhood. Forward we still flew with unabated speed; and the Prince of the Reek had scarce talked himself out of breath when a light twinkled before us: we rushed down a hill like an avalanche, dashed across a bridge, and found ourselves in the good town of Fermoy, to my surprise and delight, without fractured limbs.

"Troph, tr-troph," said Carty to his horses; a guttural interjection which Irish nags understand as an order to stop, as English ones do "wo-ho," or "way:" and as they had been urged at full gallop over eight Irish miles, their driver keeping his cudgel going all the way, as if he had been thrashing wheat, this hint, joined to a cessation of hostilities on his part, was taken kindly on theirs. We finished our course at the inn-door, and the prince and I jumped out midst the greetings of the crowd, which, as usual, lounged in the street and stable-yard.

"Didn't I druv your honours finely?" asked Carty triumphantly, holding his hat in one hand and scratching his head with the other, while he looked as if a larger donation than usual should reward his success.

"Finely!" cried I; "I have no mind to give you a farthing."

"Murder! Murder! see that now!" he exclaimed; "then by the powd'ers of war! there's not another boy in Ireland's ground, barrin' myself, would have done that."

"Done what?"

"Why, then," returned Jack, "druv the cowlt nigh nine miles hether from Kildorrery, your honour, with ne'er a bridle in her mouth, and the night as dark as blackball."

"Without a bridle!" I had escaped better than I had even thought.

"Divil a hap'orth, sir," said Carty; and the crather never had a taste of harness on her carcass before. Sure, when she made a start of it, the headstall snapped; and, signs by, there it hangs round her neck. Oh, I'll engage, luck never failed John Carty yet, by dad! Then, sir, the boys do be sayin' I carry it in a bag, and shake it out when I want it, more power to my elbow!

Plaise your honour, captain, won't you remember the driver! 'tis mighty drouhty work these times." Here his eye caught my name on my portmanteau: "And sure, Mr. O'Donoghue, a gentleman born, ay, seed, breed, and generation all out: would give a poor boy the price of a glass itself, ah, now, won't your honour? Thank your honour, long life to your honour!" And so we parted.

Oh the delights of a comfortable mess after a day's jolting in Irish carriages, which have been not inappropriately, named agonies, over the cross roads of Munster.

From the Asiatic Journal.

WILKINSON'S "EGYPT."*

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

Human vanity is taught a salutary lesson by the wrecks of ancient Egypt. The ingenuity of that people invented the most artful contrivances for perpetuating their name and history. Most of the early nations of the world seem to have made no provision against that oblivion, which they did not perhaps foresee, or to which they were indifferent; and the very name probably of numerous states, once powerful and populous, have become utterly extinct. The architects of Egypt, however, like those of the plain of Shinar, built their gigantic edifices as bulwarks against the encroachments of time; and the records of Egyptian history were not entrusted to the precarious keeping of manuscripts or coins, but were impressed upon masses of hewn stone, or upon the living rock. Yet what has been the result? The mutilated fragments of their stupendous architecture survive for the purpose of demonstrating the futility of their scheme, and of showing that "man" and "for ever" cannot be associated. The records with which they are covered are now a riddle!

Hitherto, centuries of study have produced little more than a faint gleam of light to elucidate a portion of what are termed the hieroglyphical inscriptions of Egypt—for the proper names alone are expressed in phonetic characters, and the pretensions of M. Champollion and his school, although they flatter our hopes and encourage our expectations, by assuming that the phonetic system furnishes the key to the interpretation of every class of signs, cannot be maintained. The facts contained in these inexhaustible inscriptions, whatever be their value in an historical point of view, must therefore be considered as lost for ever. Nothing short of a concurrence of circumstances, that would amount almost to a miracle, could recover the key to the characters and a knowledge of the lost language into which they would be rendered.

One of the contrivances, whereby the ancient

* Topography of Thebes, and General View of Egypt, in a short account of the principal objects worthy of notice in the Valley of the Nile, to the Second Cataract, and Wadec Samneh, with the Fyoom Oases, and Eastern Desert, from Sooez to Berenice; with Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the ancient Egyptians, and the productions of the country, &c. &c. By J. C. WILKINSON, Esq. London, 1835. Murray.

Egyptians hoped to ward off the attacks of time, and to perpetuate their national history, was by means of their paintings on walls, wherein they represented not merely great political events, such as wars and victories, or religious rites and ceremonies,—in other words, transactions which concerned the state and government; but the whole circle of their domestic economy, their pursuits, their amusements, their trades, and manual arts and occupations. These curious relics scarcely attracted any notice until the epoch of the French expedition to Egypt, when their *savans* brought many of them from their hiding places. These are, in fact, the only safe authorities for the Egyptian antiquary; and although, in the absence of written explanations, they partake in some degree of the uncertainty of the Mexican picture-writing, it cannot be denied that, in what respects the arts, the domestic economy, the trades and amusements of the ancient people of Egypt, these pictures exhibit a fulness and accuracy of delineation beyond what would be afforded even in written descriptions.

In the work under consideration, for which we are indebted to a gentleman whose knowledge of Egyptian antiquities, whose ardour in studying them, and whose ability in treating of them, have entitled him to very great distinction in this branch of archæology, the last-mentioned resource has not been neglected. The bulk of the work is, indeed, devoted to a minute and exact description of the topography of ancient Egypt, of its architecture, (both of the mansions of the living and the dead,) of the existing condition of the most remarkable objects of antiquity, in fact, of every thing useful in the way of direction to curious visitors; but, undoubtedly, the most interesting portion is that which illustrates the manners and customs of the Pharaonic people, from the pictorial representations on their monuments.

Mr. Wilkinson adverts to the mode in which the original sketches of these ancient paintings were made by the artist; for it is curious to find that specimens of these sketches exist. We have even seen, in a collection in England, the original outline traced by the ancient artist for a kind

Thebes and other parts of Egypt, with the descriptions left by ancient authors, Mr. Wilkinson has, in his Fifth Chapter, given a pretty complete epitome of the domestic and rural economy, the customs and habits, of this ancient people.

Their houses, of which he has obtained ground and elevation plans, were of crude brick, stuccoed within and without, and divided into a series of apartments, arranged according to the taste of the owner. The bricks were evidently a source of revenue; they were government property, and were stamped with the king's or a pontiff's name. The disparity between the public and private buildings,—the magnificent style of the palaces and temples, on the one hand, and the humble character of the dwellings of the people on the other,—leads to the direct inference of a proportionate disparity in the condition of the higher and lower orders. Of the private mansions, he says:—

"These houses, whose construction differed according to circumstances, consisted frequently of a ground-floor and an upper story, with a terrace, cooled by the air, which a wooden mulquf conducted down its slope. The entrance, either at the corner or centre of the front, was closed by a door of a single or double valve, and the windows had shutters of a similar form. Sometimes, the interior was laid out in a series of chambers, encompassing a square court, in whose centre stood a tree or a font of water. Many were surrounded by an extensive garden, with a large reservoir for the purpose of irrigation; lotus flowers floated on the surface, rows of trees shaded its banks, and the proprietor and his friends frequently amused themselves there by *angling*, or by an excursion in a light boat, towed by his servants.

"Houses of a more extensive plan, besides a garden, or spacious court, which enclosed them, were furnished with large propyla and false obelisks, and imitated the distribution of the parts of a temple.

"The cellars occupied a part of the ground-floor; and the sitting rooms, for the entertainment of their guests, were sometimes on the upper story, or on a level with the court-yard. Their granaries were generally in the outhouses; and their roofs, like many of the houses themselves, formed of crude brick vaults, attest the invention of the arch from the earliest times into which Egyptian sculpture has given us an insight."

into a kind of bread, and their roots were eaten crude, baked or boiled. The *byblus* or *papyrus*, was likewise eaten,—the stalk, when tender, and the root.

The sports of the field not merely constituted, as with the nations of modern Europe, an amusement of the great, but the huntsmen formed a distinct caste. The fowlers composed a large body of men, who were constantly employed in catching geese and other birds of the Nile, for the general consumption of the people. The chase of the hippopotamus is represented in pictures; it was first entangled by a running noose, at the extremity of a long line wound upon a reel, and then struck by the spear of the chasseur.

The military weapons of the soldiery were the bow, sword, shield, battle-axe, knife or *atagan*, spear, club, sling, and a curved stick, still used by the Ababdeh Arabs and Ethiopians. Their engines employed in sieges, were the battering-ram, a long pike armed with a metal head, the scaling-ladder, and the *testudo*, supported by frame-work.

Both sexes were musicians; their instruments were the harp, guitar, lyre, flute, single and double pipe, tambourine, cylindrical maces, cymbals, trumpet, and drum. The harpers, whose instruments are of elegant forms, the number of cords varying from ten to twenty-one, played standing, or sitting on the ground or on a stool; a light four-stringed harp was sometimes carried and played on the shoulder. The lyre was generally held under the arm, but it was sometimes supported on a stool or table. Mr. Wilkinson thinks "it was very evident the Egyptians were acquainted with the triple symphony, the harmony of instruments, that of voices, and that of voices and instruments;" and that "it is probable that their music was of no inferior kind."

Under the head of "Entertainments," he says:—

"At all their entertainments, music and the dance were indispensable, and sometimes buffoons were hired to add to the festivity of the party, and to divert them with drollery and gesticulation. The grandees were either borne in a palanquin, or drove up in their chariot, drawn as usual with two horses, preceded by running footmen, and followed by others, who carried a stool to enable them to alight, an inkstand, and whatever they might want, either on the road, or while at the house of their friend.

"On entering the festive chamber, a servant took their sandals, which he held on his arm, while others brought water, and anointed the guests, in token of welcome.

"The men were seated on low stools or chairs, apart from the women, who were attended by female slaves or servants; and after the ceremony of anointing, a lotus-blossom (and frequently a necklace of the same) was presented to each of them; and they were sometimes crowned with a chaplet of flowers.

"The triclinium was unknown; and the enervating custom of reclining on *divans*, was not introduced among this people. Their furniture rather resembled that of our European drawing-room; and stools, chairs, fauteuils, ottomans, and simple couches, (the three last precisely similar to many that we now use,) were the only seats met with in the mansions of the most opulent of the Egyptians.

"Wine and other refreshments were then brought, and they indulged so freely in the former, that the ladies now

and then gave those proofs of its potent effects which they could no longer conceal.

"In the meantime, dinner was prepared, and joints of beef, geese, fish, and game, with a profusion of vegetables and fruit, were laid, at mid-day, upon several small tables; two or more of the guests being seated at each. Knives and forks were of course unknown, and the mode of carving and eating with the fingers was similar to that adopted at present in Egypt and throughout the east; water or wine being brought in earthen *bardaks*, or in gold, silver, or porcelain cups. For, though Herodotus affirms that these last were all of brass, the authority of the scriptures, and the Theban sculptures, prove that the higher orders had them of porcelain and of precious metals.

"They sometimes amused themselves within doors with a game similar to chess, or rather, draughts; and the tedium of their leisure hours was often dispelled by the wit of a buffoon, or the company of the dwarfs and deformed persons, who constituted part of their suite."

Mr. Wilkinson proceeds in the same manner to illustrate other parts of their domestic history and economy, including the process of hatching eggs by artificial means (which custom has been handed down to their descendants, the Copts, who supply the market during spring with chickens reared by this ingenious process); as well as the subjects of revenue, population, commerce, and navigation.

The dresses of the ancient Egyptians differed according to the caste or occupation of each individual. Artizans had merely a short kilt, or apron, fastened round the waist, the upper part of the body being exposed. Children were naked till an advanced age; and the whole expense (says Diodorus) of bringing up a child to man's estate, was twenty-two drachmas, or about 13s.

It may be observed, that there are ample proofs that the ancient Egyptians were not black, like the Ethiopians, with whom they are vulgarly confounded, but of a red complexion.

These details will serve to show that, if we are still deficient in means to acquire a knowledge of the political history of ancient Egypt, the facts of which appear to be sealed so hermetically as to be equivalent to lost, there are yet materials from which its domestic history may be traced with a sufficient degree of precision.

This is, however, as we have already remarked, only a part of Mr. Wilkinson's plan. His book may, indeed, be considered as a complete guide, or *vade-mecum*, to the antiquities of Egypt. It embraces descriptions of the topography of the country, and of the ruined buildings, with illustrative views; chronological tables of the dynasties, with fac-similes of the cartouches containing the phonetic names of the kings; and the concluding chapter gives the chronology of the caliphs from the foundation of the caliphate to the invasion of Egypt by Sultan Selim. The appendix includes instructions to persons proposing to travel in Egypt, and an English and Arabic vocabulary.

Thus the work is useful not only to the scholar and to the curious reader, but to the traveller. We are sorry to see so valuable a work disfigured by the absurd affectation of departing from the ordinary spelling of proper names, in the vain

and chimerical hope of perfectly expressing the sounds of the Arabic letters by Roman letters. Who can recognize *Cairo* in *Qaherah*?

From the London Examiner.

The Life of Edmund Kean. In two volumes. Moxon.

These are two volumes of very pleasant reading, made (we are obliged to confess it) out of a very unprofitable subject. They may be read with as little trouble of reflection as the reader chooses—which we take to be a very successful achievement on the part of the writer. With such a story to tell, it was right to make it as little mortifying as possible. Even as it is, we confess we have occasionally winced not a little, as we thought of the lines of the poet—

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women *merely* players—

and asked ourselves whether such incidents as are recorded here, such exits and such entrances, can form part of the comparison? We hope not. We hope at least that the world's reality and assumption are not so widely sundered. We hope that the hero and the vagabond are not so nearly, in point of fact, the same. We wish to believe rather that there is nothing grave connected with the subject; nothing which illustrates the insincerity of human life, or the vanity of human pleasures; that we have been only amusing ourselves with a peep behind the scenes, with no more serious intention than that which takes us before them; and with as little real instruction as the child has gained, whose over-spoiled curiosity has insisted on getting into its own hands the toy which so mightily pleased it at a distance.

It were a melancholy matter indeed if the author of these volumes had written them for any purpose of instruction. The life of Mr. Kean illustrates nothing elevating to the art of acting, or pleasurable or profitable to the social relations of life. We keep wondering, as we view it, at the

ing by his mode of telling them; none of them in any way of great moment or importance,) in an easy and unassuming narrative. Sometimes, we should say, there is something like an effort to say a good thing, but then it is immediately followed by the good thing itself. And this sign of effort is rare. For one of the chiefest merits of the book, setting aside its modest restriction of the exploits of its hero, is the modest restriction of the personal feeling of its author. He never officiously interposes himself between the reader and the subject, unless, perhaps, he finds, as in criticising certain characters, that he has some finer things to say of them himself, than any which his subject could ever have expressed. Mr. Kean, we dare say, exhausted all the beauty that could possibly be conceived of *Bertram*, or Mr. Payne's *Brutus*, or *Reuben Glenroy*, but make every extreme allowance for his triumphs in *Othello* or in *Hamlet*, and what a world of more triumphant beauty still remains! If there is any spirit of depreciation in what we say, let it be laid to the art, and not to the artist. Crowds of fine and subtle things there must always be with which the eye, and tone, and gesture can have nothing possibly to do. It may be the province of acting to elevate the mean, but its powers of elevation, we more than suspect, end there.

We say that we cannot blame our author for the manner of his criticisms. They will certainly not satisfy the enthusiastic admirers of Kean—but many of them, those on *Hamlet*, on *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, will go far, we think, to satisfy the admirers of Shakspeare. Nothing can be finer, more delicate, or original. It may be a question, at the same time, whether, in a book of this sort, admitting the right of the author to express his own sense of the glories of Shakspeare, he should not at least have tested by that measure the actual achievements of his hero. The vision of the poet is one thing, and the greatest—but the flesh and blood presentation is another; and materialized, vulgarized even, though it be, it is yet, to the matter immediately in hand, of the greater importance. What we say, in fact, is proved by the

sity to be as pleasant and unobjectionable off the stage as he is upon it—but if he chanced to be altogether unpleasant and objectionable, to be made up of vulgar thoughts and mean vices, of envy and jealousy, of lust and drunkenness, of the most wilful and reckless oppression, of the lowest ambition, and the most miserable cravings after the applauses of the miserable—then we think it unadvisable to exaggerate all these things, after the fashion used in presenting mean characters on the stage or in books of morals, by clothing them with pomp or circumstance, in purple or fine linen. If the re-action of all this has affected our author's criticism—and withheld him from praise where praise might have been more freely given, we cannot wonder or blame.

The first volume is occupied with Kean in the provinces, the second with Kean in London—and the first is infinitely the most interesting. This would seem to confirm Hazlitt's notion, that after all the London triumph is but the prose termination of the adventurous career of the player—and that it is the provincial commencement that is the poetical and truly enviable part of it. "After that they have little to hope or fear. The wine of life is drunk, and but the lees remain." We wonder at the same time whether those who are "in the secret," think this. It is certain that after his appearance in London, Kean still fondly clung to the dramatic mixture of the hero and the vagabond, which Hazlitt praises as the essence of a country player's life. The transition from his real to his assumed character, remained always as startling—he managed still though a "king's servant," to be any thing but a "gentleman"—the contempt of the world and the applause of the multitude were still equally his as in his ragged days—and, as in those, he still kept himself as much depressed below common humanity off the stage, as, upon the stage, he was elevated above it. There was no gusto in all this, however; it was pure blackguardism. He is "no actor here." When, after playing some wretched part in a damned play (the circumstance is not alluded to by our author, but we know it,) he came home and disgusted his family in Clarges street, by keeping the skins on he had played in, purely because their odour was offensive, and his will chose to vent itself in that fashion—we find he only did what he had done in his starving days, when he yet pampered his will as freely.

"We should not have troubled the reader by telling him that Kean played *Douglas*, in Mrs. Hannah More's tragedy of *Percy*, and also the *Monkey*, in the after-piece of *Perouse*, on this occasion, had he not introduced the monkey into his private life. It is a fact, characteristic of the man, that he went home after the play, in his transformed state, and swore, *ore rotundo*, that he would remain thus all night; and he did! The remonstrances of his wife, who complained bitterly of the execrable odour arising from the undressed skins (the monkey costume,) and from the paint and varnish that encrusted his face, were of no avail. His will was law; and she was driven therefore to take her repose on a sofa; whilst the human animal threw himself, skins, paint, varnish and all, into the bed, and remained there during the whole of his benefit night. This appears more than sufficiently wilful and unfeeling; and yet it was on this very night, according to Mr. Grattan, 'and

in this character,' that 'he showed agility scarcely surpassed by Mazurier or Gouffe, and touches of deep tragedy in the *Monkey's* death-scene, which made the whole audience shed tears.'"

Kean was a boy actor, like many of the greatest actors who preceded him:—

"Mrs. Charles Kemble recollects hearing a clanking noise at the theatre one night, and on inquiring as to the cause, was answered, 'It is only little Kean reciting Richard the Third in the green-room; he's acting after the manner of Garrick. Will you go and see him? He is really very clever.' And there he was, 'really very clever,' acting to a semicircle of gazers, and exhibiting the fierceness, and possibly some of the niceties of that character, in which, fifteen years afterwards, he drew to the theatre (which he enriched and adorned) thousands and thousands of spectators, and built up for himself a renown that must last—as long as the 'actor's fame.'"

It must not be thought, moreover, that this youthful display before the discriminating audience of a London green-room passed without its reward. Some years afterwards, when the youth had arrived at man's estate, he procured an engagement at the Haymarket. But "the pity of it, Iago!" The line of business!

"In this drama, *Rac*—the mouthing, ranting, inefficient *Rac*—played the only part, *Sir Edward Mortimer*; and Kean was thought worthy to represent—*Peter*! In '*John Bull*,' our hero gave substance to the character of *Simon*, '*nominis umbra*,' in which he had a satisfactory opportunity of doing nothing; whilst his contemporaries, Fawcett, De Camp, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. Gibbs, did all the real work of the comedy. In '*Ways and Means*' he played *Carney* (we have alluded to this already.) In '*Mrs. Wiggins*' he played the *Waiter*! In '*The Prisoner at Large*' he was the *Lanilord*! In '*The Heir at Law*' he was *John*, servant to Lord Duberley! In '*She would and she would not*' he was an *Alguazil*; and in '*Speed the Plough*' he was—what?—the *Fiddler*!! Whilst *Rac*, whose star was then in the ascendant, played *Hamlet*, Kean enacted *Rosencrantz*! When *Rac* was *Count Almaviva*, Kean was again an *Alguazil*!! And when *Rac*, in '*The Battle of Hexham*,' played *Gondibert* (beyond comparison the principal part,) Kean was a—*Fifer*!!! Does not Fortune shuffle our cards in a curious and inexplicable way? Seven or eight years afterwards—but we shall come to that presently."

Kean, like Garrick, was a great Harlequin.

"When he was first put up for this important part at Exeter, he proved to be really too ill to act. He was a Harlequin of such reputation, that although another person of some pretensions undertook the part, the house manifested their disappointment loudly. At last he got better, and was able to act. The announcement was made with pride. The manager (who paid him five shillings per night extra) distributed handsome placards, on which were written in vast letters—'Mr. Kean will resume the character of Harlequin this evening.' Crowds ran to witness the performance. Kean did credit to his fame, and delighted every body. And when all was over, and the good people of Devon were trudging home to their quiet hearths, full of the pantomimic wonders that they had witnessed, our hero, with a great coat slung over his patch-work dress, and bathed in perspiration, took his customary seat at '*The Red Lion*,' with his brother toppers, and drank strong liquors till morning."

The contrasts of Kean's life appear to have been more than ordinarily frightful. Antony at Modena with famine hunting at his heels, and

Antony in Egypt amidst his lascivious vassals,
outdoes him only in the grandeur of the matter!

"Thou didst drink

The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The bark of trees thou browsed'st on the Alps:
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on—"

—It is unnecessary to carry our hero as far as this, any more than to liken Clarges street and Mrs. Kean to Egypt and Cleopatra, but Kean's destitution was sufficiently frightful:—

"At York, as we have said, he arrived utterly destitute. So extreme was his need, that he wished to enlist as a common soldier, and actually presented himself, for that purpose, to an officer attached to a regiment at York, who very goodnaturedly dissuaded him from his design. He was, perhaps, as desperate of attaining the objects of his ambition, at this particular time, as at any period of his chequered life. And with his despair, his wife's despondency naturally kept pace. She saw no hope of extricating her infants from the load of misery and want which oppressed them. More than once, she has knelt down by the side of her bed, in which the two half-famished children lay, and prayed that they and herself might at once be released from their sufferings. Happily, they were relieved by the intervention of a friend. The wife of a Mr. Nokes (then a dancing-master at York), heard of their extreme distress, and went with a heart brim full of benevolence to their aid. She was shown up to the room where Mrs. Kean and the children were, and after having ascertained the report concerning their condition, she spoke kindly to them all, put something in Mrs. Kean's hand, wished her good morning, and left the house. On her departure, Mrs. Kean opened the paper which this excellent woman had left, and discovered that she had given her a five pound bank note! She threw herself on her knees, and fainted. They had been rescued from absolute starvation. Mrs. Nokes's kindness did not stop here. She interested her husband on behalf of her *protégés*; and he (who seems to have deserved such a wife) lent Kean the room in which he received his pupils. An impediment, indeed, was unexpectedly thrown in the way of this kind act, by Nokes's landlord (a person by the name

lights with all possible speed, and not to 'waste the midnight oil' for the gratification of their two spectators. Kean and Hughes therefore came forward, hand in hand, bowed in dumb show and retired. The whole of the evening's performance was condensed into this pantomime; except that they afterwards (very reluctantly) returned their visitors the eighteen pence that lay at the bottom of the money-taker's box. That night, as parliamentary reporters say, there was 'no house.'"

This romance of starvation appears to have been too much for Kean at last, and he made desperate efforts for a decent engagement. He had lost several, we should mention, by his own outrageous profligacy of conduct.

"He wrote to Dublin, but received no answer: he wrote to Edinburgh: he wrote to Mr. John Kemble, for a third line of business, and received no answer! He offered to teach fencing—to teach dancing: but no one would become his pupil. At last, Mr. Fisher engaged him to act for four nights at the Teignmouth Theatre, and laid the foundation of his fortunes."

The accomplished Dr. Drury saw him first at Teignmouth, was startled by his acting, and promised to interest himself with Grenfell and Whitbread. The following scene which occurred shortly after at Dorchester, was the dawn of what followed:—

"One night, after having dressed for his part at home, he threw a large cloak over his theatrical attire, and took his way gloomily to the play-house. He was to act *Octavian* in '*The Mountaineers*,' and '*a Savage*' in some farce—*Kankoo*, it is believed, in '*Perouse*.' Mrs. Kean remained at home. She was employed, nursing their sick child in the only little room they had, when about midnight she heard a quick step approaching the door. Suddenly Kean himself entered: he was in a state of extreme agitation, and could scarcely speak. At last he made an effort and cried out, 'My fortune is made! my fortune is made!' His eye at that moment falling on his suffering child, he qualified his exultation. 'Let but Howard live,' said he, in a gentler voice, 'we shall all be happy yet.' To Mrs. Kean's inquiries as to what had caused this tumult, he replied nearly to the following effect. [The events of this night had such a prodigious effect upon the fortunes of himself and his family, that almost every particular (many of which would also have been, at this distance of time indistinct)

me, and complimented me slightly upon my play, observing, 'Your manager says you are engaged for London?' 'I am offered a trial,' said I, 'and if I succeed, I understand that I am to be engaged.' 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'will you breakfast with me in the morning? I am at the ——— hotel. I shall be glad to see you. My name is Arnold; I am the—Manager of Drury lane Theatre.' I staggered as if I had been shot. My acting in the 'Savage' was done for. However, I stumbled through the part, and—here I am."

We have no desire, after the remarks we have felt it a duty to make, to dwell more particularly on the few details of Mr. Kean's private history (after his eminence) which are given in these volumes. It inspires as much disgust, as the illiterate gabble, with which he seems, on all occasions, to have stuffed the landlords of inns, and the members of the Drury lane Theatrical Fund, inspires contempt. We cannot help expressing, however, our very warm admiration of the conduct of Mr. Charles Kean, as it is indicated, with infinite delicacy, in a few lines towards the conclusion of the work. The tenderness of a son, and the conscious firmness of a gentleman, were never more forcibly displayed. We would cordially join in the hope expressed for his future success in his profession, but that we have every reason to believe his success already assured by his own exertions, beyond the reach of hope or fear. We should like to know, by the bye, whether the interesting letter to Mrs. Kean, quoted at the end of the work, was really written at the time mentioned, and answered as stated. We more than doubt this, though it does not interfere, one way or the other, with the propriety of the course adopted by Mrs. Kean, whose conduct we think to have been irreproachable. It is merely right that, as a matter of interest, the circumstance should be given correctly.

There are some points in the book which we mean to take another opportunity of adverting to. Meanwhile we leave it with every wish for its success; sure that it deserves it, and grateful to the author (Mr. Barry Cornwall) for the way in which he has acquitted himself of a very delicate and difficult task. We should mention that an interesting introduction prefaces the life, retrospective of actors and acting. It was a pity, however, to forget in it the great artist, Le Kain, who restored nature to the French stage.

We now copy a Transatlantic anecdote:—

"Cooke was buried in New York; and when Kean was there, he visited what was supposed to be his grave. Being a great admirer of the dead tragedian, he caused his body to be taken up and removed to another place, and over the new grave he erected a monument, in honour of the actor's genius. In the transition, from the old grave to the new, Kean abstracted one of the toe-bones. It was a little black relic, and might have passed for a tobacco stopper. Some persons even said, 'How do you know that this belonged to Cooke?' but the indignation of Kean at such scepticism, stifled all further questioning. He deposited the bone in his dressing-case, perfectly satisfied with its identity, locked it carefully up, and brought it to England. When he arrived here, the Drury lane Company, rejoicing at the return of their 'head,' resolved to meet and welcome him at some distance from London, and (by their presence)

grace his entrance into the metropolis. Elliston, as the principal person of the company, led the procession. The actors followed, according to rank, and at due time arrived at Barnet. This was the place which Kean had appointed for receiving them. They were all to breakfast there, and then to return, in the tragedian's train, to London. On encountering the great actor, they were about to welcome him, each after his own fashion, when he stopped them, with a serious air. 'Before you say a word, my merry men,' said he—'Behold! fall down, and kiss this relic! This is the toe-bone of the greatest creature that ever walked the earth—of George Frederic Cooke. He was lying without a monument, till I put one over him. Come, down with you all, and kiss the bone!' Elliston, between doubt and reverence, fell upon his knees and kissed the ridiculous relic. Another dropped down with difficulty—('Our son was fat.') Then another came, and another; and thus actor after actor followed, from the beginning to the end of the line, till all had performed the ceremony. They then sat down to breakfast,—with what appetite we cannot pretend to say. In an hour or two, the procession formed again, and, with Kean at its head, took the road to London. Our hero, still a treasurer (of relics), although he had given up the post of master and treasurer to the Drury lane Fund, led the way to his house in Clarges street. Arrived there, the greater part of his brother actors left him, and Kean proceeded to the library. His first words were (to his wife), 'I have brought Charles a fortune. I have brought something that the Directors of the British Museum would give ten thousand pounds for; but—they shan't have it.' Mrs. Kean, lost in wonder, inquired what it was. 'Look here!' said he, producing it. 'Here it is. Here is the toe-bone of the greatest man that ever lived—the illustrious George Frederic Cooke!' With that he proceeded to deposit it gently on the mantel-piece, saying, in caution, 'Now, observe, I put this on the mantel-piece; but let no one dare to touch it. You may all look at it—at a distance; but be sure that no one presumes to handle it.' Here it remained for several months. Occasionally (to an intelligent visitor) he would explain the merits of the bone; but otherwise, it was honoured only by his own single admiration. His wife detested the bone. The servants hated it. The maids were afraid of it. They thought (probably) that it would get up and act. But no one ventured to hazard the tragedian's displeasure by meddling with it. At last—it was one dull evening, when Kean had been absent from home for several days, and his wife was tired of waiting and watching for him—the detestable toe-bone presented itself to her sight. A few bitter words escaped her. She felt inclined to commit profanation on the relic, but contented herself with walking up and down, eyeing the object of her husband's adoration with the most sincere disgust. She approached again; and finally seized the bone (protecting her fingers by a piece of paper), and 'canted' it without ceremony into the adjoining garden. This garden belonged to the Duke of Portland, and contained a well, which was dry; and it was into this well that the illustrious bone descended. In an instant, the House of Portland was unconsciously richer, by ten thousand pounds, than it had been the hour before. The toe-bone was theirs! Was, do we say? Nay, it is theirs still, up to this present writing. It may easily be supposed, that a deed of this sort could not have been perpetrated without important consequences. Accordingly, Mrs. Kean soon began to experience some fearful alarms; and these were not allayed by a thundering rap at the door, which announced the tragedian's return. The door was opened, and he went straight into the library,—very drunk. Whenever he was drunk, he went to the toe for consolation. But now,—the toe was not there! He rang the bell furiously. His wife an-

swered the summons, when an inquiry (made in terrible voice) met her at the door of the room: 'Have you seen Cooke's toe-bone?' After a little pause, she said, 'Cooke's toe-bone, my dear?' 'Yes,' returned he, sternly; 'why do you reiterate my words? Cooke's toe-bone, I say.' 'My dear,' said his wife, submissively, 'I'll go down and look for it, if you wish:' and she went accordingly. In the meantime, all the servants were called up (called out of their beds) to assist in the search: The search, as will be guessed, was fruitless. The tragedian waxed solemn. 'Answer me,' said he, 'on your souls! what has become of Cooke's toe-bone?' None of them knew. Each could disclaim any participation in the robbery with a very safe conscience. He was satisfied as to their ignorance, and sent them out of the room; and then turning to his wife, he addressed her gravely and almost sadly,—'Mary, your son has lost his fortune. He was worth 10,000*l*. Now he is a beggar.' It occurred to the culprit, that another trip to America would have enabled her husband to bring home even a foot of the great Cooke, instead of a toe-bone only; but she did not hazard the observation. Notwithstanding the above anecdote, which the reader may rely on, we have not heard that our hero was ever limited to the embraces of a strait waistcoat, or put under the care of a committee."

He nevertheless ought to have been.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WILLIAM PITT.

NO. V.

The year 1784 had begun with the severest trial of Pitt's public existence; it had closed with his most consummate triumph. Thenceforth all was incontestible superiority. He saw the whole array of opposition hopelessly routed, and flying in fragments before him, the strength of the English mind awakened and rising with redoubled vigour round him, and heard at once the universal plaudits, and the universal pledges, of the empire. A higher gratification, if possible, was reserved for him in seeing the king restored to his place in the constitution, and the constitution itself restored to its rank in the heart of the country, and all

to be all but incapable of restoration. In the midst of this general decline, he alone had spoken the long forgotten language of faith and feeling, which the empire no sooner heard, than it answered with an unanimity and force which echoed through Europe. No statesman of England had ever more illustriously earned the civic crown.

Regarding those memorable events not in the light of mere historical curiosity, but as the best guides to living conduct, we are entitled to contrast the success of Pitt's measures with the checkered fortune of those which have just passed before our eyes; and this we do without the slightest desire to throw blame on any quarter. Still we cannot but look upon the hasty dissolution of the last Parliament, as a capital oversight. We see how delicate an operation this was regarded by even the daring mind of Pitt; and we see in every feature of the question, as it stands before us, but still stronger reasons, if possible, for avoiding so direct an experiment on the prudence of the people. What was it but to recommit the power of the legislature into the hands of the populace in the very first fever of possession? The reform bill had but just taught them they were masters of the representation.

To cashier a house of commons, for the very charge of being too much the instrument of the populace, was to send it back to its makers, not with a stigma, but with a letter of recommendation. It is true that nearly a hundred conservative members have been added. But what has been the practical result? Was it to make the ministry firm? No, the ministry were broken down at once. Was it to qualify the virulence of faction? No, faction grew only more inveterate, more active, and more successful. The dissolution placed faction in sight of all its objects; and leaving it numbers still sufficient to outvote the ministry, and inspiring it with a more violent determination of overthrow, has given it the mastery of the empire. Pitt would have waited; he too could contemplate an increase of numbers, but he justly disregarded all increase, short of a direct majority. To all his advisers on this subject his answer was,

show the weapons which it carried beneath, sharpened for the heart of the monarchy. At one while by lofty scorn, at another by intolerable rebuke, he stung it into that fury which defies all prudence, and irritating it into speaking out all its secrets, extorted from his lips the very language of treason. Then, having completed its development before the nation, having shown that its patriotism was only a raging thirst for place, that with public purification for its theory, its principle was universal spoil; and that with the prosperity and freedom alike of India and England on its tongue, its object was to grasp at the wealth of India, only to gild the throne of a parliamentary despotism in England; he then struck the final blow, and dissolved the parliament altogether. No public measure ever more amply vindicated its principle by its success. It instantly cut away the ground from under opposition, and cut it away for the full term of his public life. It not merely swept the party from its anchorage, but sent it to float dismantled, and without chart or compass, over the waters. From that hour opposition, retaining its form, lost its spirit. Instead of the antagonist, it became the involuntary auxiliary of the minister. Reluctantly as it drudged, it still drudged for him alone, disputing his intentions only with the effect of giving them additional confidence in the public mind; resisting his measures only to the extent of proving their solidity; prophesying evil against his policy only to give evidence of the wisdom which brought their conjectures into contempt. Caliban himself was not more rebellious, or more at the mercy of his master, more bitter at its thralldom, or more hopeless of shaking off his chain. The long minority was the tool of Pitt. It might fill the benches opposite to ministers, it may rail and struggle; but its labours were fruitless, and its boldest struggles only gave a more unequivocal victory to the young master of British council.

Whether the success which so unequivocally followed the conduct of the great minister half-a-century ago would have followed a similar conduct in the late cabinet, is now beyond any useful discussion. The general opinion of the public at the crisis undoubtedly was, that parliament ought not to be dissolved; that in a cabinet where the only object could have been the restoration of the government to tranquillity, the wiser course was to take advantage of the tendency of all legislatures to retain their existence; and that the minister should be keenly sensible of the hazards of dissolution. It is also but truth to acknowledge, that the result of the elections painfully justified this opinion; and that, if the cabinet obtained a larger number of adherents, it also created a more violent spirit of hostility.

Nothing can be clearer than this change of character. The late parliament was willing to give the conservative ministry "a trial;" the present parliament has unequivocally refused all trial. The late parliament threw out the successive ministries of Lords Grey, Althorp, and Melbourne: the present parliament adopts the fragments of the three, and under a new leader marches to the overthrow of the cabinet. In those circumstances, what was to be done by the

cabinet? Continue the struggle? No. With majorities against every measure, the public business must have been suddenly brought to a stand. Were the peers to be summoned to the field? The minister would have but precipitated the attack which the democracy is already preparing. Was the king's name to have been tried? What minister could be justified in bringing the crown into conflict with the commons? The minister had exhibited his qualities to the full extent: he had shown, that if failure was to come, it should not come from his want of resolution. But what general can fight without an army? His only course was, either to appeal to the nation once more, or return his power into the hands of the king.

Sir Robert Peel has been charged with timidity in declining another appeal to the people. Yet here it is only justice to acknowledge, that this appeal to the nation must have only aggravated the public hazards. But half undone by the first appeal, we should be only hurried the more rapidly into civil convulsion by the second. Even Pitt had waited, until opposition was disgraced by open defeat,—until the empire was disgusted by its fruitless and factious paroxysms,—until the king's name had become a tower of strength once more,—and until popularity of the most solid, generous, and active nature had gathered and shone round his own footsteps. He had made charges of the deepest dye against opposition, and proved them by facts, of which every one was cognisant; and then, and not till then, he called for a verdict. He had marched the leaders of opposition, one by one, before the popular eye; and, as each passed, pronounced his crime, and sent him off under a roar of popular condemnation. He thus showed North guilty of the loss of America—Fox branded with the still darker guilt of the coalition—the inferior members stigmatised with offences to the measure of their opportunities—and the whole covered with the general condemnation of prostituting their power to the construction of an established dictatorship in England.

But there are other and obvious considerations, which make the case still stronger against the policy of the late dissolution. In Pitt's time the minister could appeal to the nation; for in his day England was a nation: it is now a populace. In Pitt's day, property, intelligence, and birth were constituent parts of the nation. Now, poverty and ignorance, obscurity and corruption, are the elements of constituency. In Pitt's day the spirit of the nation was bound to the constitution; in ours the politicians of the lanes and alleys pledge themselves to the overthrow of every form of the constitution, abhor all that they find established, ally themselves with all that promises subversion, and already revolutionists in theory pause only until their leaders have decided on what member of the constitution the axe shall first fall. There is another evil added to the ominous superiorities of our time. In addition to the radicalism of politics, we have to encounter the radicalism of religion. The popish question, fatal in all its aspects, fatal in the wound which it gave to Christianity, fatal in the character

which it fixed on the legislature, fatal in its acknowledged hostility to the constitution, has brought into parliament a faction of a totally different form from all that have hitherto figured as instruments of public danger. That faction, growing out of the inveterate hatred which superstition feels to truth, the delegate of a priesthood essentially armed against protestantism, has a political bond which no political feeling has ever yet been able to rival. It comes the menial of the popish clergy, chosen by their influence, acting by their direction, and wholly dependant on their will. Every man of that faction knows that his public existence depends on the will of popery; and every man, therefore, feels that zeal, and nothing less than zeal, in the cause will be the tenure of his political existence. It is absurd to look for public spirit or national feeling in those men. They have been chosen but for one quality, blind submission to the popish ordinance, and but with one purpose, the overthrow of the pure religion. Protestantism must fall, is the cry continually echoed in their ears, and that command they must realise, or be extinguished, and that command they will leave no effort untried to realise to the last extremity. We are now on the eve of a struggle between more than parties, between principles; and, to all human apprehension, every pillar of the empire will be shaken in the trial. England, as of old, will be the first, perhaps the chief, arena in which the conflict of good and evil will be exhibited; the political impurities of the nation, the grossness of party, and the furious impiety of faction, will be let loose; the scourge has been deeply earned: and England, so lately the object of envy for her triumphs over the spirit of revolution, may be only its most illustrious victim.

On the 18th of May, 1784, the new parliament returned by the new patriotism of the nation, assembled. Pitt stood in the most unrivalled rank of public honour. At the London election he was put in nomination, without his knowledge, and the show of hands was in his favour. He was strongly solicited to stand for Bath, which had been represented by his father. Similar soli-

services England had proved, and delighted to honour. To those public testimonies were added private tributes, whose sincerity it was as impossible to doubt as to deny their value. Lord North, in the midst of his defeat, pronounced him "born a minister." Gibbon, with eloquent panegyric, declared, "that in all his researches in ancient and modern history, he had no where met with his parallel, no where found a man who, at so young a period of his life, had so important a trust reposed in him, and which he discharged with so much credit to himself, and so much advantage to the kingdom."

We may now proceed more rapidly through the next ten years. Pitt was henceforth undisputed minister, and his ability was to be exercised less in resisting Opposition than in developing the resources of the State. The chief occurrences which marked this tranquil period were the Westminster scrutiny, the new plan of Finance, and the question of the Regency.

The Westminster election of 1784 will long continue memorable in our popular records for its perseverance, its violence, and its general contrast to the more rapid and rational proceedings of later times. On the first of April, this remarkable election began. The candidates were Lord Hood, Sir Cecil Wray, and Fox. It did not close till the 17th of May! and even then was closed alone by the act of the high bailiff, who naturally conceived that he had no power to protract the election beyond the period when the writs were returnable. At this time Lord Hood was at the head of the poll, 6694; Fox second, 6233; and Sir Cecil Wray last, 5998. The defeated candidate pronounced that a large number of Fox's voters were fictitious, and demanded a scrutiny. The high bailiff granted it; and making a declaration to that effect, the sheriffs proceeded to the scrutiny. Fox in the mean time took his seat for the Scotch burghs of Tain, Kirkwall, &c. On the meeting of parliament on the 18th of May, Fox made his complaint, that the representation of the people was incomplete, from the want of a return of two members for Westminster, and gave notice of a motion for bringing the conduct of the

that the noble lord had charged on the late parliament, he must vindicate it for the sake of one act, an act fit to cover its multitude of sins; that it had put an end to the noble lord's unfortunate war and unfortunate administration together."

To Mr. Adam, who had talked of "the check given to Ministers by the Westminster election," he retorted, "that he could not help congratulating him on the happy faculty of extracting victory from defeat, or discovering an unanimous return, while they were in the very act of enquiring why *no* return had been made, and finding that the unanimity was to be balanced by many thousand votes on the opposite side. But what were the honourable member's escapes from this fact? Why, that the candidate (Fox) had to contend with the powers of public office, the powers of the India Company, and what he was pleased to term the powers of popular frenzy! I shall enlighten him on those points," said Pitt. "The right honourable gentleman has to lament that he has to contend with the powers of public office. Why? Because he endeavours to subvert government. He has to lament that he has to contend with the East India Company, because he has endeavoured to seize upon their property, and to violate their most sacred rights; and he has to lament that he has to contend with popular frenzy, as he terms it, because the people at large have seen and *condemned* his conduct. But what allies the right honourable gentleman has had to fight for him, is not noticed. The degree of influence used in his favour has not been observed upon, nor any respect paid to those charms which alone can supersede every other consideration among us all, and command unanimity when nothing else can command it." This sarcasm alluded to the Duchess of Devonshire, and some other bustling women, who, as it was expressed, "more distinguished for rank and beauty than for delicacy and propriety of conduct," had canvassed for Fox in Westminster. After having raised the universal laugh by this sally, he adverted to "the other glories of the candidate, as not confined to Westminster, but extending to the remotest corners of the island, to which his *partialities* had not formerly gone.

Via prima salutis,
Quod minime reris, Graja pandetur ab urbe.

His success at Ross and Kirkwall ought not to be denied its share of praise, it was well entitled to 'pursue the triumph and partake the gale.' He concluded by a grave scorn of opposition, and a full and contemptuous defiance alike of its principles and its powers. On the division, the address was carried by 282 to 114—a commanding majority, which fully vindicated the wisdom of the late dissolution.

The Westminster scrutiny was terminated by the public weariness. In February, 1784, Welbore Ellis moved, that the high bailiff should make "an immediate return of the two members for Westminster." The scrutiny had lasted eight months, and was expected to last two years longer! Pitt, conceiving that the House ought to sustain its original act, resisted the motion, which was thrown out by 174 to 135. In March, Lord Mun-

caster brought in a report from Sir Cecil Wray's committee, stating that, in the parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, they had discovered 400 persons to have voted as inhabitants, not one of whom could be found to exist there. But no evidence could now overcome the public exhaustion on the subject. Sawbridge moved, "that the members be returned." Pitt moved a short adjournment. His motion was negatived, and the Minister was unexpectedly left in a minority of 124 to 162. Next day, Lord Hood and Fox were declared members for Westminster.

The next measure of the Minister was his bill for Parliamentary Reform. The subject has a revived interest to us, from the contrast of Pitt's plan with the sweeping performances of our own day. Previously to laying his sentiments before the House, he communicated them to the King, who replied by the following manly, clear, and conscientious letter.

"I have received Mr. Pitt's paper, containing the heads of his plan for Parliamentary Reform, which I look on as a mark of attention. I should have delayed acknowledging the receipt of it till I saw him on Monday, had not his letter expressed that there is but one issue of the business he could look upon as fatal, the possibility of the measures being rejected by the weight of those who are supposed to be connected with government. Mr. Pitt must recollect, that though I have ever thought it unfortunate that he had early engaged himself in this measure, yet that I have ever said, that as he was clear of the propriety of the measure, he *ought* to lay his thoughts before the House. And that, out of personal regard to him, I should avoid giving any opinion to any one, on the opening of the door to Parliamentary Reform, except to him. Therefore, I am certain Mr. Pitt cannot suspect my having influenced any one on the occasion. If others choose, for base ends, to impute such conduct to me, I must bear it as former false suggestions. Indeed, on a question of such magnitude, I should *think very ill* of any man who took a part on either side *without the maturest consideration*, and who would *suffer his civility to any one to make him vote contrary to his own opinion*. The conduct of some of Mr. Pitt's most intimate friends on the Westminster scrutiny shows there are questions men will not by friendship be biassed to adopt."

Pitt had adopted this subject early. In 1782, he had moved for a committee to consider the state of the representation. In 1783, he had moved several resolutions as the basis of his plan. In both years he failed. His purpose now was to bring in a bill realizing his idea of a true House of Commons—an assembly freely elected, between whom and the mass of the people there was the closest union, and most perfect sympathy. Pitt's conceptions on this paramount topic are of the first importance. His speech may be thrown into a succession of principles. "Universal suffrage is a wild and impracticable notion. It was an indisputable doctrine of constitutional antiquity, that the state of the representation might be changed by the change of circumstances. From the reign of Edward I., the earliest period in which distinct descriptions of men could be

traced in the representation, to that of Charles II., there were few reigns in which the representation had not varied. The successive kings exercised a power of summoning, or not summoning, as they pleased, acting always on the principle that the places should have such a population as entitled them to send members to parliament. As one borough decayed, and another arose, the one was abolished, and the other invested with the right of returning members. The House of Commons did not always consist of the same number, nothing preventing the executive from varying the numbers, but the Act of Union. In the seventeenth century, the Crown had ceased to call upon seventy-two boroughs, thirty-six of which, after the Restoration, petitioned for their franchises, which were granted; the other thirty-six remained disfranchised."

His plan was this,—thirty-six decayed boroughs, each sending two members, should no longer elect, and that in their room the different counties and the metropolis should elect seventy-two members, as a just counterpoise between county and borough representatives, without increasing the number of the members. Copyholders should vote as well as freeholders for counties. On other boroughs in the lapse of time becoming decayed, the reduction to a certain number of houses being the criterion of the decay, the members were to be transferred to populous places furnishing no members. But all compulsion in both instances was to be avoided, and no old borough was to be disfranchised, or new place authorised to elect, but with its own spontaneous application. But boroughs being, in many cases, a species of valuable inheritance and private property, and as the voluntary surrender of their rights was not to be expected without a compensation, the establishment of a fund was proposed for the purpose of purchasing those franchises.

"The value of this plan," said Pitt, "is, that while it recognises the natural necessity for change as time requires, it prevents that change from being rash, violent, or hurtful to private property. The provisions of the act were to be brought into practice, not till they were called for by the necessity of the times. But a clear and permanent rule for improvement in the representation was established, applicable to all times, but giving no countenance to chimerical schemes of reform. The purpose of the whole being to provide for the repairs of the constitution without deranging its principles, and forming between the representatives and the represented that bond of sympathy, which, as far as human foresight could extend, was the best security for rendering the constitution immortal." The motion, after a long debate, was negatived by 248 to 174. Pitt has been charged by later theorists with insincerity on this subject. But the charge is alien to the whole character of his public life. No minister that England ever saw, was more frank, broad, and unhesitating, in his public objects. Even his just reliance on his great abilities rendered the cautious and timid proceedings of others unnecessary to his government. The distinction between his plan and that which has followed, is perfectly clear. The instant extinction of the boroughs—

their compulsory extinction; the absence of all compensation, even where the rights had already been recognised in the form of property; and above all, the throwing the representation into the hands of the ten-pound voters; place the two plans as far from each in principle and practice, as reform from revolution.

A plan of still higher importance, and sanctioned by success, was the establishment of the Financial System. On this topic so much has been talked and so little understood, that some slight detail may be advantageously given.

In the early times of England, the public debts were regarded as the personal debts of the king. The king frequently borrowed money for public purposes upon his private credit, from both foreigners and subjects. This plan often reduced the monarch to extraordinary difficulties. Henry III., Edward III., and Henry V., pawned their royal jewels, and even the crown. Some of Henry III.'s debts were discharged by parliament, the first instance of such a payment. Richard II. had attempted to raise £60,000 upon security of parliament, but the attempt failed. In the subsequent reigns money was obtained by the king on subsidies granted by parliament, which money was repaid when the subsidies had come in. The system of funding, the most curious and fortunate invention in the whole history of money, is probably due to the Italian republics; those little centres where ability and necessity combined, threw out so many of the most important lights of modern civilisation. The loan of money on national credit, recognised by a transferable sign entitling the holder to a certain interest, was common on the Continent before it was adopted in the great future country of commerce. But the new and extraordinary excitement given to England by the full acknowledgment of civil rights, and the ascendancy of protestantism in 1688, made the nation eager to avail itself of all continental advantages. The first shape of stock in this country, was in annuities granted for lives, or for a certain number of years. But the applicability of the principle on a more extensive scale was soon obvious, and on the advance of additional sums by the stockholders, the annuities were made perpetual, for the first time, in 1695. This change produced, of course, a corresponding change in the source from which the interest was paid, and the taxes, originally raised only for the time, were now made perpetual. Still the method was comparatively rude. An account was kept of each successive loan, and of the taxes raised for the payment of its interest; and when the product of those taxes was found to give a surplus, that surplus was applied, in general, to diminishing the principal of the particular loan. But this contrivance became at length too complicated, in consequence of the number of accounts produced by the various loans; and in the reign of George I. the whole were combined into three, called the aggregate fund, the general fund, and the South Sea fund. The celebrated Walpole, a man who bore a stronger resemblance to Pitt, in his boldness, financial talent, command of the House, and permanency of power, than any subsequent minister, was the author of this measure, and the last

of his *first* administration, in 1716, was to lay in the crowning principle of the sinking fund. This memorable fund was to be formed of the surplusage of the other three, after satisfying every demand upon them; and its title was deduced from its purpose of "sinking," or discharging, the principal of the national debt incurred before the 25th of December, 1716. Walpole's facility saw the temptation which this fund would hold out to his successors, and he laboured to impress upon the legislature the necessity for preserving it inviolable. In the act of 1716 it was declared, that "the fund was to be appropriated to no other use, intent, or purpose, whatever." The words were repeated in the act of 1718, and were made a feature of the king's speech in successive sessions.

But the temper of England, disturbed by Jacobite machinations, and but ill reconciled to the character of the first Georges, was not easily managed. Taxes were a formidable test of popularity, and even Walpole himself, on his restoration to the Premiership, was compelled to touch this sacred fund. From 1728 to 1733, it was thus charged twice with the interest, as it seems, raised for the service of the current year.

This unfortunate resource was adopted with little less scruple by his successors; and on Pitt's coming office as head of the treasury, he found the sinking fund existing only in name. The state of the national finance was appalling; and, to show the whole power of the young minister's mind, we must see the fortitude and intelligence with which he prepared to encounter difficulties that must have overwhelmed any other financier.

Europe. He found the national debt 241 millions!—no provision whatever in existence for the diminution of a sum unparalleled in history, and which, to the general apprehension, menaced national bankruptcy—the entire produce of the permanent taxes unable to pay the mere interest of the debt, and the fixed charges on the revenue—and for the expenses of the current year, amounting to millions, nothing but the precarious and inadequate resources of the malt and land taxes. The anxiety of parliament had been turned to this object speedily after the close of the American war, and turned in vain. The "report of the commissioners of Public Accounts," was big with felings, almost of despair. "The national debt," said this remarkable paper, "is swelled to a magnitude that requires the united efforts of the ablest heads, and the purest hearts, to suggest the proper and effectual means of reduction. A plan must be formed for the reduction of this debt, and that without delay. Now is the favourable moment for peace. The evil does not admit of procrastination, palliation, or expedients. It presses on, and must be met with force and firmness. What can be done, the support of public credit, the preservation of national honour, and the justice due to the public creditor, demand *should* be done. It *must* be done, or serious consequences will ensue." To this alarming language was added, the fear arising from the prevalent theories, of the extent to which the funding system could go, and no further; theories whose recollection is still of use, to show the ignorance of presumption

on such subjects, and the grave absurdities into which men, who regard themselves as oracles in finance as well as government, may fall. But those absurdities had a strong influence in depressing the public mind; and if the minister had at that moment started back from his task, and proposed a general bankruptcy as the expedient, he would have been fully sanctioned by the wisdom of those scribbling philosophers. But there were other hazards still more repelling. The fall of the public credit threatened to follow the distrust of the public mind. Europe was uneasy, and a new war must involve the nation in new loans, and more inextricable perplexities. Even the financial condition of England was felt to be a ground of insolence, perhaps of aggression, on the part of those foreign cabinets which had already so distinctly shown their hostile mind. The crisis was momentous; and knowing, as we knew, the tremendous trial to which Europe was so soon to be exposed—the essential pressure upon the resources of England which that trial required—the infinite importance of England, first, to sustaining the contest abroad, and next, to consummating the deliverance of Europe by national victory—we may, without superstition or verbiage, regard the time, the service and the man, as equally prepared by a Providence that has so wonderfully, in times of the severest trial, preserved the existence of the protestant empire of England.

The accumulation of the national debt itself, is a curious instance of the rapidity with which the incumbrances of a people increase, and the tardiness with which they are diminished. From the commencement of the funding system, which began soon after the revolution, to 1697, at the peace of Ryswic, the debt had grown to 21 millions, a great sum, when we recollect that the annuities had been made perpetual but two years before, and that exchequer bills were first used but in 1696, as a substitute for coin during the recoinage. Four years of peace reduced this debt to 16½ millions, but the war of the succession, which broke out in 1701, gave a formidable increase to the debt, which, at its close in 1713, amounted to no less than 54½ millions. A long interval followed up to 1740, in which (but three years of war intervening) the debt was reduced by 7½ millions. War again raised it, and at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, the debt was 78 millions. Three millions only of this had been discharged, when the seven years' war (beginning in 1755, and ending in 1762,) swelled it to the amount of 146½ millions. This was reduced by only 10½ millions, when the American war broke out in 1776. The expenses of a war waged at such a distance were enormous, and when all the debts incurred were funded, it was discovered in 1786, that the national debt had risen to the appalling sum of 239 millions, exclusive of two millions of loyalist's debentures.

This view led to the startling conclusion, that the nation must finally be bankrupt. Peace had been found signally ineffectual to diminish the expenses of war, 200 millions of debt having been incurred in twenty-five years of war, while not quite twenty-two had been paid off in forty-five years of peace. The next shock of war would, of

course, swell the debt, and probably in a much more rapid proportion; the result must be the utter exhaustion of the empire.

Perhaps no public topic ever took a stronger, and more general, hold on the national mind. Financial projects teemed on all sides; and the minister was assailed with theories, propositions, and remedies innumerable. The problem was, to discover some means of more powerfully acting on the debt without hazarding the national credit. Pitt, with matchless sagacity, adopted the idea of reviving the long-forgotten principle of the fund established by Walpole; but reviving it with guards and corrections, capable of rescuing it from that frequent alienation which had been its ruin. It was in these guards that the peculiarity and originality of his plan consisted. But he had the further merit of establishing the rule that, instead of the old fluctuation of the surplus, a permanent surplus of a million should always make a part of the year's produce, and that this million should, under all circumstances, be invariably applied, at compound interest, to the extinction of the debt.

Pitt had now found the lever, and it was left for his vigorous hand alone to lift the enormous pressure of the public burdens. The power of the sinking fund is so vast, as to be almost dangerous. The original surplus, applicable to it by Walpole, had been indefinite and unequal; but if it had amounted to only half a million a-year, and had been constantly employed in bringing up the three per cents at their usual rate of seventy-five, it would, in the seventy years of its existence, from 1716 to 1786, the time when it was adopted by Pitt, have redeemed no less than two hundred and forty-two millions; in fact, have extinguished the whole debt: or, supposing the extreme case, that the three per cents had been bought at par, it would have extinguished one hundred and fifteen millions.

On the 29th of March, 1786, a day which ought to be recorded in the history of all finance, the minister brought forward his plan in a speech which left the House in a state of tumultuous

In this extraordinary performance, after giving a luminous display of the state of British finance at the close of the war, and of the prospects of the revenue since it had come under his management, he adverted to the resistless operation of the sinking fund.

"I shall be justified," said he, "in considering the revenue as hereafter affording a surplus of one million a-year. It will be proper now to consider what effect the disposal of this annual sum will have. If this million be laid out, with its growing interest, it will amount to a very great sum in a period which is not long in the life of man, and but an hour in the existence of a nation; in a period of twenty-eight years, the sum of a million, annually improved at compound interest, would amount to four millions a year, at the supposed interest of five per cent, a sum which would redeem one hundred millions of three per cents." He pronounced strongly upon the conduct of those administrations which had dilapidated this fund, "which should have been considered as most sacred." His proposal to obviate the temptation was, to appoint commissioners to buy up stock quarterly with this money, by which means no great sum would ever lie ready to be seized on. By this purchase on every transfer day, it would be impossible to take the fund by stealth; and, said Pitt, with, it must be acknowledged, but too brief a foresight of the generation who were to follow him, "a minister could not have the confidence to come to this House and desire the repeal of so beneficial a law, tending directly to relieve the people from their burdens." The national good will never was given more largely to any measure. The bill passed both Houses without a dissentient voice; and, on the 26th of May, the king gave it the royal assent in person, a circumstance unusual in the course of a session, but evidently intended by the king as a mark of honour to the bill and its author.

The sinking fund has been the object of attack in our day, when every thing rational, honest, and English, has been an object of attack, and when sarcasm and scribbling, pronouncing themselves

an effect which, though operating in some degree against the interests of the fund, as an extinguisher of the debt, yet operated with a totally counterbalancing value on the general credit of the nation. An objection of a contrary order was also made. The power of the fund was acknowledged, but pronounced to be so enormous, that it would, in a few years, by abolishing all the debt, deprive the public of all means of obtaining that most secure and easy investiture of money which it finds in the funds. Of this inconvenience, or perhaps this evil, there could be no doubt; but this was provided for by Pitt's observation, that, when the sinking fund rose to four millions a year, "it should be submitted to Parliament whether it should thenceforth be suffered to increase at compound interest."

In the next year, a question was disturbed which has strong retrospective interest at this moment; and which, unhappily, commenced those attacks by which popery is already rendering itself master of the constitution—the repeal of the Corporation and Test acts. The former had been passed in 1661, on the return of Charles, and while England was yet bleeding from the wounds of the rebellion and usurpation raised by the various bodies of dissenters from the established church. By it no man was eligible into any corporation, who should not, within one year previous to such election, take the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to the usage of the church of England. The Test act was for the protection of the state against popery, and was passed in 1672, when Charles was notoriously charged with an intention to place popery on the throne; when he had, in fact, entered into a treaty with Louis XIV. for the establishment of popery in England, ("Rose's Observations on Fox's History,") and when James, the heir-presumptive, was a professed papist. The act required that every person who accepted any civil office, or a commission in the army or navy, should, within six months after such acceptance, take the Eucharist; in default of which, he should be incapable of holding the office or commission, and be liable to certain penalties.

Those acts had been framed with the express intent, not of injuring any man in his right of forming a religious opinion for himself, but to prevent the exercise of that opinion against the well-being of the state, of which the established church had been declared by the constitution to be a component part, eminently essential to the continuance of public liberty, whose former overthrow, effected by those dissenters, had been the forerunner of civil war and tyranny. Nothing could be more natural, than that the state should prevent disturbers on principle from having again the power to destroy; and, therefore, the just precaution was adopted, of excluding from the offices of the state, those whose habits rendered them hostile to its continuance. The declaration of the lords and commons, at the time of the enactments, was as explicit as its justice was undeniable. "Our object," said they, "is, by withholding power from the enemies of the established religion, to prevent the recurrence of those evils which we have so recently experienced." And

the receiving of the Lord's Supper according to the forms of the church of England, was considered the most secure evidence that the individual so receiving was a member of that church; it being proved, by facts of the most powerful and melancholy recollection, that to no other hands could situations of trust and authority be committed, without the hazard of new convulsions. Those measures were felt to be so entirely consistent with rational liberty, that, when the revolution of 1688 had revised and re-established the constitution, and when liberty was acknowledged on the broadest principle, it was found *essential* to retain those enactments, for the actual safeguard of liberty itself. This procedure had been subsequently pronounced by the authority of philosophic law, as decidedly as by that of active legislation, to be consistent, just, and necessary. "Those two acts," says Blackstone, in his commentaries, "were two bulwarks, erected to secure the established church against peril from non-conformists of all denominations—infidels, Turks, Jews, heretics, papists, and sectaries." They fulfilled their purpose eminently in the trying time which so soon followed, and, in the face of the perfidious government and popish superstition of James, protected the national religion until they righted the country. But, so consistent was their principle with the freedom of christianity, that, among the first acts of the "glorious revolution," and well it deserves the title, was the act of Toleration, extinguishing all penalties for personal opinion, and thus abolishing, for the first time in the history of the human mind, all interference with the mind, and putting a legislative end to all religious persecution for ever;—in the words of Blackstone, "giving a full liberty to act as their consciences shall direct them, in the matter of religious worship."

That nations have a right to defend their laws and privileges, as much as individuals have a right to defend their properties and persons, and that they have a consequent right to exclude from power any part of their own population which professes opinions hostile to establishments connected with the safety of the state, is as plain a proposition as can be offered to the understanding of man. No conceivable right can exist in the professors of any peculiar opinion, especially where the opinion is an innovation, where the professors form a comparatively small body, and where the opinion practically threatens the existence of any valued and essential institution of the state, to claim those offices by which the state is governed, and by which, of course, its progress may be retarded, or its existence undone. No right can thus belong to two millions of sectaries to possess those offices by which fourteen millions of the church of England uphold their religion, and through it, that constitution which they and their forefathers alike felt and feel to be inseparably dependent on their religion. All that any holder of a new opinion can rightfully claim of government is, that no man shall interfere with his conscience. To demand that he shall have the power of interfering with the consciences of others, by the claim of interfering with those offices which guard the general liberty of conscience,

along with all the other forms of liberty, is an extravagance reserved for the blind illumination of our ridiculous age. The "act of Indemnity" was the first practical folly. It failed in all points. It neither conciliated the sectaries, nor secured the church. It was to have softened every asperity at once, to have filled public life with a new flow of christian liberality, to have opened the path to genius hitherto excluded, and to have re-inspired a boundless attachment to the old institutions of the country. Its immediate operation was the direct reverse of all. It rendered sectarianism hourly more bitter; it brought the disputes of the conventicle into public life; and, while it only exhibited on a larger scale the hereditary aversion of the Puritan for the nobler exercises of taste and learning, it empowered him to bring his whole hereditary hostility into play against the constitution. It is in this over-mastering spirit of hatred that the sectarian has looked out for auxiliaries in every quarter, the most alien even to his religious professions. Pretending to be religious beyond all that bear the name of Christian, he plunges into the most intimate confederacy with the papist, whom he pronounces an idolater! He holds out the right hand of fellowship to the avowed infidel. The atheist is the man of his choice, if he can make him his accomplice. The charitable cloak that covers all the sins of all, is taken from the wardrobe where it has hung since the days of Cromwell, and the grand reconciling virtue is conspiracy.

Pitt's language on Beaufoy's motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts should be remembered as the standard of English reason. The Dissenters had exerted themselves considerably at the general election in 1784 on his side; and the present motion was made, in some degree, in the hope of his parliamentary return of the service. He began his speech by a full acknowledgment of their exertions, but declared that, after the most mature consideration, he saw nothing in the measure that could be as an equivalent for its mischief. The leading propositions of this fine digest of law and polity were—The

but it was only wise to look to human nature for the springs of human action. The difference between the various sects of Dissenters were of the widest kind; some might be tolerant, but many pronounced the Church of England fit only to be abolished as a remnant of popery, while others, going farther still, declared against all establishments; yet no measure that admitted one sect for its moderation could exclude another for its violence. It was the *nature* of all sects to extend the influence of their opinions, and if they had power to introduce changes grounded on these opinions, subverting the political institutions which they conceived to be in error. That this subversion of what we believed to be right, and they to be wrong, would be, to its extent, revolution, and, therefore, was to be met in the first instance, and guarded against in every step, by every possible barrier. That the Church and State were united on *principles of mutual expediency*, and by *indissoluble ties*. That it therefore concerned those to whom the well being of the State was intrusted, to take care that the Church was not rashly endangered, the ruin of which must endanger the ruin of the State. That it was the *right* of every such legislature to establish such tests as should appear to be most conducive to the public good. That there was no more reason for considering the exclusion of Dissenters from office as a disgrace or punishment, than any other rule which upheld our political government; just as no man was looked on as disgraced or punished because he had not a vote for a city, a county, or a borough.—He concluded by saying, that he "had much respect for the present race of Dissenters, and admitted that their moderation entitled them to the protection of Government; but protection and power were different things, and neither law nor common sense could require their being invested with power to break up the settled order of the State, and that they already possessed every privilege compatible with the *safety* of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Establishments." The House, not yet inoculated with the absurdities of political liberalism and

ence was, as if a curse had been instantly laid down, the admission of Papists into the future; a measure which England will yet see a tears of blood, and in which at this hour she is the chains of Popish tyranny. All forth was natural. The Papist hostility

England and her constitution was defined in that fatal Bill of misnamed and delusive reform, which, throwing the representation into the hands of the responsible classes into the irresponsible, giving to ignorance the right that belong to knowledge, and to poverty the rights which can be safely exerted by property, has already shaken the State to its foundations. We already see the fruits of this system in the absolute tyranny of a Popish majority over the English Cabinet, in its successive overthrow of English administrations; in its fabrication of a government for Ireland; in its attempt to ruin those corporations and public institutions which had been formed for the express purpose of sustaining the religion and interests of the people in Ireland; in its bitter personal persecution of the Irish clergy; and finally, in its open attempt to have the Established Church in Ireland given into its power.

What further views the inflamed bigotry and ambitious ambition of this sect may look, must be left to be decided by what five short years have done. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts is the death-blow of the Constitution; and on this point may be written,—“There lie the Liberties of England, gained by illustrious sacrifices, secured by vigilance and virtue, and lost at last by giddy concession, weak confidence, and the endless folly of believing that Dissenters can be safe guardians of the Established Church, Papists of Protestantism, and Republicans of Monarchy.”

The debates on the Heir-apparent's Debts, in May 1787; the Impeachment of Hastings, in which the six articles were prepared by Fox on the 25th of April, and the general measures carried on the 9th of May, by 175 to 89; the debates on the Regency in December were the chief public transactions of this period.

In them all, the Minister distinguished himself by the soundness of his views and the consistency of his principles. While the admirers of his abilities will regret that, on the first of these topics, Fox pledged himself before the nation and the nation to the non-existence of a league between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic,—a pledge which in the decisive degree involved his honour; and that the last he claimed a *right* for the Prince to the Regency, independently of the choice of the Lords and Commons,—a right in which the headlong partisan equally abandoned the principles of the Whig creed, and exhibited his readiness to abandon the Constitution. As the great opponent to the triumph of this ordinary claim, which would have made the monarch master not only of the Crown, but of the nation. Fox, in full contemplation of the power, had palpably determined to enjoy it to the utmost. In his speculation the whole was to be thrown out, and new men and

new measures to be put in possession. Fox, as Secretary of State, was to have been actual Prime Minister; the Duke of Portland nominally Premier, as First Lord of the Treasury; Earl Spencer the Irish Lord-lieutenant. All the minor offices were to be filled by Fox's friends; and his party, with its easy relaxation of principle and unfailing thirst of place, already regarded itself as lord of all.

It is curious to observe, that this hazardous consummation was defeated, in the first instance, by party alone. Pitt, after combating and conquering the ignorant and guilty claim of right, fully admitted that the Heir-apparent was the individual most fitted to hold the Regency; and having established the few restrictions which he thought either the time or the Prince would endure, and which were to last only for three years, he prepared to give up the office without delay, and to invest the Prince with the Regency. He had surmised that the two Houses would act at once upon the report of the Privy Council on the 3d of December. Fox, whose natural policy would have been to proceed without delay, from that hour seemed to study nothing but delay. Notwithstanding Pitt's strong reluctance to bring the King's physicians into that public and rude examination which must refer to so many personal and painful circumstances of the Royal illness, Fox demanded that they should be examined at the bar of the House. The examination, which ought to have been of the briefest and most restricted kind, was prolonged by frivolous questions, and the mere love of questioning, for ten days! The debates on the Restrictions were equally prolonged, by the mere folly of the Opposition. Two months were thus thrown away during which Fox might have been Minister. His whole conduct on the subject seems the actual work of infatuation. No man was more eager for power. He must, like all other men, have been aware of the advantages which a Ministry in possession would have over a Ministry broken up and in exclusion, even in the event of the King's recovery. But all was in vain. His common sense seemed to have failed him, and he continued tampering with fortune, trying, debating, and opposing, until, on the 24th of February, he was astounded by the intelligence that the King had sent for Pitt, that the Royal health was restored, and the Government of his great rival restored along with it more firmly than ever.

But if this strange hesitation were disastrous for Fox, it was perhaps of the most fortunate order for England. What might be the effect on the feelings of the King, if, on his first feeble recovery from his disorder, he had found the Government of the man who was more than his Minister—his friend—subverted; and the Government of the man who had been for so many years more than the opponent of his Councils—his personal object of menace and hostility, paramount, may be not difficult to conjecture. There is every probability that his disease would have been inflamed by the shock, and his temporary aberrations have been deepened into final loss of understanding. In that case, what *must* have been the lot of the Empire with the leader of the

rabble at the head of Government, with the Prince helpless in his hand, with the fickleness of party turned on the sole possession and retention of power, with all willing to make any of those breaches in the Constitution, through which they might enter with facility in all future time, with the whole pauperism and plebeianism of politics hurrying on to the banquet—and all this within twelve months of the French Revolution!

The great events which characterised the history of Europe, from the year 1789 to the close of the Revolutionary catastrophe, are still so familiar to our memories, that it would be idle to enter into their detail. But the principles of the general overthrow bear so direct a resemblance to the principles which are now afloat among ourselves, that we must dread a similar progress leading to a similar catastrophe. The French Revolution began with a demand for the reform of the National Church. The demand had been made fifty years before, but it was in the shape of gentle regret at conspicuous errors, and a philosophic hope of gradual purification. This was the language of treachery rendered prudent by fear. But the language became rapidly louder. Personal stigmas were followed by general libel, and the Church of France was gradually brought before the public eye as the customary object of sarcasm and scorn. The next step in the process was to hold it up as the object of plunder. The pretence of reform was cast aside, and the declared determination was robbery. If the cry for change had proceeded from men of virtue, justly indignant at the relaxation of clerical morals, or from men of religion, honestly desirous of seeing the Established Church of their country rendered worthy of Christianity, the desire for this revision might be not simply justifiable, but patriotic, safe, and profitable. But who were the purifiers? Notoriously a junta of the most profligate, profane, and incendiary names of France. Who were the zealots whose blood boiled in their veins at the injured majesty of religion, but a race of scoffers at all religion, avowed and ostentatious infidels, libertines, and atheists? Who

the true labourer in the vineyard to a paltry pittance, while his diocesan was clothed in purple and fine linen. When this display of sensibility had produced its effect in enlisting the sympathies of that vast multitude who are born to follow every public absurdity which adopts the common-places of romance, the political power of the Church became the object. The orators of the Palais-Royal felt all their notions of propriety offended by the sight of Churchmen connected with the Monarchy. What was become of the simplicity of the primitive Church when all was purity and poverty? What could be more afflicting to the true friends of religion than to see Churchmen running the hazard of the great corruptor, wealth, or bearing those titles of honour, and offices of public distinction, which savoured so fatally of the spirit of the world? Where was the age of the apostles?

France is a theatrical country, and a high-sounding sentiment there captivates all ears. The sound was national, and no man stopped to consider from what lips it came. What low perfidy, what foul licentiousness, what inveterate corruption of heart and head were wrapped in the stage dresses which those actors of the revolutionary drama had put on for the hour. When the populace were inflamed by this appeal to their religious delicacy until they thirsted for the blood of the unfortunate, then the true development of the system came. The Church must be reformed, was no longer the cry. The impurities of the Church were no longer the pretext. The Church must fall, was the cry. The last coin of the Church must be confiscated, was the principle of the rebel Legislature. Hypocrisy had done its work, it was required no longer. Legislation threw off its mask, and stalked forth as rapine. As if the human character had been suddenly changed, the philosophers, orators, patriots, and purists of the land, exhibited one ruthless gang of revolvers, assassins, incendiaries, and robbers; or rather as if some upburst from the dungeons of darkness and evil had sent forth their spirits to revel for a season on the face of the earth, and

tinguished only in torrents of the blood of France and Europe.

With all the general principles advocated by the admirable author of this series we entirely agree; but we dissent from his opinion that it would have been better not to dissolve Parliament.

C. N.

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(Continued from page 90.)

Although satisfied in my own mind that I had discovered Fleta's parentage, and anxious to impart the joyful intelligence, I resolved not to see her until every thing should be satisfactorily arranged. The residence of the dowager Lady de Clare was soon discovered by Mr. Masterton. It was at Richmond, and thither he and I proceeded. We were ushered into the drawing-room, and to my delight, upon her entrance, I perceived that it was the same beautiful person in whose ears I had seen the coral and gold ear-rings matching the necklace belonging to Fleta. I considered it better to allow Mr. Masterton to break the subject.

"You are, madam, the widow of the late Sir William de Clare." The lady bowed. "You will excuse me, madam, but I have the most important reasons for asking you a few questions, which otherwise may appear intrusive. Are you aware of the death of his brother, Sir Henry de Clare?"

"Indeed I was not," replied she. "I seldom look at a paper, and I have long ceased to correspond with any one in Ireland. May I ask what occasioned his death?"

"He fell by his own hands, madam."

Lady de Clare covered up her face. "God forgive him!" said she, in a low voice.

"Lady de Clare, upon what terms were your husband and the late Sir Henry? It is important to know."

"Not on the very best, sir. Indeed latterly, for years, they never met nor spoke: we did not know what had become of him."

"Were there any grounds for ill-will?"

"Many, sir, on the part of the elder brother; but none on that of Sir Henry, who was treated with every kindness, until he——" Lady de Clare stopped—"until he behaved very ill to him."

As we afterwards discovered, Henry de Clare had squandered away the small portion left him by his father, and had ever after that been liberally supplied by his eldest brother, until he had attempted to seduce Lady de Clare, upon which he was dismissed for ever.

"And now, madam, I must revert to a painful subject. You had a daughter by your marriage?"

"Yes," replied the lady, with a deep sigh.

"How did you lose her? Pray do not think I am creating this distress on your part without strong reasons."

"She was playing in the garden, and the nurse, who thought it rather cold, ran in for a minute to get a handkerchief to tie round her neck. When the nurse returned, the child had disappeared." Lady de Clare put her handkerchief up to her eyes.

"Where did you find her afterwards?"

"It was not until three weeks afterwards that her body was found in a pond about a quarter of a mile off."

"Did the nurse not seek her when she discovered that she was not in the garden?"

"She did, and immediately ran in that direction. It is quite strange that the child could have got so far without the nurse perceiving her."

"How long is it ago?"

"It is now nine years."

"And the age of the child at the time?"

"About four years old."

"I think, Newland, you may now speak to Lady de Clare."

"Lady de Clare, have you not a pair of ear-rings of coral and gold of very remarkable workmanship?"

"I have, sir," replied she, with surprise.

"Had you not a necklace of the same? and if so, will you do me the favour to examine this?" I presented the necklace.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Lady de Clare, "it is the very necklace!—it was on my poor Cecilia when she was drowned, and it was not found with the body. How came it into your possession, sir? At one time," continued Lady de Clare, weeping, "I thought that it was possible that the temptation of the necklace, which has a great deal of gold in it, must, as it was not found on her corpse, have been an inducement for the gipsies, who were in the neighbourhood, to drown her; but Sir William would not believe it, rather supposing that in her struggles in the water she must have broken it, and that it had thus been detached from her neck. Is it to return this unfortunate necklace that you have come here?"

"No, madam, not altogether. Had you two white ponies at the time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was there a mulberry tree in the garden?"

"Yes, sir," replied the astonished lady.

"Will you do me the favour to describe the appearance of your child as she was, at the time that you lost her?"

"She was—but all mothers are partial, and perhaps I may also be so—a very fair, lovely little girl."

"With light hair, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. But why these questions? Surely you cannot ask them for nothing," continued she, hurriedly.

"Tell me, sir, why all these questions?"

Mr. Masterton replied, "Because, madam, we have some hopes that you have been deceived, and that it is possible that your daughter was not drowned."

Lady de Clare, breathless, and her mouth open, fixed her eyes upon Mr. Masterton. "Not drowned! O my God! my head!" and then she fell back insensible.

"I have been too precipitate," said Mr. Masterton, going to her assistance; "but joy does not kill. Ring for some water, Japhet."

In a few minutes Lady de Clare was sufficiently recovered to hear the outline of our history; and as soon as it was over, she insisted upon immediately going with us at the school where Fleta was domiciled, as she could ascertain, by several marks known but to a nurse or mother, if more evidence was required, whether Fleta was her child or not. As to allow her to remain in such a state of anxiety was impossible, Mr. Masterton agreed and we posted to —, where we arrived in the evening. "Now, gentlemen, leave me but one minute with the child, and when I ring the bell, you may enter." Lady de Clare was in so nervous and agitated a state, that she could not walk into the parlour without assistance. We led her to a chair, and in a minute Fleta was called down. Perceiving me in the passage she ran to me. "Stop, my dear Fleta, there is a lady in the parlour, who wishes to see you."

"A lady, Japhet?"

"Yes, my dear, go in."

Fleta obeyed, and in a minute we heard a scream, and Fleta hastily opened the door. "Quick! quick! the lady has fallen down."

We ran in and found Lady de Clare on the floor, and it was some time before she returned to her senses. As soon as she did, she fell down on her knees, holding up her hands as in prayer, and then stretched her arms out to Fleta. "My child! my long-lost child! it is—it is

indeed!" A flood of tears poured forth on Fleta's neck relieved her, and we then left them together. Old Masterton observing, as we took our seats in the back parlour, "By G——, Japhet, you deserve to find your own father!"

In about an hour Lady de Clare requested to see us. Fleta rushed into my arms and sobbed, while her mother apologised to Mr. Masterton for the delay and excuseable neglect towards him. "Mr. Newland, madam, is the person to whom you are indebted for your present happiness. I will now, if you please, take my leave, and will call upon you to-morrow."

"I will not detain you, Mr. Masterton; but Mr. Newland will, I trust, come home with Cecilia and me; I have much to ask of him." I consented, and Mr. Masterton went back to town; I went to the principal hotel to order a chaise and horses, while Fleta packed up her wardrobe.

In half an hour we set off, and it was midnight before we arrived at Richmond. During my journey I narrated to Lady de Clare every particular of our meeting with Fleta. We were all glad to go to bed, and the kind manner in which Lady de Clare wished me good night with "God bless you, Mr. Newland!" brought tears into my eyes.

I breakfasted alone the next morning, Lady de Clare and her daughter remaining up stairs. It was nearly twelve o'clock when they made their appearance, both so apparently happy, that I could not help thinking, "When shall I have such pleasure—when shall I find out who is my father?" My brow was clouded as the suggestion crossed my mind, when Lady de Clare requested that I would inform her who it was to whom she and her daughter were under such eternal obligations. I had then to narrate my own eventful history, most of which was as new to Cecilia, (as she must now be called,) as it was to her mother. I had just terminated the escape from the castle, when Mr. Masterton's carriage drove up to the door. As soon as he had bowed to Lady de Clare, he said to me, "Japhet, here is a letter directed to you, to my care, from Ireland, which I have brought for you."

"It is from Kathleen M'Shane, sir," replied I, and requesting leave, I broke the seal. It contained another. I read Kathleen's, and then hastily opened the other. It was from Nattee, or Lady H. de Clare, and ran as follows:—

JAPHET NEWLAND—Fleta is the daughter of Sir William de Clare. Dearly has my husband paid for his act of folly and wickedness, and to which you must know I

"When I require it, Lady de Clare, I will accept it. Do not, pray, vex me by the proposition. I have not much happiness as it is, although I am rejoiced at yours and that of your daughter."

"Come, Lady de Clare, I must not allow you to tease my protégé, you do not know how sensitive he is. We will now take our leave."

"You will come soon," said Cecilia, looking anxiously at me.

"You have your mother, Cecilia," replied I; "what can you wish for more? I am a—nobody—without a parent."

Cecilia burst into tears; I embraced her and we left the room.

How strange that now that I had succeeded in the next dearest object of my wishes, after ascertaining my own parentage, that I should have felt so miserable; but it was the fact, and I cannot deny it. I could hardly answer Mr. Masterton during our journey to town; and when I threw myself on the sofa in my own room I felt as if I was desolate and deserted. I did not repine at Cecilia's happiness; so far from it, I would have sacrificed my life for her; but she was a creature of my own—one of the few objects in this world to which I was endeared—one that had been dependent on me and loved me. Now that she was restored to her parent, she rose above me, and I was left still more desolate. I do not know that I ever passed a week of such misery as the one which followed a *denouement* productive of so much happiness to others, and which had been sought with so much eagerness, and at so much risk, by myself. It was no feeling of envy, God knows; but it appeared to me as if every one in the world was to be made happy except myself. But I had more to bear up against.

When I had quitted for Ireland, it was still supposed that I was a young man of large fortune—the truth had not been told. I had acceded to Mr. Masterton's suggestions, that I was no longer to appear under false colours, and had requested Harcourt, to whom I made known my real condition, that he would every where state the truth. News like this flies like wildfire; there were too many whom, perhaps, when under the patronage of Major Carboneil, and the universal rapture from my supposed wealth, I had treated with hauteur, glad to receive the intelligence, and spread it far and wide. My *imposition*, as they pleased to term it, was the theme of every party, and many were the indignant remarks of the dowagers who had so often indirectly proposed to me their daughters; and if there was any one more virulent

studiously avoided, in order that no intimacy might result. Mr. Masterton, upon whom I occasionally called, saw that I was unwell and unhappy. He encouraged me; but, alas! a man must be more than mortal, who, with fine feelings, can endure the scorn of the world. Timothy, poor fellow, who witnessed more of my unhappy state of mind than any body else, offered in vain his consolation. "And this," thought I, "is the reward of virtue and honesty. Truly, virtue is its own reward, for it obtains no other. As long as I was under false colours, allowing the world to deceive themselves, I was courted and flattered. Now that I have thrown off the mask, and put on the raiment of truth, I am a despised, miserable being. Yes; but is not this my own fault? Did I not, by my deception, bring all this upon myself? Whether unmasked by others, or by myself, is it not equally true that I have been playing false, and am now punished for it? What do the world care for your having returned to truth? You have offended by deceiving them, and that is an offence which your repentance will not extenuate." It was but too true, I had brought it all on myself, and this reflection increased my misery. For my dishonesty, I had been justly and severely punished: whether I was ever to be rewarded for my subsequent honesty still remained to be proved; but I knew very well that most people would have written off such a reward as a bad debt.

Once I consulted with Mr. Masterton as to the chance of there being any information relative to my birth in the packet left in the charge of Mr. Copagus. "I have been thinking over it, my dear Newland," said he, "and I wish I could give you any hopes, but I cannot. Having succeeded with regard to your little protégée, you are now so sanguine with respect to yourself, that a trifle light as air is magnified, as the poet says, 'into confirmation strong as holy writ.' Now, consider, somebody calls at the Foundling to ask after you—which I acknowledge to be a satisfactory point—his name is taken down by an illiterate brute, as Derbennon; but how you can decide upon the real name, and assume it is De Benyon, is really more than I can imagine, allowing every scope to fancy. It is in the first instance, therefore, you are at fault, as there are many other names which may have been given by the party who called; nay, more, is it at all certain that the party, in a case like this, would give his real name? Let us follow it up. Allowing the name to have been De Benyon, you discover that one brother is not married, and that there are some papers belonging to him in the possession of an old woman who dies; and upon these slight grounds what would you attempt to establish? that because that person was known not to have married, therefore *he was married*; (for you are stated to have been born in wedlock;) and because there is a packet of papers belonging to him in the possession of another party, that this packet of papers *must* refer to you. Do you not perceive how you are led away by your excited feelings on the subject?"

I could not deny that Mr. Masterton's arguments had demolished the whole fabric which I had built up. "You are right, sir," replied I mournfully. "I wish I were dead."

"Never speak in that way, Mr. Newland, before me," replied the old lawyer in an angry tone, "without you wish to forfeit my good opinion."

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I am most miserable. I am avoided by all who know me—thrown out of all society—I have not a parent or relative. Isolated being as I am, what have I to live for?"

"My dear fellow, you are not twenty-three years of age," replied Mr. Masterton, "and you have made two sincere friends, both powerful in their own way. I mean Lord Windermear and myself; and you have had the pleasure of making others happy. Believe me, that is much to have accomplished at so early an age. You

have much to live for—live to gain more friends—live to gain reputation—live to do good—to be grateful for the benefits you have received—and to be humble when chastened by Providence. You have yet to learn where, and only where, true happiness is to be found. Since you are so much out of spirits, go down to Lady de Clare's, see her happiness, and that of her little girl; and then, when you reflect that it was your own work, you will hardly say that you have lived in vain." I was too much overpowered to speak. After a pause, Mr. Masterton continued, "When did you see them last?"

"I have never seen them, sir, since I was with you at their meeting."

"What! have you not called—now nearly two months? Japhet, you are wrong; they will be hurt at your neglect and want of kindness. Have you written or heard from them?"

"I have received one or two pressing invitations, sir; but I have not been in a state of mind to avail myself of their politeness."

"Politeness! you are wrong—all wrong, Japhet. Your mind is cankered, or you never would have used that term. I thought you were composed of better materials; but it appears, that although you can sail with a fair wind, you cannot buffet against an adverse gale. Because you are no longer fooled and flattered by the interested and the designing, like many others, you have quarrelled with the world. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps you are right, sir."

"I know that I am right, and that you are wrong. Now I shall be seriously displeased if you do not go down and see Lady de Clare and her daughter, as soon as you can."

"I will obey your orders, sir."

"My wishes, Japhet, not my orders. Let me see you when you return. You must no longer be idle. You must prepare for exertions, and learn to trust to God and a good conscience. Lord Windermear and I had a long conversation relative to you yesterday evening; and when you come back, I will detail to you what are our views respecting your future advantage."

I took my leave more composed in mind, and the next day I went down to Lady de Clare's. I was kindly received, more than kindly. I was affectionately and parentally received by the mother, and by Cecilia as a dear brother; but they perceived my melancholy, and when they had upbraided me for my long neglect, they inquired the cause. As I had already made Lady de Clare acquainted with my previous history, I had no secrets; in fact, it was a consolation to confide my griefs to them. Lord Windermear was too much above me—Mr. Masterton was too matter of fact—Timothy was too inferior—and they were all men; but the kind soothing of a woman was peculiarly grateful, and after a sojourn of three days, I took my leave, with my mind much less depressed than when I arrived.

On my return, I called upon Mr. Masterton, who stated to me that Lord Windermear was anxious to serve me, and that he would exert his interest in any way which might be most congenial to my feelings; that he would procure me a commission in the army, or a writership to India; or, if I preferred it, I might study the law under the auspices of Mr. Masterton. If none of these propositions suited me, I might state what would be preferred, and that as far as his interest and pecuniary assistance could avail, I might depend upon it. "So now, Japhet, you may go home and reflect seriously upon these offers; and when you have made up your mind what course you will steer, you have only to let me know."

I returned my thanks to Mr. Masterton, and begged that he would convey my grateful acknowledgments to his lordship. As I walked home, I met a Captain Atkinson, a man of very doubtful character, whom, by the advice of Carboneil, I had always kept at a distance.

He had lost a large fortune by gambling, and having been pigeoned, had, as is usual, ended by becoming a rook. He was a fashionable, well-looking man, of good family, suffered in society, for he had found out that it was necessary to maintain his position by main force. He was a noted duelist, had killed his three or four men, and a cut direct from any person was with him sufficient grounds for sending a friend. Every body was civil to him because no one wished to quarrel with him.

"My dear Mr. Newland," said he, offering his hand, "I am delighted to see you: I have heard at the clubs of your misfortune, and there were some free remarks made by some. I have great pleasure in saying that I put an immediate stop to them, by telling them that if they were repeated in my presence, I should consider it as a personal quarrel."

Three months before, had I met Captain Atkinson, I should have returned his bow with studied politeness, and have left him; but how changed were my feelings! I took his hand and shook it warmly.

"My dear sir," replied I, "I am very much obliged for your kind and considerate conduct; there are more who are inclined to calumniate than to defend."

"And always will be in this world, Mr. Newland; but I have a fellow feeling. I recollect how I was received and flattered when I was introduced as a young man of fortune, and how I was deserted and neglected when I was cleaned out. I know now *why* they are so civil to me, and I value their civility at just as much as it is worth. Will you accept my arm?—I am going your way."

I could not refuse; but I coloured when I took it, for I felt that I was not adding to my reputation by being seen in his company; and still I felt, that although not adding to my reputation, I was less likely to receive insult, and that the same cause which induced them to be civil to him, would perhaps operate when they found me allied with him. "Be it so," thought I, "I will, if possible, extort politeness."

We were strolling down Broad street, when we met a young man, well known in the fashionable circles, who had dropped my acquaintance, after having been formerly most pressing to obtain it. Atkinson faced him. "Good morning, Mr. Oxberry."

"Good morning, Captain Atkinson," replied Mr. Oxberry.

"I thought you knew my friend Mr. Newland?" observed Atkinson, rather fiercely.

"Oh! really—I quite—I beg pardon. Good morning, Mr. Newland; you have been long absent. I did not

pise you too much to ever wish to be acquainted with you. You will oblige me, sir, by never presuming to touch your hat, or otherwise notice me."

Harcourt coloured, and started back. "Such language, Mr. Newland—"

"Is what you deserve: ask your own conscience. Leave us, sir;" and I walked on with Captain Atkinson.

"You have done well, Newland," observed Atkinson; "he cannot submit to that language, for he knows that I have heard it. A meeting you will of course have no objection to. It will be of immense advantage to you."

"None, whatever," replied I; "for if there is any one man who deserves to be punished for his conduct towards me, it is Harcourt. Will you come up, Captain Atkinson; and, if not better engaged, take a quiet dinner and a bottle of wine with me?"

Our conversation during dinner was desultory, but after the first bottle, Atkinson became communicative, and his history not only made me feel better inclined towards him, but afforded me another instance, as well as Carbonnell's, how often it is that those who would have done well, are first plundered, and then driven to desperation by the heartlessness of the world. The cases, however, had this difference, that Carbonnell had always contrived to keep his reputation above water, while that of Atkinson was gone, and never to be re-established. We had just finished our wine, when a note was brought from Harcourt, informing me that he should send a friend the next morning for an explanation of my conduct. I handed it over to Atkinson. "My dear sir, I am at your service," replied he, "without you have any body among your acquaintance whom you may prefer."

"Thank you," replied I, "Captain Atkinson; it cannot be in better hands."

"That is settled then; and now, where shall we go?"

"Wherever you please."

"Then I shall try if I can win a little money to-night; if you come, you need not play—you can look on. It will serve to divert your thoughts, at all events."

I felt so anxious to avoid reflection, that I immediately accepted his offer, and in a few minutes we were in the well-lighted room, and in front of the *rouge et noir* table, covered with gold and bank notes. Atkinson did not commence his play immediately, but pricked the chances on a card as they ran. After half an hour he laid down his stakes, and was fortunate. I could no longer withstand the temptation, and I backed him; in less than an hour we both had won considerably.

"That is enough," said he to me, sweeping up his money: "we must not let the evening draw to close."

bank. If a man were to play all the year round, he would lose the national debt in the end. As for Martingale's, and all those calculations which you observed them so busy with, they are all useless. I have tried every thing, and there is only one chance of success, but then you must not be a gambler."

"Not a gambler?"

"No; you must not be carried away by the excitement of the game, or you will infallibly lose. You must have a strength of mind which few have, or you will be soon cleared out."

"But you say that you win on the whole; have you no rule to guide you?"

"Yes, I have; strange as the chances are, I have been so accustomed to them, that I generally put down my stake right; when I am once in a run of luck, I have a method of my own, but what it is I cannot tell; only this I know, that if I depart from it, I always lose my money. But that is what you may call good luck, or what you please—it is not a rule."

"Where, then, are your rules?"

"Simply these two. The first is not difficult to adhere to: I make a rule never to lose but a certain sum, if I am unlucky when I commence—say twenty stakes, whatever may be the amount of the stake that you play. This rule is easily adhered to, by not taking more money with you; and I am not one of those to whom the croupier or porters will lend money. The second rule is the most difficult, and decides whether you are a gambler or not. I make a rule always to leave off when I have won a certain sum—or even before, if the chances of my game fluctuate. There is the difficulty; it appears very foolish not to follow up luck, but the fact is, fortune is so capricious, that if you trust her more than an hour, she will desert you. This is my mode of play, and with me it answers: but it does not follow that it would answer with another. But it is very late, or rather, very early—I wish you a good night."

After Captain Atkinson had left me, I stated to Timothy what had passed.

"And do you think you will have to fight a duel, sir?" cried Timothy with alarm.

"There is no doubt of it," replied I.

"You never will find your father, sir, if you go on this way," said Timothy, as if to divert my attention from such a purpose.

"Not in this world, perhaps, Tim; perhaps I may be sent the right road by a bullet, and find him in the next."

"Do you think your father, if dead, has gone to heaven?"

"I hope so, Timothy."

"Then what chance have you of meeting him, if you go out of the world attempting the life of your old friend?"

"That is what you call a poser, my dear Timothy, but I cannot help myself; this I can safely say, that I have no animosity against Mr. Harcourt—at least, not sufficient to have any wish to take away his life."

"Well, that's something, to be sure; but do you know, Japhet, I'm not quite sure you hit the right road when you set up for a gentleman."

"No, Timothy, no man can be in the right road who deceives; I have been all wrong; and I am afraid I am going from worse to worse. But I cannot moralise, I must go to sleep, and forget every thing I can."

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, a Mr. Cotgrave called upon me on the part of Harcourt. I referred him to Captain Atkinson, and he bowed and quitted the room. Captain Atkinson soon called; he had remained at home expecting the message, and made every arrangement with the second. He stayed with me the whole day; the major's pistols were examined and approved of; we dined, drank freely, and he afterwards proposed that I should accompany him to one of the hells, as they are called. This I refused, as I had some arrangements to

make; and as soon as he was gone I sent for Timothy. "Tim," said I, "if I should be unlucky to-morrow, you are my executor and residuary legatee. My will was made when in Dublin, and is in the charge of Mr. Cophagus."

"Japhet, I hope you will allow me one favour, which is, to go to the ground with you. I had rather be there than remain here in suspense."

"Of course, my dear fellow, if you wish it," replied I; "but I must go to bed, as I am to be called at four o'clock—so let's have no sentimentalising or sermonising. Good night, God bless you."

I was at that time in a state of mind which made me reckless of life or consequences; stung by the treatment which I received, mad with the world's contumely, I was desperate. True it was, as Mr. Masterton said, I had not courage to buffet against an adverse gale. Timothy did not go to bed, and at four o'clock was at my side. I rose, dressed myself with the greatest care, and was soon joined by Captain Atkinson. We then set off in a hackney-coach, to the same spot to which I had but a few months before driven with poor Carbondell. His memory and his death came like a cloud over my mind, but it was but for a moment. I cared but little for life. Harcourt and his second were on the ground a few minutes before us. Each party saluted politely, and the seconds proceeded to business. We fired, and Harcourt fell with a bullet above the knee. I went up to him, and he extended his hand. "Newland," said he, "I have deserved this. I was a coward in the first place to desert you as I did—and a coward in the second to fire at a man whom I had injured. Gentlemen," continued he, appealing to the seconds, "recollect, I, before you, acquit Mr. Newland of all blame, and desire if any further accident should happen to me, that my relations will take no further steps whatever against him."

Harcourt was very pale, and bleeding fast. Without any answer I examined the wound, and found, by the colour of the blood, and its gushing, that an artery had been divided. My professional knowledge saved his life. I compressed the artery, while I gave directions to the others. A handkerchief was tied tight around his thigh, above the wound—a round stone selected, and placed under the handkerchief, in the femoral groove, and the ramrod of one of the pistols then made use of as a winch, until the whole acted as a tourniquet. I removed my thumbs, found that the hemorrhage was stopped, and then directed that he should be taken home on a door, and surgical assistance immediately sent for.

"You appear to understand these things, sir," said Cotgrave. "Tell me, is there any danger?"

"He must suffer amputation," replied I, in a low voice, so that Harcourt could not hear me. "Pray watch the tourniquet carefully as he is taken home. I will leave you now, Newland," said Captain Atkinson; "it is necessary that I talk this matter over, so that it is properly explained."

I thanked Mr. Atkinson for his services, and was left alone, for I had sent Timothy to ascertain if Harcourt had arrived safe at his lodgings. Never did I feel more miserable; my anxiety for Harcourt was indescribable; true, he had not treated me well, but I thought of his venerable father, who pressed my hand so warmly when I left his hospitable roof—of his lovely sisters, and the kindness and affection which they had shown towards me, and our extreme intimacy. I thought of the pain which the intelligence would give them, and their indignation towards me, when their brother first made his appearance at his father's house, mutilated; and were he to die—good God! I was maddened at the idea. I had now undone the little good I had been able to do. If I had made Fleta and her mother happy, had I not plunged another family into misery?

(To be continued.)

From the London Athenæum.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE

MRS. HEMANS.*

There are few cases in which delicacy and feeling are more entirely tested, than when the surviving friends of those who were gifted and celebrated while on earth, are called upon to determine in what time and in what measure some account may be offered to the public of their personal history and private character. Such, at least, is my feeling, in attempting to collect my remembrances of my deceased friend, Mrs. Hemans. I am afraid of saying too much, lest I be thought premature and unfeeling, in thus minutely dwelling upon the manners and habits of one scarcely cold in her grave. I am afraid of saying too little, lest those who knew her less, should think it requisite to complete the picture, by additions which bear little resemblance to the original. Had I merely consulted my own inclinations, the following notice would have been deferred for some time; for who is there that can turn over the pages of his memory to seek for relics and memorials of those who have recently passed away, without a feeling of deep sadness, and an equally strong disinclination to produce such feelings to the gaze and criticism of the public?

When I first became acquainted with Mrs. Hemans, her fame was at its brightest, and her lyrics published in the different periodicals—her “Forest Sanctuary,” and above all, her “Records of Woman,” (probably from the happy choice of its subject,) had not only raised her name high in the estimation of all classes of readers, but had excited considerable curiosity, and, I really believe, genuine interest, as to the person and fortunes of the writer. She was, however, unknown, save to a small and select circle of friends—some spoke of her as an old and experienced verse-wright, some, remembering her juvenile poems, and forgetting that Time had since been at work for some fifteen years or more, described her as still very young and very beautiful—she was almost canonised by the serious; her claim to something more than the ephemeral reputation of a young

sant villiage about three miles from Liverpool. She had made choice of this situation, in the idea that it afforded advantages of education for her sons, and cultivated society for herself. But the mistake she made in thus choosing, was a great one: Liverpool was then singularly deficient in good schools, and its society was too much broken up into small circles, too completely under the dominion of a money aristocracy, to offer much that was congenial to her own tastes and pursuits. She was too imaginative and fanciful to be thoroughly understood by that party to which Roscoe and Currie had formerly belonged; they found that the brilliant things which she threw out, the spontaneous overflowings of her peculiar mind, “proved nothing;” and they did not perceive the elevation of thought, and the frequent religious feeling which also formed a part of her character. The less intelligent, who discovered that she did not enjoy dinners, balls, and *concerts*, after their fashion—and there is no code so arbitrary as the statute of manners in a provincial town—who remarked one or two singularities in her dress, and were frightened by her allusions to things and feelings of which they knew nothing, kept aloof from her, with suspicion and uneasiness.

I mention these things, neither in reproach nor derision:—they are the natural and inevitable conditions of a society so constituted as the society of Liverpool,—but simply as accounting for the manner in which Mrs. Hemans held herself in comparative retirement, and confined her intercourse (willingly given) to a very few. She had never learned the feignings and *prettinesses* of the world’s manners; nor, on the other hand, did she find it agreeable always to sit upon her throne, as it were, with her book of magic upon her knee, and her conjuring wand in her outstretched arm. Her humour was sprightly and searching, as well as original: She could talk delicious nonsense, as well as inspired sense; and the utilitarian and the serious, who would fain have had a *moral* placarded and paraded upon every chance phrase of conversation, “wondered, and went their way.”

unpromising an abode,—and with her books, and her harp, and the flowers which sometimes half filled her little rooms, they presently assumed a habitable, almost an elegant appearance. Sometimes, indeed, the scene was varied, by odd presents, literary and others. I remember once paying her a visit, when a persevering writer, personally unknown to her, had sent her a hundred sonnets, printed on separate slips of paper, for inspection and approval; these had not yet been consigned to the “chaos drawer,” as she used to call it, from which many a precious piece of folly and flattery might have been disinterred for the amusement of the public; and as the day was windy, and the window chanced to be open, this century of choice things was flying hither and thither, much to our amusement—a miniature snow storm, chased by her boys with as much glee as if they had been butterfly hunting. Scarcely had she settled herself at Wavertree, than she was besieged by visitors, to a number positively bewildering; a more heterogeneous company cannot be imagined. Many came merely to stare at the strange poetess,—others to pay proper neighbourly morning calls, and these were surprised to find that she was not ready with an answer, when the talk was of house-keeping and like matters. Others, and these were the worst, brought in their hands small cargoes of cut-and-dry compliment, and as she used to declare, had primed themselves for their visit, by *getting up* a certain number of her poems. Small satisfaction had they in their visits; they found a lady, neither short nor tall; though far from middle age, no longer youthful or beautiful in her appearance, (her hair, however, of the true auburn tinge, was as silken, and as profuse and curling, as it had ever been,) with manners quiet and refined, a little reserved and uncommunicative; one, too, who lent no ear to the news of the day—

Who gave the ball, and paid the visit last.

The ladies, however, when they went away, had to tell: that her room was in a sad litter with books and papers, that the strings of her harp were half of them broken, and that she wore a veil on her head like no one else.” Nor did the gentlemen make much way by their Della Cruscan admiration; in fact, the stock of compliment once being exhausted, there remained nothing to be said on either side: though there were none more frankly delighted, or more keenly sensible of the *genuine* pleasure she gave by her writings than Mrs. Hemans. Her works were a part of herself, herself of them; and those who enjoyed and *understood* the one, enjoyed and understood the other, and made their way at once to her heart. I must not forget to allude to what Charles Lamb calls the “albumen persecution,” which she was called upon to endure. People not only brought their own books, but those of “my sister and my sister’s child,” all anxious to have something written on purpose for themselves. One gentleman, a total stranger to her, beset her before (as the housewives say) “she was fairly settled,” with a huge virgin folio, splendidly bound; which he had bought on purpose “that she might open it with one of her exquisite poems.”

On the whole, she bore her honours meekly, and for a while, in the natural kindness of her heart, gave way to the current, wishing to oblige every one. Sometimes, however, her sense of the whimsical would break out; sometimes it was provoked by the thorough-going and coarse perseverance of the intrusions, against which it was difficult to guard. What could be done with persons who called thrice in one morning, and refused to take their final departure till they were told “when Mrs. Hemans *would be* at home?” It was on one of these occasions, that she commissioned a friend of hers, in a lively note, to procure her “a dragon to be kept in her court-yard.” At another time, (and that, I well remember, was a flagrant case,) her vexation worked itself off in a no less cheerful manner:—

“They had an album with them, absolutely an album! You had scarcely left me to my fate—oh! how you laughed the moment you were set free!—when the little woman with the inquisitorial eyes, informed me that the tall woman with the superior understanding—Heaven save the mark!—was *ambitious* of possessing my autograph—and out ‘leaped in lightning forth’—the album. A most evangelical and edifying book it is truly, so I, out of pure spleen, mean to insert in it something as strongly savouring of the Pagan miscellany as *I dare*. Oh! the ‘pleasures of fame!’ Oh! that I were but a little girl in the top of the elm tree again! Your much enduring F. H.”

I cannot give this, and the following fragments selected from a mass of correspondence, with the different members of a family circle, without simply desiring the reader to remember that all of them were notes written—for such was her nature—from the impulse of the moment, during a period of unbroken intercourse and confidence. The graver as well as the gayer passages they contain, are so entirely characteristic, that I have not thought it right to withhold them altogether: though some may be so wound up with the less important personal interests and feelings of those whom she addressed, as not to be separable from them. All that was possible, however, has been detached, and, in so doing, I have sacrificed, with regret, much that is brilliant and striking, and *speaks of and to the heart*.

Besides all these home troubles, were the visits of strangers, not “angels’ visits, few and far between”—from east and west, and north and south, they came—not a few from America. The admiration entertained by the Americans for her genius is as sincere as it is creditable to themselves. I remember seeing a beautiful girl from New York, quite pale with excitement, at the thoughts of being presented to the poetess. “Her friends at home,” she said, “would think so much of her, if she could only say she had seen Mrs. Hemans.” Another lady, of stouter fibre, also from across the Atlantic, came sturdily upon her, with a box full of family portraits in her hand, and a mouth full of the oddest protestations of regard possible, and, on taking leave of Mrs. Hemans, remonstrated with her on the melancholy tone of her poetry in general, and entreated to be allowed to introduce a friend of her own, whom she might lean upon “as

a perfect walking-stick of friendship," under which happy support, she prophesied that her verses would presently become cheerful—and the gentleman was "long, and lank, and brown," and suitable to the simile. These were mere acquaintances of the hour; but, among her visitors from far-away places, came friends too, and when I remember the evenings I have passed in her little parlour, with herself, and Miss Jewsbury, (alas! too early called away!) and Mary Howitt, and Dr. Bowring, and others, I cannot but regret that I have no more specific record of the conversation, which was struck out in this encounter of minds of no common order. It was varied and sparkling, and suggestive beyond most that I have since heard. The two following notes refer to this period—the second to a cruel murder perpetrated upon that fine but most extravagant poem of Shelley's, "Mary Anne's Dream," which a gentleman had insisted upon reading aloud, much in "Ercles' vein":—

"Thank you for your very kind note: I was much better when it arrived, but did not feel the less gratified by all the cordial kindness of its expressions. My complaint is, indeed, most pertinacious, if not hopeless; as I am assured, and indeed convinced, that it is caused by excitements, from which, unless I could win 'the wings of a dove and flee away' into a calmer atmosphere, I have no chance of escaping. I have, therefore, only to meet it as cheerily as I may—and there is a buoyant spirit yet unconquered, though often sorely shaken, within me.

"Do you know that I have really succeeded in giving something of beauty to the *suburban* court of my dwelling, by the aid of the laburnums and rhododendrons, which I planted myself, and which I want you to see whilst they are so amiably flowering. But how soon the feeling of *home* throws light and loveliness over the most uninteresting spot. I am beginning to draw that feeling around me here, and consequently to be happier.

"Did you ever see a letter *with a symphony*? I call the enclosed one of that class. After many and long wanderings, it reached me this morning with that awful *Titanic* music, which I had heard

the Moravian air, and this is the old Swedish tradition of which I was speaking to you last night, when the public entered and interrupted me. There is a dark lake somewhere among the Swedish mountains—and in the lake there is an island of pines—and on the island an old castle—and there is a spirit harper, who lives far down in the lake, and when any evil is going to befall the inhabitants of the castle, he rises to the surface, and plays a most mournful ditty on the shadowy harp, and they know that it is a music of warning. I met with it in 'Olaus Magnus,' such a strange wild old book; did you ever read it?"

These last notes are further interesting, as showing what may be well called "the rainbow hue" of the poet's mind; how near to each other dwell its livelier and its deeper feelings! But the world in general is singularly unwilling to admit this double power; and I have often thought that a fear of its censure and remark narrowed the class of subjects to which Mrs. Hemans confined herself—though again it may be said, that she never wrote save when in earnest, and that the lonely and pervading thoughts of her mind, (I speak of it in a state of comparative calmness—there were times when they were of a much sadder hue,) were of that lofty, and noble, and chivalresque character, which speaks out in her poetry: something of this will be seen in further selections from her letters, which I shall give.

It was during Mrs. Hemans' residence at Wavertree, that she paid two long visits to Scotland, and a third to the Lakes. Perhaps the time she spent in Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, was the most *public* part of her life—the sensation of curiosity she excited among the circles of "modern Athens," was great—and the attention lavished on her must, some of it, have been hard to bear with a grave face. One lady pursued her in the Castle garden, and introduced herself, "as having discovered her to be Mrs. Hemans by a secret sympathy, which assured her that she could not be mistaken"—one, herself a writer of no inconsiderable fame, desired to know, "whether a bat might be allowed to appear in the presence of a

chivalry. I cannot say enough of his cordial kindness to me; it makes me feel, when at Abbotsford, as if the stately rooms of that ancestral-looking place, were old familiar scenes to me. Yesterday he made a party to show me the 'pleasant banks of Yarrow,' about ten miles from hence; I went with him in an open carriage, and the day was lovely, smiling upon us with a *real blue* sunny sky, and we passed through I know not how many storied spots, and the spirit of the master-mind seemed to call up sudden pictures from every knoll and cairn as we went by, so vivid were his descriptions of the things that had been. The names of some of these scenes, had, to be sure, rather savage sounds; such as '*Stain Man's Lea*,' '*Dead Man's Pool*,' &c.; but, I do not know whether these strange titles did not throw a deeper interest over woods and waters, now so brightly peaceful; we passed one meadow on which Sir Walter's grandfather had been killed in a duel—'Had it been a century earlier,' said he, 'a bloody feud would have been transmitted to me, as Spaniards bequeath a game of chess to be finished by their children,'—and I do think, that had he lived in those earlier days, no man would have more enjoyed what Sir Lucius O'Trigger is pleased to call '*a pretty quarrel*.' The whole expression of his benevolent countenance changes, if he has but to speak of the dirk or the claymore; you see the spirit that would 'say amidst the trumpets, ha! ha!' suddenly flashing from his gray eyes, and sometimes, in repeating a verse of warlike minstrelsy, he will spring up as if he caught the sound of a distant gathering cry.

"But I am forgetting beautiful Yarrow, along the banks of which, we walked through the Duke of Buccleugh's grounds, under old, rich, patrician-looking trees; and at every turn of our path, the mountain stream seemed to assume a new character, sometimes lying under steep banks, in dark transparency, and sometimes

Crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.

And there was Sir Walter beside me, repeating, with a tone of feeling as deep as if *then* only first wakened—

They sought him east—they sought him west,
They sought him far with wail and sorrow;
There was nothing seen but the coming night,
There was nothing heard but the roar of Yarrow.

It was all like a dream. Do you remember Wordsworth's poem, 'Yarrow visited'? I was ready to exclaim in its opening words, '*And is this Yarrow?*' There was nothing to disturb the deep and often *solemn* loveliness of the scenery: no *rose-coloured spencer*, such as persecuted the unhappy Count Forbin amidst the Pyramids—Mr. Hamilton, and Mrs. Lockhart, and the boys who followed us, were our whole party; and the sight of shepherds—real, and not Arcadian shepherds,—sleeping under their plaids, to shelter from the noon-day, carried me at once into the heart of a pastoral and mountain country. We visited Newark Tower, where, amongst other objects that waken many thoughts, I found the name of Mungo Park, (who was a native of the Yarrow vale,) which he had inscribed himself, shortly before

leaving his own bright river, never to return. We came back to Abbotsford, where we were to pass the remainder of the day, partly along the Ettrick, and partly *through* the Tweed: on the way, we were talking of trees—in his love for which, Sir Walter is a perfect *Evelyn*. I mentioned to him what I once spoke of to you, the different sounds they give forth to the wind, which he had observed; and he asked me, if I did not think that an union of music with song, varying in measure and expression, might in some degree imitate, or represent, those 'voices of the trees.' He described to me some Highland music of a similar imitative character, called the '*Notes of the Sea Birds*'—barbaric notes truly they must be. In the evening, we had a great deal of music; he is particularly fond of national airs, and I played him many, for which, I wish you could have heard how kindly and gracefully he thanked me. But, O! the bright swords! I must not forget to tell you how I sat, like Minna in the '*Pirate*,' (though *she* stood or moved, I believe,) the very '*Queen of Swords*.' I have the strangest love for the flash of glittering steel, and Sir Walter brought out, I know not how many gallant blades to show me; one which had fought at Killierankie, and one which had belonged to the young Prince Henry, James the First's son, and one which looked of as noble race and temper as that with which Cœur de Lion severed the block of steel in Saladin's tent. What a number of things I have yet to tell you. I feel sure, that my greatest pleasure from all these objects of interest will arise from talking them over with you when I return. I hope you have received my letter with an account of the Rhymer's Glen, and the little drawing of Chiefswood, for which I now send you a pendant in one of Abbotsford, which is at least recommended by its fidelity."

"I do not mean you to complain any more of 'more packets,' without any note for you—and though notes can convey but a very imperfect idea of all the varied and rapid impressions which my mind is now receiving, still I constantly feel a desire of communicating them to you all, which prompts me to write. I do not think I have yet mentioned to any of you my having become acquainted with the Dominie—the veritable Dominie Sampson, being no other than a clergyman of this neighbourhood, a tall flail-like man, with long, innocent-looking parted hair, and a wooden leg: be it known to you all, that the Dominie professeth the most profound admiration for me—after the solemn expression of which, you may be well assured, that all other homage must be 'flat and unprofitable.' Imagine me seated in the moonlight a few nights ago, on the very highest pinnacle of Melrose attainable by human step, sitting *silently*, of course, for the spirit of the scene had very deeply impressed me; then imagine a sound of tramp—tramp—tramp—somewhat like that announcing the appearance of the statue in Don Giovanni—and lo! the Dominie sallying forth from a sort of loop-hole, and very nearly throwing himself and his wooden leg at my feet, and commencing thus profoundly—'Madam! for-

fortunate man may I esteem myself, in being permitted thus to feel the inspiration of your presence at such an hour." You may furthermore imagine, how quickly the tide of feeling turned—and how difficult it was for Mr. Hamilton and myself to accomplish a safe descent amidst all our laughter—and how provoking to be *forced* into laughter amidst Melrose ruins, and by moonlight, and within the sound of the Tweed. You will be pleased, I am sure, to think of all the delightful recollections I shall carry away from the constant intercourse I am now enjoying with Sir Walter Scott. On Saturday next, I go for some days to Abbotsford, where I now feel quite at home, and where Charles and Henry run in and out like children of the soil. I have marked all the music in my books, which Sir Walter particularly enjoys. The 'Rhine Song,' is one of his very great favourites, and a 'Cancionella Española' another; and of the 'Captive Knight,' he is never weary. Mrs. Lockhart sings her native ballads in a very peculiar and spirit-stirring manner to the harp. I scarcely know whether you would enjoy music of so rude a character, but it has much effect amidst all the warlike associations of the scene."

I shall return to my subject again shortly, with further extracts from the same series of letters.

H. F. C.

From the London Metropolitan.

"NICE PEOPLE."

Expose me to the malevolence of the wicked, the artifices of the designing, or the influence of the corrupt; but Heaven defend me from the infliction of "Nice People." "Nice People!" the very expression makes me shiver; the recollections it revives fills my soul with self-reproaches I cannot escape, and if sometimes I wish I had never been born, it is when I hear repeated these hated words.

Gentle reader, would you learn the origin of this repugnance to a portion of society, who are usually in high repute?—listen to the short nar-

My mother was a notable personage, simple, and sweet-tempered, and not unreasonably proud of the rank and consequence to which marriage had elevated her. She was the daughter of my father's head-gamekeeper. The "young 'squire's" heart was "snared" one evening that he went down to the lodge to give orders to old Joseph, and in a month after Miss Patty moved her residence from one end of the grounds to the other. I had three brothers and three sisters, all younger than myself except Tom; he was the first. I need not enter into any history of our young days, they were tolerably like the days of other children. We were born in sin, and bred in mischief. "Nursery-plants" till two years old, then transplanted to the parlour,—petted till five, whipped till ten, schooled till fifteen, and brought out properly "*finished*" a year or two after. I will bring you at once to the afternoon upon which I was to leave the parental roof for the first time. I had decided upon the bar as a profession, out of compliment to my father, and he cheerfully paid down, to a special pleader of some note, two hundred pounds, which was to entitle me to the *entrée* of his chambers, until I should deem myself as clever as my master, and which we considered would be in about two years. At this time I was nineteen years of age. After I had taken leave of my mother and sisters, and been treated with "kisses" enough to stock a confectioner's shop, my father called me into his study, to give me a few words of advice, in addition to the "voluntary contributions" I had "thankfully received" from others.

"Charles," said he, "you are now going up to London, for the first time. You will be your own master. Ride your passions and desires with a curb,—snaffle won't do in such a place. Don't be led away by idle pleasures. Look to your profession. It's a noble one, my lad! Blackstone was the greatest man that ever lived! except Burns! Have moderate recreation, but avoid much company. Young men go too fast. Get acquainted with some quiet "nice people," none of your rioting, roystering folks, who turn night into day for pleasure, and then, when it

close confinement and want of relaxation. My mother and father entreated me to make the acquaintance of some "nice people," with whom I might occasionally spend an evening; they said I needed company, so I made up my mind to have it. One evening, I was writing to my father, to ask him if he could send me a letter or two of introduction, when young Butler, a fellow-pupil, opened my door. We sat down and had a cigar—smoking was a weakness I sometimes indulged in.

After some little conversation, "Fleming," said he, "go to Willis's rooms with me to-night?"

"Willis," I replied, "I can't go to his rooms. I don't know him."

"My dear fellow," continued he, laughing, "I mean Willis's public rooms in Kings treet, St. James's; where there is a ball to-night, to which I am a subscriber. You must really go." I shook my head. "Gad! but you must," said he. "Such a room! such music! such devilish 'nice people!'"

"Nice people?" said I, in an enquiring tone.

"Egad, and there are too. I'll introduce you to fifty—there's the Princes, from Brunswick Square; and the Stanhopes, from Fitzroy; the Regent's-park Trees; and the city Walls—all 'nice people,' but if you shouldn't like them, there's the —"

"What time shall I be ready?" said I. It was the very introduction I required.

"Not later than ten," replied my young friend. "I will call and take you there in my cab."

He called as he had promised, and I was presently introduced to, and moving among, the gay and glittering throng. We had not been in the room above ten minutes, when I saw a party who had just entered, bearing up the centre. It consisted of three young ladies and an elderly one, apparently their mother, a gray-headed gentleman, who might well be the husband and father, and a thin, pale young man, who walked as if he were afraid of making an impression on the floor. Each beauty had evidently been careful

"To have her sails, before she went abroad,
Full spread and nicely set to catch the gale
Of praise."

And their appearance, as they came up in convoy, excited no little attention. I was about to ask Butler if he knew them, but he anticipated me.

"Gad," said he, turning round, "here are the Princes;" and away he flew to pay his respects, with as much show of importance as if they had been "Princes of the blood." In about ten minutes he returned. "Fleming, you must be introduced to the Princes—you really must—they are such devilish 'nice people.' Come."

"One moment," said I. "Tell me a little about them," and we moved on.

"About them," said he. "Oh! old Prince is a proctor, and a capital business he has too; his house is in Brunswick Square—his establishment just what it ought to be. As for himself, there isn't a better old fellow in England; but his wife, Mrs. Prince, she is an excellent creature!

so kind! so motherly! And the girls——." We turned short round, and came full upon them. "Ah!" exclaimed my companion, "most fortunate meeting, indeed. Ladies, we were just speaking of you. Allow me to introduce my most particular friend, Mr. Charles Valentine Fleming.—Mr. Fleming—the Misses Prince." The three graces curtsied. "Fred," continued my friend, addressing the slim young man, who was their brother, and who, from the direction of his eyes, was apparently counting the wax-lights in a chandelier; "Fred, my particular friend, Fleming." Mr. Frederick Prince lowered his eye-lids, put a scented cambric handkerchief to his lips, and smiled faintly. Well, an introduction thus satisfactorily completed to the young people, nothing remained but one to the old, and that followed, as you will hear, in a most natural way. The music commenced, and I summoned up courage to offer myself as a partner to one of the Misses Prince; indeed, I may say, to *Miss* Prince, for she evidently had the advantage—unenviable advantage—in years. She was not the handsomest of the family, but as the eldest, I considered claimed the compliment. We stood up, and I found her a very chatty creature, without a portion of that bashfulness and reserve, which make a girl look at her shoe when spoken to, and limit her conversation to the overworked monosyllables—yes and no. On the contrary, she looked me boldly in the face, when I addressed her, laughed fashionably loud, and twice corrected me with her fan for some little pleasantry. In other respects, too, she was rather a striking person. By the end of "L'Été," I was much pleased with *her*—by the end of "La Poule," equally so with *myself*. During the last promenade I should have had no hesitation whatever in pronouncing her "an uncommonly nice girl."

"Come," said she, in an easy and familiar tone, as she moved off, "let me take you to mamma." And she placed her arm within mine, as unceremoniously as if we had been on a six-quadrille-in-one-evening footing with each other. How much more sensible than if she had treated my arm like the wing of a butterfly not to be touched without soiling. We threaded our way to the card-room, and up to a whist-table in a corner. "Mamma, let me introduce to you Mr. Fleming, a most particular friend of Henry Butler's." I was flatteringly noticed.

"Are you a stranger to these rooms, Mr. Fleming?" inquired Mrs. Prince.

"Entirely," I replied.

"Do you know?"—"Diamonds are trumps," said her partner, as, fourth hand, she threw away a small heart to her adversary's best spade—"many persons here," continued Mrs. P., entirely overlooking her mistake, and the next hand.

"But one—until I had the honour of——" and I bowed—a bow will often finish a sentence as satisfactorily as words. It did now, for turning to the young lady on my arm, she certainly acknowledged the compliment with a gentle pressure.

"Do you not think the music extremely good?"

"Very," said I. "No one *could* play better."

"A revoke!" exclaimed a sharp-eyed, sharp-

boned, sallow-skinned, old maid, as at this *mal-à-propos* moment, the talkative Mrs. Prince threw down a spade to the lead, and in an instant five withered fingers, with nails like screw-drivers, had laid face-uppermost the fatal evidence.

"A true bill," said the good-tempered Mrs. P., "I plead guilty."

"You'd better not, it won't save you," said her partner, in a guttural voice, something between a grumble and a grunt.

"Do let us go away from this," said Miss P. "I wonder how mamma can ever play with that ill-tempered lawyer, Old Bailey." And we went again among the dangers, and a quadrille forming, it was natural that we should help to complete it—and did so.

"Are you fond of music?" said my partner.

"Extremely. Do you play?"

"I trifle a little with the harp;—and you?"

"With the flute," said I.

"Georgiana is a proficient on the piano, and Emily sighs over the guitar; as for my brother, he did once assist us with the violin, but he discontinued it from a belief that it made one shoulder higher than the other. Fred is so particular."

With these and other fluent nothings, we finished a second set. During the evening I danced with both Georgiana and Emily. Georgiana was a tall stiff girl, yet certainly good-looking, but without any of the encouraging kindness of her elder sister; and, indeed, as taciturn as politeness admitted. During the whole of six figures, she only smiled once, and that was at an accident. Opposite to us was a little dowdy creature whose head exactly reached the elbow of a remarkably tall man, her partner. In "*chassez croisée*," the poor little thing slipped and fell.

"What an awkward fellow!" said Georgiana, "he has dropped his bundle."

Emily was a very different creature, and decidedly the most fascinating of the three. It was not her face, for she was not handsomer than the others; it was not her figure, for she was rather

about five feet nothing of sallow mortality, that happened to be her daughter, and whose figure, looking at its increasing thickness downwards; she, in an unlucky moment, and in the plenitude of her satire, declared to be like a note of admiration turned upside down.

When the indignant matron fled from the loquacious Mrs. P., I took her place. We chatted upon various subjects. Among others, of course, her daughters. She favoured me with the little peculiarities of each,—"Fanny was 'so lively and clever;' Georgiana 'so reserved and satirical;' Emily, 'such a thoughtless little puss,'—but all 'dear good girls,' and 'so domesticated and united.' If," continued their happy mother, "you should ever feel inclined to join us of an evening, and pass a quiet hour, we shall be delighted to see you. We have always a little music, perhaps a quadrille. Do not wait for a formal invitation," said she, putting her card into my hand, "but come in—in a quiet way."

And thus commenced my acquaintance with these "nice people."

I returned to my chambers that night, or rather early in the morning, delighted, as you may imagine, with the lucky accident that had befallen me. Really, if I had given up three months in hunting out an introduction, I could not have managed a more promising one.

Unlocking my door, and looking into my sitting-room before I went to bed, I found a letter from my father. I trembled and turned pale. The seal was large and black. My mother, sisters, brothers, all rushed to my mind in an instant. For the first time in my life, I felt there was one I valued less than the others; for, assured that death had claimed a victim, I could not help wishing whom it might prove to be, though had I seen all in health and strength before me, I never could have decided with whom I would most readily part. With trembling hand I opened the letter. In the first few lines there was no preparation for melancholy news. Anxious to learn the worst, I hurriedly glanced my eye from line to line, from page to page. I breathed more

to be rewarded in the manner of which I have spoken.

In folding up the letter, which had thus unexpectedly informed me of this addition to the honour and importance of our family, my eye rested on a few lines which had hitherto escaped me; they were written on the side, and were as follows:—

"It is with the most poignant sorrow, my beloved Valentine, that I inform you of the sudden and violent death of your brother Tom. He fell a victim to his passion for hard riding. He was out with our hounds the day before yesterday, and taking a strong dike, his horse fell upon him, and melancholy to relate, he was killed on the spot. Of course we have been plunged into great affliction; perhaps the most unhappy feature of the case is, it happened just as he was about to become heir to the distinguished honour, which, as I told you, is to be conferred on yours, &c.—H. V."

"P. S.—It will be as well that you should come down to attend the funeral if possible. Should you not be able, and wish to write, do not give me my title before next Friday."

Tears rolled down my cheeks, as I read this brief announcement of my brother's death. For an instant I felt indignant at my father for having made it secondary to the news about himself; but this feeling quickly subsided, when I reflected how much more common is death than honour.

The following morning I had a visit from Butler. I explained to him, why I could not call in Brunswick Square, and begged him to leave my card there, which he promised to do. For a week I was absent from town. I went home, of course, to attend the funeral. I did so as chief mourner—my father being engaged at Windsor, and therefore unable to attend. On my return to my chambers, I found the cards of Mr. Prince, Mr. Frederick Prince, Mrs. Prince, and the Misses Prince. I was much touched with this little attention. On the following day I opened my door to a knock very rarely heard, I should think, in the Temple. It was loud and long enough to have reached the very cellars of the building of which I inhabited the sky-parlour. A servant, in a glaring livery of blue, red, and gold, desired me to tell Mr. Fleming, that Mrs. Prince was at the Temple gate, in the carriage, and wished to see him. I told the fellow I would be down in a few moments; whereupon he took off his hat and attempted a bow, but which was, as it usually is, when persons detect themselves in an impertinence to the wrong person, a sort of apologetic and nervous wriggle of the whole body.

I put myself a little into order, and went down. There was no mistaking the carriage. It was a large yellow-bodied one with red wheels, and blue hammer cloth, upon which were glaringly emblazoned the arms and quarterings of Mr. Prince, the proctor. Before I reached it, I saw feathers and veils in profusion; I found not only Mrs. P., but two of her daughters. At their pressing invitation I went for a drive with them, and then

home to dinner. Their kindness and attention were beyond any thing I can express. The cheerful and congratulatory manner in which they spoke of my father's elevation, and the delicacy and tact with which they alluded to my brother's death, asking me if I was not now the eldest son, created in me quite an interest for them all, and I already looked upon these extremely "nice people" as old friends, rather than acquaintances of yesterday.

Before I left Brunswick Square that evening, I had promised to return the following day on a visit for a week. All lent their powers of persuasion, though I confess I wanted but little; had it been otherwise, when Emily begged I would "put by my books and come," I should have at once complied. It would be too long a story, if I were to enter into detail of the week in question. It was one round of pleasure, increasing hourly, until I felt myself the happiest creature in existence. I did not disguise my attachment to the youngest daughter—my love, my passion, for her, when I had reason to believe it returned. This happened on the very morning I was about to terminate my visit. I went into the library, and found her alone reading a letter. It was crossed and recrossed, but this *prima facie* evidence of it being from a woman, yielded to the bold and masculine hand in which it was written. I turned pale, and was about to retire, stammering out some apology for my intrusion, but she assured me I did not disturb her, and in fact, looked her wish that I should remain; and then she began talking of the letter, and her cousin Augustus, and his beautiful uniform, and the Cape of Good Hope, and a long passage, and a variety of other matters; and concluded by informing me that her said cousin was on his voyage to Calcutta to join his regiment; that he had light hair and blue eyes, wrote sweet poetry—had been staying with them a twelvemonth, before his departure—was a delightful, kind, good creature, and that she looked on him "*quite as a brother*." I confess these last words hardly removed the suspicion that flashed upon me, as I marked her flushed cheek and sparkling eye. The "green-eyed monster" had already more than a finger upon me. She saw the tyranny with which I was threatened, and in a tone of sincerity a cynic could not have doubted, assured me there was nothing but their cousinship between them. Of course, a conversation thus begun did not end here, but you need not be afraid that I shall repeat all that passed between us; such scenes have no interest for an audience, indeed will not even bear rehearsal before the curtain: suffice it that from that morning I considered myself, if not preferred, in the high road to *preferment*, and fully justified in indulging in the hopes I had for some time silently dwelt on.

My intimacy with the family continued unbroken for nearly a year, during which time I might almost have considered myself a member of it. From old Prince I received just that sort of attention which a youngster likes. He was always as happy to see me—or appeared so—as if we hadn't met for a month, though in truth I never lost sight of him for two days together.

We used to sit over our wine and discuss the leading topics of the day with a briskness which lost nothing by repetition; and although we were widely opposed in politics, I being a Tory, and he a worshipper of Hume, our arguments never degenerated into personalities: this might have been from an inclination on his part to yield perhaps a little more than is desirable in an antagonist of spirit. For instance, after a long discussion on any subject, and a tolerable exhaustion of the *pros* and *cons*, he invariably wound up with these words, "Well, perhaps after all, you are right." This was always accompanied by a slight elevation of the brow, and then immediately after came three or four very deliberate, but affirmative movements of the head, which said plainly and flatteringly enough, "I think you are."

I observed something of the same concession to me in every member of the family, and it was a quiet, winning flattery I could not resist. I was charmed with all of them without knowing, at the time, that it was because I was so delighted and satisfied with myself, and often exclaimed, "Well, if ever there were nice people, I have found them here." Mrs. Prince was perhaps the most adroit in the use of that most dangerous weapon of attack—flattery. Her assaults never defeated themselves by their violence. Her moments were rarely ill chosen; if she saw that I was prepared, she stood at once disarmed, waited her opportunity, and when I *did* feel myself touched, it was so slightly, as to create no alarm. She knew that she applied a subtle poison, and that a scratch was sufficient to ensure inoculation. If ever any thing was to be done, "*Charles*" was to be acquainted with it. Any place to be visited, "*Charles's convenience*" to be consulted. Any thing in dispute, "*What does Charles think?*" was the ready question—and "*Charles says*" so and so, the certain quietus.

The girls also played admirable seconds to their mamma—Miss Prince in particular. She displayed a *great* interest in me; her manner was really affectionate. She was some years older than myself, and this gave her naturally a license

to a new dress, or bonnet, or selecting a song, down to going to church or chapel—a *seven days'* wonder—would never act without my knowledge and approbation. Georgiana displayed her interest for me in a different way. She was, as I have said, a haughty and satirical girl. Her visitations in the latter line were so general, that I believe I was the only person of her acquaintance who escaped; the fact was, I was a very particular friend of Butler, and Butler was, or at least, so people said, a very particular favourite of hers. If I had been to judge myself, however, I should hardly have ventured to say that she cared two snaps of the finger about him, although there certainly was an *inclination* towards him, not observable in her manner to any one else. Be it as it may, she spared me, and I never knew wherefore, unless out of respect to him. Besides this negative approbation, she occasionally condescended to ask my judgment upon any book we might both have been reading, or any play we might have seen performed; this was a great deal, considering that she was in the habit of saying that young men of the present day were such insufferable and shallow coxcombs, they were only fit company for one another.

I shall hardly be expected to say much of Emily's manner and behaviour to me after what I have intimated about her. She was the centre of attraction for me—the choicest flower of the bouquet. Yet it was strange, that from the time of the interview of which I have spoken, I observed a considerable alteration in her, for which I could not satisfactorily account. She seemed for hours, nay, days together, to have lost her spirits and all animation, and frequently when engaged in conversation with me, suddenly lost its thread, and then would attempt an apology, and call it absence, and force a laugh. More than once I fancied that she perhaps regretted the encouragement she had given me; but when, with my nerves strong, and my mind bent on a "disinterested sacrifice," I was about to speak to her on the subject, a look, a smile, a tone, would at once disabuse me of the injurious belief my anxiety

twice I questioned him about it, but he assured me the cause was with them. "My dear Fleming," said he, "one must breathe pure air sometimes, and really our people never know any body that any body knows."

It was some considerable time before he satisfied me that he had more than a street acquaintance with them. One evening, however, we were at the Opera together. Towards the end of the battle we were joined by an individual, who seemed on an unusually familiar footing with him. He was about seven or eight and twenty, and though decidedly a plain and common looking man about the face, had something in his manner and address which bespoke the gentleman. His language was coarse, but it was the coarseness of what is termed *slang*—an acquired idiom by no means endurable, but not innate vulgarity. He appeared to have been drinking, his breath was redolent too of tobacco; altogether he seemed a fitter subject at that moment for a public-house of another description, though, to do him justice, he appeared perfectly at home where he was. Prince introduced him to me as Sir Vincent Silk. Till the curtain fell he amused me by telling me the names of half the people in the house. And then, turning to Prince, he said, "I suppose we shall see you in the square by and by." Without waiting a reply, he nodded familiarly to me, and took his departure. We also left immediately after. I proposed supping at the Bedford, but was overruled. My friend said he had some friends in the neighbourhood, and should go there—indeed, he had promised Sir Vincent. "You will find a good repast," said he, in his usual affected style, "and no ceremony. Come."

I took his arm, and walked to St. James's Square. We knocked at a door on the south side, and were admitted into a hall, where I was left until my companion went up stairs and brought down his friend, the master of the house, and who, after an introduction, most politely bowed us into a brilliant apartment filled with company. I was considerably struck with the scene. The walls were literally clothed with plate glass and splendid pictures. In an adjoining room, equally superb, was laid out a long and elegantly supplied supper-table, groaning under the weight of silver and glass, with which it was furnished. I felt a little bewildered. Not so Mr. Prince, who was as unmoved as in his mother's drawing-room, nodding and chatting to fifty different people. The greater number very soon began amusing themselves round a large table, upon which was spread money in profusion. I was at once satisfied of the rank of the company, from the immense sums I saw before them, and the indifference with which they paid and received them. Fifty or a hundred pounds were put up and taken down with a nonchalance which I then considered perfectly unapproachable by any but a person of the first breeding. One or two gentlemen presently addressed me in the most polite manner, and pressed me to the supper-table, where I was supplied most liberally with every delicacy. Wines of all sorts sparkled around me, and I could not but fancy myself, as I sat alone before such profusion, in

the hall of some magician, and the hero of an Arabian Nights' entertainment. The time wore on, and I joined my friend. He had been very fortunate, and his winnings were considerable. Sir Vincent Silk was at his elbow, with a hand perfectly full of notes, which he had won under the same lucky stars. They insisted on my sitting down between them, and when we rose to leave, I had thirty counters, or pieces, as they called them, for which a gentleman obligingly gave me six five-pound notes. As we went home, elated with our success, I learned we had been in a gambling-house! I started with unaffected horror. "A gambling-house!" said I. "I thought they were gentlemen—friends of yours."

"So they are," replied Mr. Prince, as coolly as if he were telling me the day of the week. "Perfect gentlemen, I assure you. Did you not see Lords F. and G.—the honourable Mr. H., and baronets without number? Why, Fleming, I should think you saw two thirds of all the men in town."

I supposed I looked somewhat as I felt. He tried to laugh me out of my "ridiculous notions," and as we parted for the night, or rather day, bade me try, the first thing on rising, whether or not my notes were forgeries. From this time I was more than ever with Frederick Prince; indeed, as I have said, I was always with him when not in Brunswick Square. I was perpetually reflecting on the odious vice in which I had unconsciously, almost, taken my first step, and with a full conviction of the ruin to which it led, continued night after night indulging in it. It was wonderful how much I rose in Frederick's estimation, and the terms of cordiality we were on took me, if possible, more than ever to his house. I fancied he encouraged, what I felt he must observe, my attachment to his sister Emily; and this, more than any thing else in the world, gave him an interest in my eyes. After leading this life of double excitement for a considerable time, I began to think that it was advisable to end the one and the other, for the sake of both my peace and pocket. I was thunderstruck one morning in looking over my accounts, to find that I had lost at different times over the gaming-table, no less a sum than six hundred pounds, and this all drawn from a small stock of ready money that came to me when I was of age. Added to this, I had lent in different amounts to my companion Frederick, as much as three hundred more, though, as far as that was concerned, it was of course as safe as in my banker's hands. My great intimacy with his mother and sisters had naturally entailed on me considerable expense. From one end of the season to the other we were recreating ourselves in some of the fashionable lounges of the West End. No new opera was brought forward but we passed our judgment upon it—Malibran never sang but some of us lent our sweet voices to hymn her praises—no gallery of pictures ever opened but we connoisseed each inch of canvass—no exhibition for the encouragement of any art or science escaped us. Horticultural *fêtes* and fancy-fairs we attended with exemplary perseverance. And, in a word, from Windsor Castle to the Thames Tunnel we left no sight unseen. Look-

ing at the terms we were on, it would have been very false delicacy to hesitate for a moment in allowing me to pay for it all.

As a set-off, however, to all this, I had placed in the hands of old Prince a considerable sum of money, at least as much as five hundred pounds, which he told me he could lay out to the greatest advantage—to return without doubt fifteen per cent. About this time I dined in Brunswick Square, and passed an unusually delightful evening. Miss Prince was perfectly lavish of her fascinations, Georgiana was what I had never seen, witty without being severe, and Emily, my own Emily, more brilliant and happy than I had seen her for months. Mrs. Prince was gaiety itself. She engaged me in a quiet *tête-à-tête*, and let me into the secret that Butler had that morning proposed for Georgiana, and had been received. She then went on to hint, as I understood her, something of the same kind about another of the girls, which much surprised me, as I had never seen or heard of any particular attention to Fanny, and concluded by remarking that it would be singular indeed if all of them should be bespoke about the same time; and in saying this she looked at me in a way which nearly drew from me my proposal for Emily on the spot. I restrained myself, however, for a better opportunity, and left that evening, fully resolved to find it on the following morning.

The same night I went with Frederick for the last time, so I had deliberately vowed it should be, to play in St. James's Square. I had a considerable sum in my pocket, for I was anxious, should luck prove with me, by playing high to recover something of what I had lost. It was otherwise, I had soon changed and melted all but my last note. It was for twenty pounds. I placed it by my side while I waited the issue of a main in which I was heavily backing the caster in. He threw out. I put my hand down for my note, to stake my last—it was gone. I looked round, Prince was beside me, as he had been all night; he too, a serious loser. I asked him if he had seen the note. He replied, "No." "You have taken it," he said, "it is his."

would be of all things the step most likely to delight them. I dressed and hastened to the house. On such a mission I did not wait the propriety of hours. No one seemed to think I came too soon; it was quite clear that every one thought there was something to hear. We hurried from subject to subject—smiled, laughed, looked serious, and then—smiled, laughed, and looked serious again. Presently Georgiana said, she should go in to a young friend who lived next door, having promised to read aloud "*The Results of Machinery, or the Working Man's Companion*,"—and she went. Most fortunately, almost immediately after Mrs. P. had commissions for the other girls—and we were left alone. And now, it is impossible to give you more than the faintest conception of what followed. I spoke of my attachment—my respect for the family—my wish to settle—my ability to do so. Mrs. Prince drew me out in her own peculiar way, till I was fully delivered of all I had been burning to say, and after some irresistible compliments about my family, my profession, my talent, and my honour, which conveyed to me her perfect approbation and consent, she made some slight, very slight observations about our relative ages; but loving Emily as I did, I considered two years on my side amply sufficient, and therefore made no reply. We continued our interview a little longer, during which I was exhausting language in praises of her daughter.

"Well," said she, rising, "I can say no more, Charles; I will send her in, and she shall answer for herself." And she left the room. I heard her go up stairs—and I waited in intense anxiety the appearance of Emily. Some minutes passed—hours they seemed to me—at length I caught the sound of a footstep, her own light, fairy footstep on the stair. I hurried to the door, and waited to receive her. A hand was on the door—it trembled—so did I. It opened slowly—my heart was in my mouth. She entered. She! my Emily? No, horror! Miss Prince. Every thing seemed suddenly to swim around me. I uttered some exclamation—I know not what, and staggered to my chair, I know not how. She followed me, and

gustus, whose arrival in England is hourly looked for." I sought the deceiver's eye, but it was turned away. For some minutes I was silent, but roused by the torrent of words from Mrs. P., and the sighs, and sobs, and groans of Miss P., I said, I was not aware that I had in any way justified them in supposing for a moment that my attentions to Miss Prince were serious. "Not serious, sir!" retorted Mrs. Prince, who from first to last was the only female orator. "Why, it has been obvious to all the world. Every one has spoken of it. Have you not always been with her? Has she ever seen a friend unattended by you? Not serious, indeed! Why my poor girl, my child, my Fanny will be ruined, if you forsake her!" And here she wept nearer nature than any one I had seen attempt it. I saw there was a breach nothing would be likely to heal, but a remedy I felt no inclination to apply, and, therefore, thought the best thing to do was to bid them good morning. I verily thought the kind, good-tempered, motherly Mrs. Prince, would have forcibly retained me; but I was not to have a wife forced down my throat, and therefore, in spite of persuasions, their remonstrances, their threats of "a breach of promise," and then a flourish about Mr. Prince, and Mr. Prince, junior, I left the house amid the titter of the servants who had been attentively listening to all.

I hurried to my chambers, resolved to pack up, be off to my father's, and cut these "nice people" for ever. On the stairs I met Sir Vincent Silk. He put a pink note into my hands. It was a most polite invitation from his friend Mr. Frederick—a morning meeting to satisfy his honour for having taken my twenty-pound note, or as he put it—for having been charged with taking it. I accepted it very briefly, and as on such occasions, one is more than permitted to introduce a friend—I mean expected to do so—I hastened to make the offer to Butler, who declined, under the excuse, and a very sufficient one, though it had not occurred to me, of being about to become my antagonist's brother-in-law. To my next application there was not a scruple.

We were on the ground at the appointed time—so were they. Sir Vincent Silk came up with a look which clearly betokened that he had, to him, a most ungrateful office; so it proved, for he was charged with an attempt at reconciliation. I was required to say, that Mr. Prince had *not stolen* the note, and to express my regret and apology for having charged him with it. My second was in full possession of all the facts, and replied that I had never said more than that he had *taken it up by mistake*. Therefore the expression *stole* was supplied by Mr. Prince himself. This was reported to Mr. P., and pulling up his stock, he expressed himself "perfectly satisfied." It was now my turn, and recalling to his mind, that he, Mr. P., had given me the lie, demanded the fullest retraction of the offensive word. Sir Vincent at once declared that it was altogether impossible; "for," said he, "although there is no doubt it was wrong, and uncalled for, and all that—yet there are times at which a man cannot apologise." He turned from us, having finished this speech, took up a pistol, "and next proceeded quietly to cock."

Mr. Prince differed most essentially from Sir Vincent; and, in spite of all remonstrance, insisted on withdrawing all the offensive language he had used. The thing thus settled, we had the discredit of walking scatheless from the ground. One or two circumstances occurred which compelled me to remain in town longer than I had intended. The evening before I was to start, I was unexpectedly broken in upon by my quondam associate. He placed a letter before me. I had certainly grown into request. It was another invitation similar to the one of which I had so recently disposed, and given, because I had dared to love a girl who had encouraged me in doing so, while an older flame was burning at a distance, of which I was ignorant. The gentleman, whose acquaintance I was to make in this most agreeable manner, was Mr. Augustus Hamilton, of his Majesty's — regiment of foot.

Again my second and myself were in the field, shaking, as the song says, "the sparkling dew-drops away." Although, when I first promised my attendance, I felt something very like an inclination to appease my indignation by doing a murder, yet, looking at my rival, I could not bring myself deliberately to rob his Majesty and the people of so promising a hero. One word of explanation I considered would, nay must acquit me of every thing that could call upon me to stand up for him to practise his trade upon, and I should have given it, but Mr. Frederick Prince, late principal, and now second, had learned the lesson read by Sir Vincent Silk, for the purpose of teaching it to others. He repeated it pretty much in the same words as he had heard it, and as I did not feel as much inclined to dispute it as he had done, we took our ground. Mr. Augustus Hamilton was decidedly the thinnest man in his majesty's service. He was dressed in a light chocolate-coloured surtout, which fitted him like his skin, and he looked for all the world like six feet of German sausage. Though an excellent soldier, for all I know to the contrary, I could not but observe that he wanted the knack of standing at ease. The word was given—"Fire,"—and here his profession stood him in great stead. About a thousand times as much accustomed to the order as myself, he obeyed it with I can't calculate how many times more alacrity, but seeing that I nearly shot my right toes off, after I received the contents of his pistol in my shoulder, there can be no doubt but that he was the lightning of our storm, and I the thunder. What followed I don't exactly know. I was conveyed to an hotel, where I lingered, "now hope, now fear, my bosom rending," about fifteen weeks. This gave me plenty of time for reflection, and a hundred times I went over, step by step, my intimacy with the Princes—an intimacy beginning and ending with a ball. One morning it occurred to me, to send to old Prince for an account of the money he had employed for me; and, as he had nothing to do with our misunderstanding, and had always behaved in a handsome and generous way to me, I wrote a most friendly note. He sent me an equally kind reply, enclosing a check for seventeen pounds, which he said was the result of our joint speculation in indigo! Fif-

teen per cent. rose in my throat, but I made an effort and swallowed it. This was a pretty addition to the list of advantages accruing to me from my introduction to these very "nice people." Loaned out of three hundred pounds by the son, and robbed of twenty; introduced to a hell, where I sunk six hundred—proctored of nearly as much, and flattered out of more than I can ever bring myself to name. To crown all, I entirely threw away a year, got fooled by a flirt, and crippled for life. Have I given you sufficient reasons for shuddering at the very thought or mention of "Nice People?"

J. H.

From the London Athenæum.

New Facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare.

In a Letter to Thomas Amyot, Esq., from J. Payne Collier. London: Rodd.

This is a very interesting little volume. To Mr. Collier we are already indebted for a valuable "History of English Dramatic Poetry," and for other like works, and he still, it appears, toils on in his labour of love, for which he is deserving the best thanks of the public. On this occasion he has been fortunate almost beyond hope, and certainly beyond all reasonable expectation. So little is really known of Shakspeare, that the most trifling authentic fact becomes important, and yet so many learned and laborious men have devoted their whole lives to hunting for information, that further search seemed all but hopeless in its results. It was, however, the good fortune of Mr. Collier to have free access to the voluminous MSS. at Bridgewater House, and the permission of Lord Francis Egerton to make use of any literary or historical information he might discover. Among the most interesting of these documents are many of the official and other papers of Lord Ellesmere, Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, and Lord Chancellor to James I.: some of these had, it appeared, been arranged and classed by the Rev. H. J. Todd, but large bundles, ranging in point of

of the whole company of shareholders are set forth, Shakspeare's being among them. "This," says Mr. Collier, "seems sufficiently to contradict the idle story of his having commenced his career by holding horses at the play-house door; for, if true, he could hardly have made such way in his profession as to establish himself a sharer within two or three years after his first appearance in the metropolis. In this document, that is, in 1559, says Mr. Collier, "Shakspeare's name is placed twelfth in the list of the sixteen members of the company. In 1596, he had so far advanced, that it was inserted fifth, when only eight of the association were named; in 1603, he was second in the new patent granted by King James on his accession. How much weight is due to these locations, and what inferences we may fairly draw from them, it is not easy to decide, but they certainly show that Shakspeare, from the first, was gradually making his way to greater prominence of station."

It further appears, from records here produced, that there was continued enmity between the corporation of London and the actors at the Blackfriars, but the latter claimed to be beyond the jurisdiction of the former, in consequence of the theatre having been built on a site formerly occupied by a religious fraternity. In 1605, a formal complaint against them was made by the Lord Mayor to the Privy Council, as appears from the following document:—

"LEONARD HALIDAY Mayor 1605.

"Whereas Kempe, Armin and others, Plaiers at the Blacke Fryers, have again not forborne to bring vpon their stage one or more of the worshipfull Aldermen of the City of London, to their great scandall and to the lessening of their authority, the Lords of the right honourable the Privy Counsell are besought to call the said Players before them and to enquire into the same, that order may be taken to remedy the abuse, either by putting down or removing the said Theatre."

The players, however, were more than a match for the corporation, and, accordingly, in 1608, we find the latter treating with, and attempting to

first to insert a literal copy of the account, and afterwards to offer some remarks upon it. The paper is entitled

‘FOR AVOIDING OF THE PLAYHOUSE IN THE PRECINCT OF THE BLACK FRIERS.

Imp. Richard Burbidge oweth the Fee, and is alsoe a sharer therein. His interest he rateth at the grosse summe of 1000 li for the Fee, and for his foure shares the summe of 333 li 6s. 8d.	-	-	-	1933 li.	6s. 8d.
Item. Laz Fletcher oweth three shares which he rateth at 700 li, that is at 7 yeares purchase for each share or 33 li. 6s. 8d. one yeare with an other	-	-	-	700 li.	
Item. W. Shakspeare asketh for the Wardrobe and properties of the same play house 500 li and for his 4 shares, the same as his fellowes Burbidge and Fletcher viz 933 li. 6s. 8d.	-	-	-	1433 li.	6s. 8d.
Item. Heminges and Condell eche 2 shares	-	-	-	933 li.	6s. 8d.
Item. Joseph Taylor 1 share and an halfe	-	-	-	350 li.	
Item. Lowing also one share and an halfe	-	-	-	350 li.	
Item. Foure more playcers with one halfe share to eche of them	-	-	-	466 li.	13s. 4d.
Suma totalis	-	-	-	6166.	13. 4.

‘Moreover, the hired men of the Companie demaund some recompense for their great losse, and the Widowes and Orphanes of Playcers, who are paide by the Sharers at dieuers rates and proportions, so as in the whole it will coste the Lo. Mayor and the Citizens at the least 7000 li.’

“This, you will own at once, is a very singular, as well as a very valuable document, considering how scanty has hitherto been all our information regarding the pecuniary circumstances of our great poet. Till now all has depended upon conjecture, both as to the value of theatrical property generally in the time of Shakspeare, and as to the particular sum he may be supposed to have realised as an author of plays and as an actor of them. * * * We are to presume that the materials for this statement were derived from the actors, and that they made out their loss as large as it could well be shown to be, with a view to gaining full compensation; but if each share produced on an average, or (to use the terms of the document,) ‘one year with another,’ 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, the twenty shares would net an annual sum of 666*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.*, or somewhat less than 3,400*l.* of our present money. Shakspeare’s annual income from the receipts at the Blackfriars Theatre, without the amount paid him for the use of the wardrobe and properties, would therefore be 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* It is possible, however, that there might be a deduction for his proportion of the rent to Burbage, and of the salaries to the ‘hired men,’ who were always paid by the sharers. To this income would be to be added the sums he received for either new or altered plays. At about this date it appears that from 12*l.* to 25*l.* were usually given for new dramatic productions. Much would of course depend upon the popularity of the author.

“We have a right to conclude that the Globe was at least as profitable as the Blackfriars: it was a public theatre of larger dimensions, and the performances took place at a season when, probably, playhouses were more frequented: if not, why should they have been built so as to contain a more numerous audience? At the lowest computation, therefore, I should be inclined to put Shakspeare’s yearly income at 300*l.*, or not far short of 1,500*l.*

of our present money. We are to recollect that in 1608 he had produced most of his greatest works, the plausible conjecture being that he wrote only five or six plays between that year and his final retirement from London. In what way, and for what amount, he previously disposed of his interest in the Blackfriars and Globe theatres, it is useless to attempt to speculate.”

It is already known that, in 1602, Shakspeare bought 107 acres of land, which he attached to his house of New Place—that in 1605 he gave 440*l.* for the lease of a moiety of the great and small tithes of Stratford, and Mr. Collier now informs us, that it appears from a document, a copy of which is given in the work before us, preserved among the Fines in the Chapter House, Westminster, that, in 1603, he bought a messuage, with barn, granary, garden and orchard, at Stratford, for 60*l.*!

But the most interesting document discovered is the following letter, addressed, Mr. Collier supposes, to Lord Ellesmere, in order to induce him to exert himself on behalf of the players, when assailed by the corporation of London. Here, however, we cannot but pause. This letter is professedly a copy—why copied? Is it a contemporary, or a modern copy? These and other questions we should feel bound to ask, if we were examining the question as one of evidence; but Mr. Collier’s name is our trust and security.

“The initials, H. S.,” says Mr. Collier, “I take to be those of Henry Southampton, who was the noble patron of Shakspeare, and who, in this very letter, calls the poet his ‘especial friend.’” It has no direction, and the copy was apparently made on half a sheet of paper; but there can be little doubt that the original was placed in the hands of Lord Ellesmere by Burbage, or by Shakspeare, when they waited upon the lord chancellor in company:—

“My verie honored Lord. The manie good offices I have received at your Lordships hands, which ought to make me backward in asking further favours, onely imbouldens me to require more in the same kinde. Your Lordship will be warned howe hereafter you graunt anie sute, seeing it draweth on more and greater demaunds. This which now presseth is to request your Lordship, in all you can, to be good to the poore players of the Black Fryers, who call them selues by authoritie the Seruants of his Majestie, and aske for the protection of their most graceous Maister and Sovereigne in this the tyme of their trouble. They are threatened by the Lord Maior and Aldermen of London, never friendly to their calling, with the destruction of their meanes of livelihood, by the pulling downe of their plaichouse, which is a private Theatre, and hath neuer giuen occasion of anger by anie disorders. These bearers are two of the chiefe of the companie; one of them by name Richard Burbidge, who humble sueth for your Lordships kinde helpe, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word and the word to the action most admirably. By the exercise of his qualitey industry and good behaviour, he hath be come possessed of the Blacke Fryers playhouse, which hath bene employed for playes sithence it was builded by his Father now nere 50 yeres agone. The other is a man no whit lesse deserving favor, and my especiall friende, till of late an actor of good account in the companie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which, as your Lordship knoweth were most singularly liked of Queene Elizabeth, when the companie was called

vpon to performe before her Matie at Court at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Matie King James alsoe, since his coming to the crowne, hath extended his royall favour to the companie in divers waies and at sundrie tymes. This other hath to name William Shakspeare, and they are both of one countie, and indeede almost of one towne: both are right famous in their qualitties though it longeth not to your Lo. gravitie and wisdom to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the publique care. Their trust and sute nawe is not to bee molested in their wayes of life whereby they maintaine themselves and their wives and families (being both married of good reputation) as well as the widowes and orphans of some of their dead fellows.

"Your Lo. most bounden at com.

"Copia vera."

There is a great deal of curious matter incidentally touched on by Mr. Collier, but we must confine ourselves to the immediate subject of his interesting paper. Even the fact of Shakspeare being associated in the patent for educating the children of the Queen's Revels—the curious and minute description of the habit of Falstaff, as then played, we must pass, to come to the following letter, addressed by Samuel Daniel, the poet, to Lord Ellesmere, who, it is reasonable to suppose, had procured for him the appointment of Master of the Queen's Revels. In this letter he refers expressly to Shakspeare, though not by name. As Daniel was appointed to this office on the 30th of January, 1603, Mr. Collier concludes that the following letter was written shortly after:—

"To the right honourable St. Thomas Egerton, knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England.

"I will not endeavour, Right honourable, to thanke you in wordes for this new great and unlookt for favor shown vnto me, whereby I am bound to you for ever, and hope one day with true harte and simple skill to prove that I am not vnmindfull. Most earnestly doe I wish I could praise as your Honor has knowne to deserue, for then should I, like my maister Spenser, whose memorie your Honor cherisheth, leave behinde me some worthie worke, to be treasured by posterity. What my pore Muse could performe in haste is here set downe, and though it be farre below what other poets and better pens

worke will rather be your Honors then myne. God maketh a poet, but his creation would be in vaine if patrons did not make him to live. Your Honor hath ever showne your self the friend of desert, and pity it were if this shold be the first exception to the rule. It shall not be, while my pore witt and strength doe remaine to me, though the verses which I now send be indeede no prooffe of myne abilitie. I onely intreat your Honor to accept the same, the rather as an earnest of my good will then as an example of my good deede. In all things I am your Honors

"Moste bounden in dutie and observance,

"SAMUEL DANIEL."

There can be no doubt, as Mr. Collier observes, that Michael Drayton, the poet, is the one party referred to, and Shakspeare the other. Here, after once more offering our best thanks to Mr. Collier, for his very interesting little volume, we must conclude; but we beg leave, at parting, to direct the attention of our readers to the circular lately issued by the Shakspeare Club, and to be found in another part of this day's *Athenæum*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF JERUSALEM.

This is another of Mr. Burford's magnificent panoramas; a rarer treat, both to the old and young, is not supplied by the metropolis. The work is painted from drawings made about a year ago by Mr. Catherwood, the architect: they were taken, according to the printed description, "from the terrace of the house of the aga, or governor, formerly the palace of Pontius Pilate; and the view, both from the situation and height of the house, is most comprehensive and interesting, embracing nearly the whole of the important stations mentioned in scripture, and a vast assemblage of monasteries, mosques, domes, minarets, &c., which, though they generally resemble each other, are so dissimilar to any thing European, that they excite curiosity, and, being mostly of white stone, sparkle, under the rays of a glorious eastern sun, with inconceivable splendour. Immediately in front of the spectator,

of Olives, rising majestically in front, presenting the Mount of Ascension, and village of Olivet, the Mount of Offence, garden of Gethsemane, and other holy stations, relieved by patches of cultivation and a few olive-trees, closes the view."

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE STAR-ENAMOURED.

"Who dwells among the stars, mamma—so mild, so fair, and bright?"

As o'er us, in the dusky sky, they shed their lovely light: Methinks a gentle-beaming eye in every ray I see, A host of heavenly watchers set to guide and counsel me!

"This earth has many a flower, mamma, and many a valley sweet, To balm the sense with fragrance pure, and rest the weary feet; And many a kindly face, mamma, we meet, as here we roam, The kindest and the dearest still, the nearer to our home.

"But oh! mamma, I long to be a creature of the sky, To shine and shine for ever more in yon bright place on high.

I long to be away—away!—from this pale prison free, To look a long, long tearless look of endless love on thee!

"They say that angel-forms, mamma, amongst those stars are seen

In everlasting whiteness clad, in never-dying sheen; And kindly looks they send to all whose hearts with grief are riven, A foretaste sweet of faith's reward, when called to dwell in heaven!

"And might not I—a child, mamma,—become a little star,

And shed my looks of light and love from yonder fields afar?

You might not know my beams, mamma, but they would ever be

Directed, with a fervent glance, upon thy home and thee!

"Then let me go and pray, mamma, that I may soar away,

And never lift my eyes again upon another day! I long to be among the stars—to feel their balmy light— Oh! let me go and pray, mamma; good night, a long good night!"

The mother clasped her little child, and tenderly she said, "Thou can'st not be a star as yet, my gentle little maid! But when thy lovely life is o'er, and God shall call his own,

I trust that thou wilt be a star,—the brightest round his throne!

"Thou can'st not be a star as yet, for there is many a one To whom thou art a light, my love, still shining softly on; And if thy lustre from this life should suddenly depart, 'Twould quench thy mother's hopes on earth,—'twould break thy mother's heart!"

But still the little lady pined, and none might say her nay—

Her soul was with the stars by night—her heart the live-long day;

And on her infant pillow, cold, they found the little maid, In holy sleep, like angels' rest,—all beautifully laid!

Oh! who could see her as she lay in her mild beauty dress'd,

Nor feel a wish to share with her that deep unbroken rest—

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That faultless loveliness which speaks a gentle scraph's birth—

A star, if ever star there were, upon the dowy earth!

And now the mother looks for her, when'er the silent night

Is gemm'd with countless stars serene, intensely, purely bright;

But to the eye of Faith alone, that vision fair is given— That mother may not see her child, until they meet in heaven!

W. G. T.

From the London Athenæum.

SHAKSPEARE'S MONUMENT AT STRATFORD.

We take advantage of the interest which must be excited by the publication of Mr. Collier's interesting volume, to direct the attention of our readers to the following extracts from a circular lately issued by the Shakspeare club, and referred to a few weeks since in this paper.

"The members of the Shakspearean club of Stratford-upon-Avon, have long beheld with regret the disfigurement of the bust and monument of Shakspeare, and the neglected condition of the interior of the chancel which contains both that monument and his grave.

"The monument erected to Shakspeare by his family a few years after his death, representing the poet with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left leaning on a scroll, was originally coloured to resemble life; but was thickly covered over with white paint in the year 1793, at the instigation of Mr. Malone. The pen was long since detached by some visiter, and a recent attempt was made to abstract one of the fingers of the bust, which was actually broken off, but recovered and replaced. The removal of the coating of white paint, and the renewal of the original colours of the monument, are supposed to be practicable without the chance of injury to the original work.

"Near the grave of Shakspeare, lie interred the bodies of Anne his wife; of Susannah his eldest daughter, and her husband, Dr. John Hall; of Thomas Nashe, Esq., the husband of Elizabeth, the daughter of Dr. John Hall and Susannah his wife; (Elizabeth having afterwards married Sir J. Barnard, of Abington, near Northampton, and being there buried.) The inscriptions on some of the grave-stones of these members of the poet's family, the stones being on the floor of the chancel, are partly obliterated; and an epitaph, commemorating the excellences of Shakspeare's favourite daughter, was either worn out or purposely effaced in 1707, and another inscription engraved on the same stone, for a person unconnected with the family of Shakspeare.

"The respect due to the memory of Shakspeare, the loss of almost every personal relic of him, the demolition of his house, the destruction of his traditionary mulberry tree, and the alteration and removal of the greater part of his father's residence, concur to make the members of the Shakspearean club most anxious to preserve every thing connected with his mortal remains, from further disrespect."

In furtherance of these views, it is proposed to raise a fund by voluntary donations, not exceeding one pound each, to be expended by a committee, already named by the members of the club, in taking effectual measures to preserve the monument of Shakspeare from all future injury; and, if practicable, to restore its original colours, and those on the full length figure of John Combe, the

friend of Shakspeare, and buried near him, and whose monument is similarly deformed. Further, should the funds admit of it, to restore the ancient roof, and painted windows of the chancel; to clear the walls of unnecessary white-wash, and to secure the foundations.

If practicable, a portion of the money obtained will be vested in public securities, the yearly interest to be applied to the *perpetual* preservation of the chancel, and especially of Shakspeare's tomb, and in case of a sufficient amount being subscribed, the committee would extend their care to the preservation of the house in which Shakspeare's father resided, in Henley street, the presumed birth-place of Shakspeare; and to the house still remaining at Shottery, near Stratford, which was the residence of Anne Hathaway, afterwards the wife of Shakspeare; and even to the purchase of the site of New Place, the house in which Shakspeare passed the last three years of his life, and in which he died;—a spot which, being yet unencroached upon, they are most desirous of guarding from new erections, and consecrating to the memory of him whose name has rendered it, in their estimation, hallowed ground.

We need only add, that donations will be received by Messrs. Smith, Payne and Co., bankers, London: and that a book is prepared by the committee, in which the names and places of abode of the donors will be carefully preserved. This register, it is observed, will for ever remain a gratifying proof of the general interest excited, in the nineteenth century, by a proposal to do late honour to the only mortal remains of one whose works have cast an unfading glory over the literature of England.

From the Asiatic Journal.

OODIPORE.

Had the central provinces of India been as well known in the days of Dr. Johnson as at present, it might have been said that the learned author of *Rasselas* had borrowed his idea of the "Happy Valley," from one of the most beautiful

prospect bursts upon the eye, and contrast gives to the whole scene the effect of enchantment. A lake spreads its silvery waters to the right, and the road winds over an undulated surface, splendidly clothed with nature's most luxuriant products. A second lake, equally beautiful with the first, but of smaller dimensions, skirts the city of Oodipore, which rises in all the fantastic pomp of oriental architecture—its pagodas, minarets, and towers, of the purest marble, gleaming like pearls in the sun. The palace of the rana, also of marble, is built upon a ledge of rocks, and has rather the appearance of a fortress than a royal residence; the design is heavy, but some of the details are very beautiful, and the whole has an imposing appearance from a distance. The lake, which extends its bright mirror immediately below this natural terrace, seems fitted for the residence of the fairy queen; numerous small islands glitter like emeralds upon its shining bosom, each embellished with some beautiful pavilion formed of lattice-work of marble, perforated in the most elegant and elaborate patterns. The palmyras, which wave their lofty coronals amid foliage of unrivaled hues, are the finest to be found in India, and it is scarcely possible to imagine a fairer assemblage of leaf and flower than that which shades the light pavilions of this lovely spot. So gorgeous is the scene, that even those artists, whose fanciful pencils have luxuriated in delineations of imaginary beauty, have not exceeded the splendour which nature has lavished on this favoured spot. The insects and the birds are as radiant as the blossoms, and none of the representations of fairy-land have outdone the bright realities to be found amid the groves and gardens of Oodipore. The rocks which encircle this beautiful valley have all the appearance of some precious substance; they are a species of quartz, somewhat resembling spar, of brilliant polish, and shine like silver: geologists consider them to be very curious, and when glittering in the full blaze of a tropical sun, they become too dazzling for the human eye.

The beauty of Oodipore is, however only, on the surface; happiness has not chosen her abode.

taken, the conquerors have triumphed over little save dead bodies; the men have perished on the ramparts, and the women have sacrificed themselves in the flames, rather than become the slaves of foreign masters. There is a cavern in which the dreadful *johur*, so well described by Colonel Tod, was enacted, where the Princess Pudmani and thirteen thousand females shut themselves up on the approach of Alla-o-deen; vast quantities of combustible materials were already prepared for the event; the entrance was closed after a fire had been kindled, and the whole of this devout band perished by suffocation, or flame. No one has ventured within the precincts since that fatal period. The mouth of the cavern is said to be guarded by evil genii, who will not suffer human footsteps to approach, and those who could not be deterred by superstitious feelings are effectually prevented from examining the interior by the monstrous serpents supposed to be brooding in every crevice. It is supposed that this dreadful charnel house, if examined, would disclose strange secrets. Modern times afford few exploits for knight-errantry, but here is one that might arouse the spirit, should it still exist in that form which kindled in the souls of our ancestors. To destroy the serpents and explore the cave, would be a feat worthy of the best days of chivalry; nor would it go unrewarded, for doubtless the ladies did not divest themselves of their jewels when they sought to escape by death from the threatened doom.

Colonel Tod's splendid history of Rajast'han records many similar instances of heroism. The Rajpoot women have been placed in a much more elevated position than those belonging to less favoured districts under Hindoo government. Latterly, in compliance with the prejudices introduced by the Mahomedans, and spreading widely over India, they have withdrawn themselves from the eyes of men; but they still exercise, if not a stronger degree of influence than is permitted to other Asiatic ladies, a more public exhibition of it than would be allowed by the less intellectual portion of the Hindoos, who look down upon the weaker sex with the utmost contempt, imputing to them every sort of folly and vicious inclination, and denying the existence of a single virtue which is not forced upon them by the laws and regulations to which they are compelled to submit. Princesses of Rajpoot families have often ruled openly as regents. Others have not left an unsullied name, and a story is told of a rance of Jeypore, which affords a curious specimen of the arts by which women in India not unfrequently contrive to gain the ascendancy. The reigning prince died without male issue, but the favourite wife, pretending to be about to give birth to a child, smuggled an infant into the zenana, who it was said was the son of a woman of the lowest caste, employed to sweep the floors. Before the imposition was suspected, she contrived to induce the principal nobles of the court to eat out of the same dish with the boy, and though they were subsequently convinced that a surreptitious heir had been introduced, they dared not publicly expose the fraud, as it would have involved the loss of caste to all who had partaken

of the rice with him. The story, however, getting abroad, she found some difficulty in maintaining her pretended son upon the throne; and had she not secured a strong party in her favour, she would have lost the fruits of her stratagem.

An Indian court is the hot-bed of political intrigue, and cabals prosper, which in a less congenial atmosphere would not have a chance of success. Unfortunately, the people have not yet learned to despise those who prefer the crooked to the straight path to wealth and power, no one deeming it dishonourable to employ every kind of artifice to secure private and personal interests. The religion which the Hindoos profess, so far from inculcating any noble precept, or explaining the duty which man owes to his fellow, encourages the indulgence of every selfish passion; the government has seldom or ever been less corrupt, and hence the strange anomalies which spring up in the Hindoo character, and the difficulty of distinguishing between the vices induced by such debasing sources, and those alleged to be inherent in the mind. The Hindoos have been alternately depicted as monsters of crime, or miracles of goodness; those who have had an opportunity of experiencing their attachment and fidelity, and their conduct in all the domestic relations, are surprised by the extent to which they carry many virtues; while others, who only know them through the medium of their public acts, deem them to be utterly sunk in depravity, and incapable of any moral feeling. Vainly have Tod, Malcolm, Munro, and an extensive list of other distinguished men, who have lived long and intimately with the natives of India, afforded their honourable testimony to the personal excellence which has come under their immediate observation; those who judge solely from the effect likely to be produced by the toleration, and even the unblushing countenance, given to conduct which would cover the inhabitants of civilised Europe with disgrace, cannot believe it possible that any virtue can take root amid a soil calculated to foster nothing save vice. They will not give any action the credit of a good motive, and judging only from the surface, stigmatise the whole population as worthless and abandoned to all sorts of iniquity.

In no part of India does the native character exhibit more strange and apparently incompatible elements than in Rajast'han. In no place can the notions of honour be more fantastic and extraordinary, or the compounds of vices which apal, and virtues which attract, exist in a stronger degree. It is scarcely possible to describe a single class, or even a single individual, without being involved in apparent contradictions, seeming to applaud one moment what we condemn in the next: so difficult is it to separate the good from the evil, to do justice to the excellence, without rendering homage to the baseness, which meets the eye on every side. With few exceptions, people who have lived long in the bosom of native society, are too much charmed with the amiable points of character coming under their immediate knowledge, to visit those engendered by circumstances and situations with perhaps necessary harshness, and others who have not

had similar opportunities of making themselves acquainted with the better qualities, err in the contrary extreme, and give to all the aspect of demons.

One of the favourite methods of preventing and of punishing aggressions, is by the voluntary sacrifice of life. The wronged party will either kill themselves, or slaughter one of their nearest relations, in order that the blood of the victim may rest upon the head of the adversary. Amid the less lofty-minded of the Hindoos, a useless member of the family is selected for the purpose; but many instances are recorded in Rajast'han, where the noblest and the best have stood in the breach, ready to die rather than permit an act of oppression which they were unable to prevent. The defence of a certain boundary to the province is committed to one family, who dwell on the opposite bank of a river which divides it from the territory belonging to the sovereigns of Oodipore. Whenever the reigning prince persists in crossing this river, one of the descendants of this devoted race is bound to kill himself, the weight of his blood falling upon the invader, and at no period has any unwillingness been manifested to fulfil the duty imposed by one of the most fantastic notions which ever entered into the head of man. Sacrifices, however, in Oodipore have not always been voluntary; at the death of the reigning prince it was usual to deluge the grave with the blood of numerous victims, and woe be to the unfortunate traveller who should be found journeying through the province at the time; strangers were commonly selected in preference to the inhabitants, who, however, were not spared when the complement necessary to secure a proper degree of respect to the deceased prince was incomplete. It is only since British influence has extended over the whole of India, that the blood of human victims has ceased to flow upon the altars of Rajast'han, and the abolition of this abominable method of propitiating the deity is of comparatively recent date. At Jeypore, in a temple of more than ordinary sanctity, dedicated to the destructive power, in ancient times, the murder of a human being was perpetrated daily: the

son of weak mind, and easily induced to sanction acts of the most unjustifiable nature. The good sense displayed by this lady, and the character she bore for the possession of all the graces which do honour to the female heart, interested the resident very strongly in her favour, and he left no means untried to divert her from her purpose; but he was unable to effect the only method by which she could be induced to survive her widowhood. The heir of a noble house has it in his power to save one of his father's wives by saluting her with the title of Raje Bacee, and thus constituting her the head of the zenana. Unfortunately, it is an expensive act of humanity, for the lady must be maintained in her dignity, and the income required amounts to several thousands a year. Jaun Singh, the successor to the throne, was not inclined to gratify the lady and her numerous friends at so much cost, and he remained immovable by all the different modes of attack resorted to for the purpose. The ranees were by no means idle; she had no wish to die, and she put every engine in motion to secure her object. Bheem Singh had arrived at a good old age, and his decease was an event which had long been contemplated: as it is usual among Hindoos, he was carried out of his apartments in the palace, to draw his last breath in the open air, and he lay upon a bed in one of the court-yards, surrounded by the immediate dependants. Yielding to gradual decay, he expired in the early part of the morning, and according to necessary custom, his obsequies were to take place after the sunset of the same day. The resident repaired immediately to the palace, in order to prevent the possibility of the employment of any improper means, either of persuasion or force, to induce the unhappy women, who mourned the loss of their protector, to immolate themselves upon his body. Upon his arrival, he found that four had signified their intention to burn, and amongst them the ranees, from whose cultivated mind he had hoped for another result.

The manner in which the females of a zenana declare their resolution to accompany their husbands into the other world, is rather singular:

considered to be oracular, and while the old slave was settling every point of the ceremonial of the approaching sacrifice, and she was amusing her auditors with the hallucinations of a disturbed brain, the raneé employed herself in dictating letters and settling all her worldly affairs. She was by this time well aware that there could be no hope from the liberality of Jaun Singh; and, however terrible it might be to leave the world while in the prime of life and health, with a mind fully capable of taking a prominent part in the affairs of the world, she preferred an immediate and cruel death to the prospect of dragging on existence in a degraded state—the loss of every blessing which could induce a high-souled woman to struggle with her fate. Hindoo widows are not only debarred from forming a second union, but they are absolutely deprived of every thing save the bare necessities of life. It is expected that, during the first year after the death of their husbands, they will scarcely eat sufficient food to support existence, and that they will show, by their emaciated appearance, that they have rigidly maintained the required abstinence, in private, as well as in public. Even had Jaun Singh placed his father's widow at the head of his household, she must have undergone the year of probation, and her future respectability would have depended upon her compliance with every established rule. The second marriage of a widow, the widow of a Brahmin especially, is considered to be only inferior to the crime of killing and eating the sacred animal. At one time, the women belonging to a certain district in the neighbourhood of the Nerbuddah, took advantage of the remissness of the British government concerning the laws and privations imposed upon the sex, to enter a second time into matrimonial engagements; but such indulgences were of very short duration. Incited by the Brahmins, the people petitioned against so great a scandal, and the luckless widows were compelled to submit to the existing regulations in all their severity.

The resident of Oodipore, who felt the highest respect for the character of the raneé, was particularly anxious to dissuade her from the desperate act she meditated. The assurance of his protection had operated very strongly upon the inmates of the zenana, reducing the number of victims to four, not one of whom were actuated by the most common of the motives which usually induce women in India to perform the fatal rite. To the old slave it was a termination of a career which she considered to be the most honourable that her destiny could confer. Though never raised to the dignity of a wife, she was greatly respected in the zenana; she was perhaps its oldest inhabitant, and exercised a degree of authority which few persons can imagine who are wholly unacquainted with the strange features of a Hindoo establishment. Two of her companions, though young, handsome, and of high birth, were of little account amid the crowd of women who belonged to the rana, and were neither objects of his affection nor bound to him by any ties save those of duty. The one enjoyed a brief distinction by raving about a pre-existence, and speculating upon the new form in which she

should be fated to re-enter the world. Apparently she was tired of her present mode of life, for she expressed a wish to make her third appearance upon this sublunary stage in a lower sphere of society, professing to believe that happiness was more frequently to be found in a cottage than a palace. The character of Bheem Singh was not of a nature to excite either esteem or respect in the bosom of a woman who had the power of discriminating betwixt good and evil, and the raneé did not affect to attribute her present determination to any sentiment of regard for him, or unwillingness to survive his loss. Neither did she pretend to be actuated by religious motives. She despised the superstitious belief of her associates, and assured the resident that she entertained no expectation whatsoever of obtaining an admission into heaven for her husband, or for herself, by complying with the prejudices of her country or her caste. She determined to burn, simply to get rid of an existence which would become intolerable, and this resolution was too firmly fixed to be altered. Evening found her with the same feelings; the resident, who had hitherto conversed with her through the medium of her personal attendants, or with the intervention of a purdah, now met her at the gate of the palace, where, together with her associates, she appeared for the first time in public without a veil. It is the custom for suttees to ride with the funeral procession, and these women mounted on horseback for the only time in their lives. The raneé, in particular, expressed herself much obliged by the lively interest her European friend had taken in her welfare; she had already recommended many of her dependents to his protection, and, after inviting him to witness the approaching ceremonial, she bade him farewell, leaving him more deeply impressed than ever with respect for her talents, and with grief that so noble a creature should be driven to such a frightful choice of evils. Immediately quitting the spot, he rode off in a contrary direction, anxious to get away from the sound of the shouts of the populace, the discordant bray of their barbarous music, and the sight of the smoke which would too soon sully the purity of the atmosphere around.

Bheem Singh descended to the grave without a single regret, except from those whom his death left a prey to indigence and obloquy. Too selfish and supine to be aroused to any honourable action, his love of ease, and unwillingness to embroil himself with fiercer spirits, brought about a catastrophe which would scarcely be credible were it not authenticated beyond a doubt, the well-known fate of the beautiful Kishen Kower, or Kishna Komari.

Jaun (or Juvana) Singh, the present rana, and the brother of Kishen Kower, was at that period a mere boy, and incapable of defending his sister. When he grew up, the rajah of Joudpore, having become a widower, made proposals of marriage to a younger daughter of the Oodipore family. The callous-hearted father would have consented; but Jaun Singh indignantly declared, that the man who had occasioned the murder of one sister should pass over his dead body before he brought out the other as a bride. This spirited interfe-

rence put an end to the negotiations. The uncle of Kishen Kower, to whose determined barbarity the murder of the beautiful and innocent girl was justly imputed, never appeared afterwards in public without experiencing the effect of the feeling he had inspired. He became an object of aversion to his former associates, by whom he was so palpably shunned, that it is said the haughty Rajpoot felt the change of public opinion so heavily, that he could not survive it.

The memory of Sir John Malcolm is cherished with the highest degree of enthusiasm throughout Malwa and Central India. He had a very considerable share in the settlement of the country, and he possessed the strongest possible recommendations to the affection and confidence of the natives. He understood their language perfectly, united the most unyielding firmness with the greatest kindness and gentleness of manner, and readily attended to every application made to him, by persons of all ranks and conditions, and, moreover, convinced those who approached him, that in every measure he was actuated by goodwill towards the native powers, and an earnest desire to promote their interests. Colonel Tod has not left behind him a less enviable name; none, except the very highest and most learned classes of natives, are at present able to appreciate the great value of his labours in their service, in his splendid history of Rajast'han: but the time will doubtless arrive, in which all the intellectual portion of the people will perceive how deeply they are indebted to him for the immense mass of information which he has collected, and for his publication in a foreign language, of records so honourable to the Rajpoot character. Sir David Ochterlony, who lived amongst the native chieftains like a prince, adopting many of their manners and customs, and spending a large income in a style of truly Asiatic magnificence, has likewise left many gracious recollections amid the people with whom he dwelt; but he is also characterised as a very keen and sharp-witted politician. The natives have an idea that a person possessed of one eye only, sees much farther than those who are blessed with two, and is better

and Co., the principal manufacturers for the Indian market, mix so large a quantity of cloves and other spice with the fruit, as to render it absolutely nauseous to unaccustomed palates. *Mus-sala* is the grand native stimulant, and, though differing in almost every other respect, the Hindoo and Mahomedan cookery agree in introducing cardamums, cloves, ginger, &c., into all their dishes.

The manners of the Rajpoots are less polished in their exterior deportment than many other tribes of Hindoos; they affect the roughness of the soldier, for nearly all the peasantry go armed; they are not, however, in reality uncourteous, or intentionally rude, and at the courts of the native princes, the finest lessons of politeness may be seen. It is very necessary to study native usages and native opinions before Europeans enter into the society of the higher classes of Asiatics; for, without a very intimate acquaintance with the ideas entertained upon the subject of good breeding, there is a great risk of shocking the prejudices of the aristocracy of the East. Ladies of rank, who have been accustomed to European courts, and who consider themselves entitled to give the tone to society, have left a very unfavourable impression behind them in the audience chambers of the princesses of India. When presents are exchanged, it is deemed a breach of etiquette to pay the slightest regard to them; and a lady who, in despite of previous warning, examined with eager delight the rich brocades and shining tissues piled up in the tray at her feet, received a well-merited rebuke from the lips of her entertainer. When the *nuzzur* was offered in turn to the native lady, she did not even glance at its contents, but consigned it immediately to the care of her attendants. The English visiter was disappointed; she wished to observe the effect produced by the sight of so many novelties, and enquired why they were cast aside without examination. The native lady immediately replied, that she was at that time too much occupied by conversation with her guest, to think of any thing else; when she should lose the pleasure of her company, she would amuse herself with

to accumulate property of every description, and it is greatly to the honour of Europeans in India, that the temptations thrown in their way to take advantage of this disposition, on the part of the natives, are so seldom found to be irresistible. At Oodipore, where the number of British officers seldom exceeded three, one of whom, being invested with great authority, and still greater influence with the government of Calcutta, all desired to propitiate, it was very difficult to prevent or to evade the importunities of natives, each having some suit to prefer, and each anxious to take what they considered to be the readiest means of enforcing it. No stigma has been attached to the characters of those who have resided for a long period at Oodipore, and the poverty of the greater number has proved them to be above all mercenary considerations.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR MATTHEW MEDDLE.

A SKETCH.

"Save me from my friends! I can protect myself against my enemies."
Henri IV. (of France.)
 "On ne donne rien si libéralement que ses conseils."
La Rochefoucauld.

Sir Matthew Meddle is the most obliging creature in the world; consequently—he has done an infinite deal of mischief in it. He *will* assist you; he *will* serve you; he *will* undertake to do for you that which you in vain assure him nobody *can* do satisfactorily but yourself. "I am an idle man," he will say: "I have neither business nor occupation of my own; *your* time is precious; now *do* leave that matter to my management; so far from a trouble, it will be an amusement to me." But, alas! he does not consider that (as in the fable of the frogs) it will be "death to us." And fortunate may you consider it, if you receive such timely notice of his intention to be (what *he* calls) serviceable; you may in that case prevent, or at least mitigate, the mischievous effects of his good nature. But 'tis his "secret service," against which neither prudence nor human foresight can guard, that destroys you: 'tis when he "does good by stealth," that his pernicious kindness operates most powerfully to your injury.

I shall not stop to narrate the particulars of seven marriages of his concocting, the comfortable results of which were two elopements, three separate maintenances, and two divorces; nor of the numerous slight misunderstandings and trifling differences betwixt friends, which his attempts to explain, or to reconcile, have brought to the decision of a jury, the arbitrament of the pistol, or (more unhappily still!) aggravated into lasting hostility and enmity unappeasable: nor shall I—in a word, I will avoid his example of meddling with affairs which concern others, and shall state only a few of the cases in which I myself have been made the victim of his kind intentions.

How lavish soever of his services he may be to the rest of the world, yet Sir Matthew Meddle holding me, the only son of his favourite sister, in greater affection than any other of his kindred, or, as I sincerely believe, than any other existing

creature, it is not to be wondered at that upon my unlucky self he should have perpetrated his most cruel acts of kindness, and inflicted his friendship with the most determined virulence. For as long as I can remember him, he has been destructively attentive to my interests, and has acted in my behalf with assiduity the most fatal: I may, indeed, date his interference concerning me at a period antecedent to my possession of the faculty of memory, for it commenced even before I had the honour of making my appearance in the world. The effect of this, his first service, has left an irremovable impression—not on my mind only, but on my left cheek!

One day when my mother was in that interesting situation which promised her husband the speedy enjoyment of the honours of paternity, my father and his brother-in-law, Sir Matthew, were dining with a large party at Long's. Amongst the company was Sir Pepper O'Popper, a gentleman whose temper was extremely irritable, and his sense of hearing not very acute. Like persons in general who labour under the latter infirmity, he was prone to consider every remark which he did not distinctly hear as applied to himself; and would guess at its import from the gesture, or from the look of the speaker. The glass had circulated freely, when my father, tasting of a fresh bottle, thrust it aside; and, with an expression of mingled anger and disgust on his countenance, exclaimed, "Detestable! 'tis as fiery as pepper!"

"What's that you are saying about me, sir? What's that you are saying?" fiercely cried Sir Pepper; who fancied he heard some uncivil observation coupled with his own name.

My father was about to offer a good-humoured explanation of the cause of Sir Pepper's misapprehension, when up started Sir Matthew.

"Now, Ned, be quiet, pray be quiet—you are so intemperate! let *me* settle this disagreeable affair. My dear Sir Pepper—indeed, now, my brother-in-law meant no offence—believe *me* he did't; if he had—why, in such case, I should have been the first to say, 'throw a bottle at his head,' though he is my brother-in-law."

"I don't hear a word you say, sir; speak louder, if you please," impatiently cried Sir Pepper.

"In such a case," bawled Sir Matthew, "I say I should have been the first to advise you to throw a bottle at his head."

Sir Pepper, who had heard nothing but the *conclusion* of Sir Matthew's speech, seized a decanter, which he hurled with desperate violence in the direction of my father's head. Had that promoter of conviviality fulfilled the intention of the director of its course, my father's must have terminated on the spot; for (though, fortunately, missing him by a hair's breadth) from the force with which it had been projected, not only was it itself dashed to atoms against the wall, but it put the latter in a plight which rendered the aid of the plasterer and the carpenter eminently necessary.

A scene of confusion ensued: but some mediator more adroit than Sir Matthew taking up the affair, Sir Pepper apologised for his intemperate conduct towards my father, and, offering him his

hand, declared that "the misunderstanding was owing entirely to Sir Matthew Meddle's explanation."

"Ned," hurriedly whispered my uncle, "under the circumstances, it would not be well for you to quit the party suddenly, so do you remain where you are; but, considering the delicate situation of your wife, should any exaggerated account of this unpleasant *fracas* be conveyed to her—But leave that to my management. Remain here for an hour or so; I'll go home and excuse your absence to my sister."

Sir Matthew rushed down stairs, jumped into his carriage, and desired the coachman to drive full speed to his sister's. Arrived there, he knocked and rang as if he had found the house in a blaze.

"What is the matter, sir?" enquired the servant who opened the door.

"Nothing. I hope your mistress has not yet retired for the night?"

"Not yet, I believe, sir; my mistress is not very well, but as she has not rung for Mrs. Smith yet, I dare say you will find her in the drawing-room."

"That's fortunate!" Sir Matthew ran up stairs, and, rushing into the drawing-room, exclaimed, "Bessy, my love, don't be alarmed."

"Alarmed, Matthew! Good heavens! what has happened?"

"I tell you *not* to be alarmed. I came purposely to prepare you."

"Prepare me! For what? For heaven's sake—"

"'Tis nothing in the world—though it might have been! Poor Ned! When I was at Barba-dos I saw a man's head dreadfully fractured by a similar thing, but—Now, how ridiculous you are to be alarmed, when I came on purpose to prevent it. The affair is simply this, my dear sister:—Ned has just had a slight disagreement. —Now, why *will* you be alarmed? In fact, it was not a disagreement, but merely a slight misunderstanding with an Irish officer, who dashed a bottle of claret at him with such violence that it literally smashed the—"

At these words his dear sister fainted. In the

as I can recollect—she never sacrificed the just to the expedient; or, in the more appropriate language of the nursery, she would never allow the dear child to have its own way in every thing rather than hear it cry. "Children," she would truly say, "are much earlier and more readily to be taught to distinguish the right and the proper from their contraries, than thoughtless parents give them credit for: they will sometimes, indeed, cunningly *seem* to confound them in order to serve their own little purposes." This may appear to be a long introduction to so small a portion of a short story, but (to say nothing of the natural bias of my mind, which bears me unconsciously into the serious and the philosophical) it is not altogether unnecessary.

My fond uncle's notions on this subject differed altogether from my mother's. He was for humouring me in every thing, lest opposition and restraint should spoil my temper. He thought my demands for sour apples and indigestible pound-cake were neither unreasonable nor too frequent; and that my *complaints*—though, heaven knows, I never complained at all—of the length of my lessons and the shortness of my play-time were not without foundation. He would therefore "advise" my mother to relinquish her own system and adopt his. But my mother, though she tenderly loved her brother, entertained not the slightest respect for his understanding; and (her mind wearied, her patience exhausted, and her temper ruffled by his uncalled-for and pertinacious counsel) the certain consequences, to me, of uncle Meddle's interference in my favour were tasks lengthened and indulgences abridged, with an occasional whipping for having "set on" uncle Meddle,—a notion plausible, but by no means true, inasmuch as his unlucky interferences were always the spontaneous suggestions of his own benevolent heart.

In my ninth year I was placed under the care of the Reverend Job Whackall, at that extensive and celebrated market for the sale of education, Turnham Green. There I remained till my twelfth. Just before I quitted this school, a prize medal for the best English essay was offered by

into your pocket, Fred," whispered Sir Matthew. As we were stepping into the carriage, the kind-hearted Fagmore, who had followed us out, patted me on the head and said to my uncle, "He'll beat the best of them, sir, I'll answer for it."

We drove to the castle at Richmond, where, by my uncle's particular desire, we were shown into one of their *quietest* rooms, overlooking the delightful lawn; and, having ordered a dinner of fried whittings, chicken-salad, and a muffin-pudding—

"Now Fred," said my uncle, "whilst dinner is preparing let me see your exercise."

I handed it to him, and watched with some anxiety his countenance whilst he was engaged in the reading of it.

"Um—um—good—very good indeed, considering your age. Few boys could do better, and I have very little doubt but—and yet there is nothing like making sure of things; clinching the nail, eh, Fred?"

"Nothing in the world, sir," replied I; yet not exactly comprehending the drift of his observation.

"You *must* gain the prize, and you shall, too. Can you keep a secret, Master Fred?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, I like your exercise upon the whole, vastly; but there are some objectionable points—some negligences, also, in it. Now, if I correct it for you, you won't tell any body?"

"Not for all the world, sir."

"Then ring for pen, ink, and paper, and the thing is done."

After an hour's cutting, and slashing, and interlining, "There, you rogue!" cried Uncle Meddle; "There! the medal is as safe as if it were dangling from your button-hole. Now make a fair copy, with my alterations and improvements, and then to dinner. But not a word of my assistance, you dog."

My thoughts running more upon chicken-salad and muffin-pudding, than upon my obliging uncle's improvements, mechanically I copied what I saw before me. Dinner was served just when I had finished my labour; so, thrusting my infallible exercise into my pocket, I attacked the good things before me with an appetite needlessly increased by joy at the certainty of my success.

The next morning early the exercises were sent up, and, on the morning following, in the presence of the assembled school, the competitors were summoned to hear the decree of our master and judge. For my own part I felt no misgivings: I rested securely on the assistance I had secretly received from my obliging uncle.

An awful frown clouded the brow of the Reverend Job Whackall, as he took his seat.

"Little, if at all, satisfied am I," said he, in his usual cramp and formal phraseology, "with either of the three specimens of English composition now submitted to me. But since to the best I unreservedly promise to deliver the reward of superiority, to the best, (albeit, neither of the three be good,) to the best do I decree it. Would I could have awarded it as the reward of merit positive and unquestionable. As it is, I adjudge to Master Zachariah Dunder the prize."

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He retired from the school-room to his private parlour, desiring Fagmore and me to follow him. Downcast by disappointment, I obeyed.

"Forasmuch as I expected better from this young gentleman, Mr. Fagmore, in so much is my displeasure increased; yet less is it directed against him, sir, for his failure, than you, for allowing to be presented to me such a jumble of bombast and blunder! Listen to the passages to which my censure more particularly attaches"—and here he read almost every sentence which my uncle had kindly contributed. The phenomenon of the appearance there of what Fagmore candidly admitted to be *trash*, he was utterly unable to account for; certainly, there was nothing of the kind when last he inspected my work: nor did I dare venture to enlighten him on the subject.

When, with tears in my eyes, I communicated to Sir Matthew Meddle the unhappy result of our joint labours, "Be comforted, my dear boy," said he; "the fault is altogether mine:—I ought to have re-written the whole for you."

From Turnham Green I was sent to Eton. Here, by means of assiduous study and the no-assistance of my uncle, I obtained considerable distinction; and had the good fortune, moreover, to render myself the prime favourite of Doctor * * *, the head-master. A few days previous to my quitting that venerable seminary to enter into active life, I saw near the statue of its pious founder, the doctor in earnest conversation with Lord * * *, (the then secretary of state for the — department), who had just come down to visit his son. It was evident to me that I was the subject upon which they were engaged. Presently the doctor beckoned me towards him, and on my approach, did me the honour of introducing me to his lordship.

"Young gentleman," said Lord * * *, "Doctor * * * has mentioned you to me in a manner which does you honour. I understand you are about to return home. Have you decided upon any particular course of life?"

"No, my lord," replied I, "but, if I might choose, I should prefer some official employment."

"Well, sir," continued his lordship, "it may be in my power to promote your views. Pray do me the favour of calling upon me as soon after your arrival in town as may be convenient to you."

On my return home I communicated to my mother, and to Sir Matthew Meddle, who was kindly in waiting to welcome me, the fortunate occurrence. My mother was overjoyed at the prospect of fortune, and of distinction also, thus unexpectedly opened to me. Sir Matthew saw me within three steps of becoming prime minister!"

"Fred," exclaimed he, "your fortune is made, unless, indeed, you mar it by any indiscretion of your own. The great political leaders are on the look-out for talent wherever they are likely to find it. I know they are—they can't do without it. Now, take my advice; don't accept of any petty clerkship; no red-tape affair. Private secretary to his lordship—that's what he wants you

for, I'm certain; so don't you be satisfied with any thing less."

"But, surely, sir, as a first step——"

"First step, indeed! Why be content with a foot in the stirrup when you may take your seat in the saddle? Private secretary—that's the high road to preferment:—'*aut Caesar aut nullus*,' say I, Fred; and private secretary you must be."

The next morning I paid my visit to Lord * * *, and was very graciously received.

"I am a man of business, sir," said his lordship, "so at once to the point. Doctor * * * spoke of you in a way which has left no doubt upon my mind of your capabilities for any employment not necessarily requiring practice in office and experience in the world. I am satisfied, however, that when you shall have acquired these, it will not be by lack of ability that your progress will be impeded. Now, sir, a place is vacant in my office, and immediately under my own eye. The salary attached to it is but 150*l.* a year; but the duties it involves, if well executed, are of a nature to lead to *much—higher—things*. If you will accept the place, it is at your service. But consider well my offer, consult your friends upon the subject, and, in three days from this, favour me with your decision. I have many applications for the post; but shall keep it open till I hear from you." Having concluded, he shook me cordially by the hand, and I withdrew.

So lucky a start in life falls to the lot of but few; neither my mother nor myself, therefore, entertained a moment's doubt upon the propriety of my instantly availing myself of it; so, without hesitation, we resolved that on the next day I should (as the French express it) "offer my adhesion." But my kind uncle thought differently: he had no notion of seeing his dear nephew an official drudge; he knew best, as he said, what was good for me, and what I was capable of; and private secretary I should be before I was a week older.

"Pray, brother," said my mother, in the most imploring tone imaginable, "*pray* don't interfere

half-hour, I was ushered into the presence of the secretary of state for the —— department. He was writing, and received me with cold civility; and, scarcely raising his eyes from the paper upon which he was occupied, desired I would take a seat. Then—still not looking at me—he slowly shoved a newspaper a few inches across the table towards where I was sitting, and requested I would read a paragraph against which he had placed an ink mark. The paragraph was as follows:—

"We understand that Mr. Frederick G * * *, who has just returned from Eton, loaded with the highest academical honours which that celebrated foundation can bestow, has been offered a *paltry place* in the office of Lord * * *, secretary for the —— department. We are unwilling to believe that such an offer can have emanated from his lordship himself, whose discernment and liberality are well known. Our informant must mean the situation of *private secretary* to his lordship, for which Mr. G. is eminently qualified, and which is at present filled by Sir W—— L——, who, we think, is utterly *unqualified* for it, although we entertain a very high respect for his talents, and which, we are of opinion, are well adapted to the duties of the place *said to be* offered to Mr. G. We would advise Mr. Frederick G * * * to remonstrate with his *friend* Lord * * * on the subject; and we doubt not the right honourable statesman (whose abilities, by the by, though we think highly of them, are, we apprehend, misplaced in his present post, and ought to be transferred to the war department) will instantly see the propriety of making the change we suggest."

The phrase most commonly used in describing situations of horror and dismay—situations, in short, of the nature of the present, is, "I wished that the earth would open and swallow me." Now I did not wish any such thing, simply because I was not in a frame of mind to form a wish of any kind whatever; but certain I am that had I been standing on the brink of a roaring volcano, I should have thrown myself into it head

to the son of a much-valued friend of my own. Good morning, sir."

How I reached home I know not—by a kind of brute instinct which led me there, perhaps;—but on my arrival thither, I found Sir Matthew Meddle pacing up and down in front of the iron railing, with four newspapers in his hand.

"Ah, ha! Fred! I've done it for you. Have you seen the newspapers, my boy?"

"I have seen but one, sir, and that one too many."

"Then you have not seen my paragraph about the private secretaryship?"

"Yours! and did you write that fatal paragraph?"

"Fatal paragraph! Here's gratitude for you! Here I have it in *all* the morning papers; I have been up half this night, to the loss of my blessed rest, making copies of it for *all* the evening papers, and for *all* the Sunday papers, and—fatal paragraph indeed!"

I explained to him that it was just so much good labour thrown away, for that one of them had done all the mischief which the utmost exercise of his obliging services could have accomplished.

Who was the cause of my lately losing an important lawsuit by kindly *volunteering* evidence which made against my case? who made me pay at an auction 900*l.* more than I should otherwise have paid for a certain property, by considerably bidding for it on my account (though not by my desire) in opposition to an agent whom I had secretly employed to purchase it? who was the cause that I am *not* married to the woman for whom I would have died? and that I *am* married to the woman who will be the death of me? Need I add—the everlasting, eternal, sempiternal Sir Matthew Meddle! Sir Matthew Meddle!! Sir Matthew Meddle!!!

Like a royal subject and true, I would rather sing "God save the King" than any song sung by singing mortal in this singing age; but heedless of statutes or treason, and of attorneys-general, I declare that I am inclined to shout forth "*Vive Henri Quatre!*" as often as I recollect that it is to that monarch we are indebted for the exclamation—"Save me from my friends! I can protect myself against my enemies." P*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

EXPERIMENT IN RURAL ECONOMY.

How to thicken Thorn-hedges, and produce Branches on Trees.—The object of the experiments related in the following paper, (which we have gathered from the Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland,) was to procure lateral branches from the bare stems of thorns and other ligneous vegetables; and the result being stated as satisfactory, it is only necessary to explain the manner in which it has been effected. The sap, in circulating or ascending, naturally moves along the bark of a bare stem of an even surface, without any tendency to develop lateral shoots; but the temporary interruption of the course of the sap in thorns, as it is known to do in other plants, seems to give an impulse to inactive germs, by which lateral branches are produced; and therefore, in point of beauty and utility, the discovery is important.

A thorn-hedge, when properly managed, surpasses, in appearance and durability, any ordinary field fence.

But they never succeed in situations where they are exposed to too much moisture, or where the soil is arid; and in cold exposed situations their stems become covered with gray lichens, indicative of an unhealthy condition. When such cold soils are not trenched previously to planting, hedges and trees make slow progress, especially where the ground is stiff, and opposes the shooting of the roots. Very light gravelly soils are also unfavourable to the growth of thorns. But the greatest error usually committed in rearing thorn-hedges is the neglect of keeping them clean and properly trimmed when young, so that at last the hedge becomes as broad as it is high, or looks like a canopy supported by bare sticks, on account of being choked at the roots by weeds. No hedge looks so neat or lasts so long as one kept nearly in the form of a stone wall, the proper dimensions being from three to four and a half feet in height, from one to two feet in breadth or thickness at the base, inclining upwards, until at the top its diameter is only a few inches.

But when neglected, as already said, it has hitherto been considered an irreparable evil attendant on thorn-hedges, as respects their bushiness at the root, that they are scanty and bare, and not to be remedied but by cutting the whole close to the ground, and training it anew, which, though efficient, is a slow style of amendment. On a farm near Stirling, a farmer tried a new method of renovating his hedges, where many of the thorn-stems were almost entirely destitute of lateral branches within two feet of the ground. This he accomplished by making horizontal and semicircular incisions in the bark, by which from a quarter to half an inch in breadth of both layers of the bark was removed fully half way round the stem. In a few weeks after, buds appeared and shot forth, usually close under, but sometimes over, the incisions. This simple operation, performed by a hedge-bill or a pocket knife, early in spring, does not seem to injure in the least the thorns; for the cut being clean and not deep, no canker ensues, and it soon closes up again, leaving only a slight scar in the place; care must be taken, however, that no shred of the inner bark remain to continue the circulation. The partial interruption merely causes a lateral exertion in the sap-vessels to overcome the obstruction, and the sap thus accumulated gives rise to the new branches, so that the stem may be cut at two or three places if necessary. The artificial branches seldom failed to appear where the stems were healthy, and have sometimes attained a length of two feet the first season. But as such tender twigs are apt to be hurt by frost if cut too young, they were not touched till the first or sometimes the second spring after, when such as required it were cut off a few inches from the stem, which caused an immediate subdivision of each branch. Thus the ragged ill-filled hedges of this gentleman have been continued at the regular height, and at the same time trained into a uniform breadth and thickness, not attainable by any other method in the same space of time.

Having succeeded so well with the thorns, he tried afterwards an experiment on a few forest trees, about six inches in diameter. The incisions were made about six feet from the ground, and, in some instances, immediately above slight swellings, which indicated a tendency to shoot forth branches. The consequence was, that a new branch sprang forth the same season from almost every one of the trees. In the thorns, however, no search was made for these eyes, and few or none were observed. The object in these last experiments was to ascertain whether a tree, intended to be ornamental, but which had been forced up by close planting to a long pole, might be made to assume a luxuriant appearance; and so far as this gentleman has proceeded, it appears that his attempt has been followed by the desired effect.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

USEFUL ARTS.

Application of Gas to Economical and Domestic Purposes.—It generally happens that as the progress of discovery is slow, we are long in developing the full advantages arising from improvements in science or its application to useful purposes. We are led to remark this from the very successful application of gas to a variety of purposes for which it has not hitherto been employed, in heating buildings, and performing every description of culinary operation, and which, by the very ingenious plans adopted by Mr. Ricketts, has been brought into full and successful practice. The great heat eliminated in the combustion of the common street gas is a matter of every-day notice, and it appears that Frederick Winsor, its first introducer, was aware of its availability for all the purposes of heat, as in his first prospectus he made proposals for a gas light and heat company; but with the exception of the cooking apparatus recently patented by Mr. Hicks, and exhibited at the National Gallery of Practical Science, and some prior attempts by Mr. Mallet, of Dublin, this is, we believe, the first time that, in addition to its purposes of illumination, its application to other useful purposes has been shown on any commensurate scale. The plan of heating buildings, patented by Mr. Ricketts, is perfectly novel, and from the most cursory description of its principles, it will be easy to understand its full merits and advantages.

In a stove similar in shape and construction to a common German stove, and with a very considerable radiating surface, a series of jets of gas are consumed, the size of the flame and the supply of gas being proportioned to the diameter of the stove. An orifice at the bottom admits a supply of air for the support of combustion, and one at the top, in form of a chimney, carries off the gaseous products of combustion. By this simple and equally efficacious arrangement, a great quantity of heat is produced and radiated, an air chamber likewise over the surface of the flame distributing a large quantity of heated air. In confirmation of the advantages of this plan, we can refer to the church of St. Michael's, at Burleigh street, in the Strand, where a stove of twenty-two inches in diameter is found amply sufficient to produce a temperature of fifty-seven degrees in all parts of the building. Objections on the score of danger are readily obviated, by the apertures being made nearly air-tight: the escaped gas, if such should occur readily

stoves within the arches under the viaduct of the Greenwich rail-road, and thus render available, by their conversion into dwelling-houses, an extensive property of that company which without them would be valueless. The power of large companies in providing a supply of the means and comforts of life at a great reduction of expenditure is apparent, when the cost of the supply is taken into consideration, and the gas companies at large cannot fail to appreciate an application which will render their commodity more greatly and beneficially available to the public at large.

From Fraser's Magazine.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CHINA.

China! the very name of the country excites unusual emotions. We never hear of it, think of it, read of it, save by some extraordinary chance. No lecturer holds forth upon its customs, laws, and literature—no tourist brings out his 2 vols. 4to, "neatly done up in cambric, and lettered in gold, illustrated by views taken by himself on the spot, and engraved in the first style by the most eminent artists"—no! none such delight to honour this neglected land. Do we talk of antiquity? Our minds go back involuntarily to Nineveh and Babylon, to Egypt and to Ethiopia—the interminable records of the Chinese we can hardly consider as history. Do we advert to Oriental affairs? Bengal, Bombay, Ceylon, Arabia, Persia—ay, "his omnipotence" the emperor of the Burmese, and the pope of Asia, the Grand Lama, all have a place in our recollection. But the Chinese—the poor Chinese!—oh! we forgot them; but then nobody reckons the Chinese any thing! Yet, notwithstanding all this, have the Chinese gone on, age after age, reading and writing prose, verse, novels, plays, tales, and philosophy—taking regular degrees in regularly established universities—painting pictures, and good ones too—drinking tea, and multiplying unto themselves gold, silver, and descendants, with as much content and as much pride in their celestial empire as

commend the doctrines of the sect Fuh, or Budha. The tale begins by introducing two couples, rather aged, and childless; who, offering sacrifices to obtain children, are each blessed with issue—one having a son, who is the hero of the story, and the other a daughter, its heroine. And here we may once for all observe, that the Chinese narrator never plunges "*in medias res*"—he always gives an account, more or less succinct, of the preceding history of his hero—sometimes as to his birth and parentage, sometimes as to his character and education: he needs never to be reminded, *Mais Bébir, mon ami, commencez au commencement*. In conformity to this custom, the author of the present tale informs us that the parents of Sung-kin were of an ancient and respectable family; but those of Ech-uen, the heroine, were of that class who lived from generation to generation in boats: their names were Lew-yew-tsae and Lew-she. This difference rendered an union between their offspring impossible, without degradation on the part of Sung-kin's family. During the performance of the sacrifices above mentioned, Sung-tun relieved an aged priest who was in extreme distress, and afterwards paid the expenses of his burial. In the course of time, Sung-tun and his wife died in an impoverished state, and Sung-kin, being well educated, obtained an advantageous situation; but quarreling with the servants of his employer, is unjustly seized, stripped, beaten, and discarded. He was now for some months reduced to actual beggary; but being of a respectable family, he remembered that he was "three parts of their breath and bone," and kept up as much dignity as was compatible with his new situation. At length, when in the last extremity, he accidentally meets with his father's friends, Lew-yew-tsae and his wife, who take him into their boat, furnish him with employment, and, when his abilities and fidelity have been well tried, give him their daughter Ech-uen in marriage—to which the reduced condition of Sung-kin no longer makes his high birth an obstacle. For some time the newly-wedded couple live together in great happiness; and the birth of a daughter bids fair to crown their prosperity. Here, at least, if not at the marriage, would an English author have ended the tale; but the Chinese has not got to the middle of his. The child dies, and Sung-kin's health becomes seriously affected: day by day he wasted away, till his services were no longer useful, and his person no longer comely. In short, he seemed, says the author, like a poisonous serpent entwined round a corse, which was unable to cast it off. The old people became quite tired of their son-in-law; and at last resolved to get rid of him altogether, that their daughter might espouse a more handsome and more serviceable man. Of all this his wife was totally ignorant. However, on pretence of obtaining firewood, he was sent on shore, and the boat went away without him. In the state of desolation in which he now was he is visited by an old priest, who is the same that his father buried, but now in a new state of existence. Through the advice and by the assistance of this old man his wants were relieved, his mind set at ease, and his debilitated frame became strong.

He looked up towards heaven and bowed. Thus concludes the first part of this history. The remaining three parts may be more briefly dismissed. Sung-kin finds in this desolate spot the treasure of some robbers. He waits till some ship comes in sight, and, changing his name, transports the whole on board as his own property—stating that he had accompanied his uncle, a merchant, who had with him great wealth—that they had been beset by robbers, and his uncle had been murdered, their effects carried to a place which he named, (and where, in effect, the robbers had concealed their treasure,) and he himself committed to the care of a sentinel—that this man, having been bitten by a poisonous serpent, had died the preceding night, and that he had thus escaped. After handsomely rewarding the crew of the ship that saved him, he proceeds to Nankin, where we are told that he had a stately mansion, an immense establishment, fine equipages, and—a pawnbroker's shop! In the third part we return to Ech-uen; and the whole is occupied with her lamentations, during which she is with difficulty restrained from suicide, and the vain endeavours of her parents, first to console her, and afterwards to recover their lost son-in-law. In the fourth and concluding part, we find that Sung-kin, still living at Nankin, after a lapse of two years, thinks of recovering his wife,—a measure, we think, he might have resolved on earlier, as he knew where at any time to find her. He goes, accordingly, by his change of name, and splendid appearance, sufficiently disguised; and introducing himself to Lew-yew-tsae, requested, without seeing her, his daughter in marriage. The old man informed him that his daughter was a widow, and, in spite of his entreaties, obstinately refused to marry again. After a protracted negotiation, which produces nothing satisfactory, Sung-kin hires the vessel of his father-in-law to go to Nankin, and comes on board with his retinue. Here, by means of using the expressions formerly used to himself, and evincing his knowledge of their concerns and conduct, he discovers himself. A just, but severe rebuke to Lew-yew-tsae for his cruelty is the prelude to a general reconciliation. And the whole family, being made partakers of his wealth, become devout believers in the doctrines of Fuh. This tale is not without its celebrity; it is alluded to by more modern poets—one of whom says:

"The virtues of Lew, the old boy, did not last;
And Sung became happy when sorrow was past:
The prayers of the Kin-kang removed all his pain;
And an old hat restored him his consort again."

The Kin-kang was the priest of whom mention has been made in the tale; and the old hat alludes to an incident, trifling in itself, but which, in connection with others, revealed his relationship to Ech-uen. The whole is interspersed with passages from the best Chinese poets, for the most part simply descriptive—such as the following:

"When the mist's on the moon and the frost's in the sky,
And the fires of the seamen burn fragrant and high,
From the cold hills of Koo-soo the bell tolls around;
And the boats and the temple are sad at the sound."

Alluding to the constancy of Ech-uen, we have a scrap applied to her by a modern poet:

"What though the fair and virtuous are proudly standing round,
There's none to take the boat-girl's place in all their number found:
For pure as beaten gold is she, and vowed for love to die;
And firmer than the rock her mind, so simple, yet so high."

The story is headed by a quotation exhorting to moderation and content, not a little resembling the "*Auream quisquis mediocritatem*," &c. of Horace.

A more wild, but far more beautiful and poetical story, is "The History of Woo-tsing-yen," written at an earlier period, but extracted from the same work.

THE HISTORY OF WOO-TSING-YEN.

Woo-tsing-yen was a youth of uncommon promise. It is said that, while very young, some of his compositions fell into the hands of the celebrated historian Ho, who expressed himself so highly delighted with them, that he requested a friend to invite the author to his house; and to such an extent did the elegant manners and fascinating conversation of this accomplished youth please him, that he declared a person possessing the talents of Woo-tsing-yen was for ever secure from poverty: and afterwards, finding his zeal and perseverance equal to his abilities, he offered him his daughter in marriage. This, however, was not to be. Woo-tsing-yen became acquainted with one Tae-she, with whose beautiful daughter an union was proposed to Woo-tsing-yen. This offer was accepted with pleasure. The autumnal examination was now approaching, at which Woo-tsing-yen was a candidate for honour, but an unsuccessful one; and as therefore his studies were incomplete, it was deemed advisable for the young couple to wait for three years. Talent, said they, he certainly has, and sooner or later must obtain fame: should he not succeed, the young lady would be at liberty to marry another. Woo-tsing-yen now applied to his literary pursuits with redoubled ardour. One evening, when the moon looked brightly upon him, immersed in contemplation, a person calling himself a Tse-tsae entered his room;—a short beard, florid countenance, a small waist and long nails, were the personal charac-

with a laugh, "is not contained here. Those who seek to become immortals must disregard desires, and be free from anxious thought; I, diseased with the cares of this life as I am, how can I become an immortal?"—"Why?" asked the other, "what should hinder?"—"I am anxious," was the answer, "to obtain descendants."—"Why, then, have you not married?"—"I am now in love," said Woo-tsing-yen: "I am really unwell."—Pih-yuh laughed outright: "I hope," said he, "your love is not of a light kind, my prince; pray, what sort of love is it?"—Woo-tsing-yen endeavoured as well as he could to detail the sentiments which he felt for the daughter of Tae-she; but his friend would not allow such sentiments to be those of true love. "Every one," exclaimed the student, "allows that she is enchantingly beautiful; it is not a passion which I have acquired by my own eyes." A supercilious nod of assent was the only rejoinder. The next day Pih-yuh unexpectedly commenced packing up and preparations, as for a long journey. Woo-tsing-yen in vain entreated him to stay—he was soon ready, and sent his servant on with his luggage. From the respect and regard they entertained for each other, their parting was not without painful emotions. They sat for some time in silence. Suddenly a green insect, somewhat resembling a locust, pitched on the table. Pih-yuh broke silence: "Farewell!" said he, "my carriage is arrived. If you love me, dust my room and sleep in my bed." Struck with the singularity of the request, he was about to ask for further information; but his friend was no longer visible. At length he saw him, not so large as a finger, and seated astride the locust. The insect chirped, spread to the wind its delicate pinions, and soared out of sight. Woo-tsing-yen stood mute in astonishment; nor was it until some minutes had elapsed, that he recovered from his surprise, and then only to regret the loss he had sustained. He occupied the room of Pih-yuh; and after the lapse of a few days there came a tremendous fall of rain. Woo-tsing-yen remembered the last words of Pih-yuh, and looking towards the bed, he saw the marks of a rat's foot in the dust; he instantly swept them away, and spreading his own mat over the couch, composed himself to sleep. Not dreamless were his slumbers. In a vision the servant of Pih-yuh came to him, and beckoned him to follow. He arose and went where the domestic led him. Soon he saw the ominous bird Fung flying towards them. Seizing the bird by the neck, the servant said, "traveling in the dark is not pleasant—let us hasten our speed: will you not avail yourself of this assistance?" Woo-tsing-yen looked at the bird, and re-

these groves wander for ever; in this world are none such to be found.

"In the palace of Wang-moo, the imperial mother," said the youth, addressing Woo-tsing-yen, "the ladies are far more lovely—hasten, for I fear my lord must long have been waiting for you—loiter not." Thus speaking, he seized the hand of the lingerer, and drew him out of the red door. They had not proceeded far before they met Pih-yuh waiting for them. He, taking his friend by the hand, led him into the palace. In front of the houses rolled a sparkling stream of pure water, in the midst of a white path—he heard the noise of distant waters—he saw long lines of stately buildings branching off in different directions, paved with crystal, and their balustrades ornamented with precious sculpture. This, thought he, is the palace of Kwang-han. They seated themselves, and a maiden of about sixteen brought fragrant tea. Pih-yuh called for wine, and four beautiful women entered; bending gracefully, these tended them, and the gems in their ears sent forth a pleasant sound. Woo-tsing-yen, smitten with love, gazed intently upon them; and entreated to drink wine, he took the cup from the hands of one of them, and felt much difficulty in restraining his passions.* At length he took one by the hand, smiled upon her, and whispered his love; but the damsels laughed, and retired to their apartments. Pih-yuh recalled them, and begged them to drink wine with himself and his friend. Then he requested them to sing. The one attired in red came and offered the visitor a cup of wine; and then, seating herself opposite the table of repast, sang, accompanied by her companions on the reed and pipa, in delightful harmony. When she had finished, one dressed in green brought also a cup of wine, and seating herself where the other sat, sang in company with her friends. Then, the two robed in carnation and light brown stood tittering, addressing each other to go and present wine, but both refused. Pih-yuh proposed that one should sing and the other present wine. The one in carnation now came forward. Woo-tsing-yen leaned forward fondly and caught her by the hand. She laughed, and he let go her hand; and between them the cup fell. Pih-yuh was moved to impatience. Elegantly she bended, and recovering the cup, said with a smile, "His hand is as cold as an evil spirit's; why should he seize on mine?" Pih-yuh laughed immoderately: "Since you have transgressed, you shall both sing and dance." Then the maiden in light blue flew with a cup of wine to Woo-tsing-yen, who declined it; but seeing how deeply the maiden blushed, he drank it, though against his inclination. He saw that all these women were equally lovely, and that in this world none were equal to them in beauty. Rising up, therefore, he addressed himself to Pih-yuh:—"These damsels are unequalled in loveliness—why cannot one be mine? Why should you possess so many, while my soul is fled I know not whither?"—"What," replied the other, "how can a lady on whom you have fixed your attentions please a person of your attainments?"—"I have never been favoured with a sight of many beauties," said Woo-tsing-yen; "and consider that these cannot be excelled." Pih-yuh then ordered all the ladies to appear before his friend, and aided him in his choice; and with her he successfully prosecuted his suit. Morning dawned brightly; and before the lovers parted, Woo-tsing-yen begged her to give him some token to keep in remembrance of her. With a sweet smile she drew from her arm a golden ring and presented it to him. A servant now entered to announce that the road of genii and that of mortals were different:—

* The Chinese here adds: At this moment Woo-tsing-yen felt a little itching between his shoulders; whereupon one of these beautiful women, having delicate fingers and long nails, put her hands under his coat and relieved the irritated part.

"Therefore, sir," continued he, "you must leave." "Where is your master?" asked Woo-tsing-yen. "My master left before the fifth watch to wait on his majesty, and ordered me to accompany you home." Woo-tsing-yen consented, though with great reluctance, to this arrangement; and they returned by the way they came. When they arrived at the door the student looked round, but was unable to see his attendant, nor could he imagine where he was gone. The tiger slowly roused himself, rolled about his glaring eyeballs, and with a hideous roar sprang forward. Woo-tsing-yen, terrified, held down his head and ran; nor did he stop till, breathless and fainting, he regained the earth. Alarmed and agitated, he awoke while the sun was yet rising. He considered what he had seen and done, and decided that his far journey and delightful entertainment were but a dream. On rising, however, he beheld on the ground a lustrous article, which on examination proved to be the golden armlet of a woman. Recollecting what had passed in his vision, the young man felt quite bewildered. From this time, however, (and none will doubt the fact,) his affection towards his yet unseen intended wife daily abated; and he became desirous of seeking the abode of Chih-sang, the mighty and far-famed bestower of immortality. Yet though this project occupied his mind, it was ever a source of regret that he had no children. About ten lunar months after his former dream, while sleeping at noon, he dreamed that the young beauty who in heaven had been his, but, alas! who was unable to follow him to this lower earth, entered his abode, robed, as she had been above, in resplendent carnation, and presenting him with a lovely infant, "This," said she, in a tone of celestial sweetness, "this is your blood and your bone; nor can we retain him in heaven." She then placed the child on the couch, covered it with the mat, and, after gazing fondly on it for a moment, vanished. Woo-tsing-yen in vain endeavoured to stop her. "Having been united," said she, "and now parted, we part for ever; the time of our espousals is passed: yet, should you ever become immortal, we may meet again."

Woo-tsing-yen awoke; and now, with feelings more of delight than astonishment, saw a child more beautiful than the daylight slumbering by his side. He took it up and carried it to his mother, relating its history; and she, highly elated, sent for a nurse, and named it Mung-sen. And now his wish was gratified—he was no longer childless; and he sent therefore to Tae-she to say that he was desirous of retiring among the mountains, and that, therefore, he resigned his claim to Tae-she's daughter, and begged him to seek some other husband for his daughter. Tae-she would not listen. Again did Woo-tsing-yen earnestly beg to decline the marriage. Tae-she now informed his daughter, who replied, "Every body knows that I am engaged to Woo-tsing-yen; if now I should marry some other person, I should have two husbands." This was reported to the student, who said, "I cannot consent; I care not for fame; neither have I any love for the daughter of Tae-she: only my respect for an aged mother keeps me from retiring among the hills." This message was duly delivered; and the answer was, "If he be poor, I will be content with him to partake of vegetables; if he leaves, I will wait on his aged mother; nor will I ever marry another person." Matters thus remained unsettled; messages and servants were sent to and fro, but without bringing affairs to a satisfactory termination. At length a day was fixed, the customary marriage presents were prepared, and the dowry arranged. The bride was taken to the house of her husband, who received her, esteemed her, and loved her for her virtue. She waited on his mother with filial attention; and, to render them happy, endured many crosses. After two years his mother died; and his wife, that the customary ceremonies might not be neglected, disposed of part of her dowry. Woo-tsing-

yen now said, "With such a wife, why should I grieve? I know that those who become immortal leave house and family, and flee up to heaven. It is my desire to commit every thing into your hands." His wife did not object, and he took his leave accordingly. The wife now, independently of her own support, had to sustain and instruct an adopted son; nor did she fail in these duties.

As Mung-sên grew up he became a prodigy of talent: when but fourteen years old, the villagers called him the divine youth. At fifteen he entered the Han-lin, or imperial college, at Peking. And here, when desirous of extolling the virtues of his mother, whose name he knew not, he called her Ko, the name of his step-mother. The winter now set in, and the weather was extremely cold. He asked one day about his father, and his step-mother gave him at full the history. He at once determined to throw up his office and to seek his father; nor was he deterred from his project till his mother-in-law remarked, "Your father has left above ten years: I think that ere now he has become a god; if so, where will you seek him?" Not long after this his majesty appointed him to superintend the national worship at the southern mountains. While on his journey, he was met in a narrow defile by a party of marauders. A desperate conflict ensued; and while the result was yet doubtful, a Taoist priest appeared in their behalf, armed with a long sword. The robbers were now put to flight; and Mung-sên, as a recompense to his heroic deliverer, offered him a present of gold. This was proudly declined; but the priest, presenting a letter, said, "I have a friend who lives in the same village with you: I will trouble you to make civil enquiries for me." Mung-sên asked the person's name. "Wang-lin," was the answer. "I do not remember such a name," said Mung-sên. "Probably not," said the priest; "they are a poor family, with whom you, sir, are hardly likely to be acquainted." Then sliding a ring from his arm: "This," said he, "is worn by those who inhabit the retired apartments; as I am a priest, it is of no use to me; I beg you will accept it for your trouble." When Mung-sên examined the ring, he found it of exquisite workmanship, and studded with gems of great value. Mung-sên put it into his bosom as a present for his wife. She valued it highly, and ordered a skilful goldsmith to make another like it; but, after many trials, he abandoned the task, declaring the workmanship was inimitable. When Mung-sên returned home, he enquired if there was a family named Wang-lin in that neighbourhood. Finding none, he opened the letter and read as follows: "To Wang-lin—

fresh vigour, he laid aside his carriage, and when he walked abroad, it was with such rapidity that his servants could scarcely keep pace with him. The following year Hwing-lü (the God of Fire) visited the city, and the devouring element raged for an entire day and night. Unable to sleep, the family of Mung-sên assembled in the hall, from whence they could command a view of the devastating flames. They were fast approaching the neighbourhood; all were in a dreadful state of consternation, and none knew what plan to adopt, when on a sudden the golden ring which Ko wore on her wrist flew off with a loud noise. Its flight was traced to the distance of half a mile, where it was seen revolving in the air, immediately over her father's house, in the form of a half-moon. After a time it became stationary, and the open part of the circle* towards the south-east, and could be distinctly seen. All were struck with wonder at so extraordinary a phenomenon. The fire now raged in a westerly direction, burnt a small dwelling-house under the opening of the ring, and then stopped. From the violence of the fire, Ko imagined that the ring would be damaged, or that she should never obtain it again. Suddenly a bright cloud approached and hung over them; the ring dropped at her feet. Upwards of ten thousand houses were burned; yet, wonderful to relate, that of Woo-tsing-yen was not even damaged, save the little building, which, being immediately under the opening of the ring, could not be preserved by it. Ko retained her beauty, and the strength and health of youth;—none who saw her, after she had partaken of the elixir of life, would have supposed her beyond the age of twenty, though in truth fifty times had the sun brought about the anniversary of her birth.

The author of the preceding story, though anonymous, was undoubtedly a follower, probably a priest, of the sect of Séao-w-tsze, a philosopher of great note in his day, who lived about five hundred years before the Christian era. His doctrines were those of pure morality; but his followers, during the Han dynasty, became noted for their zealous pursuit of alchemy, and their supposed skill in the occult sciences generally. Most of the remarkable adepts in China were of this sect. Frequently among them arose some one who boasted that he had discovered the philosopher's stone; others who were in possession of the uni-

which happened soon after, removed innumerable obstacles to the spread of Buddhism, or the sect of Fuh, as it is called in China. This, with its gorgeous temples and splendid processions, soon came into favour both with the people and at court. The common people, even though themselves of the sect of Fuh, read and fully believe this, and many other tales equally absurd, though, like the above, written to diffuse the doctrines of a sect long since exploded.

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From the London Metropolitan.

LAYS OF THE HEBREWS.—No. 1.

The light that gleams on Jordan's wave
Falls idly on the passing river,
Gilding no banners of the brave,
No panoply of spear and quiver.
For there—when battle's host rushed on,
When Israel's maiden fields were won,
Is but the passing courser trace
Of Ishmael's fiery desert race.

On Jordan's banks no thrilling cry
Arouseth echo, all is languor,
No pilgrim multitudes pass by,
With cymbal clash and trumpet clangour,
As when the shrine of Judah's God
Was borne across the sacred flood,
And Jordan paused, and reeled, or fled
Before the symbol'd Presence dread.

By Jordan's stream the harp is still,
The timbrel's haughty sound hath perished,
The breeze comes quivering from the hill,
Without one tone that love hath cherished.
Nor rings the tinkling castanet,
Which virgins chimed when fond hearts met
To tread the measured dance, and dream
That life was fair as Jordan's stream.

The light that gleams on Jordan's wave,
Falls beautiful and free as ever;
But where are they, the fair, the brave,
Whose voice pealed on the passing river?
Ask Time, the Gatherer! this, ay more—
Why Israel dwells not as before,
Why she hath now a robe of scorn,
And Judah now a wreath of thorn?

Critical Notices.

Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey. By the author of the "Sketch-Book."

During the past month this volume has been so copiously extracted from, and its circulation has been so great, that our notice comes too late to serve it as we desired to do; all that is left for us is to bestow unqualified praise on every page of one of the most delightful books it has ever been our good fortune to meet. There is a halo over both places, and a sadness too, particularly with all relating to Lord Byron: although the latter days of Scott were overcast by pecuniary misfortunes, there was something so noble, so benevolent, so exalted in his career, that he is remembered with the triumphant expression of "See what genius can achieve!" The records of Byron and his ancient house are gloomy and magnificent, and the kindly and gentle pen of Washington Irving becomes paralysed, in a degree, when

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writing the records of Newstead. But at Abbotsford it flows gaily and cheerfully on, and indeed we know of no two men in the world who could have better assimilated together than Scott and Irving. We do not enter into any comparison of their genius; it would be unseemly; we speak merely of their habits and feelings. Irving understood Scott perfectly, and appreciated him as well. He is one whose bosom overflows with kindly feelings, and whose senses answer the desire of his heart—a heart which teaches him to enjoy and sympathise with whatever is excellent upon earth! We shall look for the next volume which is to appear with increased pleasure. When a writer is an accurate observer of human nature, and possesses also a benevolent mind, he cannot fail to improve and interest his readers. How much, then, do we not already owe to the author of the "Sketch-Book!"

New Monthly Magazine.

Sketches and Recollections. By the Author of "Paul Pry." 2 vols.

It is not our intention to review this work: it is indeed, unnecessary so to do, inasmuch as our readers are already familiar with its contents,—the several papers having from time to time appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine." Still it would be unjust to Mr. Poole to omit all notice of his productions—collected, as they now are into two very pleasant-looking and most inviting volumes. They are full of wit and humour—the quiet humour that tells upon all classes, because, though never ill-natured, never personal, and never coarse, its grand outline is human nature, and it illustrates the characters and peculiarities that are to be met with in every-day life. *Id.*

Holman's Voyages and Travels. Vol. 3.

The third volume of this truly interesting work, commencing with the author's arrival at the island of Johanna, contains his subsequent visits to the Seychelle Islands, the Mauritius, Ceylon, Pondicherry, Madras, and Calcutta. Upon its general contents, we have only the same remarks to offer which were contained in our notice of the first and second volumes. There is the same fidelity of description—the same industry in rendering available every means of information—the same singular exhibition of unshaken enterprise—and the same successful opposition to difficulty, which render Mr. Holman's writings so fertile in interest, and we may add, in valuable instruction to the public. The present division of his labours abounds with incidents, which display his courage and hardihood in a striking light. For example, we find him one at time pursuing his way with none but native attendants among the elephant paths of Ceylon, and shortly afterwards hazarding life and limb among the precipices of Adam's Peak, or encountering wild beasts in the midst of a band of venturous hunters—or ascending to the main-top-gallant-mast-head of a vessel ploughing her way through the waves, under the influence of a stiff tropical breeze. Nor is he less remarkable for the tact with which he seems to have turned every power to account, in searching for knowledge through the instrumentality of those about him. His statistical tables are remarkably comprehensive and ample, and appear to wear the stamp of great correctness, while he has even contrived, by the assistance of a friend, to furnish several beautiful views of the scenery through which he passed, and which, although unconscious of its attractions himself, he has thus been successful in preserving for the pleasure of others. His remarks upon men and manners will also be found to be far from uninteresting. A quiet, good-humoured, and impartial listener to the conversation of the various classes of men among whom he has been thrown, he has delineated them with a skill as striking as that by which he has been enabled to impress the

minds of his readers with vivid pictures of local and physical peculiarities. Few we think can rise from the perusal of his works without feeling convinced that there is no need of the remarkable circumstances under which they have been written to recommend them to the public favour.—*lb.*

The Faust of Goethe; attempted into English Rhyme.
By the Hon. R. Talbot.

We perfectly agree with the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the translation now upon our table, in thinking, that notwithstanding the translations of Faust already submitted to the public, "ample field is still left for further competition." We also consider with him that "the world in all probability will have to wait long before it sees a clear and undistorted image of this extraordinary poem." Since the first translation by Lord F. Egerton, several have come under our notice, and in none have we seen the real meaning of the poet so well embodied in our language as it is in some parts of the volume now before us. We are particularly struck by the fidelity with which the scene between Faust and Wagner is rendered. There is none of the *gêne* generally to be perceived in translations from the German; but a quotation from this scene will speak better for itself than we can.

"FAUST.

"Oh! happy he, who might the hope enjoy,
From out this sea of error to arise!
Man evermore for what he knows not sighs,
Yet what he knows he never can employ!
But o'er the brightness of this scene
Suffer no gloomy thoughts a cloud to throw!
See yonder huts, embowered in tender green,
Tinged by the slanting sunbeams, how they glow!
That sun departs, the day's brief hours gone by,
Yet hies he hence, new regions to revive!
Oh! for a wing, that I might mount the sky,
And after him for ever, ever strive!
Then, an eternal evening would disclose,
Beneath my feet, the silent world below,
Each hill on fire, each vale in soft repose,
As to the golden stream the silver runnels flow!
Then, nothing should impede my godlike flight,
Not the wild Alps, with all its yawning caves!
Now ocean, with its countless waves,
Its sheltered creeks burst on my wond'ring sight—
Downwards, at last, the god appears to sink!

The Pacha of Many Tales. By the author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," &c. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

Shortly after the demise of Voltaire, all the French *savans*, at that time present in Paris, met together in full conclave—for our neighbours delight in effect—to celebrate, by a succession of orations, the universal genius of the departed great man. The first mathematician took the lead. He spoke a great deal of the mathematics, and still more of himself, and he ended his elaborate speech by pronouncing with an air of the most sovereign certainty, that, of the exact sciences, Voltaire was totally ignorant, but, with that exception, he was truly a universal genius. A famous jurist next rose, and dwelt upon the mere pretensions of Voltaire to any thing like a knowledge of civil laws, but, with that exception, pronounced him a *universal genius*. A famous prose writer next followed, and proved that, all that this wonder of France had written which was not verse, was beneath contempt, yet, with this slight exception, he did honour to his *universal genius*. A manufacturer of metre succeeded the prosier, but really could not allow the man, whose memory they had met to commemorate, was, in the strict sense of the word, any thing resembling a poet, but with that slight drawback, he assuredly was a *universal genius*. A physician, a painter, a botanist, a geologist, and several other professionals ending in *ist* followed; but Voltaire did not fare a bit the better in their hands. At length the president, who was neither poet, painter, lawyer, doctor, or any thing at all ending in *ist*, but merely a man of sense, and an admirer of talent, rose with a sly gravity, and told the learned assembly that he was very sorry to have given them all so much trouble, as it was very apparent that they had met to commemorate the greatest blockhead in a country that shows so little toleration to the stupid.

The moral of this may, in the degree, be applied to the author of these tales. Much as we admire him, let us not be misunderstood, that we wish to insinuate that he has proved himself like Voltaire, to be a *universal genius*. All that we contend for is, that he has succeeded in every thing that he has essayed; and, that by the critics of the day, he has been used a little after the manner in which Voltaire was used by his orators. A few naval authors were very invidious against his first naval novels; they could not tolerate a writer so superior in their own line; however, the captain was consoled by the avidity with which his works were purchased. He then, leaving salt, had recourse to fresh water, and wrote "Jacob Faithful." He is now, therefore, all the more

It is true, that we expect but sorry thanks for our trouble when he returns. But we will, for once, brave his anger, in order to do an act of justice, though the hair of all the booksellers' heads (we except those who wear wigs) should stand on end at such a solecism of Magazine manners, as we, speaking in favour of ourselves, reviewing our own works, and macadamising the plural personal pronoun in such a manner, that, in the fractions, the brighter part should stand confessed.

We have not yet spoken of the "Tales of the Pacha." We like them, and the public will like them, for they are the most humorous, the most original, and the most varied of the captain's writings. Yet they belong neither to the salt nor the fresh clement; and they wear the livery of no school, but that very extensive one of human nature. But we must take care what we are about. We may not speak all the good we think of them; and whatever that is faulty, they may possess, the hundred tongued press will, no doubt, take especial care that it shall not remain unbruité. In making these few remarks, we feel that we have spoken too much for our personal interests, though far, very far too little for our feelings of admiration, and some other feeling of a more noble nature, to which we will not advert. Should the person most concerned be irritated at our remarks, we will take a scrupulous care to withhold for the future, our commendation, until he be gathered to his fathers; should the public think ill of it, we pity them for their ill thoughts—and *au pis aller*—should the editor be mightily chagrined, he will take care not to be on a continental tour when the proper time shall come to correct the press for the Magazine for the ensuing month.

But we must advertise our readers, that though absent physically, our editor is with us spiritually—with us in his writings, in the arrangement, and in the selection of the articles offered to public approbation. However, as it must be a long rein that could curb us from Brussels, the above notice proves that we can run riot.—*Metropolitan*.

NEW MUSIC.

The Vocal Souvenir, for 1835. By Mrs. H. Mason.

This production is not, in the present acceptance of the term, an Annual, but simply consists of four songs and one duet, by the same composer, a lady, who as we understand, has studied music only as an accomplishment. These compositions are not merely airs hammered out of the piano-forte, and then handed over to some professional drudge to be reduced to form and rule, and set forth with an accompaniment, but are evidently throughout, the work of one mind. Mrs. H. Mason has studied assiduously and perseveringly, not merely the rudiments, but many of the intricacies of the art. Her accompaniments are wrought up with considerable skill, and evince much power of conception as well as execution. But she fails in the power to originate an interesting melody; her passages are not sufficiently vocal, and, we suspect, were played rather than sung before they were committed to paper. This is a fault common to most pianoforte players when they attempt to write for the voice. It is not enough that certain passages are pleasing and perhaps easy on the instrument: the composer should ask will they sing well? above all, do they convey the meaning of the poetry (if meaning it chance to have) by appropriate sounds? are there no false accents, no emphatic "ofs" and "thes," no lines in which the sense is severed by an impertinent symphony, no needless repetitions of unimportant words? If any such things occur, they should be noted and erased as blemishes which mar the just purpose and end of vocal writing. The fair authoress of these songs is evidently in possession of much native and acquired talent; and in order that she may attain to greater force and skill in

that department of the art in which she now appears before the public, we would recommend to her the study of those writers who trusted more to their singers and allotted less to the accompanist. In too many modern compositions, the latter is the principal and the former but the subordinate person in the performance.

"Though on earth we are parted."
 "Mi giuri che m'ami."
 "I'm saddest when you sing."
 "Friend after friend departs."
 "I never cast a flower away."
 "The stranger knight."

This formidable list of publications, seeming to have issued at the same time from the press, is the production of an amateur. From the many unprofessional compositions which are appearing now-a-days, the question "whether the English are a musical people?" might seem to be decided in the affirmative. But we must have stronger and more palpable evidence than amateur compositions usually afford, and more decided proof of various other kinds, before we can come to this conclusion. That quantum of information which will enable a man either in music or literature to a place among "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," is obtained without much expense of time or thought. Words and notes are easily at command, ideas are not quite so plentiful; and hence reminiscences commonly supply their place. The publications before us, with the exception of the first, are songs written in different styles, and, on the whole, pleasingly and correctly written. There is here and there an error, in composition; but the author's not having ventured deeply into the labyrinths of harmony, has seldom lost his way. The first on the list is a duet, and we are better pleased with it than with his songs. The parts flow agreeably and melodiously, and the composition will not fail to please its hearers. Of the songs, there is none that rises much above its fellows, or deserves more than the general praise we have awarded to the whole.

Notabilia.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.—The increase of members of the Temperance Society, in England and Wales, from 1st Feb. 1834, to 1st Feb. 1835, is upwards of 37,000 the total being 110,525. Last year the members of the Bristol Society amounted to 1500; this year they are 2562; being an increase of 962. The American Temperance Societies now consist of nearly 1,500,000 members.

CHILDREN BURNED.—By a return made from the city and liberty of Westminster, it appears that during the last year no less than about 100 children have been burnt to death, chiefly owing to their parents leaving them alone in a room with a fire in it. Of this number about four fifths were girls, and the remainder boys. This arises from the difference of clothing between boys and girls. When the boys have been burnt to death, it has been chiefly owing to wearing pinafores. In a great many of the cases the accidents have occurred from the children getting on a chair to reach something off the mantel-piece, when their clothes easily ignite.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—The Lords of the Treasury have very properly had printed for gratuitous distribution, "Instructions for the formation of Friendly Societies, with rules and tables applicable thereto," in order to assist in the establishment of these valuable institutions upon sound and legal principles.

TOLLS.—It is now the law that no toll shall be paid for cattle and other beasts going to or from water or pasture,

C— was one day expected at a large dinner party, at Mr. M—d—y's, in Russell square. The worthy baronet's nose, it will be remembered, was, to say the least of it, remarkable. Before the company were assembled, Mr. M— suggested to his lady, that, upon this particular occasion, it would be *safer* that little Alfred should *not* (as at other times) be introduced along with the desert after dinner; for that he, the said Alfred, a fine child of seven years old, having a propensity to make observations upon all personal defects or deformities, from a pimple to a hump, from a crooked finger to a *cork* leg, might possibly say something not altogether agreeable to Sir W—. "Leave that to me," said the lady; "I'll contrive it nicely." Accordingly she proceeded to the nursery, and thus addressed the little gentleman:—"Alfred, my dear, we have a gentleman coming to dinner to-day who has a monstrous ugly nose. Now, if you will promise to be a very good boy, and *not make any observations upon it*, you may come down after dinner, and you shall have an orange. But, remember the nose!" Master Alfred acceded to the terms of the treaty, and, in due time, was ushered into the dining-room. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the young gentleman, finding the reward of his forbearance still in arrear, took advantage of a dead pause in the conversation, and cried out from the further end of the table, "Mamma, is it time *now* for me to have the orange you promised me, if I didn't say any thing about that gentleman's monstrous ugly nose?"

It has this week been decided by a select committee of the house of commons, that the design for rebuilding the houses of parliament should be left open to general competition: that the style of the buildings should be either Gothic or Elizabethan; that commissioners should be appointed to decide on the merits of the several plans offered, and assign the grounds for their preference, if so called on; that 500*l.* should be given to each of the parties whose plan is selected; but that the successful competitor should not be considered as having *necessarily* a claim to be intrusted with the execution of the work, but should, if not so employed, receive an additional reward of 1000*l.* These suggestions appear to us very judicious.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Stratford-upon-Avon Shakspearean Club are so aggrieved by the neglected, and even ruinous condition of the monument of the Bard, and of the chancel of the church where it stands, that they have resolved to appeal to the public, and solicit assistance towards the restoration and preservation of the tomb, and the venerable

excitation has ever been prone to take since the earliest history of mankind, we have read of none more absurd than the account of a recent sect in Germany, who call themselves *Pietists*; and whose piety is principally demonstrated by their tying on artificial wings, climbing trees, and trying to fly to heaven.

A HORRIBLE ATROCITY.—A letter from Cuddalore acquaints us that a female, now under sentence of death, is expected to be executed next week, for a murder of a more atrocious nature than any that has ever come to our knowledge. The husband of the woman in question had given his wife some mutton to curry for his supper, and the woman's paramour chancing to come during the time of the preparation, asked for and obtained the curry, which, being very hungry, he completely devoured: the woman, fearing her husband's anger, and having no means of replacing the mutton, actually killed her own child, carried it, and served it up to her husband, who finding the bones smaller and more tender than those of mutton, taxed her with presenting him with kid; but suddenly, as if suspecting the horrible catastrophe, he enquired for his child, when, dreadful to relate, the mother confessed the murder, and the infernal fact of having made the flesh of her infant into curry for its father. Our readers may feel inclined to doubt the reality of so diabolical a transaction; but we are sorry to say that we have no reason to do so.—*Madras Times.*

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.—If a lottery were drawn daily, Sundays not excepted, in which every man, woman, and child, within the bills of mortality, held a ticket, and this lottery contained 78 prizes, which were every day turned up, there is not one of us who would not think ourselves, after several years of daily expectation, to be what is called downright unlucky, if we should not get a prize. An old man of 70 would have had 25,550 tickets or chances, and during his time no less than 1,992,900 prizes would have been distributed; yet, if no prize had fallen to his lot, he would rave with despair, and think himself the most unlucky of men. But so it is with Death! There are upwards of 78 who daily drop away from this London bustle. It is the gorge with which old Time, from this city, appeases his daily appetite; and yet how little do we think of the 78 who daily die so immediately around us! This is Death's lottery—Death's round game of fright, when touching or drawing the doomed card, puts an end to all our agitation and to all our hopes.

In 1832, we find that 14,280 males and 14,326 females were buried within the bills of mortality; out of this

price—but they may be had from 400*l.* to 6*s.* Velvets and silks, both the finer and cheaper sorts, have been greatly improved, and the increased demand for ribbons has been enormous. The manufactures of hemp and flax do not keep pace with those of silk, but the cottons present a brighter prospect, notwithstanding great losses. The baron lays much stress on the plantations of cotton made in the plains of Mitidja, near Algiers, which, should the French retain that colony, will prove of great importance to the mother country. Entire success has attended the propagation of the cochineal insect as the Cacti of that part of Africa.

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which the other replied, "Yes, our dogs generally bark at beggarmen."

MILTON TRANSLATED BY CHATEAUBRIAND.—The admirers of M. de Chateaubriand will learn with real interest that this illustrious writer has confided to two of our most respectable editors, Messrs. Charles Gosselin and Furne, the publication of a most important literary work, the translation of the *Paradise Lost*, of Milton, preceded by a history of English poetry from its origin to our times. For those who have read the beautiful passages which the author of *Genie du Christianisme* has written on Milton, and the extracts which he has already given from the *Paradise Lost*, it may be permitted to say that the prose of M. de Chateaubriand is perhaps the only language capable of reproducing his magnificent epopee. This publication, in addition to so many elements of success, will join that of associating two such illustrious reputations, separated by so many contrasts and opposite feelings, yet united by so many sympathies. The editors are desirous of making this work complete by a work of art, and have combined the attractions of painting, engraving, and typography, to raise a monument worthy the genius of Milton and our great countryman. The history of English poetry will occupy one volume.

CONVEYANCE OF SOUND.—Among other strangers attracted to London in the hopes of fame and profit, we may mention a M. Sudry, who visits England with the purpose of bringing before the public a very ingenious system of conveying intelligence by means of the seven primitive musical sounds. He has invented a system, in which these are employed to represent the four-and-twenty letters of the alphabet; and, of course, to be combined in words or sentences of any length. We had an opportunity, a few evenings ago, of seeing his invention fully tested, and are satisfied that, in theory at least, it is thoroughly efficient. It is his purpose to apply it to telegraphic communication in all cases where vision is interrupted, and the thing is worthy of the careful examination of all who are conscious in such matters. Is not some plan of the kind hinted at in the Marquis of Worcester's "Century of Inventions?"

Steam omnibuses between Paris and Rouen are being constructed. Each will contain 36 passengers.

The "Second Voyage of Captain Ross, and Residence in the Arctic Regions," has just appeared in Paris, forming a volume with maps of the collection of British authors, price 5 francs: it is published in England at fifty-two shillings and sixpence.

Mrs. Joanna Baillie has in the press three new volumes of Dramas on the Passions, and Miscellaneous Dramas.

The nineteenth part of Views in England and Wales, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R. A. with descriptive and historic illustrations, by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. in 4to. will be published shortly.

The second part of Practical Observations on the Immediate Treatment of the Principal Emergencies that occur in Surgery and Midwifery, systematically arranged. By W. S. Otley, M. D. is nearly ready.

The Life and Times of William III. King of England and Stadtholder of Holland. By the Hon. Arthur Trevor, M. P., M. A., &c., Christ Church, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo.

Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon. By T. H. Lister, Esq., author of "Granby," &c.

Life of Edward the Black Prince. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," "The Gipsy."

Lectures on Diseases of the Chest. By Thomas Davis, M. D.

Baywood; a Poem. With other poems and translations. By Charles A. Elton, author of a translation of Hesiod. With a frontispiece, by Lightfoot, from an original picture, by Lippingson.

Landscape Illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies, with comments for the curious. To be completed in three or four parts.

The Antiquities of Athens, accurately measured and delineated, by Stuart and Revett, are now in a course of republication, in imperial folio.

Sunday, a Poem, in Three Cantos. By the author of the "Mechanic's Saturday Night."

Gauls' Biographical Dictionary of Artists of all Ages and Nations. 2 vols. A new edition.

The Railway Magazine. To be published monthly.

Perils in the Roads; or the Emigrant Family's Return. By the author of "The Children's Fireside," "Wanderings of Tom Starboard," &c.

Our list of Serials amount to eight. The first we take up is the sixth volume of Colburn's Modern Novelists, commencing Brambletye House. The new edition is illustrated by a portrait of the author, and introduced by a preface, narrating the circumstances which induced Mr. Smith to become a novelist, and telling an anecdote equally creditable to Mr. Colburn's liberality and Mr. Smith's self-denial.

The next is Mr. Dunham's third and last volume of the History of the Germanic Empire, in the Cabinet Cyclopædia; which is brought down to the accession of

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Engraved by W. Woodman

THE TOWER OF ST. MARY'S

1785

Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand

Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand

Fig

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Souvenirs, Impressions, Thoughts, and Sketches, during a Voyage in the East; or, Notes of a Traveller. By M. de Lamartine.

The French public have been long anticipating the publication of this beautiful work; but would probably have had to wait still longer, if a pirated edition had not got abroad, and been published in Bruxelles. It appears that M. de Lamartine, with his proverbial carelessness of poets, had kept so negligent an eye on his amanuensis, that several copies were made clandestinely, and sold to a Belgian bookseller. As soon as this was discovered, of course the pirated edition was suppressed. Some straggling copies, however, it was feared, might yet remain in the hands of individuals; and it was therefore found necessary, for the safety of the Paris publisher, who had given M. de Lamartine a large sum for the copyright, to publish it without delay. We must nevertheless say, that the work itself bears no marks of the haste with which it has been ushered into the world, except that the fourth and last volume has not yet appeared. We hope, however, to receive it before we finish this article. And now let us make a short introductory observation or two, and then let M. de Lamartine speak largely for himself. By so doing, we are quite sure we shall best please our readers. To prevent them, however, from

experiencing disappointment, it is necessary to forewarn them, that M. de Lamartine has travelled neither as a historian, geographer, antiquarian, naturalist, or biblical critic, but as a poet. Like its title, his work is wide, diffusive and aimless. His object in exploring the East seems merely to have been a poet's freak to indulge in a luxurious orientalism of feeling, partly poetic, and partly religious; and his delight to have been, not to bring his intelligence to act upon what he saw—to examine, to compare, and to discover—but to resign himself passively up to every impression, and to be acted upon without effort, as an Æolian harp is by the winds. His volumes, therefore, are merely descriptive—descriptive of scenes depicted before, but certainly never with more, if so much, eloquence and feeling. Taken together, they would, if executed with the pencil instead of the pen, form a most choice portfolio of exquisite pictorial views for a drawingroom table. We will commence our specimens of them by presenting our readers with a view of Mount Lebanon, as seen from the road from Baireut to Balbec.

"It is from this point, in my opinion, that the appearance of Mount Lebanon is most splendid. The spectator is at its base, but so far from it, nevertheless, that its shadow is not over him, and his eye can reach to its heights, plunge into the obscurity of its gorges, discern the foam of its torrents, and range freely over its conical elevations, each of which bears a monastery of the Maronites, crowning a grove of pine, cedar, and black cypress trees. The Sannin is the loftiest and most pyramidal mount of the Lebanon; it overtops all the inferior hills, and with its eternal snows forms the majestic background, golden, violet, and rose-coloured, of the horizon of mountains which mix with the firmament, not as a solid body, but like a vapour, a transparent veil, beyond which the sky, on the other side, seems to be distinguish-

able. This is an illusion peculiar to the mountains in Asia, and which I have remarked in no other part of the world. Towards the south, the Lebanon descends gradually to the advanced cape of the former Sidon. Snow is only now seen on some of its loftiest heights, more elevated than the others, and more distant. These heights run on in a chain, like the wall of a ruined city, sometimes rising, and sometimes sinking from the plain to the sea, and are at last lost in the vapours of the west, towards the mountains of Galilee, on the borders of the lake of Genesareth, or the lake of Tyberias. Towards the north one perceives a little corner of the sea, which advances like a sleeping lake into the plain, half hidden by the massive verdure of the hill of San-Dimitri, the most beautiful of all Syria. In this seeming lake, whose junction with the sea is not perceived, several vessels are always at anchor, swaying gracefully about on the waves, whose silvery foam moistens the roots of the laurel, the rose, and the mastick tree. From this harbour a bridge, constructed first by the Romans, and repaired by Fakar-el-Din, throws its lofty arches over the river of Baireut, which traverses the plain, spreading fertility and verdure, and loses itself at a short distance again in the bay. Towards the west, the eye is at first stopped by light hillocks of sand, red, like hot ashes, from whence a pale rose-coloured vapour arises; thence following the line of the horizon, it passes over the desert, and arrives at the deep blue line of the sea, which terminates all, and mixes in the distance with the sky, in the midst of a bright mist, which confounds the idea of any limit. All these hills, all this plain, the slopes of all these mountains, are dotted over with an infinite number of little houses, standing apart from each other, and each having its orchard, gigantic pines, its fig trees; and here and there are more compact groups, and more striking to the eye, of beautiful villages, or clusters of monasteries, rising on their pedestals of rocks, and reflecting the golden rays of the sun of the east, from their shining roofs, far out upon the sea." * * * * "The sky, the mountains, the snow, the blue horizon of the sea, the red funeral horizon of the desert of sand, the serpentine bending of the river, the isolated cypresses, the clumps of palm trees, scattered over the landscape, the picturesque look of the cottages, covered with orange plants, and vines growing over their roofs, the severe aspect of the lofty Maronite monasteries, casting large patches of shade, or large spots of light, on the sides of the Lebanon; the caravans of camels laden with merchandise from Damascus, which pass in silence under the trees; the troops of poor Jews, mounted on asses, leading their children by the hand, the women on horseback, enveloped in white veils, surrounded by a group of children dressed in red stuffs, with golden embroidery, dancing before their horses; a few Arabs hurling the dejirid around us on horses whose manes literally swept the sands; groups of Turks seated in front of a café, smoking their pipes, or muttering their prayers; at a little distance, barren hills of sand stretching far away without end, gilded by the rays of the evening sun, and sending up clouds of inflamed dust, raised by the wind; then the hollow murmur of the sea mixing with the musical sound of the breeze, gently agitating the pine trees, and the song of a thousand strange birds;—all this offers to the eye and to the mind a picture the most sublime, the most soothing, and the most melancholy, that has ever intoxicated my soul!"

After this splendid description of Mount Lebanon, our readers will doubtless be pleased with some account of the most interesting people who inhabit its magnificent sites. These are the Maronites. They take their name from a solitary hermit named Maron, who lived about the year 400, and who is mentioned, M. de Lamartine tells us, by Theodorick and St. Chrysostom. The dis-

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Souvenirs, Impressions, Thoughts, and Sketches, during a Voyage in the East; or, Notes of a Traveller. By M. de Lamartine.

The French public have been long anticipating the publication of this beautiful work; but would probably have had to wait still longer, if a pirated edition had not got abroad, and been published in Bruxelles. It appears that M. de Lamartine, with the proverbial carelessness of poets, had kept so negligent an eye on his amanuensis, that several copies were made clandestinely, and sold to a Belgian bookseller. As soon as this was discovered, of course the pirated edition was suppressed. Some straggling copies, however, it was feared, might yet remain in the hands of individuals; and it was therefore found necessary, for the safety of the Paris publisher, who had given M. de Lamartine a large sum for the copyright, to publish it without delay. We must nevertheless say, that the work itself bears no marks of the haste with which it has been ushered into the world, except that the fourth and last volume has not yet appeared. We hope, however, to receive it before we finish this article. And now let us make a short introductory observation or two, and then let M. de Lamartine speak largely for himself. By so doing, we are quite sure we shall best please our readers. To prevent them, however, from experiencing disappointment, it is necessary to forewarn them, that M. de Lamartine has travelled neither as a historian, geographer, antiquarian, naturalist, or biblical critic, but as a poet. Like its title, his work is wide, diffusive and aimless. His object in exploring the East seems merely to have been a poet's freak to indulge in a luxurious orientalism of feeling, partly poetic, and partly religious; and his delight to have been, not to bring his intelligence to act upon what he saw—to examine, to compare, and to discover—but to resign himself passively up to every impression, and to be acted upon without effort, as an Æolian harp is by the winds. His volumes, therefore, are merely descriptive—descriptive of scenes depicted before, but certainly never with more, if so much, eloquence and feeling. Taken together, they would, if executed with the pencil instead of a pen, form a most choice portfolio of exquisite pictorial views for a drawingroom table. We will commence our specimens of them by presenting our readers with a view of Mount Lebanon, seen from the road from Baireut to Balbec.

It is from this point, in my opinion, that the appearance of Mount Lebanon is most splendid. The spectator stands here, but so far from it, nevertheless, that its base is not over him, and his eye can reach to its summit, plunging into the obscurity of its gorges, discerning its torrents, and range freely over its conical hills, each of which bears a monastery of the Maronites, crowning a grove of pine, cedar, and black trees. The Sannin is the loftiest and most pyramidal of the Lebanon; it overtops all the inferior mountains; with its eternal snows forms the majestic background, and with its golden, violet, and rose-coloured, of the horizon, golden, violet, and rose-coloured, of the horizon, which mix with the firmament, not as a vapour, but like a vapour, a transparent veil, beyond which, on the other side, seems to be distinguish-

the sky, on the other side, seems to be distinguish-

able. This is an illusion peculiar to the mountains in Asia, and which I have remarked in no other part of the world. Towards the south, the Lebanon descends gradually to the advanced cape of the former Sidon. Snow is only now seen on some of its loftiest heights, more elevated than the others, and more distant. These heights run on in a chain, like the wall of a ruined city, sometimes rising, and sometimes sinking from the plain to the sea, and are at last lost in the vapours of the west, towards the mountains of Galilee, on the borders of the lake of Genesareth, or the lake of Tyberias. Towards the north one perceives a little corner of the sea, which advances like a sleeping lake into the plain, half hidden by the massive verdure of the hill of San-Dimitri, the most beautiful of all Syria. In this seeming lake, whose junction with the sea is not perceived, several vessels are always at anchor, swaying gracefully about on the waves, whose silvery foam moistens the roots of the laurel, the rose, and the mastick tree. From this harbour a bridge, constructed first by the Romans, and repaired by Fakar-el-Din, throws its lofty arches over the river of Baireut, which traverses the plain, spreading fertility and verdure, and loses itself at a short distance again in the bay. Towards the west, the eye is at first stopped by light hillocks of sand, red, like hot ashes, from whence a pale rose-coloured vapour arises; thence following the line of the horizon, it passes over the desert, and arrives at the deep blue line of the sea, which terminates all, and mixes in the distance with the sky, in the midst of a bright mist, which confounds the idea of any limit. All these hills, all this plain, the slopes of all these mountains, are dotted over with an infinite number of little houses, standing apart from each other, and each having its orchard, gigantic pines, its fig trees; and here and there are more compact groups, and more striking to the eye, of beautiful villages, or clusters of monasteries, rising on their pedestals of rocks, and reflecting the golden rays of the sun of the east, from their shining roofs, far out upon the sea." * * * * * "The sky, the mountains, the snow, the blue horizon of the sea, the red funeral horizon of the desert of sand, the serpentine bending of the river, the isolated cypresses, the clumps of palm trees, scattered over the landscape, the picturesque look of the cottages, covered with orange plants, and vines growing over their roofs, the severe aspect of the lofty Maronite monasteries, casting large patches of shade, or large spots of light, on the sides of the Lebanon; the caravans of camels laden with merchandise from Damascus, which pass in silence under the trees; the troops of poor Jews, mounted on asses, leading their children by the hand, the women on horseback, enveloped in white veils, surrounded by a group of children dressed in red stuffs, with golden embroidery, dancing before their horses; a few Arabs hurling the dejrid around us on horses whose manes literally swept the sands; groups of Turks seated in front of a café, smoking their pipes, or muttering their prayers; at a little distance, barren hills of sand stretching far away without end, gilded by the rays of the evening sun, and sending up clouds of inflamed dust, raised by the wind; then the hollow murmur of the sea mixing with the musical sound of the breeze, gently agitating the pine trees, and the song of a thousand strange birds;—all this offers to the eye and to the mind a picture the most sublime, the most soothing, and the most melancholy, that has ever intoxicated my soul!"

After this splendid description of Mount Lebanon, our readers will doubtless be pleased with some account of the most interesting people who inhabit its magnificent sites. These are the Maronites. They take their name from a solitary hermit named Maron, who lived about the year 400, and who is mentioned, M. de Lamartine tells us, by Theodorick and St. Chrysostom. The dis-

ciples of this anchorite built several monasteries in Syria, and, up to the present day, have continued to form a people. Though the subjects of the Emir Beschir, their internal government is a pure theocracy; and, what is remarkable, though professing the Catholic worship, their priests, excepting the monks, are permitted to marry; and to this M. de Lamartine attributes the happiest effects.

"The Maronites," continues our traveller, "occupy the most central valleys and the loftiest chains of the principal group of Mount Lebanon. The heights which they inhabit are nearly inaccessible. The naked rock pierces in every direction the sides of the mountain; but the indefatigable activity of this people has rendered even the rock fertile. They have raised from stage to stage, even to the highest site, to the eternal snows, terraces formed of blocks of rock. To these terraces they have transported the little earth which the torrents sweep down the ravine; and breaking the very stones into dust, to mix with this little earth, have made of all Lebanon a garden, covered with corn-fields, and planted with the fig, the olive, and the mulberry tree. The traveller can hardly recover from his astonishment, when, after having for entire days climbed from peak to peak over sterile rocks, he finds himself suddenly in a beautiful village, built of white stone, inhabited by a rich and numerous population, with a Moorish chateau in the midst, a monastery in the distance, a stream running at the base of the village, and all around him a horizon of vegetation and of verdure—the pine, the chestnut, and the mulberry tree casting their friendly shades over vineyards, or fields of wheat and Indian corn. These villages are suspended, sometimes one above another, nearly perpendicularly. One may throw a stone from one village into another, or speak so as to be heard and understood. Nevertheless, the path of communication is so winding from its declivities, that it requires an hour, or perhaps two, to pass from one hamlet to another." * * * * "There are about two hundred Maronite monasteries of different orders on the surface of Lebanon. These monasteries are peopled by from twenty to twenty-five thousand monks. But these monks are neither rich, nor beggars, nor oppressors, nor extortioners. They are assemblages of simple and laborious men. Their life is the life of a laborious peasant. They tend cattle or silk worms; they split the rock; they build with their own hands the ter-

whether I deceive myself; but it appears to me that great destinies are reserved for this Maronite nation. Its similitude of religion with Europe, and its commercial relations, acquire for it every year more and more of western civilization. Whilst all is perishing about it, either through impotence or age, it seems to gather new youth and strength. In proportion as Syria becomes depopulated, this people may descend from their mountains; found cities of commerce on the coasts of the sea; cultivate the fertile plains, which are at present a waste, and establish a new domination in those countries where the old ones are expiring. If, at the present day, any superior man should arise among them, knowing how to appreciate the capabilities of his country, and should form an alliance with one of the powers of Europe, he might easily renew the wonders of Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, and leave after him the germ of an Arabian empire."

We must now give our readers a *coup d'œil* description of Balbec.

"I had traversed," says M. de Lamartine, "the summits of the Lebanon, covered with eternal snows—I had descended its sides, crowned with a diadem of cedars—and reached the naked and sterile desert of Heliopolis—when suddenly, in the distant horizon before us, and on the last slopes of the black mountains of the Ante-Lebanon, an immense group of yellow ruins, gilded by the setting sun, detached itself from the shadow of the hills, sparkling with all the rays of the evening! Our guides pointed at it with the finger, and cried out, *Balbec! Balbec!* It was, in truth, the wonder of the desert, the fabulous Balbec, coming in radiance out of its unknown sepulchre, to tell of ages lost to the memory of history. We pushed our fatigued horses forward at a quickened pace. Our eyes continued fixed on the gigantic walls, and on the shining and colossal columns, which seemed to expand and dilate as we approached them. A profound silence was preserved by the whole caravan; each individual seemed to fear that the sound of a voice would destroy the impression of the spectacle before him. The Arabs themselves kept silent. At last we reached the first trunks of columns, the first blocks of marble, which earthquakes have shaken as far as a league from the monuments themselves, like dried leaves tossed and whirled by a hurricane far from the tree that bore them. The large deep quarries, which split into profound valleys the black sides of the Ante-Lebanon, already opened

the earth; and all this confused, hurled together, sundered, and disseminated on all sides, as if the wrecks of a great empire had been vomited forth by a volcano. Hardly could we discover a path amid these sweepings of the arts with which the earth was covered. The hoofs of our horses slipped against and broke at every step the polished cornices of the columns, or trod upon the bosom of snow of some female statue. The water of the river of Balbec alone was distinct among these beds of fragments, and washed with its murmuring spray the broken marbles which impeded its course."

M. de Lamartine has hitherto taken but a general view of the ruins. On the day following his arrival, he examines them more closely. Of the walls which surround them he remarks, that some of the stones are from twenty to thirty feet long, and seven or eight thick. Of all his details, which are so mixed with general description that it is difficult to detach them, we can only give the following:

"We had now before us, about forty paces distant, the most complete and magnificent monument of Balbec, I may venture to say of the whole world. If one or two columns of the peristyle, fallen on the platform, were replaced, so as to support again the undamaged walls of the temple—if one or two pieces of sculptured marble were again inserted in the interior door, from whence they have fallen—and the altar was reconstructed from its wrecks which strewed the floor—the temple would be as entire, and as magnificent, as the day in which it was finished by the hands of the architect. This temple is inferior in its proportions to that of which the six colossal pillars already mentioned formed a part. It is surrounded by a portico, upheld by columns of the Corinthian order. Each of these columns has five feet in diameter, and forty-five feet in its shaft. They are composed each of three blocks, placed one upon another. They stand nine feet apart, and at the same distance from the interior wall of the temple. On the capitals of the columns is a rich architrave and a cornice admirably sculptured. The roof of this peristyle is formed of large blocks of concave stone, cut with the chisel, each of which represents the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero. We recognised a Ganymede carried off by the eagle of Jupiter. Some of these blocks have fallen to the ground; we measured them; they are sixteen feet long, and about five thick. Such were the tiles of these monuments. The interior gate of the temple, formed of blocks equally enormous, is twenty-two feet wide. We could not measure its height, because other blocks have fallen in at this place, and half choke it up. The appearance of the sculptured stones of which this gate is composed, and its disproportion with the rest of the edifice, make one presume that originally it was the gate of the great temple, removed to this one when the other had become a ruin; the mysterious sculptures which decorate it belong not, in my opinion, to the Antonine epoch, for their workmanship is not pure enough for that age. The interior of the monument is adorned with pillars and niches of the richest sculpture. There are some of these niches perfectly untouched, and seem fresh from the workshop of the sculptor. Not far from the entrance of the temple we found immense openings, and subterranean stairs which conducted us to inferior constructions, to which we could not assign any use. All is equally dark and magnificent; here were, perhaps, the residences of pontiffs, the colleges of priests, the halls of initiation; probably, too, royal abodes. Issuing from the peristyle, we found ourselves on the brink of a precipice; we could measure the Cyclopean stones which form the pedestal of this group of monuments. This pedestal is about thirty feet above the soil of the plain of Balbec. It is

constructed of stones, whose dimensions are so prodigious that, if it was not attested by travellers worthy of credit, the imagination of men of the present day would be confounded by such improbability. The Arabs themselves, daily spectators of this wonder, attribute it not to man, but to genii, or supernatural powers. When one considers that these blocks of cut granite are some of them fifty-six feet long, and fifteen or sixteen broad, with a thickness unknown, and that these enormous masses have been raised, one upon another, twenty or thirty feet above the surface of the soil; that they have been brought from distant quarries, and raised to such an height to form the pavement of temples, one shrinks back from so extraordinary a proof of human force, for science in our day has nothing which explains it. But these wonders are evidently not of the date of the temple; they were a mystery to the ancients as to us; they belong to an unknown, perhaps an ante-diluvian, epoch, and have probably been the base of many temples, consecrated to different forms of worship. I think it probable that these gigantic stones have been moved by the first race of men, whom all primitive histories call giants. It is said that not far from this spot, in a valley of Ante-Lebanon, there have been discovered human bones of an immense size; and the consul-general of England, Mr. Farren, a man of great learning and information, intends shortly to visit these mysterious sepulchres."

There are several very beautiful pieces of poetry scattered through M. de Lamartine's volumes. We can only afford, however, to give the following opening verses of his invocation to the ruins of Balbec. We are aware that our translation does very poor justice to the original, but it has the merit of being faithful, and almost literally so, to its sense.

"Mysterious deserts, whose vast mounds aye hold
The bones of cities that have ceased to be,
Huge blocks by deluges of ruin rolled;
Immense bed of a mighty dried up sea;
Temples, which, for your marble floors, explored
And rooted hills, like trees, up from their base;
Gulfs, where their floods full volumed rivers poured;
Columns, 'mong which mine eye no path can trace;
Pillar, and arches, and avenues profound,
Where, as among the clouds, the moon strays lost;
Capitals, which the wildered sight confound;
Oh mighty records, from the far west coast
A pilgrim comes to spell thy tablets hoar,
And sound thy destinies—and pause—and o'er thy wrecks
to pore."

The whole of M. de Lamartine's work is, as we have said above, nothing but a succession of landscape pictures. The facts he has collected, and the observations he makes, form a very ordinary and unimportant part of his volume, and his descriptions are so diffuse and straggling, that we can only take bits of them here and there, as indeed he gives them himself. The following little unfinished sketch must suffice for Jerusalem.

"The general aspect of the environs of Jerusalem may be painted in a few words; mountains without shadow, earth without verdure, valleys without water, rocks without grandeur, a few blocks of grey stone piercing the cracked sand ground; here and there a fig tree, and now and then a gazelle or a jackal gliding furtively among the broken rocks; a few vine plants crawling over the reddish grey cinder-looking soil; at wide distances apart, little clumps of pale olive trees, casting a small spot of shade on the steep sides of a hill; the grey walls and towers of the city appearing afar off on the summit of

Sion—this is the description of the earth. The sky is high, pure, clear, deep, and never does the smallest cloud float over it, or catch the purple colours of the evening or the morning. Towards Arabia, a large gulf, dividing the black hills, leads the eye to the glittering waves of the Red sea, or to the violet horizon of the peaks of the mountains of Moab. Not a breath of wind murmurs among the dry branches of the olive trees; no bird sings or cricket chirps in the herbless expanse; a silence, eternal and complete, reigns in the city, on the roads, and over the country. Such appeared Jerusalem during the whole time we passed under its walls. No sound was to be heard but the neighing of my horses, impatient under the ardour of the sun, or the melancholy chaunt of the muezzin, crying the hour from the top of the minarets, or the monotonous lamentations of Turk mourners, accompanying, in long files, the dead of the pest, to the different cemeteries which environ its walls. Jerusalem, where the traveller goes to visit a sepulchre, is indeed itself the tomb of a people; but a tomb without cypresses, without inscriptions, without monuments; whose monumental stone is broken, and whose ashes seem to cover the earth which surrounds it with mourning, silence, and sterility. We were seated one day opposite one of the principal gates of the city. No sound arose from its places or its streets; among the paths which wind, as it were, at hazard among the rocks, were to be seen only a few Arabs, half naked, mounted on their asses; a few camel-drivers from Damascus; or some straggling women from Bethlehem or Jericho, carrying on their heads baskets of the grapes of Engeddi, or cages of doves, to be sold without the gates of the city, for the plague raged within. We went round the walls, and passed before all the gates. No one entered, no one came out—even the beggar was not at his accustomed post. No sentinel was to be seen at the barriers. We saw nothing—we heard nothing; the same void, the same silence reigned at the entrance of a city containing 30,000 souls, during twelve hours of the day, as there would if we had passed before the gates of Pompeii or Herculaneum. We saw only four funeral convoys issue in silence from the gate of Damascus, and a poor christian carried out of the gate of Sion, by four grave-diggers, to the Greek burying-ground."

We must now take a little peep into the interior of the city, passing over the description of the sepulchre, which has been given so often, and is besides too long for our purpose. We must pass

working population, are cleanliness, luxury, and elegance, compared with the deserted streets of the Queen of Cities. The only signs of life we saw were some Bedouin horsemen, mounted on Arab mares, whose feet slipped or sunk every moment in the holes of which the pavement is full."

We must now give a description of Constantinople, passing over many other beautiful, perhaps more beautiful, passages, which are too diffuse for our purpose. M. de Lamartine is now fast approaching the city.

"At five o'clock I was on the deck. The captain put a boat out to sea. I got into it, and we made sail towards the mouth of the Bosphorus, along the walls of Constantinople washed by the sea. After half an hour's sailing amid a multitude of vessels at anchor, we reached the walls of the seraglio, which are a continuation of those of the city, and form the extremity of the hill on which Stamboul stands; and it is here that God and man, nature and art, have placed or created in concert the point of view, the most marvellous in beauty which the human eye can contemplate on the earth. I uttered an involuntary exclamation; forgot for ever the bay of Naples and all its enchantments. To compare any thing to this magnificent spectacle, is to insult its supremacy.

"The walls which support the circular terraces of the immense gardens of the seraglio, were, a few paces to our left, separated from the sea by a narrow pavement which the waves wash unceasingly, and where the perpetual stream of the Bosphorus forms little murmuring billows, as blue as the waters of the Rhone at Geneva. These terraces rise gradually, one above another, to the palace of the Sultan. They are planted with gigantic cypress and plantain trees, through which the gilded domes of the palace may be seen. The trunks of these trees overtop the walls of the terraces; their branches spread over the gardens, and hang over the sea a canopy of thick foliage, under which wearied boatmen stop their caïques to get refreshment from the shade. Among these groups of trees, at little intervals, are perceived palaces, pavilions, kiosques, batteries of brass and bronze cannon of strange and antique shapes, and sculptured and gilded gates opening on the sea; the grated windows of these maritime palaces, which form part of the seraglio, look upon the waters; and across their green blinds may be seen the smoking chimneys of the city."

form its banks on either side, and along which the eye can see, as far as it can reach, an interminable succession of villages, of vessels at anchor or with spread sails, of little ports embowered in trees, of scattered houses, and of vast palaces, with their gardens of roses stretching into the sea.

"A few strokes of the oar carried us to the Golden Horn, where one has at the same time a view of the Bosphorus, of the sea of Marmora, and of the entire port, or rather sea, of Constantinople. There, however, we forget the sea of Marmora, the coast of Asia, and the Bosphorus, to contemplate the basin of the Golden Horn itself, and the seven cities suspended on the seven hills of Constantinople, all converging towards the arm of the sea, which bears the unique, the incomparable city—at the same time, city, country, sea, port, the bed of rivers, gardens, wooded mountains, profound valleys of an ocean of houses, a hive of ships and streets, of tranquil lakes and enchanting solitudes.

"We made sail towards the hills of Galata and Pera. The port enlarged more and more before us. This port is hardly described by that name. It is rather a broad river like the Thames, enclosed between two city-crowned hills, and covered with an endless fleet of ships riding at anchor before the houses. We traversed this innumerable multitude of vessels, some at anchor, some with sails spread, and bound for the Bosphorus, the Black sea, or the sea of Marmora. Here we saw vessels of all builds, of all sizes, and all ensigns, from the Arab bark, with its prow shaped like the prow of the ancient galleys, to the three-decked man-of-war with its cannon walls. Numbers of Turkish caiques, little boats which serve as street carriages in this amphibious city, circulated among these great masses, crossing, running foul of, and elbowing each other, like a crowd in public places, and clouds of albatrosses, like white pigeons, rose from the sea at their approach, and flew to a more distant point, to alight again upon the undulating wave. I will not attempt to count the vessels, ships, brigs, and barques, which slept or moved upon the waters of the port of Constantinople, from the mouths of the Bosphorus and the point of the Seraglio, to the faubourg of Egoub, and the delicious valleys of sweet waters. The Thames at London offers nothing comparable. Suffice it to say, that independent of the Turkish fleet and European ships of war, at anchor in the middle of the canal, the two coasts of the Golden Horn are covered with vessels, three deep, for the distance of a league on each side."

We must add, though we go back for it, a description of one of the most delightful walks, we believe, that ever was taken. Mons. de Lamartine was accompanied, in this excursion, by his little daughter Julia, whom he had the misery to lose during his stay in the East. We should not do justice, if we did not mention here, that Madame de Lamartine, an Englishwoman, has contributed to the work before us, some of its most interesting pages—not so picturesque, perhaps, as those of her husband, but strongly marked by that good sense and self-possessing delight which characterise natives of England, even in their highest raptures. The following is the passage we now allude to; we have abridged it, but hope still that its beauty will excuse its length:—

"We now entered on a higher valley, opening from the east to the west, and imbedded in the folds of the last chain of hills which advances towards the vale where the river North-Baireut sweeps along. No words can describe the abounding vegetation which carpets the bed and banks of this valley. Although its two sides are

composed of rock, they are so covered with plants of all sorts, so glittering with dew, so clothed with heath, fern, odorous herbs, ivy, wild-flowers, and shrubs, taking root in imperceptible clefts, that it is impossible to believe that it is from the live rock that arises such a prodigious display of vegetation; the whole is a broad carpet, two feet thick—a velvet ground of serried vegetation, tinted with all hues and colours, sown with bouquets of unknown flowers of a thousand forms, of a thousand odours; sometimes motionless, like flowers embroidered on stuff which we spread over our drawing-rooms, and sometimes moved by the sea breeze, a stream of verdure, perfumed waves, rustling and undulating like a murmuring brook. A multitude of insects with coloured wings, and innumerable birds, are perched upon the neighbouring trees; the air is filled with their voices responding to each other, with the humming of wasps and bees, and with the hollow murmur of the earth in the spring season, which some take to be the sound of vegetation, in its multitudinous forms, processing on her surface. We breakfasted here on a large stone at the entrance of a cavern. Two gazelles fled from it as we approached. We were careful not to trouble the asylum of these charming animals, which are to these deserts what the lamb is to our meadows. * * * * Advancing still farther, we came suddenly upon the sea, which the valley had hitherto hidden. A Roman bridge nearly in ruins, which traverses the North-Baireut, also became apparent. A long caravan from Damascus, going to Aleppo, crossed it at this moment. The traveling merchants were seen, one by one, some on camels, some on horses, to issue from the thickets which hide the end of the bridge, slowly ascend to the top of the arches, stand out for a moment with the animals on which they were mounted, and their strange and bright coloured costume against the blue ground of the sea, then re-descend from the ruins and disappear with their long file of asses and camels, amidst the plantations of laurels and plantains which overshadow the other bank of the river. * * * Seventeen ships were at anchor in the gulf; some with naked masts, and others drying their sails in the sun, looked like great white birds seated on the waters. A few fishing-boats passed at full sail. The valley under our feet, its slopes towards the plain, the river flowing under its pyramidal arches; the sea, with its bays and creeks among the rocks; the immense peak of the Lebanon, with all its accidents of structure, its snow-topped pinnacles stretching like silvery cones into the depths of the firmament, where the eye sought them like stars; the buzz of insects about us, the song of a thousand birds among the trees, the bellow of the buffaloes, the nearly human plaint of the camel of the caravans, the illimitable horizon of the Mediterranean, the deep, serene, and intense brightness of the sky, the perfumed mildness of the air, in which all seemed to be reflected as an image in the transparent water of a Swiss lake,—all these sights, all these sounds, all these shades, all this light, all these impressions, formed a spectacle the most sublime, and a landscape the most exquisite, that my eyes have ever beheld."

Mons. de Lamartine and his daughter meet, in this walk, with a numerous troop of Arabs, who carry them off and feast them in the woods. We are sorry we cannot make room for the recital of this picturesque adventure, but really we have already transgressed our limits.

A poor actor, at Norwich, personating Granger in the farce of "Who's the Dupe?" on his benefit night, which turned out a very wet evening, and occasioned a bad house, in reply to Gradus's Greek quotation, where old Doily sits as umpire, began thus:—"O raino nighto! spoilo beneficio quito."

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

CHAPTER I.—THE RECTOR.

"Tell me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?"

Coleridge.

The exceeding beauty of many of our old country parsonage-houses, with their tall chimnies, cool porches, various-sized windows, pointed gables, slanting roofs, and irregular structure, joined to their solemn repose and their extreme neatness, give them an air almost devotional, and they are in admirable keeping with the life and character of a christian pastor. It is these houses, together with the neighbouring primitive and antiquated churches, that give one great charm to the rural districts of our favoured country. Many soothing and delightful trains of feeling are always excited by them, and their pure repose comes closely home to those religious sensibilities which are implanted in all our hearts.

In one of these mansions, James Edwards had taken up his abode, when about fifty years of age. Upwards of twenty years he had lived as a Fellow in one of our most noted colleges; and when he had been presented with the living, he had at once exchanged his locality and his state of celibacy,—and a love-engagement, of a standing as old as his Fellowship, had been at last fulfilled.

Mr. Edwards entered on his new vocations as a parish priest, and as a married man, with a full and sincere determination to fulfil their various duties; but he was in some respects unfitted for their due performance. Naturally good-humoured and convivial, and having obtained his Fellowship almost as soon as his degree, he had never had an opportunity of acquiring practical knowledge of the ordinary affairs of the every-day world. Of the value of money he knew nothing, and was consequently ignorant of that economy, without which income is valueless, as a provision beyond the supply of our immediate wants.

The good, easy man, had therefore husbanded no part of his resources, so that when he came

and then, indeed, Mrs. Edwards, who was several years younger than her husband, would remind him of the uncertainty of life, and of the circumstance, that should any thing happen to him, herself and his infant family would be plunged at once into poverty.

His long-continued habits rendered him unable to profit, or even feel these admonitions. Not that he was selfish, or unwilling to deprive himself of certain comforts and indulgences which he now enjoyed, but that an habitual indifference, joined to a deep though erring sense of the goodness of his Divine Master, made him incapable of understanding his proper position. Hence, in reply to his wife, he would urge that the Great Being, to whose service his life was devoted, would never desert the upright man, nor leave the children of his servant to perish for want. "Besides," he went on to say, "we are, my dear, stewards, placed by a bountiful God to administer our wealth to the poor. We are sent as beacons by which all classes of society may shape their course. Sociability, a free participation of our enjoyments, and unbounded charity, I consider as essential parts of our duties. It will be vain to preach doctrines of love to our neighbour, and of peace and good-will to all mankind, if our example does not coincide with our precepts."

These were the opinions of this worthy man as to the duties of a gospel minister; and they were not suffered to slumber idly in his own breast. To the poor amongst his flock, he was a liberal patron; to the fatherless and to the orphan, he was a father; to the sick he was a physician; to the afflicted a comforter; whilst to the rich he was a confidential friend and adviser; and to the dying, of all classes, he was a guide and monitor to the narrow path which leads over that bourn "from whence no traveller returns."

Well educated, of gentlemanly manners, and of cheerful and amiable disposition, Mr. Edwards was a welcome and honoured guest in a wide circle of wealthy and aristocratic families; and this led to a style of living certainly incompatible with his condition, considered only in a pecuniary

in the hope and expectation that he would become a worthy successor to his father in the rectory.

Few incidents diversify the life of individuals thus moving in a limited and well-defined circle. The day came, and it found them happy and contented; and the night was passed in the unbroken and dreamless sleep of innocence. Mr. Edwards began to show evident signs that age was stealing over him. It had blanched his hair, and furrowed his cheeks, and made his eye and his ear somewhat dimmer than had been their wont. But, on the whole, the hand of time had pressed lightly upon him. His faculties were unimpaired, and his cheerfulness and usual gaiety were his constant companions. He was no richer than when he first entered on the duties of his ministerial office; and, so far, he had been a faithful steward. He had, however, neglected to take precautions for the future welfare of his family; and in doing this, he had neglected an important moral duty.

CHAPTER II.—THE COLLEGIAN.

"She that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay the debt of love—
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath struck all the affections that in her dwell!"

There are epochs in the lives of individuals, as well as in the history of nations. Some event, often fortuitous, gives a tone to succeeding occurrences, till it is in time displaced by another, which in like manner impresses itself, to be again removed at some future period.

When James Edwards was eighteen, and from youth had attained the threshold of manhood, the first great moral epoch of his existence developed itself. This was a first and passionate love, which now, when all was prepared for his removal to the university, came to add pangs to the pain of separation.

Mrs. Jennings had inhabited a sweet little cottage, abutting upon the burial-ground of the church of R—, for many years. When she first settled herself amongst the parishioners of Mr. Edwards, nothing whatever was known of her; but she came in widow's weeds, accompanied by a little girl, her daughter, and the good rector had made her an especial object of his kindness.

He soon learnt her brief history. Her husband had held some minor office under government, and, in consequence of an accident sustained in the course of his duties, had been so severely injured that he did not long survive it. He had left her a young widow, with the little Mary, and a very small annuity, which barely sufficed to support them.

The propriety of Mrs. Jennings' conduct, the excellent education she had received and profited by, and the air of respectability which she still retained, secured an introduction into the family of the parsonage. By and by a very close intimacy grew up, which was not a little cemented and fostered by the fondness the rector's children showed for her own darling and beautiful child. Indeed she passed more time in the spacious

nursery of the rectory, than in her own humble and contracted apartment.

The children became therefore members of the same household in a great measure. The same studies were pursued by little Mary, as she was called, as by the young Edwards; and they shared equally the same amusements and the same childish griefs. It was however soon observed that James attached himself more closely to the stranger than to his own sister. He was her ready and resolute champion in all their infantine quarrels, and her intercessor when graver faults required it. He also preferred her company in his boyish rambles, sometimes greatly to the annoyance and jealousy of his sister; and at all times the brightest flower and fairest fruit were hoarded for little Mary. The child in return loved him with her whole heart: she bore with his petulance, and, when old enough, heard him repeat his lessons, seated in the low and ivy-covered porch of the church.

This love of their infancy "grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength;" but when James had reached his eighteenth year, and Mary her sixteenth, a marked change came over their intercourse. Hitherto they had romped together as children, had rambled far away into the recesses of the neighbouring forest, laughing, or kissing, or quarreling. Now, though they were quite as much together, there was no longer the same familiarity; on the contrary, they exhibited obvious marks, that a very painful embarrassment interposed between them; and yet, anomalous as it may appear, they sought each other with more than accustomed eagerness. Never did Mary proceed far on her customary walks before James was at her side, and never did she sit long in her quiet and beautiful cottage in the long summer evenings, when her mother was absent, before his soft knock and his eager step were heard.

Little was said at these interviews; but their souls drank deeply at the fountain of love; and when twilight had rendered all dim and indistinct,—when the breeze had died away—when the twittering of the "household bird" was hushed, the whispered good-night, the trembling pressure faintly given and returned, betrayed an intensity of emotion, that can be felt only in the sunny period of youth and in the impulses of a first love.

An attachment of the most ardent character thus bound together the hearts of James Edwards and Mary Jennings; and on the eve of his departure for the university, vows of the purest affection were exchanged between them.

Brought up as James had been under the eye of his excellent father, and with the constant example of pure and holy living before him, his mind was deeply imbued with a sense of religion; for he had seen its truths and its precepts daily illustrated.

This was however far from damping his natural cheerfulness. The faith of Christ taught him neither stoicism nor fanaticism; but it enabled him to live in society, and to escape its vices; to mingle freely in college-life, yet to retain the purity of his principles, and to share the amuse-

ments and sports of his companions without diverging from the path of duty to himself or to his Creator. He was a pattern of sobriety, of diligent and careful study, and in consequence made rapid progress and proficiency.

In little more than four years, his friends had the pride and satisfaction of seeing him obtain distinguished honours. His love for Mary Jennings still reigned in his heart with all its original enthusiasm. The purity and holiness of a first affection had materially aided him in escaping the snares of his passions. An early attachment, indeed, when properly placed, is of the utmost value to a young man on commencing his career of independent existence; and poor is the philosophy and the prudence that would strive to deaden or destroy the first impulses of young and pure minds. To James, the love for Mary Jennings served as a shield of asbestos against all temptations; and its purifying influence shed around him a halo of quiet happiness, that soothed and cheered him on in his course of study.

During these years he had frequently visited home, and, as may be supposed, a warm welcome ever awaited him at the Parsonage. His father viewed him with pride, and prayed only that his life might be prolonged till he saw James settled in a living, when "he should depart in peace." His attachment to Mary was avowed, and sanctioned. The high reputation which he enjoyed for talents, joined to his excellent moral character, made Mrs. Jennings' heart glad within her, and most cordially did she approve of Mary's choice. She looked forward to their union in the fond hope that her old age would be passed with them; and she blessed the "Giver of all good things" for this, which she esteemed a special mark of his favour.

The intercourse of Mary and James was thus encouraged on all hands, and no restriction was placed upon their association. Poor Mary heard the highest praises lavished upon the chosen object of her wishes; but these could not enlarge the extent of her love, for already this had swallowed up her earthly hopes and desires. Pleased

CHAPTER III.—THE CURATE.

"A heart that, having once laid hold,
Closely adheres, and but in death drops off."

"How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!" Beautiful, indeed, is the death of that man, who has, through life, fulfilled with an upright mind the various duties of his station, and who sinks into forgetfulness, in the calm hope of a Christian, and full of trust in God! Such was the death of the Reverend James Edwards, who was gathered to his fathers when his son was about to enter upon the sacred duties of his profession. He died full of affection for his family and for his people, and in the confident hope that He who had watched over him would watch over his family.

This was the second epoch in the life of James Edwards, and it came fraught with melancholy consequences. The death of his father at once laid open the effects of his profuse and unlimited generosity, and of his ignorance and disregard of regularity and economy in his ordinary transactions. He had come to the rectory well nigh penniless, and so he had died.

The blow came heavily upon his family; and their condition was rendered still more cruelly severe, by the new incumbent rigorously exacting the utmost that could be claimed for dilapidations. Bowed down by sorrow, and by unexpected misfortunes, they found a welcome shelter beneath the roof of Mrs. Jennings; and their entire support now devolved upon the exertions and the success of James.

This untimely event wrung his heart bitterly, as he felt that it placed another obstacle in the way of an union on which his happiness was so mainly dependent. The best and wisest amongst us murmur occasionally at the dispensations and trials which beset our paths, although we have a firm conviction that they are but chastenings from the hand of Almighty God. The essence of Divinity within us is so mingled with our earthly tabernacle, that we cannot wholly free ourselves from this weakness, and it can create

self away, and proceeded to take possession of a curacy in a remote part of Yorkshire, to which he had been preferred by his college.

The income arising from this did not exceed £60 per annum, and would have been utterly insufficient to provide for their wants, even in their most limited form, had he not derived some farther assistance from certain collegiate honours which he enjoyed. These extraneous resources would fail at once, were he to marry; and thus he felt bound by his duty as a son and as a Christian, to defer the fulfilment of his engagement with Mary; and in this resolution he was sustained and fortified by the pure-minded girl, though she felt that her own existence was at stake.

It is rarely that the mind and the affections of women are correctly understood. To her, indeed, life is but a history of the affections: her heart is her whole world; and as her life is often a secluded, and therefore a meditative one, she becomes the constant companion of her own thoughts and feelings. In her, love acquires a power and a pre-eminence, such as man but seldom or never can experience. His avocations lead him abroad into the bustle and excitement of the world; and the attrition to which his feelings and his affections are subjected, soon blunts their finer and more sensible portions.

It was thus with Mary Jennings. She had so long and so completely given way before her love for James Edwards, that the idea of it continually occupied her mind, and slowly but certainly undermined her health. Had James been fully aware that the canker-worm was destroying all that he held dear, nothing could have restrained him from making her his own; but judging of her by himself, and believing that no love, not even that of woman, could surpass his own, he knew nothing of the ravages which were going on in Mary. Her letters to him were at once frank and affectionate, but never contained a single allusion to her own decaying health.

She was, however, fully sensible of it; and sometimes the very knowledge gave her a feeling of exquisite happiness, as to her excited imagination it seemed that she was sacrificing her life, for the sake of him who was so unutterably dear to her. Of his truth, of his unspotted honour, she never for a moment had a doubt; and knowing as she did the circumstances that formed the barrier to the fulfilment of their plighted vows, not a single murmur or repining thought disturbed the conviction that James was performing his duty. Mrs. Jennings, with a mind as finely endowed as that of her daughter, aided her resolution; and, though she grieved for her daughter's failing health, she did not permit a syllable to escape her lips.

Meantime, James was striving to make such additions to his means, as would enable him to marry with some prospect of supporting a wife. He opened a school, and sought far and near for pupils; but the district in which he was placed was a remote one, and peopled scantily, and he made little progress. Early and late he was at work, and nobly did he strive to earn his happiness. The simple and unostentatious duties of his cure, he performed with exemplary fidelity,

and with a sincerity and earnestness that soon secured him the love and respect of his flock: sustained by the approbation of his own mind, by the contemplation of his aged mother and sister, by the soothing knowledge that he was labouring not in vain in the vineyard of his sacred calling, and by letters filled with devotion and untiring affection from Mary, a holy calm came over his mind, and he tasted the fruits of righteous and Christian living. "Hope," indeed, "springs eternal in the human breast;" and it is rare in the early part of life, that misfortune or disappointment so far depresses the spirit, as to shut out this comforter; and when this is encouraged and supported by a firm reliance upon Providence, it calls into action "whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, and whatsoever things are lovely."

CHAPTER IV.—THE HUSBAND.

"Yet for each ravaged charm of earth, some pitying power had giv'n
Beauty of more than mortal birth—a spell that breath'd
of Heav'n;
And as she bent, resign'd and meek, beneath the chastening blow,
With all a martyr's fervid faith her features seem'd to glow."

For nearly two years James Edwards devoted himself to his duties, without venturing to abstract himself from the sphere of his utility. His curacy, though affording so scanty a remuneration, was extensive, and inhabited principally by store-farmers and shepherds. The dwellings of his people were thinly scattered over a wide hilly country; and though the simple and primitive manners of the inhabitants removed them from many sources of vice, still this very circumstance rendered his duties the more onerous. No family event of importance could take place, even in the humblest cot of his parishioners, but the minister was either a witness or an adviser. With them, deaths, burials, marriages, and christenings were looked upon as seasons particularly requiring the assiduous attention of him who had the care of their spiritual welfare; and the bed of sickness, and the house of misfortune, derived their principal consolation from his visits and exhortations.

Thus occupied, his thoughts were prevented from dwelling so exclusively, as they otherwise would have done, upon Mary. Still, there were times and seasons when the philosophy of his religion, and the philosophy of reason, were insufficient to hinder him from feeling acutely on the subject. Her goodness, her purity, her forgetfulness of self, filled him with admiration, and kept alive his most strenuous efforts to enlarge his means. Placed however as he was, there appeared but little prospect of this; and at the beginning of the third year of his absence, he resolved to visit his betrothed, though his determination had long been made not to venture into her presence, until he could hold out some immediate prospect of sharing with her his joys and his sorrows.

It was at the close of a magnificent day about

midsummer, that James again trod the precincts of the rectory of R—, which had been the home of his youth, and the scene of his day-dream of happiness. Every thing appeared precisely in the same state as when he had left it—the rectory, the church, the ancient turnstile, the winding field-road, and a crowd of happy yet sorrowful reminiscences filled his mind. Not a spot but which was endeared to him by the remembrance of his venerable father or of Mary Jennings; and so powerful were the associations which came over him, that he expected at every step to hear the light foot-fall that had once been the constant attendant of his own in the walk he was now pursuing.

The evening was splendidly lovely, and the rich twilight had enshrouded the landscape, as he reached the narrow lane leading to Mrs. Jennings's cottage. His heart beat fast, as every well-remembered copse, hedge-row, and tree was seen in the dim and quiet light. Not a sound was abroad, save the rustle of the dying breeze in the elm-grove; and an undefinable feeling of uneasiness came over him, as he stood before the low paling in the front of the house. Every thing around him, however, had its well-remembered appearance of order and neatness; and encouraged by this, he opened the low wicket, and, before proceeding to the door, approached a latticed window half-hidden by jasmine and honeysuckle. It was at this window that he had been accustomed to sit with Mary during the first burst and glow of his young love, and a host of happy memories filled his breast as he leaned against it. The gloom of early evening made objects in the interior of the cottage somewhat indistinct; but as with cautious hand he pushed back the intervening foliage, he could see his betrothed bride and her aged and venerable mother, at an opposite window, both silently engaged in reading—Mary a letter, probably one of his own, and Mrs. Jennings, her Bible. A light tap, which he gave on the glass, made Mary scream—well did she remember it, and, as James opened the door, he found himself in the arms of the weeping maiden.

passionate sensibility, he alternately deplored and blamed her, till both, equally overcome by past and present recollections, sat down, and a gush of tears came to relieve Mary's over-weighted heart. Her simple tale of suffering was soon told—how that day after day she had become weaker and weaker, and how that she had wished only to see him once again before she should die.

"Yes," she continued, "I know I must die, and I shall die happy, because I die for you. Oh that it might have been different! that I might have been yours, my own love! to have called you mine, and have lived to lavish upon you all—all I had to bestow,—my heart, my soul, my very existence!" and she buried her face in his breast, as her maidenly blushes overcame for a moment the hectic tinge of her worn and pallid cheek. With what emotions James heard these details, may be better conceived than described. She who had been the idol of his earthly adoration,—she whose love had been intertwined with all his hopes and plans of happiness, thus—thus to be bowed down and broken, and all for him, without one murmur, without one complaint—it was more than even his Christian philosophy could support; and he wept like a child, as he vowed that his she should be, that he would carry her back as his wife, and that He whose faithful though humble servant he had been, would spare her to his heart.

"It must be so, Mary! it shall be so! fear not, love! my mother shall be your nurse, and I will be your physician! Oh! why—why not tell me! Cruel, and yet noble girl! but mine you shall be, and we will yet be happy. Smile, my love, as was your wont, and we will hasten back, and all will be well!"

And Mary did smile as she leaned fondly upon him; but it was the smile of satisfied faith, not the rapturous look that would have hailed the announcement at an earlier period. Indeed, so long had she been in the habit of considering herself doomed to an early and vestal grave, that now when James in a burst of tenderness clasped her to his heart, and called her his, her emotions

form had been to give her a delicacy of expression—a look so fragile, and yet so lovely, that his heart must have been hard indeed, who could have gazed on her unmoved. James, indeed, was sensible only of the decay; for to him she had been from boyhood pre-eminently beautiful. On retiring for the night, with his uneasiness in some degree quelled by the decisive steps which he had taken, he began to think over the consequences. Much he could see would have to be endured—self mingled not in his reflections; but as these embraced his mother, sister, his wife, and her mother, there was abundance of scope for unquiet thought. He had, however, the consoling thought that he should save the perishing girl, and gratify his long and patiently endured love.

Morning came, and Mary Jennings became the wife of James Edwards; and in a few days, by easy journeys, they reached his home, where they were welcomed by his mother and sisters. Mrs. Jennings had accompanied them, so that they were again one family. Love and cheerfulness were diffused through their household; and all believed, even Mary herself, that her long-anticipated doom had been averted. For some weeks, indeed, she was obviously better: she was happy: idolised by her husband, loved by all around her, and her life one of unmixed delight. This roused her energies, and nature struggled to free herself from the pressure which had been so long weighing her down. But the very excitement to which she was subjected, although it counteracted for a time the mischief already done, soon began to prey upon her small remains of strength; and again she grew feeble and drooping, and again the conviction rose within her mind, that her removal from all she held dear was not very remote.

Meanwhile, the diminution of the curate's income had made itself felt; but the privations necessarily arising from this had been borne cheerfully, nay pleasantly. Mrs. Jennings's mite had been added to the common stock; and thus contented, religious, and fulfilling all their duties, the curate's family was, what such families ought to be, a model of Christian living.

The first chill breezes of autumn produced a very unfavourable change in Mary's health, and rapid consumption was now fully developed. James saw the approaching bereavement with a heart torn with anguish, grief, and remorse. He blamed himself for having been the unconscious destroyer of his sainted wife; and this feeling aggravated ten-fold his sorrow. For her, she bore her painless illness with a meek and cheerful spirit, that served only to increase the love of those who were about to lose her. Day after day her cheek became thinner and thinner, and her frame more attenuated: but still her eye beamed brightly, and her low and soft voice seemed to be more and more musical. For hours together would Edwards bend over her, and, in impassioned accents of most pure and holy affection, lavish upon her the treasured hoard of the love which had so long been his anchor and his hope: and Mary loved him, perhaps, even more intensely than in the height of her young imaginings;

the "waking bliss," which she had briefly enjoyed, had served to show her how worthy was the object of her regard; and though she knew she must leave him, she gazed upon and caressed him, without a murmur that this delight was fast fleeting.

The "poisoned arrow" had, indeed, too truly done its work; and Mary Edwards now presented one of the most painful, and yet one of the most beautiful aspects under which humanity can be contemplated,—a young and lovely bride, slowly dying of consumption. The picture is not an unusual one; for to finely and delicately organised systems, the expectations previous to and the excitement following marriage, especially where the affections are deeply engrossed, often prove the grave of blooming womanhood. Mary had long been pining; and, had her union with James taken place at an earlier date, the "canker-worm" might have been resisted. But it was too late; and her husband, when that

"Food of the mind—the sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles,"

had still more closely woven his heart to her, had the agony of watching her death-bed. He was a Christian, but he was also a man; and when he threw himself beside her lifeless body, he deemed that he had made too great a sacrifice to his duties. P. G.

From the London Athenæum.

Travels in Ethiopia, above the Second Cataract of the Nile, &c. By G. A. Hoskins, Esq. 4to. London: Longman & Co.

Tradition, history, the results of the operations of nature, and the ruins of works of art, concur in proving, that there existed on the upper Nile, a highly civilised people, who dwelt in cities, erected pyramids and temples, recorded events by means of hieroglyphics, and possessed fixed laws and government, the fame of whose progress in science and the social arts had spread in the earliest ages over a great part of the earth. The Ethiopians were equally celebrated and mysterious: the annals of the Egyptian priests bear testimony to their glory; fragments of their national legends, of the wars and conquests of their heroes, were found interwoven with the traditions of the inhabitants of central Asia on the Tigris and Euphrates; and when the Greeks scarcely knew Italy or Sicily by name, their poets spoke of the Ethiopians as a people known to popular fame. The state of Meroë, generally described as the dominant division of Ethiopia, has been celebrated for upwards of two thousand years; but its distant situation, the deserts by which it is fenced, and the ignorant jealousy of the Egyptian mame-lukes, prevented access to the spot. The subject seemed involved in hopeless obscurity, and many writers held its ancient glory to be fabulous, and regarded the first cataract of the Nile as the utmost verge of ancient science and art. Within our own memory the dark veil that so long hid this country from European eyes, has been rent asunder by a few enterprising travellers, especially the lament-

ed Burekhardt; and not Meroë alone, but a new world of antiquities, has been opened to the researches of the learned. An astonishing succession of monuments, rivaling those of Egypt in grandeur and beauty, and surpassing them in age, has appeared. The upper Nile was found thickly studded with temples, colossal statues, and ruined cities, up to Meroë, where a fresh range of pyramids appeared; the range, by its great antiquity, seeming to prove that, as the river in the course of ages washed down a fertile soil into the lower valley, civilisation followed to take possession of the alluvial formations, and gradually abandoned the countries that had been denuded by the continuous process. The road to Meroë was now open, but there were few travellers willing to encounter its dangers and difficulties; Mr. Hoskins, indeed, has proved that these were greatly overrated, but even his statement is sufficient to daunt an adventurer to whom "danger's self" is not "lure alone."

The primary object of our author was the illustration of the monuments: he has, aided by a clever Italian artist, delineated the most remarkable edifices, and with learning and clearness described the sculptures and hieroglyphics; but he has not neglected the living inhabitants of the province; his observations on these once proud and independent tribes, now bowed down under the iron sceptre of Mohammed Ali, are interesting in themselves, and valuable for the information they afford respecting the Turkish system of provincial government. It will be convenient to separate the personal and political portion of the narrative from the historical and descriptive; we shall first pay our respects to the enterprising traveller, and afterwards introduce the zealous antiquarian.

Mr. Hoskins commences his narrative with his arrival at Assouan, the ancient Syene, once celebrated for its commerce and its wealth. He passes lightly over this Egyptian city, which he promises to describe more fully, if the success of his work on Ethiopia should be such as to induce him to publish his "Notes on Egypt." The Nubi-

usually are in the remote provinces; but Mohammed Ali has placed bounds to the rapacity of his officers: the refusal of demanded presents would a few years ago have cost a traveller his property, if not his life, and an insult to a secretary would have provoked the bastinado or the bow-string; now, however, these worthy officials bear disappointment more calmly.

"The governor, an effendi, paid me a visit in my tent, and frankly asked me for several things which he saw, and fancied; which I as frankly refused. The visits of inferior Turks are always annoyances: it is very seldom that any information can be obtained from them, and their impertinence is without bounds. I was amused by his secretary, a Copt, who complained that he was affected by a pain in his chest when the weather was cold. I gave him some flannel, which I could ill spare, also some medicine; and, with other advice, I told him most peremptorily, that he must drink no arracki (spirit). This last injunction disconcerted him exceedingly; and his master laughed heartily at an advice which he knew to be so unwelcome to his jovial secretary. I told him it would kill him. 'Well,' said he, 'if it kills me, *ma-toub min Allah!* it is written, but drink I must.' In the evening he came to me again, half intoxicated. As I offered him no beverage, except coffee, he soon, with a cunning smile and an expressive nod, pulled out of his pocket a small bottle of excellent arracki and a little cup. I did not wish to offend the fellow, having occasion to leave some boxes in his charge until my return, and therefore endured his company for some time. At last, his intoxication increasing, he was quite insupportable, and I was obliged to desire my servant to turn him out. His good humour did not forsake him, nor did he seem at all offended; coolly observing, that he was sorry I was tired of his company."

The tedium of the march through the desert was relieved by the songs of the camel-drivers, whose simple melodies are as celebrated in the East as those of the Venetian gondoliers in Europe.

"We should not have passed this plain so rapidly but for the common custom of the Arabs, before mentioned, of urging on their camels by singing: the effect is very extraordinary; this musical excitement increases their pace at least one fourth. I often asked the camel drivers to sing, not only to hasten our progress, but also for the

Sagi, our traveller took a liberty with the chief, which elsewhere would have exposed him to danger.

"I walked into his harem without ceremony, and chatted with his wives and female slaves. Some of them were very beautifully formed; and being almost naked, they displayed finely shaped busts, and, I may say, almost perfect symmetry of shape; their features very regular, and their full dark eyes exceedingly expressive. The little drapery worn by them is adjusted with great taste, and they possess a natural ease of manner, neither bashful nor yet too forward, which is very engaging. The slaves are employed in making basket-work, and the wives reposing on their angareebes. I could not, in Egypt, have taken the liberty of entering a harem in this manner; but here, apparently, more freedom is permitted, for they did not seem at all offended; on the contrary, they gave me as much encouragement as I could desire. They examined my arms, and dress, and were of use in their admiration of my beard, and in exclamations—as, 'Odjaib, wallah! wonderful, God is great! but he is a tall man.' The sheakh was smoking under the shade of some doum trees. He saw me enter, hut had the politeness not to interfere."

At El Makarrif, the capital of the ancient kingdom, now the Turkish province, of Berber, Mr. Hoskins was hospitably entertained by the bey, who did not, like other provincial governors, trade on his generosity, and make presents in hope of an extravagant return. There is an earnestness and simplicity in the bey's character that contrasts strangely with the barbarous pomp by which he is surrounded. He invited Mr. Hoskins to a Turkish entertainment, and spoke with him freely on a great variety of subjects.

"Afterwards, the conversation turning upon animals, he showed me the skin of a pet lion, that he had killed because it had destroyed a sheep. I happened to appear pleased with it, when he instantly made me accept it. He then sent for a beautiful little monkey, of the grey capuchin kind, with which he also presented me. I took it into my special protection, and christened it with the name uppermost in my thoughts, namely, Meroë; and many a weary mile, till my return to Thebes, did it beguile me with its mischievous gambols on my camel. When I rose to take leave, the bey said he would accompany me to my tent, and then ordered me a fine large panther's skin, on which he had been sitting. He did not give me these, as the Turks in general make presents, with the expectation of receiving others more valuable; for I told him, on receiving the first, that I had not contemplated making this journey when I left Europe, and had therefore nothing with me to offer him. He replied, 'All Turks are not the same; there are good and bad of every nation: these are trifles; tell me how I can be of real service to you; and the only return I wish is, that you think well of me when you go to your own country.' He privately enquired of my dragoman if we were in want of candles, sugar, coffee, of another tent, or anything else. Although we wanted nothing, we duly appreciated his kind intention. The style in which he came to my tent, and went to and from his harem every day, will give some idea of the state kept up in these provincial governments. He was preceded by his guards, armed with guns; then by four cowhasses, beating their massive silver-headed sticks on the ground,—a substitute for music: the bey himself then followed, on foot or on his charger, having behind him six other guards, with guns, and a crowd of perhaps twenty servants. I was at a loss what return to make for his liberality: he had really shown himself such a fine fellow,

that it was painful to be behind him in generosity. Having no suitable articles to spare, such as a gun, pistols, or a watch, the most proper gifts to a Turk of his rank, I could only beg his acceptance of a few trifles,—a new patent powder-flask and belt, a bag of English shot, a good English penknife, and a silver watch-guard."

The bey is superior to many of the prejudices of his nation and creed; his mode of patronising the fine arts, however, is altogether Turkish.

"I complained to the bey yesterday, that, on account of the prejudices of the people, we were unable to draw any of the costumes of the country. The bey very coolly declared, that whoever dared to refuse, he would cut off his head! Though this summary order was coolly received in the divan, we did not hesitate to avail ourselves of it, and immediately set to work, and drew the portraits of all the dignitaries of consequence at his court."

We have to thank this energetic patron of painting for four very admirable portraits, taken by Bandoni, the artist who accompanied Mr. Hoskins; they are full of life and vigour, and would afford almost as good a treat to physiognomists as the sight of the originals; rarely, indeed, have we seen portraits in which character is so strongly marked. We must extract two more anecdotes of this worthy bey, who is an especial favourite of ours:—

"In our tent, yesterday, we took the figure and costume of a Bishareen boy, about eighteen, whose father, a powerful sheakh, had attempted to excite a revolt against the pacha. Not being successful, he fled, and his son was detained in prison until the father paid a fine of 250 camels. By way of a jest, though a barbarous one, which I should not have allowed had I known of it, the bey and his officers told the poor boy that we were to cut off his head, being Turks deputed from Cairo for that special purpose. He sat down on the ground in the attitude represented, with his head turned on one side, and remained motionless, in the same position, nearly three quarters of an hour. We remarked that we had never had a subject who sat so patiently. When we had finished, we told him he might get up, making him, at the same time, a small present; when, with a look of bewildered delight, he told us how differently he expected to have been treated, and that he had been awaiting every moment the stroke of the sabre.

"In the evening, when we were with the bey, he sent for the poor youth, and frightened him again by telling him that, by virtue of the drawing we had made, we had a magical power over him, and should transport him with us into our own country. He opened his mouth aghast, asked every body if it were true, and seemed struck with horror at the idea of never again seeing his native deserts. He addressed his enquiries particularly to Sheakh Seyd, who, as chief of the Ababdes, he did not think capable of deceiving him; but I verily believe many of the meliks and chiefs present, who affected to join in the laugh, really had doubts and misgivings that such, in truth, was the necromantic power of our pencils, and particularly of the camera lucida, with which I drew several of them. My artist took the bey's likeness, at his own particular desire; I conceive, for one of his favourites. He was very well satisfied with the representation of his figure, rich costume, his sword and accoutrements, and of the fierceness of his mustachios; but he did not understand the shading, and begged my artist 'to take away those black things.' Before leaving Makkarif, the bey showed me round the indigo and hide manufactories belonging to the government. I parted from him with some regret, for he is decidedly the best

Turk I have ever known; and it was a great pleasure for a few days to meet with such courtesy in these wild regions of interior Africa."

But, even this governor is as tyrannical and cruel to the provincials as the rest of his brethren; he even boasted of an act equally atrocious and perfidious, which, however, custom has rendered sufficiently familiar to the deputies of Mohammed Ali.

"The government finds always great difficulty in collecting their tribute. 'We generally send,' said the bey, 'two soldiers at a time. If they are murdered, it is of no great consequence! for two men it would be absurd to lay waste a whole province; but if we sent twenty or thirty, and they were destroyed, it would create great alarm, and be a serious loss out of my small force of 400 cavalry. Once,' said he, with an air of triumph, 'I was there with a large retinue, when a greatly superior number of Bishareen attacked us, during the night, as is always their custom. Nine of my men fled at the first onset, and falling into the hands of the enemy, were immediately massacred. We resisted and escaped, but it caused great terror among my troops. Soon after we avenged the death of my nine brave fellows in our usual manner. We enticed to this place many of the Bishareen engaged in this affair by a promise of pardon; then we enclosed them in one of our fortified houses, and put them to death.'"

Meroë, according to the description given of it by our author, must have been the royal cemetery of the kings of ancient Ethiopia. He thus describes the impression produced by the first appearance of this "city of the dead":—

"Never were my feelings more ardently excited than in approaching, after so tedious a journey, to this magnificent Necropolis. The appearance of the pyramids in the distance announced their importance; but I was gratified beyond my most sanguine expectations, when I found myself in the midst of them. The pyramids of Geezah are magnificent, wonderful from their stupendous magnitude; but for picturesque effect and elegance of architectural design, I infinitely prefer those of Meroë. I expected to find few such remains here, and certainly nothing so imposing, so interesting, as these sepulchres, doubtless of the kings and queens of Ethiopia. I stood for some time lost in admiration. From every point of

often interior courts: the streets are wide, and there are in the town several open spaces, or squares, some of which are used as market places."

Slaves and cattle appear to be the principal articles of commerce at Shendy: our traveller fortunately was there on a market-day, and had thus an opportunity of observing the state of trade:—

"The most valuable articles offered for sale were camels, dromedaries, and slaves. The price of a male negro is from 10 to 20 dollars: they are preferred young, being then more docile and less lethargic than at a maturer age. Female slaves, when old, are valued according to their acquirements; when young, being destined for the harem, they rank according to their personal attractions, and vary from 30 to 100 dollars. Abyssinians, when young and beautiful, as they often are, bring from 60 to 100 dollars. Camels were selling for 9 and 10 dollars each,—the best 12 and 14; dromedaries, 12 and 20; and even 50 dollars for a high bred Bishareen. There was a great show of oxen with humps on their shoulders, like those of ancient Egypt, as they are always represented on the walls. There were also sheep and goats in the bazaar: the sheep, 6 to 9 piastres (1s. 6d. to 2s. 3d.), skin included. The price of the goats, if they yield much milk, 10 piastres (2s. 6d.). I remarked several peasants selling a coarse common kind of goat's-milk cheese, for which there is apparently a great demand. The Cairo merchants bring a variety of articles; white cotton dresses; cutlery of a very inferior quality, such as two-penny knives, or razors, which sell here for five-pence; soap; Abyssinian coffee (very good); beads; shells; small glass mirrors; kohl (antimony), to tint their eye-lids, and hennah to colour the hands of the swarthy beauties; and a variety of spices and essences.

"Their manner of dealing is peculiar. When I asked the price of a camel, (for I thought of buying some for my journey homewards,) they would not name one, but asked me how much I would give. I made an offer for a dromedary to a man, who refused it, but still declined saying how much he would demand. I soon gave up such a tedious process of making a bargain. I observed some good specimens of the Shendyan beauties. They have their hair twisted in tresses and hanging down on each side of their faces; their dress is of coarse materials, but flowing, graceful, and generally adjusted with much taste and elegance."

mainder of the night. This morning we found that the four lions had rambled all over the ruins, and their traces were quite fresh in every part. They had evidently been deterred only by our fires from attacking us. I ascertained them, by their footsteps, to be two males and two females; one of the males must have been very large, the females much smaller."

This incident of course led to the narration of several anecdotes by the Arab guides, some of which are curious as marking the dash of chivalry that always mingles with Arab superstitions:—

"The Arabs tell some singularly superstitious tales of the generosity of the lion. The following has been related to me as a fact by different peasants; but I must confess that, like the generality of Arab tales, it partakes of the marvellous; yet, perhaps, with a *mélange* of fable, there may be some kind of foundation of truth. They say, that when the lion seizes the cow of a peasant, he will permit the owner to carry away a portion; particularly if he asks for it in the name of his mother, wife, or family, and takes it without showing any fear."

Professor Heeren contends, that the ruins of El Owataib are the ancient Ammonium; Mr. Hoskins assigns some strong reasons for coming to a different conclusion, which we shall examine hereafter. It is to be regretted that our traveller did not penetrate to the ruins of El Macaurat, which have been, as yet, very imperfectly described, but from want of water, he was forced to return to Shendy. Here the Katshef entertained him with an exhibition of the old *mameluke* exercise, which seems to be even more animated than the famous El Jerrid of the Turks.

After passing the Bahiouda desert, Mr. Hoskins visited the great ruins at Gibel el Berkel, a little below the fourth cataract of the Nile. These magnificent remains lead to the discussion of some important questions in the history of civilisation and the arts, to which we shall return; at present, we must confine ourselves to the state of the country and its inhabitants:—

"To give the reader an idea of the present state of fertility of this country, notwithstanding that the desert has enormously encroached on the cultivated land, the following particulars may not be uninteresting:—The Katshef of Merouch commands as far as Wanly, down the river, one day by land, about thirty miles; and up the river as far as Berber, two days by land. Within this small extent, over which only the banks of the Nile are cultivated, there are 1368 water-wheels, which pay to the government twenty dollars each, that is, 27,360 dollars; besides which, the government gain considerably by obliging the peasants to plant indigo, which they purchase from them at twelve piastres the cantar. They have calculated that they make 190 drachms of indigo from each cantar. Under the government of Dongolah, there are five manufactories of indigo,—Merouch, Handed, Haffeer, Dongolah Agous, and El Ourde. The manufactory here produces 1846 okres* every year, and is now increasing. The peasants are unwilling to cultivate this plant, as the labour is very great; and they do not consider the price they receive a sufficient remuneration.

"The Shageea who cultivate this district, are less oppressed than their neighbours: they are, as Burckhardt and Waddington have remarked, considered the bravest

of the Arab tribes. This warlike race alone never bent their knees to the great sultan of Sennaar. It is impossible to convey to the reader an adequate idea of the power these daring warriors once possessed. The name of a Shageea was a host in itself. I have been repeatedly assured, that a single horseman has often been known to alight at a peasant's hut, order the owner to hold his horse, whilst he entered into his very harem, ate with his wives, and often, it is said, still more shamefully abused his power. Death or slavery was the fate of the meleks of the neighbouring tribes who dared to offend them. Mounted on their diomedaries or horses, armed with lances, swords, and shields, they scoured the province, sweeping away the herds, massacring all who had the courage to resist, and carrying away men, women, and children into captivity. War was their sole delight; the cry to arms their most welcome sound. Mothers appeased the cries of their infants by the sight of a spear; and the lovely maiden only yielded her hand to the distinguished warrior. Their exploits are the theme of many a song; and other tribes seem to have forgotten their wrongs in admiration of the bravery of their oppressors. The blessings of peace, agriculture, and domestic repose, were considered irksome by these proud warriors. They obstinately and gallantly resisted the invasion of the pacha, till they found it vain, with their lances and sabres, to contend against fields of artillery and disciplined troops armed with the musket. Understanding that the pacha was going to make war against Melek Nimr and the Shendyans, who were also their enemies, they joined his troops, and gradually came completely under subjection to him. The government, however, treats them with some respect. As I have stated before, a Shageea regiment is still in the pacha's service, and engaged in the war against the Negroes, at the southern extremity of his kingdom."

Pursuing his course northwards, Mr. Hoskins reached Dongolah; and, notwithstanding his previous accounts of the wretchedness he had witnessed, we did not expect to learn that the metropolis of a district so frequently mentioned in history could have presented such a miserable aspect as he describes:—

"Part of the town is in ruins. The desert has entered into its streets: many of the houses are entirely covered with sand, and scarcely an inhabitant is to be seen. One might have thought that some dreadful convulsion of nature, or some pestilential disease, had swept away the population. Part of the city is, indeed, remaining, but until I entered the houses, not a human being did I meet with. I observed some houses in the town, of a superior appearance, having divisions of rooms, galleries, and courts, and evidently belonging to individuals once rich; but they are now almost all deserted. In some of them that we entered I saw some good-looking women: the men were idling away the day smoking and sleeping. Such is the scene of desolation and inactivity which now presents itself to the traveller at Dongolah."

The slave-trade flourishes in Egypt, and the cruelty of the dealers in this horrid traffic is as great by land as it was by sea.

"I saw this evening a number of slaves going to Cairo. The manner in which they were clogged, to prevent their escaping or rebelling against their owners, was disgraceful and revolting in the extreme. Each slave wore a clog made of a wooden pole, four feet long, with a collar, of a triangular form, large enough to admit his head: this triangular collar rests upon their shoulders, and is so contrived with straps, that it is impossible for them to throw it off. When they walk, they are obliged to carry it before them; and at night their hands are tied

* The okre consists of 2 3-4 rotles, or pounds of 12 ounces; and 150 rotles, or pounds, make a cantar.

to the centre of the pole, and their feet to the bottom of it. The owners of the slaves showed me, with the malicious grin of fiends, the effects of the cords, and the weight of the machine on the hands, necks, and legs of their victims. They confessed that they were often obliged to free their slaves entirely from this torture, in order to preserve their lives: I saw several in this situation, who seemed to have suffered severely from being previously loaded with this machine."

New Dongolah is described as superior to most of the cities on the upper Nile; the Ababde Arabs, in whose district it stands, seem more civilised than the other tribes; they retain their national love of imaginative fiction, and Mr. Hoskins has given a translation of a Dongolah tale, recited by an Ababde girl of thirteen, which Schahriar would gladly have heard from the mouth of Scheherazade.

After having visited the colossal antiquities in the island of Argo, Mr. Hoskins was preparing to continue his route homewards, when he was alarmed by the news of a dangerous revolt in the province of Mahas. The history of this brief rebellion is a sad illustration of the system of provincial government; it was provoked by oppression, and suppressed by perfidy. The regular troops were equal in number to the insurgents; and, though well supplied with arms and ammunition, narrowly escaped defeat from peasants, whose weapons are thus described:—

"About 150 of the Mahas had guns, but very bad ones, mostly matchlocks, and they were very ill supplied with ammunition. They were variously armed: some with lances, shields, German swords; while others had only swords made of the acacia wood, about four feet long, rounded at one end for the hand, the rest cut thin, flat, and sharpened at both sides,—a heavy but formidable weapon in the hands of an athletic Arab. Others had staves only. Sentences in Arabic were written by the fakeers, on the wooden swords and staves; on some of them lines from the Koran: the most common were, 'May God give me force to destroy my enemies!' 'May my foes tremble before me!' 'May the acacia sword be as the sharp steel in my hand!' I have seen a staff similarly shaped in the museum at Berlin, with hieroglyphics on it: the latter I could not examine, as it was on a

poses most enormous taxes upon every article of produce, but obliges them to cultivate what he chooses, and take the price he offers for the produce. He is the only purchaser of the grain, cotton, and indigo, and of the gum of Kordofan, ostrich feathers, and other articles. Slaves are almost the only commodity the merchants now are allowed to take in exchange for the manufactures they carry to Sennaar and Kordofan: even wild animals of the desert, as the giraffe, are a monopoly of the government."

But Mohammed Ali is not the only scourge of this unfortunate race—

"Each soldier is a little tyrant, and commits a series of gross and petty vexations inconceivable to a European. Of the many I have witnessed, I will give only a few specimens:—If the soldier wants a sheep, fowls, eggs, or any other article, he obliges the peasant to sell them at half the market price, and not unfrequently refuses to pay any thing at all. When becalmed on the river, he goes on shore, and forces ten, and sometimes twenty, natives to drag his boat, without any remuneration. If he meets a peasant girl carrying milk or butter, he often helps himself to half without paying for it, unless with a salute; and woe betide the imprudent sheahk or peasant who refuses to give gratuitously the best his house affords, or neglects the horse or camel of the Turk or soldier who has taken up his quarters for the night at his house. If camels or donkeys are wanted, they must furnish them, and consider themselves fortunate if they get any trifle in return. The haughty manner of the conquerors is still more galling to the Arabs: their usual manner of addressing them is, '*Kelp, Marhas!*'—'*Dog! villain!* Do this! do that! quick! quick! cursed be your race!' with threats of a bending, even actual blows, and sometimes with the sole of the shoe, which is the greatest indignity that a Mahomedan can receive.

"Men whose ancestors have been chiefs in the country for ages, must now submit to the insolence and contumely of this vile and lawless soldiery. From negligence, the latter often do not demand the tax on the water-wheels for some time; then, all at once, they appear, calling out, 'Pay me to-morrow, or the bastinado!' The peasant, not being allowed sufficient time to raise the money, is obliged to suffer this degrading punishment, and often even have his ears nailed to a board. Being at a distance, perhaps, from the seat of government, or large market towns, he has no opportunity of selling his produce: nevertheless with double the value of the sum

ral directions to future travellers, which deserve attention.

"Well supplied with rice, good biscuit, and meat, the traveller may live tolerably well, even in the deserts. Since I left Thebes, four months and a half ago, I have passed two deserts of eight days each, and many small ones, and generally been in a miserable country, yet I have only been one day without fresh meat, and that by accident. To court privations is as great folly as to fear them when they arrive, and not submit to them cheerfully when requisite. I am certain that wine and spirituous liquors are injurious in this climate. During the whole of this journey, water has been my only beverage; and, on the whole, I have enjoyed very tolerable health, considering the excessive heat, and the many annoyances and delays, still more injurious in this climate than the fatiguing pace of the camel. The desert life has also another charm; it is gratifying to see how, when treated as men, the Arabs become attached to you. If they have any quarrel between each other, a word from the traveller makes them silent."

Here we take our leave of the traveller.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

TRADITIONAL BALLADS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW. A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been at the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?"

"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn ears to fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:—
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine."

"And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?"

"I'll tell you all, my mother—
But let me have my way!"

"And some, they played with the water,
And roll'd it down the hill;

"And this," they said, "shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!"

"Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"

"And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill:—

"And there," said they, "the merry winds go,
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank,
From the blind old widow's corn!"

"Oh, the poor, blind old widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!"

"And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low—
'And this,' said they, 'by the sun-rise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow!"

"Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!"

"And then upspeak a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin—
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin."

"I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother!"

"And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me."

"And all, on the top of the Caldon-Low,
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay."

"But as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!"

"And I peep'd into the widow's field;
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green."

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!"

"Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prythee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be!"

PERU.—The best part of Peru is as yet, it may be said, unknown. The riches it contains are immense; but to secure and turn them to account will require energy and exertion, and some encouragement from the rulers. The Bolivian government is now extending this encouragement, offering grants of land to adventurers and considerable premiums for the establishment of steam-boats on the rivers.—*Journ. Geo. Soc.* vol. v. p. 1.

From the London Court Magazine.

LUCID INTERVAL OF A MAD PRISONER.

A PASSAGE FROM THE DIARY OF "THE CLERGYMAN IN DEBT."

Mad! exclaims the reader. Oh no, surely not! Will you tell me, that when the worst and dreariest calamity that in grief can visit virtue, or, in retribution, sin—has fallen upon a fellow-being; when the bosom is fevered, and the heart burns, and a storm is howling in the caverns of the brain, deserted as they are by reason, and shut out from light;—when love's blessed spirit is lost in frenzy, and memory makes way for despair;—when all man's intellects lay prostrate, and all his affections are banished, all his hopes undone; can the law, holding a tyrant power over one who acknowledges no dictates, and is irresponsible as a child, follow up an awful divine visitation, with the hollow mockery of human vengeance, and take the madman from his fit asylum, to close upon him the portals of a jail!

What the law *can do* it is no part of our vocation to establish; but what it *has done* we are free to tell, and we answer the question which we have imagined for our reader, with the assertion, that it has many times committed the insane to prison for the crime of debt.

* * * *

A few days since it was my lot to read the funeral service over the body of Frederic Storr. He was buried in some ground attached to a small chapel in the rules of the King's Bench, within which he had resided twelve years. A few hired mourners saw him committed to the tomb, and one woman, who wept very bitterly, but who I afterwards ascertained was not connected with him by any positive tie of kindred. He had traveled friendless from the living grave of his prison to the darker, but scarce drearier dwelling below the earth! I had known him for some years previous to his death—he was mad, save at occasional lucid intervals, when memory seemed to return with sense, and he could con-

the reader as from the lips of its melancholy hero!

* * * *

"My mother died when I was sixteen. I shall never—no, not even in madness, forget my mother's death. I was with her to the last. I alone—for my father was away then—and she kissed me with her last kiss, and smiled upon me with her last sweet smile, and blessed me with her farewell words. I remember I had been a wild boy; I had given her many moments of pain and heart-ache, and she often feared that my irrepressible levity and impetuous folly would in the end be my ruin. A fear of this sort seemed to pervade her spirit before, on holy wings, it took its far flight to God; for just before she died she said, with her mild quiet voice and look, 'Dearest Fred—do—do be steady when I am gone;' and I promised it fervently. 'I will, mother, I will indeed!'—See, see how memory makes me weep!

"My father came home. He grieved a little, but his sorrow was shallow and unenduring; and it soon fled after my mother was carried to her grave. I know not even if it lasted out the mourning suit. But if my father soon forgot the dead, he did not neglect the living: he saw me keeping the promise I had made to my dying mother—to be steady after she was gone.' I had exchanged the theatres and saloons for study, and given up dissipation for my books. He began at once to interest himself in my pursuits, and set himself, well competent to the task, to complete my education. The channel into which he turned it blasted the better feelings, and blighted the flowers of my heart, and made me what you see me now. I had become steady with a good motive: alas! he taught me how to remain so with a bad purpose.

"My father was a sordid man; but his selfishness denied to him the power of enduring those privations by which he could have sown in early life the seeds of a fortune that might have swelled into the Leviathan wealth of a Baring or a Rothschild, and he now sought to revive the lost

bless you, I am going now, but I'm glad to leave you in the way of making your fortune.'

"The first sacrifice I made at the altar of money was by a marriage, for *its* love alone, to a thoughtless and senseless girl, who had no other positive attractions than a pretty face and a heavy purse, the first of which was generally confronted with a mirror, while of the latter I took especial care myself. The fortune procured me some pleasure; but the only moment of real happiness I ever enjoyed with my wife was, when, at the end of the first year of our union, I made the discovery that she was not likely to encumber me with the expense of children.

"I devoted myself to my business, which I told you was that of stock-broker, with intense diligence; but, oh! I look back upon it with more intense disgust. All the elements of the earthquake, that has since shattered my heart and overturned my brain, were moulded in its cursed crucible in which I sought my gold. Upon the sea of life it foundered me, and I am now tossed there a wretched wreck. By the God of Heaven it was a fearful trade. Tell me not of the soldier on the plains, nor of the doctor at the bed of suffering, of torture, and of death: the scenes of the battle and the plague are a feather in the balance of misery, when weighed against those which I have seen and *caused*—yes, I, the relentless agent of other's sorrows, bartered for usury and begot in guilt.

"We had connected ourselves in a short time with a host of attorneys, Jews, bailiffs, money-lenders, and all the offscums of our trade. Does a man fall from his horse, he goes to the surgeon to have blood let,—and so did we—leeches in another sense—bled the hundreds, who having fallen in circumstances came to us for temporary relief. The tide seemed at first to flow from their *purses*, but often did it eventually prove to be the blood of the *hearts*! *All our connections had to live.* This was the great secret of the misery which we caused. It was our business to discount bills with enormous usury, under a certainty that they would not be paid when due, although we were sure of the money soon after,—but *we never waited.* The bits of paper were passed over to the lawyers with whom we were linked, and each took his turn, with a dishonoured bill, to arrest the unfortunates who had their names attached, either as drawers, acceptors, or in the way of indorsement; for, to increase cost, we invariably issued writs against them all. Then the Jew bailiffs were brought into play, and they made money either by arresting the parties, or by taking fees not to arrest. Thus it was an organised system of plunder, of which we were the polluted source. The tide of accommodation rolled onward from our house, but its streams were pregnant with poison, and brought heart-burnings to all who drank. As our connection increased, we held in every prison in London, victims whom we had arrested, and not a few in the jails of county towns; and yet not one instance can I recollect that the persons whom we kept in durance deserved imprisonment, for they would have paid us if we had not sent them thither, and we were the swindlers, upon system,

by whom they had been decoyed, in a moment of need, into the debts which we now sought to punish them for owing. Injustice, custom, and the desire of wealth, had effectually closed the avenues of sympathy in our hearts, and our feelings were petrified, or we could not have lived under the ordeals of touching narrative, tear-waking eloquence, and affecting appeal, which we had daily to undergo. God!—in that brief period what a life was mine. Day after day did I enter my counting-house to find on my desk letters that should have warmed an icicle to pity, and melted an avalanche into a torrent of benevolence and human mercy for my kind! Here was a tale from a lone woman, that her house was desolated by *my* execution, that her husband was in prison at *my* suit. There lay a letter from a young victim just taken to a spunging-house, the first step on his extravagant path to jail, where, by *our* means, his heart was to be hardened, and his morals made corrupt. Now I read the statement of a father, that his wife must die, his business be neglected, his children starve, if I kept him within stone walls. Personal intercessions, too, poured in upon me. A mother from the Bench, a wife from the Fleet, a daughter from Whitecross-street, a sister from the Marshalsea or Horsemonger-lane, would come before me in quick succession, sometimes mocking their own hearts, by assuming the smile by which they hoped to charm; but oftener with tears, entreaties, and deluding hopes, soliciting the liberty of those they loved. Strange that I could be so coldly callous as to have left them unrelieved, bowed down by their oppression, for a purpose—in which humanity was forgotten for gold—so worldly as an enquiry into the validity of a new bill! Since then I have wept burning tears for every shilling that I gained by usury, and raved out curses upon my own head, in madness for every prayer of affection that my brutality refused to grant.

"Soon, soon, soon followed the retribution; it rushed upon me fiercely like a Niagarean torrent; it gave no warning, it brought no compassion, it left no hope;—it burned my heart, stone as it was, to a cinder; ravenously as a vulture it fed upon my spirit, and set a seal of darkness upon my brain. The curses of the ruined, embodied in the form of fiends, danced around me in my visions; they put my soul in fury, they encircled me with torments in fever, and from my dreams their howling woke me raving mad! Mad I have been!—mad I must be!—mad I am!"

"No, no, no!" said I, fearful of a relapse, from the rising energy of the maniac, and at once I sought to change the theme of talk; but he was not to be diverted.

"No," said he, as he resumed, with a manner calmed by my effort to distract him from his story; "no, I have told you so far, and while I can I will tell you all. We went on with our damnable game of usury, and as we made money we increased our speculations to a large extent. At last we had *out* an immense number of bills indorsed with our own names, of which however we were pretty confident as to the respectability of most of the acceptors. About the time they

became due, I had occasion to leave town for a week. During my absence the day of payment came, and nearly all the acceptors disappointed us with excuses. In this dilemma my partner gave immediate orders for the working of all the engines of the law, and in the interval drew in all our capital, pulled upon all our resources, and borrowed every where that we had credit, to enable him to gather in these heavy outstanding responsibilities. When he had succeeded, and was prepared to meet the bills—startled at the enormous amount of money which he had collected in his hands—a new idea seized him: judge of its brilliancy, and whether it was profitable or not, when I tell you that with my return was developed the discovery that my money (I give it precedence as having loved it best) and my wife were gone off together with my partner, who had left me all the heavy bills to take up as I could. I was totally ruined, and never did a man more deserve to be so.

"On the day of my arrival I was arrested by one of the very lawyers who had lived by our firm (how many of us have cherished the serpent by which we have been stung), taken by a bailiff, whom I had a hundred times employed to take others, to a sponging-house, and thence by *habeas* to jail.

"From that time I became a haunted man—haunted by the living not the dead. Shadows would not have scared me, but realities were appalling. I was tossed from prison to prison, just as my difficulties withdrew from me or gathered around me, and, like the wandering Hebrew, I had no resting-place away from the misery which I had made. Now it was that my own scarlet crimes first flashed upon me with their conscience-goad and accumulated horrors. Was I in the Fleet prison? There I encountered men whom I had thrust before me into the den; their tale of ruin was told to me in mockery of my own; I saw the gentleman who had once called on me in 'fine attire,' pinched with penury and robed in rags. I learned that the wife who

my fellow prisoners, it was agony, soul-wringing agony, to endure the presence of those whom I had wronged.

"At last, after a term of suffering in the other prisons, I got removed to the King's Bench, and there I hoped I had no victims—I was wrong; yet all the first day I saw no one whom I knew, and then

'The strong delusion gained me more and more;'

but the events of night dispelled it.

"About eleven o'clock, the hour fixed by law for the retirement of the prisoners, an alarm of serious illness was raised, and an expression of general indignation pervaded the debtors as to the cause. A woman, they said, was dying of want in one of the rooms on the ground floor on the poor side of the prison, and a number of persons had gathered round the door of the apartment in which the sufferer lay. I followed mechanically with the rest, and saw what they saw. Little could they feel what I felt.

"The crowd, as soon as they had satisfied their curiosity, dispersed in groups to talk over the poor woman's fate. But I—I could not leave—an impulse which I could not resist, a chain which I could not sever, bound me to the cold stone on which I stood; I could not pass from the door of that room, although I yet only knew that a poor woman had laid down to die, and I had seen nothing but a curtainless bed and a barren chamber, as they had been dimly revealed by the light of a small lamp to all who had gathered without. But after all had gone my heart remained a beating listener to the voice that made itself heard in its most secret cells—a whisper of destiny that mysteriously connected my fate with *hers*, here the miserable tenant of the desolate room; a spell of mingled terror and excitement was upon me and around me, and I felt that I must go within to see her die.

"In another moment the doctor of the prison entered, and I stole after him into the room. There was a deep shadow of the vaulted roof in

bution was stretched out to seize me—my hour of punishment was come. I tottered towards the bed to satisfy my sight (as that moment I would have given my life that my ears had played me false); the woman, as if destiny had determined she should confront me in death, turned towards me, her features flashed upon my eyes and blinded them, a mist was before me, I stood as a man in a dark fog—one gasp, one cold shiver, and the rest was chaos.

"I saw no more of the patient. Soon after I had been carried insensible from her chamber she died, died of grief and starvation—ANOTHER of MY VICTIMS.

"She had been left a widow with her two fatherless boys, and out of kindness for her husband's memory she had put her name to a bill after his death to accommodate one of his former friends. Upon that bill two years before, I had arrested and thrown her into prison; there she lived friendless and penniless. Often had she sent her eldest boy to appeal to me, with the touching eloquence of childhood, for his mother's liberty; but no, I had no deity but gold, and mercy had no resting-place in my heart. I let her starve.—I let her die! Oh, God! *Hers* was the final triumph.

"Never till I saw her face in her dying hour, did I know that she was the same fair and kind creature whom as a boy I had wooed and loved before my mother's death; whom as a monster I had deserted after my father had changed my worship and altered my faith, and despoiled my heart of purity of early passion, to place there Mammon's altar and Moloch's priest.

"I awoke with the brain fever which overtook me a wild raving madman, but not so mad as to forget that I was a murderer too. The vision of that woman and her children was ever before my heart and eyes, and not less was I haunted by my other victims. Aloud I counted over the curses of those whom I had wronged and ruined. I shrieked forth imprecations upon my own head for hearts that I had blighted and homes that I had despoiled. The wife, the widow and the orphan, the husband, the father and the friend were revenged upon me with the terrible vengeance of my own voice. They bound my limbs and chained my body, but they could not prevent me from cursing myself, from crying aloud in the self-pains of my spirit, from raving with the agony of my remorse. And now who dares say that I am not a murderer, when the fiends of darkness are pointing at me, and my victims are besetting me with their cries? Look, look, look!—yonder where the sun has cleared away the cloudy mist; there they come to torment me; see how the children weep; hark how the mothers wail in the storm. There is a hand pointing at me through the tempest, and look, my name is written in tears and blood upon the sky!"

* * * *

I could not now stay the wild ravings of the maniac, for with the conclusion of his story, and the memories which it had called up, his lucid interval had ceased.

From the London Spectator.

AULDJO'S VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Mr. Auldjo departed from Naples in April, 1833, on board the ship that conveyed the tardy Lord Ponsonby to Constantinople, when Ibrahim was threatening to overturn the Ottoman Empire as an avowed enemy, and the Russians were supposed to be meditating the same end under the guise of friendship. During the voyage, our author was sea-sick in the afternoon of the day he was invited to dine with the captain, and was much disturbed at night by nautical noises; he saw as much of Greece and the Islands as could be distinguished from the vessel's deck, and landed whenever he had the opportunity to make a closer inspection. Arrived at Constantinople, he saw a good deal if not all that was to be seen, visiting the principal mosques, the bazaars, and the taverns; buying pipes, perfumes, and curiosities; eating, drinking, and making merry. He made some casual inspections of the Russian camp, and attended a review; he frequented the suburban pleasure places to which the Byzantines resort for amusement; and appears to have made some impression upon the fair sex, whether Armenians, Greeks, or Turks. He saw the slave-market, and a procession wherein the Sultan bore a part; of both of which he gives us a pretty full account. He also had the honour of a ramble with Lord Ponsonby, during which they reciprocally unfolded their views as to the political condition of the Ottoman Empire and the Eastern World: but these profound speculations are, for obvious reasons, kept from the reader; who only learns that there was a marvellous coincidence between the ambassador and his humble friend. Nor did the confidential communications end here. Having gone to Constantinople, as it would seem, "for a change," when our author had seen all he could find worthy of observation, he sighed to change again: and Lord Ponsonby, confidentially informing him that in the then state of affairs he should detain the *Actæon* for an indefinite period, Mr. Auldjo took advantage of the departure of the *Francesco* (tourist steam-boat) to return to Naples; visiting Smyrna, the grotto of Antiparos, and Malta, on their route. As Mr. Auldjo kept a daily journal of all he saw or did, and, when these were wanting, of what he thought, his excursion afforded him the requisite quantity of matter for the octavo volume before us.

It will be concluded from our description of some of its subjects, that the Journal has little novelty of matter, nor has it much depth or keenness of observation. Neither does the writer seem to possess any of that scientific knowledge which sharpens the natural faculties, or in a measure supplies their place. When sentimental he writes nonsense; his classical enthusiasm is not much better; but his descriptions are clear, plain, and unaffected, with a kind of amusing vivacity that renders them agreeable, and when the circumstances have an interest in themselves, they lose nothing by his mode of telling. As he sojourned at Constantinople during a stirring time, and seems to have lived altogether in diplomatic and

military society, he has transferred to his pages some of the spirit and feelings of the circles in which he mingled, and which give to parts of his work a conventional interest. The Journal, in short, is an agreeable hodge-podge; fresh, lively, and frequently amusing, and never straining the attention if it fails to excite it.

In the course of our author's travels, he encountered some great personages. He saw Otho, king of Greece, soon after his arrival in his dominions; had his brother, the Prince of Bavaria, for a fellow passenger, on board the steamer, (and a very disagreeable one we are told he made;) and was likewise honoured by the Duchess de Berri treading the same deck with himself. We take a description of the lady and an anecdote of the prince.

THE HEROINE OF LA VENDEE.

"The duchess came on board with her husband and suite, Count Menars, and the Prince and Princess —. Her face is by no means a handsome one; and she is very short, thin, and vulgar-looking. Nothing in her personal appearance marks her out for a heroine, or is calculated to inspire her followers with the awe and respect with which they seem to worship her. She soon sat down to whist with her husband, Butera, and the old Princess St. Theodore; but the game received many unpleasant interruptions from the pitching and rolling of the boat. Each time the fit came on, she sprang upon the bench on which she had been sitting, and after bending her head *sans ceremonie* over the vessel's side, quietly sat down again to resume her cards. This rather unroyal and unlady-like exhibition occurred repeatedly; and we were impressed with the idea that her manners altogether were very unfitting her rank and station. As it was publicly known that we had the Duchess de Berri on board, she attracted considerable attention; otherwise her carriage would never have distinguished her from the most ordinary passenger. Our Carlist friend appeared on the quarter-deck, wearing the colours of his party: at first she took no notice of him; but at length it occurred to her that he might be a spy in disguise, and she haughtily demanded who he was. His loyalty and devotion were not proof against this affront: in an instant he retreated below, and having disencumbered himself of the once-cherished badge, reappeared on deck with a

compelled to read him a practical lecture on the necessity of complying with the established regulations. He had been told that, as punctuality was a most indispensable maxim on board a man-of-war, where every thing depended on the example afforded to the sailors by their officers and superiors, he would be expected at breakfast by eight o'clock every morning.

"On the following day, at the hour prescribed, the king was seated at the cabin-table, and, after waiting a quarter of an hour, as the prince came not, breakfast was finished. About half-past nine, his royal highness made his debut, and expressed some surprise at seeing the table cleared: however, the captain told him he was sorry he had lost his breakfast, particularly as it was a long time to dinner, and the regulations of the ship precluded his having any meal served before that was ready. The prince frowned, and looked marvellously discomfited; but, pocketing his lecture, he made an apology, and went sulkily on deck.

AN EASTERN STORY-TELLER.

"I went with my friend, the American Secretary, to visit the coffee-houses in the Armenian quarter, where an improvisatore exhibits his talents every holyday. Immense crowds of respectable Turks assemble there to listen to the narrations of this accomplished story-teller; and it is even said that the grand signior himself is often present as an auditor, in disguise. We sat in the open air, on a long pier of wood built out into the sea, where there were hundreds besides, perched upon low stools, smoking, or eating delicious ices and mahalabé, and laughing and talking with more vivacity than I could have expected in beings generally so taciturn, and so absorbed in the contemplation of their own importance. At last a man came to the door of the largest coffee-room and clapped his hands, when the Turks immediately moved into this apartment, in which seats were arranged in a semicircular form, one above the other, as in a theatre. A portion of the floor, in front of the benches, was occupied by low stools, probably reserved for visitors of distinction; and close to the wall was a rostrum and a large easy arm-chair, on one side of which stood a little desk.

"Our Oriental friends behaved with much politeness; for, perceiving from our European costume, that we were strangers, they offered us places in front of the stage; and after a few minutes' delay a man entered, and was handed up to the platform and chair amidst a burst of

visits England, France, &c., and on his way back is taken by a pirate, who carries him to the coast of Africa. During this compulsory voyage, he describes himself as affected with a most horrible sea sickness; and here his representation of a person labouring under that detestable malady was so accurate, that I almost fancied myself again in the cockpit of the *Actæon*, and all the terrors of the voyage across the Adriatic arose fresh to my imagination. After many other adventures, he returns safe to Aleppo, his native city, no richer than he set out; but, like the monkey who had seen the world, "full of wise saws" and strange assertions. His hairbreadth escapes, the unlucky scrapes he gets into, the blunders he is incessantly committing from his imperfect knowledge of the languages of the various nations among whom he is thrown, the continual equivocal and play upon words, his absurd misconceptions of the orders he receives, his buffing, bastinadoes, feasts, imprisonments, and escapes, the odd satirical remarks elicited by the different objects, places, and strange fashions he encounters, all afforded opportunities to the ingenious mimic for displaying the versatility of his powers. The changes, too, of voice, manner, look, gesture, suitable to the various characters he assumed, were infinitely ludicrous and entertaining. In this respect he was little, if at all, inferior to his mirth-inspiring brother of the *Adelphi*; in proof of which, I need only state, that, though utterly unacquainted with his language and enabled to follow the thread of the story only by the hurried explanations of Hodgson, I sat listening and laughing with the greatest satisfaction for more than two hours, without feeling my attention at all beginning to flag. As to the Turks, they were literally convulsed with laughter; shouting, screaming, and uttering a thousand exclamations of delight; and more than once it was evident, from their uproarious mirth, that he had succeeded in satirising the peculiarities of some well-known individual. At every pause in the story—very necessary for the actor, who was often exhausted by the violence of his gesticulations—wooden trays were handed about, and every one was expected to contribute a few paras. Of course the liberality of the audience was proportioned to the gratification they received; and on the present occasion, he, no doubt, experienced substantial proofs of their approbation in a pretty considerable harvest of silver pieces."

RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY.

"The American Vice-Consul accompanied a party of Americans to Buyukdere, where he took a caique, and rowed alongside the Russian flag-ship. The sentinel at the gangway immediately ordered them to sheer off; and, on demanding the reason, they were told that they must not attempt to approach without the admiral's permission. Nothing daunted, they desired the man to ask the officer of the watch to allow them to inspect the interior of the vessel; but he flatly refused, because 'they were Englishmen.'

"No sooner, however, was it explained that they were Americans, than they were desired to wait, while the officer reported this communication to his superior; the result of which was, that the admiral himself came on deck and took them down to his cabin, where he treated them to a luncheon of bread and cheese, fruit, and porter. When he had shown them over the ship, he ordered his boat to be manned, and conducted them himself to the headquarters of the camp, sent an officer as their guide, and patiently waited until they had fully gratified their curiosity. But his attentions did not end there; for he took them on board again, gave them another luncheon, and afterwards sent them ashore at Buyukdere in his boat."

George Cruikshank has drawn and etched some clever scenes, after sketches by the author, in

which the graphic satirist has brought out more humour and mind than are to be found in the pages he illustrates. How capital, for instance, is the awkward expectancy of the "Last Man," waiting, torch in hand, to descend into the grotto of Antiparos!

BRETON'S SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.

Lieutenant Breton is not unfavourably known as a traveller, by the account he published of his trip to Australasia. The organ of locomotion, which seems strongly developed, subsequently took him to Norway; and the success of his "Excursions" has perhaps induced him to publish his tour.

The direction of the routes of our lieutenant does not greatly differ from that of Mr. Barrow, junior; nor indeed was there much room for difference. Arriving at Christiania, which was reached in eight days after leaving Southampton, our voyager pushed northwards for Trondhjem, and returned by a different route. He then went to Bergen, on the western coast; and, following the course of Mr. Barrow, but not exactly his track, again (we infer) arrived at the northern capital, by the different conveyances of sea-boats, saddle-horses, and carriages; and finally reached his first starting-point, but by a fresh road,—for Mr. Breton is a great admirer of the ancient maxim, that no wise man goes back the way he came. As Norway is not greatly distinguished for arts, commerce, or conventional modes, there was nothing to describe, but her scenery; nothing to observe, but her peasantry, who are not numerous; and little, it would appear, to be met with, save short commons, rugged rides, fresh air, and brief slumbers. The landscapes are monotonous; and Mr. Breton describes them as (of course they must be) far inferior to those of Switzerland. Of the people he forms a much less favourable opinion than Mr. Barrow; painting them as dirty, somewhat obtrusive, slothful, and given to impose,—though the last is perhaps traceable to the prodigal folly of English tourists. The inconveniences of traveling we have indicated, and our author holds that there are no dangers which prudence may not guard against; its pleasures, unless to the most robust of men, we opine to be non-existent. Scandinavia is clearly the last resource of the traveling mania, except a journey overland to the North Pole, or a voyage to discover the Southern Continent.

The great merit of the *Excursions in New South Wales*, was the unpretending manner in which they conveyed a quantity of new and practical information upon matters of general interest. The literary qualities of our author remain the same, or are perhaps improved; but the uncongenial nature of his matter has to a certain extent prevented their full exhibition. The work—as what work would not?—may also have suffered something from a change of plan. The author originally designed writing a small volume to serve as a guide-book; but changing his mind, produced a bulky octavo—with some disadvantage, we think, as to the clearness of his arrange-

ment, and the freshness of his narrative, which, under the new idea, is occasionally suspended to make way for matter collected from other books. The intended tourist, however, would do well to consult it for its practical information and its useful hints; the general reader may be pleased with some of his adventures, and with his views and plates of costumes; whilst the elaborate map may be serviceable to both classes.—*Spectator*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

"*Macduff*.—I cannot but remember such things were!"
SHAKESPEARE.

I remember, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
One fine morning in September,
Uncle brought me home a toy;

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks, in kindest mood;
"There," said he, "you little fat-head,
'There's a top because you're good!'"

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
"Oh! how kind of Uncle John!"

While mamma, my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood—
Read me this fine moral lesson,
"See what comes of being good!"

* * * * *

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play;

I remember, Billy Hawkins
Came, and, with his pewter squirt,
Squibb'd my pantaloons and stockings,
Till they were all over dirt!

To my mother for protection

From the New Monthly Magazine.

FINE ARTS—ROYAL ACADEMY.

It appears to be almost universally admitted that the present exhibition at the Royal Academy is of a superior kind to any of late preceding years. Not but there is the usual supply of many positively bad pictures, but the preponderance is decidedly in favour of those of a better order. To none does more interest attach than to that of Mr. Wilkie, numbered 64 in the catalogue. The subject is Christopher Columbus seated at a table explaining the project of his intended voyage for the discovery of the New World in the convent of La Rabida. The story is taken from Washington Irving's life of the discoverer. "A stranger traveling on foot," says the memoir by Washington Irving, "accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of a convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria Rabida, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child; while receiving this humble refreshment, the guardian of the convent, Friar Juan Perez Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing, from his air and accent, that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him. The stranger was Columbus. The conference which followed, remarkable for opening a brighter prospect in the fortunes of Columbus, forms the subject of the picture, in which he is represented seated at the convent table, with the prior to his right, to whom he is explaining, on a chart, the theory upon which his long contemplated discovery is founded. At his left is his son Diego, with a small Italian greyhound at his feet, supposed to have accompanied them in their voyage from Genoa." Such is the foundation for the picture, which is, in our estimation, Mr. Wilkie's noblest work. The finest portion of it, as far as mere painting is concerned, is the head of the prior, who is intently gazing upon the chart, while Columbus demonstrates the practicability of his plan. He looks half aghast at the wonderful re-

hole of the picture is invested with an air of rigidity. It is grand in conception, and powerful in execution. The effect of breadth given by the light coming across the picture is managed in most masterly manner.

No. 88 is also by Mr. Wilkie, and is called the "First Ear-ring." It is full of humour; the little fiction of the trinket bears the pain with all the artifice of childish vanity. A lap-dog in the room appears to suffer some of the torture inflicted by sympathy, and is screwed up most ridiculously.

No. 131. "Gulliver's Introduction to the Queen of Brobdingnag." C. R. Leslie, R. A. "This picture," says a critic in a morning newspaper, "represents the point of time when the little Gulliver is presented to the gigantic queen of the Brobdingnagians, surrounded by her maids of honour. The captain in the back-ground is receiving the money which the queen pays for the purchase of the diminutive curiosity. Gulliver is on the table, embracing with fervent devotion the tip of her majesty's little finger. We think the whole of this picture is a misconception. The artist has not conquered the difficulty with which the subject evidently labours, namely, to make the women Brobdingnagians without making a Lilliputian of Gulliver. Most of the women are but of the 'fair, fat, and forty' size, and the only indication that is given of their being creatures of a different stature and nature to those we ordinarily meet is in their terrible eyes; poor Gulliver seems likely to die of being gazed at, so ardently do they contemplate the wondrous mite. But still no notion is given of Gulliver's real size; he looks like one of the puppets in the fantoccini, or a Thomas Thumb the Less. We have with him no sympathies—we shudder not at the idea of his falling from the perilous height of the table on which he is placed, or breaking his neck over the rugged ridges of the table-cover—we fear not the next hurricane of wind, should the princess chance to sneeze, sending him lifeless to the distant confines of her spacious boudoir—no pendant ear-ring of the maids of honour while inspecting him appears like a rock, about to fall and deprive him of existence—no mighty caul, or ponderous plaything, carelessly swung by Brobdingnagian baby, threatens to dash him to atoms—he is neither man, nor boy, nor child, 'fish, flesh, or good red-herring;' and they are neither ogresses, nor Titans' wives, nor the beautiful and stupendous princesses of the great island of Brobdingnag, so famous for its peculiar attitude and longitude that the ancients did not know it, and the moderns are still ignorant of its existence. But the wit of Swift and the pencil of Leslie we must not expect to find in combination; and that the picture is a failure we must attribute to the insurmountable difficulties the subject presented. As a painting, it is in the usual superior style of Mr. Leslie." We entirely concur with his opinion here expressed, except that no praise is given where it is richly due, namely, to the painting of a young Brobdingnagian child, or dwarf; if all else in the picture were a failure, this portion of it must be acknowledged to be the work of a master.

No. 395. "King Richard I. of England, surrounded." OL. XXVII. SEPTEMBER, 1835—32

named Cœur de Lion, and the Soldan Saladin." S. A. Hart. This scene represents Richard feeling the pulse of the Soldan Saladin, who has entered into his camp and obtained admission into his tent in the disguise of a physician, and on the pretence of assisting in the cure of a fever under which the King was then labouring. The story, it will be remembered, is related in Sir Walter Scott's novel of the Talisman. This is a picture of considerable power, but we think it deficient in refinement. It is theatrical, and not well chosen for an historical painting. We much prefer Mr. Hart's picture, of last year, of Cardinal Wolsey and Buckingham. Had we not seen that picture, all we should have said would have been in the language of praise, which Mr. Hart well deserves. We cannot however avoid comparing an artist with himself.

No. 270. "The Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock." D. M'Clise. The public is well acquainted with the powers of this artist. From the "Mokanna" to the "Installation of Captain Rock," his work of last year, he has produced a succession of most astonishing works. The present, if it possesses all the beauties, has some of the faults of his former productions. If he is prolific in invention and prodigal in fancy, he is not the most diligent in studying the arts of composition. To be a great painter,—and Mr. M'Clise has in him the elements of the greatest,—it is not only necessary to indulge the bent of a superior genius, but to attend to every minor portion of detail, from the mechanical work of the pencil to the much more arduous task of composing and arranging a picture. A laughing face, conceived in humour, and dashed off in a masterly style upon the canvass, will not, however good it may be, atone for defects that nothing but diligence is required to avoid. In the Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock, the figure of the knight is beautifully painted, but it does not harmonise with the surrounding parts. The same fondness for perpendicular lines is evinced, as has been so often seen in the pictures of this artist, and which, be it remembered, is peculiar not to style, but to manner. Moreover, the picture is one of episodes, and lacks the interest of a connected story. There is sufficient invention in it for six such pictures, but not enough of composition for one. The painting of some of the heads is perfect, and there are parts replete with fancy, fun, and merriment. Such is the group surrounding the fool with the bauble. Indeed, wherever we look there are bits of the highest order—exquisite touches of feeling and character. If we have said anything to detract from Mr. M'Clise, we have done it, we trust, in the spirit of those who ardently admire him.

Mr. Turner has several pictures. Two more particularly beyond the rest demand attention. No. 24. "Keelmen heaving in Coals, by Night," is one, and No. 155, "Venice from the Porch of Madonna della Salute," is the other. The first of these is a moonlight scene, and admirably adapted for displaying the masterly pencil of Mr. Turner. The picture is as light as day, and the only thing that prevents the impression on the mind of the spectator that it is day, is the positive coldness peculiar to moonlight. It is a most extraordinary

piece of effect. The other picture is equally extraordinary, but in another way. The mid-day sun shining upon the white walls of Venice, innumerable vessels with the flags of all nations, the black gondola and the gay flitting pennon, are all brought into powerful contrast. It is altogether brilliant, dazzling, and original.

Mr. Mulready unfortunately contributes but one picture—it is No. 105, "The Last In." "The Last In" is no less a person than the boy who, "with satchel on his back," crawled "like a snail unwillingly to school." As he enters, he bows to the schoolmaster, who, with mock gravity, profoundly returns the obeisance, while in his looks lurks a flogging for the urchin who is "last in." It is humorously conceived, though a little confined in grouping, and admirably painted.

In the lower room, known by the name of the Antique Academy, are some very beautiful productions. Among them are the works of Chalon, Rochard, G. R. Ward and Mrs. G. R. Ward, Miss F. Corbeaux, Miss M. Chalon, and a variety of others. But why is a picture in every respect fitted to maintain a place among the best of those of the Royal Academicians, full of beauty of all sorts, of all artist-like effects, placed among miniatures and flowers? Not that we mean to assert any thing in any way tending to deteriorate those elegant branches of art. But for superior oil-paintings the Academicians themselves, consulting their own interests as well as propriety, have assigned the better lights of the Great Room, the Painting Academy, and the Ante-Room. Why, then, is the beautiful picture of Little Red Riding Hood and Wolf of Mr. Inskipp placed in so unworthy a situation as it holds in the Antique Academy? We are not among the captious critics who are ready upon all occasions to assail so honourable and meritorious a body as the Royal Academy. We know their difficulties in dealing with conflicting interests and jealous persons, and should be sorry to aggravate those difficulties. But without encountering the charge of being

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE TRADE OF ENGLAND.

Reader, be not appalled at this ominous title! You are not about to be irritated or *composed* by a tedious disquisition upon the decrease or increase of exports or imports,—upon the superiority of a free or protected commerce,—upon the comparative growth or decline in cotton and woollen manufactures,—upon processes shortened by machinery to the destruction of hand-labour, and the propriety of multiplying the difficulties of production in order to employ a population running fast towards the destruction of property by a too facile power of raising and preparing all sorts of necessities and luxuries;—of all these high topics you will find very little; and what little you do find will rather be intended for your amusement than your instruction, for your essay, like the arrangements and articles of the trade we are about to speak of, will be light and ornamental, made quite as much for delight as for profit. We have thought it right to premise thus much for both our sakes, lest you should lose the entertainment we hope to afford you, and we the chance of being permitted to entertain you.

But, nevertheless, the trade of England is a great matter, and when we see women and children employed in directing almost invisible threads which inanimate wood and iron set into a motion almost as rapid as the passage of light by a subtle mist, and when we reflect that by this is created an almost equally incalculable number of millions per annum, that nations are clothed by these processes, and so vast a portion of the people maintained,—when, taking this for the most important example, we glance through all the employments of labour, and think that wealth, in some shape or other, is created to the amount of hundreds of millions: observe, reader,—the hands of man and the minutes of time employed to this intent accumulate hundreds of millions of pounds, which by circulation give the means of life and luxury to

consequences are those which apply to all such concentrations of men, money, and machinery. Capital beats down mere labour, and drives the small maker from the field. But machinery has also had another effect in this branch: it draws the trade around and near to the metropolis. As thus,—when the air alone was employed to dry the goods, the average of time necessary to bring a ream of paper from the rag to the string, as the technical phrase goes,—that is, from the raw material to the perfect article in a marketable state,—was from two to three months. *Now*, it is dried by steam *upon the machine*, and a week will execute a large order. How does this affect the distant mill? Why thus:—The London stationer, the middle man, no longer holds the large stock he used to do. If a bookseller applies to him for one hundred reams of a certain paper, he knows where he can to a certainty have it made and delivered in six or eight days on an emergency. When the distant manufacturer comes into the market, the stationer is willing to purchase on speculation only at a very low price. He is therefore driven to a country trade in his own vicinity. The same facts apply to the material of the staff of life—to flour. The moment there is a rise in the market, the steam miller in the immediate neighbourhood of Market-lane sets on all his power and fills the market. The country manufacturer is ousted by mere propinquity. While his commodity is on the water, the dealer near London has reaped the advantage, and he leaves the depressed market to the countryman. An immense depreciation of the value of distant mill-property, no less than an almost total decline of that branch of commerce, has followed this improvement, if such it may be esteemed, in the conduct of mills.

Our illustration of the paper trade introduces another, and perhaps the most remarkable, *possibility* attending mechanical processes. Every body has heard of the bet laid and won some years ago by a gentleman of Yorkshire, that he would dine in a coat made of wool which should have been growing on the sheep's back in the morning of the same day. He did so. The sheep was shorn, the wool combed, spun, and woven, the cloth was dressed, and the coat made before six o'clock. He wore it, but it was wet, and having achieved his promise and won his wager, he begged to be permitted to escape the chance of dying by a cold caught from sitting in his damp garment. He took off his coat, and finished an hilarious evening in his capacity of president of a large agricultural meeting. This was considered to be one of the greatest triumphs of accelerated manufacturing processes. But our proposition goes to this:—*It is possible to produce a printed book which one single minute only before was one of the vilest of all substances—rag—and without being touched by human hands.* This we may say is the most wonderful of all the wonders of machinery: but it may be done. It must be admitted that the terms of the problem are stretched to the utmost, but if the printing-machine were placed for the purpose at the end of the paper-machine, both set to work, and the paper conducted from the last named to the first, the second

impression would be thus produced without the human touch. The word *rag* must also be taken to mean the rag reduced to pulp, or paper stuff, by the previous processes of washing and trituration. Still, however, the filaments are rag, and nothing but rag, and the transformation is performed with the rapidity, beauty, and effect of crystalization.

* * * * *
How many times has the country been ruined in the apprehension of politicians and economists! It was said at one period that if ever the national debt reached one hundred millions, England would be *ruined*. When Pitt took the helm the nation *was* ruined. When the bank restriction again took place we were again *ruined*. The national debt is now eight hundred millions; and long before and ever since the conclusion of the war we have been pronounced to be *ruined*. When the bank note fell to a discount, or in other words, when gold rose to a premium, we were once more *ruined*; and ever since the bank has been made to pay in cash, the country, so say Mr. Attwood and the landlords and the farmers, has been *ruined*. My father used to preach that the surest way to ruin the nation was to persuade every body to drink water; and now we have temperance societies lending their endeavours to effect this very purpose. Nothing is so likely to do it; and as it bears upon our subject—trade—let us just look at its consequences if successful.

All the land now under cultivation for barley thrown out of tillage, and all the husbandmen employed in ploughing, sowing, harrowing, harvesting, and threshing the barley, thrown out of employment.

All the hop lands in the same condition; all the maltsters annihilated; all the distilleries shut up, the capital sunk, and the people turned off.

All the ships engaged in the importation and exportation of wine, brandies, rum, porter, &c., useless, and all their seamen idle. All the capital and people employed in the manufactures exchanged for these commodities, and all those engaged in growing, procuring, or transmitting them, reduced to vacant idleness.

All the public-houses closed, and the inmates turned adrift. All the merchant's clerks, warehouses, cellars, &c., in the same state. All the coopers out of demand; all the officers of excise, and all the revenue gone.

All the rents circulated and employment arising from the consumption of fermented liquors, not specially enumerated above, at an end!

Could all these things be accomplished forthwith, the nation might probably be ruined. Who would imagine that the simple act of confining our beverage to water would strike off at least one-fourth of the commerce and employment of the whole kingdom! Yet such would be the effect of the abstinence inculcated by the societies in the name of temperance.

But let us return to the uses of capital and credit. We have seen what the last can do in the way of substitution for the former; let us now look at what the former is doing to displace the latter.

One of the main principles of trade in days of yore is now, it is to be feared, much avoided, if not absolutely abandoned. Once upon a time, an

article to be considered cheap must be also known to be good; now, an article to be esteemed good, must, as the first of requisites, be cheap. Well, then, how has this affected the fabric of our manufactures, and indeed, commodities in general? The essence of the morning and evening exhortation of the old Presbyterian dealer, "Boy, when you have watered the currants and sanded the sugar, come in to prayers!" will be found to have made its way into more shops than the grocers'. An article of any sort obtains distinction. Silk, cloth, linen, ribbon, paper, no matter which. What happens? The rival tradesmen instantly despatch samples to some manufacturer with whom they are in correspondence, and ask whether he can produce any thing *like* it at a reduced price? The manufacturer sets his wits to work, and by some evasion, some almost imperceptible deterioration—less material, or less labour, he "meets the market," as the phrase is. By this mode of deception, the cheap substitute is eagerly bought, till its defects are discovered: it is decried almost as instantly as it was exalted into celebrity, and the commodity, nay, even the place whence it comes, falls into decline. This was some years ago the case with one of the best and most generally worn fabrics of female costume ever invented. An ingenious rogue so constructed his goods that the first and last few yards of the piece were excellent, all the middle greatly inferior. It was some time before the trick was found out; but the moment the trick became known, not only the thing itself, but the town where this fraud was practised was degraded, and a great and valuable portion of its commerce was destroyed by this one man's artifice.* Yet to the same desire of cheapness the world is indebted for some of the most useful substitutions. Writing was formerly confined to thick and thin post. Paper is sold by the maker to the stationer by weight at per lb. Thick paper had its standard weight, and thin also. Accident or design produced an intermediate article, which was probably at first sold by the stationer to the retail consumer as thick. But what was in the

which deal in many, perhaps most articles of general wear, but only for ready money. They buy for money, and they sell for money. Their transactions are immense, because they command the market both ways, both in buying and selling, both by payment and quantity. Go into the manufacturing districts, from Glasgow to Norwich, and you will find the firms of two metropolitan houses more rife than all the rest put together. Why? They buy more and pay prompt: they know the necessitous manufacturer, and they press upon him. The prosperous maker rejoices not less in such a customer. They sell as they buy, and the consequence is, they silence and beat down all competition: each of these houses is said to return from 10,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* a day, in cash or bank notes. It is no wonder that a small per centage enriches them. This is the verification of the old trading maxim—"a small profit and a quick return," (adding, however, a larger one also,) carried to its perfection. Such vast concerns almost realise the old rider's boast of the firm he traveled for saving 1000*l.* a year in ink, by not making dots to the *i* and strokes to the *t* in their letters. The bill stamps are certainly a great object, the discounts a far greater. *Hæ nuga in seria ducunt*—BONA!—In plain English, little savings become large profits.

Nor is this plan confined to the metropolis, it is widely adopted in the great provincial cities and towns. Houses of this description, in all branches, send out offsets from London in this manner:—they take a youth with a large premium, say 1000*l.* upon these conditions; if he turn out clever and trustworthy, they hire a house and shop in some country place, Liverpool or Brighton for example, and send him down to try his fortune. If, at the end of two or more years, as the case may be, he thinks well enough of the business, it becomes his own upon the condition of paying for the outfit by instalments, and a further covenant to purchase all his goods for a given number of years of the parent firm. This system is imitated in the lesser circles of the country towns, and the instances

ness increases consumption and general employment, obtains in the end.

"One half of the world does not know how the other half lives," is a maxim even more true than trite. There are traders, and to no small extent, who have neither capital nor goods—their stock is knowledge; not indeed in the modern sense—not the knowledge of penny magazines, newspapers, or diffusion society tracts—but a knowledge of the articles of the price current, and where and how they are to be most cheaply had. A trader of this sort will sell you any thing; that is, he will take an order for any thing, and execute it often as well as the first houses. How does he manage this? simply because he deals on commission for or with those very houses, and thus a knowledge of the best method of trading is brought to the very counting-house of the countryman, whose whole life, passed in the study of his own concerns, would not have afforded him a like opportunity or advantage.

Some forty years or more ago, a gardener, a fellow of as much vulgarity and ignorance as you could meet on a summer's day, took it into his noddle, (for it had no pretensions to be called a head, if in heads brains form a necessary ingredient,) that a Bible published in numbers at a very cheap rate in themselves, though not on the whole, would be a most saleable commodity; and he thought that by soliciting at every door in the country an immense circulation might be commanded. He imparted his project to several small country printers in the district where he lived, but so unpromising was his manner and appearance, and he had not a shilling in the world, that no one could be found to join in the speculation. At last he ferreted out a country schoolmaster, who was as clever, steady, and respectable as his coadjutor seemed the contrary. He saw the whole force of the design; he bought a few types, and by the aid of his daughter, he got ready a number, with which the gardener set forth. The scheme succeeded; and the modern system of *canvassing*, alias of soliciting from door to door, by foot hawkers, was permanently established. It began in bibles, was extended to popular books in general, and is now carried into a variety of departments of business;—stationery, hardware, china and earthenware, tea, linen, haberdashery, shoes, umbrellas, ropes, baskets, mats, &c. &c., to the infinite advantage of the peasantry.

An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
Through dusty ways, in storm, from door to door,
A vagrant merchant bent beneath his load!
Yet do such travellers find their own delight:
And their hard service, deemed debasing now,
Gained morit respect in simpler times;
When quire and priest, and they who round them dwell
In rustic sequestration, all dependent
Upon the pedlar's toil, supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies, with the wares he brought.

Wordsworth's Excursion.

Formerly, "riders" were what "commercial travellers" are: now almost every trade has its canvassers. In vending many of the lighter wares, as well as in those which are the express work of females, women are very much engaged. Scarcely a day passes without our observing a

traveller of this sex, with her large trunk-like basket lined with oil silk, seeking custom from door to door, and displaying her little stock of finery, caps, habit-shirts, collars, and even worked dresses, to the cottagers and to the servants of the middle classes.* Religion itself has its itinerant apostles, and is hawked from town to town by male and female preachers at per week.

The competition, not less than the desire, for cheapness has originated the system so universal in the shops of London, and in most great towns also, of exposing all sorts of goods with tickets of the prices attached. The plan is certainly efficacious, for who has not been allured to buy articles of which, perhaps, he does not actually stand in need, by the prodigiously small prices! And even admitting that the purchaser is not sufficiently wary to insist upon having the identical article exposed at the window, but can be brought to believe the goods within the shop to be equally excellent with the show pattern, and to accept a similar for the same, these commodities are, notwithstanding, marvellously cheap. The remark especially applies to all sorts of apparel. How they are constructed at all for the money must not be enquired. Like Peter Pindar's razors, many are made, not to shave, but to sell. But there is one most lamentable consequence of this severe competition,—multitudes of young women are driven to prostitution or to death by the unendurable curse and privation of passing the best part of the twenty-four hours in the vain labour of endeavouring to earn enough to sustain existence by the needle. There is reason to believe the waste of human life in these half-paid employments,†

* A female servant can be well clothed from head to foot, agreeably to her situation, including every article of her apparel, to her pocket handkerchief, for thirty-eight shillings—a young female of the middle class, for about four guineas.

† This applies also but too frequently to the houses of first-rate dress-makers, nor can we better illustrate this branch of business than by a quotation from No. XCv. of the "Quarterly Review."—"Many is the milliner's apprentice whom every London season sends to her grave, because the dresses of fine ladies must be completed with a degree of celerity which nothing but night labour can accomplish. To the question—'When must it be done?' 'Immediately,' is the readiest answer, though it is an answer which would perhaps be less inconsiderately and indiscriminately given, if it were known how many young creatures have come to premature death in consequence of it, and how many hearts have been hardened by the oppression which it necessitates: nor does the evil stop here. The dress maker's apprentices in a great city have another alternative; and it is quite as much to escape from the intolerable labours which are imposed upon them in the London season, as from any sexual frailty, that such multitudes of them adopt a vocation which affords some immediate relief, whilst it ensures a doubly fatal termination of their career. The temptations by which these girls are beset might be deemed all-sufficient without the compulsion by which they are thus, as it were, driven out into the street. Upon them 'the fatal gift of beauty' has been more lavishly bestowed than upon any other class—perhaps not excepting even the aristocracy. They are many of them, probably, the spurious offspring of aristocratical fathers, and inherit beauty for the same reason."

is only exceeded by the destruction of the grinders in Sheffield.

There is another species of attraction, but practised chiefly in the country, namely, to allure by one article to the purchase of others. We have known fine calico sold during the first opening of a new linen warehouse, for a given number of days, at a penny a yard; pocket handkerchiefs, at a penny a piece; and an advertisement now lies before us, offering to give to the purchaser of a six shilling hat, a cap into the bargain. The price of sugars has been greatly reduced to all purchasers of a certain weight of tea. One trader not long ago, put up a notice to sell a pair of breeches with two shillings in the pockets! Whatever degrees of delusion may be thus practised, the difference in price between the ticket-shop and the steady dealer is, however, hardly to be compensated by any conceivable difference of quality not instantly and strongly perceptible to the purchaser; and in many instances *it is* fairly to be accounted for by quantities made and sold. Shoes are one example. But of all things, the most striking, because the most familiar and important, yet perhaps the least attended to, is the depression of the staff of life—wheat and flour. In 1812, the average price of wheat was 140s.; it now does not probably exceed 43s. If a trader in any department were asked what would be the consequence to his circumstances of a decline of 200 per cent. *upon the profit* of his trade, he would answer, total ruin; but here we have a fall of not less than 200 per cent. upon the entire price of the commodity; yet farming continues to be a trade by which multitudes are at least maintained! Flour was, in 1800, 7s. 6d. per stone; it is now 1s. 5d. retail.

Were we to course through the whole price list of consumable articles since that date (1812), we should find an astonishing reduction, amounting probably to far more than fifty per cent. upon

as the legitimate daughters of aristocrats, because the wealth of these persons enables them to select the most

every article of necessity or luxury, taking the average. To this must be added the facility to the purchasers at second hand, of comparatively imperishable commodities—houses, furniture, mirrors, pictures, carriages, musical instruments, &c., occasioned by the supply exceeding the demand, by changes of habitation, failures and death, by continually improved methods of manufacture, and lastly, by the fastidious caprices of fashion, which throw out of use such vast stores of scarcely damaged moveables. These are to be purchased at auctions and repositories, for not the tithe of their original cost. Since 1816, the taxation of the country has been reduced nearly to the same amount. Yet complaint is more general than ever. Cheapness then, it should seem, is not prosperity. We are governed, lodged, furnished, appareled, and fed at an infinitely lower rate; and yet we grumble as much as ever. The truth is, every man's income follows low price but that of one class; and which is that? the class of fixed annuitants.

Thus, "the competitive system" is in full force and operation. All who can pay down upon the nail, as the saying is, seek for the cheapest purchase; and even the nobility of the land, so all-pervading is the genuine spirit of commerce in this *nation boutiquiere*, have no hesitation in purchasing quantities of goods from the manufacturer, or from wholesale houses, at wholesale prices, if they can hunt out these sources. Women of rank, who pique themselves on their talent for management, will demand a discount for prompt payment with all the acuteness of a trader and all the pride of aristocracy.

The use of the phrase "competitive system," brings to our recollection its antagonist, "the co-operative," of which so much and so little has been heard within the last few years. Nothing can be more plausible than its theory—nothing more delusive in its practice. The theory is this, "Employment and a fair compensation for labour is all that the artisan requires. As he is the framer of all the articles of use and of luxury which

man's labour: the bank-note then becomes a far better standard than the labour-note—the public a far more equitable judge than the valuers at the repository in Gray's Inn lane; society at large a more general, a better, and a more certain customer than the co-operatives themselves. For these reasons, the scheme has not, and it may safely be predicated will not, make its way. It has only been successful where it has been limited to a number of joint-stock proprietors determining to deal at their own shop, which is in fact a contrivance to sell at a small profit upon the prime cost, and to divide that profit afterwards amongst the company, who, not being able individually to purchase at the best hand, by this system arrive at the means of so doing, and save the profits of the retail trader. This is but another of the competitions of capital against credit: it has, however, been done with effect in many of the provinces; and if it also embrace the employment of the proprietors in their several branches, its benefits may be still further extended. To enjoy the most extensive advantages of which it is capable, it should be founded on an agricultural basis—that is, land should be bought or hired, and cultivated for the company, and its produce form the first element of the exchange; for in this, as in the building of society by nature herself, food is the first object of human labour. A few, providing a superfluity of subsistence, may barter that superfluity for any other commodity—apparel next, and so on to luxuries in succession. It is, however, curious that no one co-operative society has to our knowledge commenced their progression in this natural and necessary manner. And this brings us to another contrivance peculiar to this our age—the *bazaar*,—a contrivance to give to a combination of small capitals the advantage of a great one. Here, in one vast theatre of minor commerce, are assembled an infinite diversity of articles and a multitude of little traders, whose whole property probably is displayed in the goods upon the few feet of counter thus hired for a trifle. These are renewed day by day, as they are exhausted by custom. The variety of all is the attraction for each; and, indeed, every one of these tiny shopkeepers enjoys a protection, a privilege, and perhaps a patronage, they could by no other means obtain, and which far richer and better furnished depôts, in their several departments, can rarely reach. The resort to some of these marts is astonishing; and while the inventor of the first—the *Soho Bazaar*—has reared to himself at once a fine annuity, he has given birth to a system, now spread all over the great towns of England, which affords a new mode of employment to the industry of a class, females especially, who could probably have obtained an independent livelihood by no other means. There is no other instance, perhaps, in which a very small sum may be so beneficially employed for its possessor.

A paper on the subject we have chosen, ought not to conclude without some allusion to the doctrine of free trade, which merely means a permission to sell and buy where you can sell and buy cheapest. England is clearly approaching to that point. The two greatest monopolies in the country are extinguished by the terms in which

the bank charter has been renewed, and the China trade opened. But nature and art working together, are silently yet certainly advancing to the accomplishment of this grand purpose by a very simple means—the increase of the growth of corn. The barrier of more force than all the rest to external free trade, (internal free trade we already nearly possess,) has been the corn laws. These have been for the last two years at least all but a dead letter, owing to the supply equaling, if not exceeding, the demand. Rents have fallen—tithes have fallen—labour has fallen—taxation has fallen—thus levelling the elements of English prime cost with those of the foreigner. The farmer begins to see the fallacy of protection—the landlord to find how little it advantages himself. Thus nature and skill have superinduced a change of opinion which reason had failed to effect. The practical inefficiency of protecting duties is daily made more apparent, while the restrictions they lay on manufacture, thus reacting upon landlords in restricting our competition in foreign markets—narrowing the space of employment at home—originating pauperism and increasing the charges—and, by lessening the demand for agricultural produce, depressing its price—all these things, we say, are gradually working the conviction which will soon end in the abolition of the corn laws, and all laws which cramp the exertions of industry.

And when we examine the claims to superiority which the fabrics of England put forth, a consideration that may and will give to their excellence the widest power of diffusion, is unquestionably devoutly to be wished. In hardware we exceed the world; in silk we all but, if not quite, equal the best of France, and have superseded the East Indian and Chinese in their own dominions; in muslins and calicoes, indeed, we so far outgo the East, both in quality and in price, that we import the raw material, and can afford to export and offer the manufactured article at a cheaper rate than it can be produced in the far-distant country of its growth. In porcelain we equal France and China, if we do not excel them! in woollen cloths we can successfully contend with France, with Germany in linens. What then is wanting to carry this almost universal supremacy to its pitch, and to its due reward? what but that free communication which the natural extinction of the corn laws, so to speak, is rapidly educating. The evil of the country is its pauperism: make our paupers productive labourers, and consequently consumers, in lieu of deducting eight millions of the earnings of others for keeping them to the minimum of subsistence. Teach them—nay, allow them—for they are ready enough to earn almost one-third of the present actual national income, which from their numbers it may fairly be computed they would earn, and distress would rapidly disappear. No! says our committee of law givers, no, let the nation be taxed to locate them in the Canadas and Australia. Nature indeed says, (and so says true political economy. let them produce, and exchange their surplus for the production of other climes. "O dear no!" says the lecturer, "indeed you are wrong; the preventive check and *colonium deducere*"

are an old country." It might be replied, "You are a parcel of old fools! You have soil, capital, and labour, all in superabundance; you have nothing to do but to combine them."

Of such a nature are a few of the arrangements into which the minor details of the vast commerce of England—the retail accommodations—have adjusted themselves. But there can be no doubt, far as our national genius for the inventions and enterprises of trade is advanced—enormous as are the accumulations of property—and beneficial as is the exaltation of confidence and credit—all these relations must be considered to be in comparative infancy. The materials of nature are only just expanding themselves to the search of science. If, in whatever light we examine the triumphs of our species "over the creation submitted to its power, we explore new sources of wonder," there is a fund for speculation and experiment incalculably more vast before us. Nor can we better exalt, while we conclude, the very important portion of the subject we have here treated, than by quoting the words of a philosopher, who, in the midst of his large and comprehensive enquiry into the principles and progress of science, thus eloquently discloses and describes the expanse before us. "When we reflect," says Mr. Babbage, "on the very small number of the species of plants, compared with the multitude that are known to exist, which have hitherto been cultivated and rendered useful to man, and when we apply the same observation to the animal world, and even to the mineral kingdom, the field that natural science opens to our view seems to be indeed unlimited. These productions of nature, numerous and varied as they are, may each in some future day become the basis of extensive manufactures, and give life, employment, and wealth to millions of human beings. But the crude treasures perpetually exposed before our eyes, contain within them other and more valuable principles: all these, in their innumerable combinations, which ages of labour and research can never exhaust, may be destined

From the London Athenæum.

Stories of Strange Lands; and Fragments from the Notes of a Traveller. By Mrs. R. Lee (formerly Mrs. T. E. Bowdich). 8vo. London: Moxon.

This is an interesting volume: consisting of tales which have already appeared in the periodicals, illustrated by notes from the author's journals and personal recollections. We have read Mrs. Lee's African stories again with much pleasure; the scenery, incidents, and costume, are not familiar to us, and they are told in a style which is pleasant, natural, and unaffected. Mrs. Lee has the advantage, so rare in these days, of a field in which few (very few women) have wandered; and, in the copious notes with which her volume is enriched, she gives us adventures and sketches of natural history which, for their freshness, remind us of Audubon's anecdotes and traits of the American woods. We shall bring together a few of these scattered fragments.

"The laugh of the hyena greatly resembles that of a maniac, and has a startling effect as it steals through the still night, even under our windows, which it approaches in search of food. The power of imitation given to these animals is very extraordinary, for they not only cry like the quadruped whom they wish to lure within their reach, but they even seem to utter human sounds. The commandant of a fortress on the western coast of Africa assured me, that for several evenings he had been disturbed at his dinner hour by the laughing and screaming of the native women, who passed under the walls in search of water. He sent his serjeant to them, who desired that they would take some other path, and they promised to obey. The next evening, however, the noise was heard again, which highly irritated the commandant, and he desired the serjeant to lie in ambush on the third evening, and rushing suddenly out on them, with a few soldiers, secure the women, and bring them to him in the fortress. The men took their station as ordered, the laughing recommenced, and out they sallied, when, to their great astonishment, they only saw three hyenas standing in the path which had been frequented by the women, and so well counterfeiting their voices, that they could not have been detected but by sight. These hy-

not possible for a white man to retain them for more than a month."

What would gentle English housewives say to such cupboard guests as the following account will bring before them?—

"It is surprising to watch how rapidly familiarity diminishes all these antipathies. I never shall forget the cold chill which crept over me, on first seeing a huge lizard crawling on the wall of my bed-room; yet in time I not only was amused by the rapid movements of the large lizards, as they chased each other up and down the verandah where I sat, but even fed them daily. A snake close to me, I thought would be death, but at last I became so careless about them, that, although there was a nest of deadly snakes in a hole in the wall, which it was necessary to pass, in going the shortest way to the kitchen, I used to watch for a minute or two, and then dart past, when they drew their heads in; a dangerous experiment, for they are very fierce when they have young ones. A battle between a snake and a rat was a curious sight, to which we were summoned by hearing, in the hall above the store-room, a hissing and squeaking, for which we could not account. On opening the store-room to ascertain the cause, a snake was to be seen rearing its beautiful, many-coloured neck and head, while a rat's black eyes were glistening with rage. They were in too great a fury to be disturbed by our approach, and flew at each other several times: at length the rat died in great agony, swelled up to a frightful size, and covered with foam; the snake was immediately destroyed by the servants."

We must give an account of a panther which Mrs. Lee brought to England:—

"He came from Coomassio with Mr. Hutchison, the resident left there by Mr. Bowdich, and as he was very young, the efforts made by that gentleman and others to tame him, were completely successful. Nothing alive was ever given to him to eat, and so well was he trained, that frequently on their march to the coast, when the natives would not contribute any provisions, he would catch a fowl, and lay it at the feet of Mr. Hutchison, who always rewarded him with a select morsel. On arriving at Cape Coast, he was tied up for a few days with a slight cord, and after that remained at liberty, with a boy to watch that he did not annoy the officers of the castle. He especially attached himself to me and the governor, probably because we bestowed more caresses on him than any one else: we took care, however, to keep his claws well filed, that we might not get an unintentional scratch. He was as playful as a kitten, and a few days after his cord had been taken away, he took it into his head to bound round the whole fort; the boy ran after him, which he, mistaking for fun, only increased his speed, and caused him to dash through all the narrow spaces. Most of the inhabitants were frightened out of their senses, and it was highly amusing to see the sudden disappearance of all living things, even to the sentinels. When tired, he quietly walked in at my door, and his pursuers found him lying on the ground beside me, composing himself to sleep, whence he was taken without the least resistance. * * * Sai's chief amusement was standing on his hind legs, resting his fore paws on the window sill, and fixing his head between them, in this posture to contemplate all that was going on in the town below. The governor's children, however, often disputed this post with him, and dragged him down by the tail, which he bore with perfect good-humour. * * * An old woman, who always swept the great hall before dinner, was performing her daily office with a small hand-brush, and consequently going over the floor nearly on hands and knees. Sai, who had been

sleeping under one of the sofas, suddenly rushed out, and leaping on the woman's back, stood there with his head on one side, his tail swinging backwards and forwards, the very personification of mischief. * * * The governor and myself, hearing the noise, also came to the scene of action, when Sai descended from his station, and held his head to us to be patted, as if in approbation of his feat.

"The time came for him to be embarked, and he was shut into a large, strong cage, with iron bars in front, and put into a canoe; while there, the motion made him restless, and he uttered a howl, which so frightened the canoe-men, that they lost their balance, set up a howl in echo, and upset the canoe. We were watching his embarkation from one of the castle windows; and when we saw the cage floating on the waves, we gave our pet up as lost, and I am not sure that we did not make a trio in the cry; but fortunately a boat immediately put off from the ship, the men in which caught hold of the cage just as it was on the point of sinking. The panther was installed close by the fore-mast, and I did not fail to pay him a visit the moment I went on board. He was very dull; and, perhaps, a little sea-sick, but was half frantic with joy on seeing me."

Of the splendid vegetation of these tropical climates, Mrs. Lee observes:—

"The luxuriance of the parasitical and climbing plants of these virgin forests, can only be fully comprehended by those who have seen them. Sometimes the whole of an enormous trunk will be covered to a great height with the most brilliant convolvuli, which, stealing unperceived through the branches, reach the summit, and again shooting forth their gay blossoms in the sun, seem to mock their less aspiring brethren. Scarlet, orange, and pink flowers will cover the lower boughs, and hang in festoons from one tree to another. Often the climbers will become larger than the support to which they cling, and constantly form chains which look big enough to fetter the Atlantic. Then the runners, or slender fibres, dropping from the twigs, take root below, and, vegetating in their turns, form the whole of these mighty forests into a maze of network."

"Nothing can exceed the beauty of the jessamine; it hangs from the summits of the highest trees till it sweeps on the ground; large clusters of pure white blossoms yield the most exquisite fragrance, and perfume the air for miles around. As the people return from their labour, they often cover themselves with it, tearing it down in large handfuls."

"The wild pineapples of the forest are generally red, and only fit for cooking; but the slightest cultivation, even watering, makes them of delicious flavour. My uncle had some in his garden, which had been originally brought from St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verde islands; they were of enormous size, of a bright gold colour, and each was a heavy burden for one man to carry to any distance. They perfumed the whole house, and were eaten with a spoon."

But it is only fair to give a picture or two of human nature in these remote regions, for the entertainment of those who take less pleasure than Mrs. Lee in the beauties of nature:—

"This is a constant custom among the higher classes, and the jewels, or rather gold ornaments, form no inconsiderable portion of family property; they descend from mother to daughter: and one woman, on state occasions, will frequently wear many hundred pounds' worth of gold about her person. A very pretty Mustee girl (of the palest shade of colour) came to see me the morning after her marriage, and had on a very fine linen shirt (a covering adopted by all above the black shade), and over that t'

cloths, one of which had cost sixty pounds. Her fair hair was combed in the form of a cone to the top of her head, and profusely ornamented with golden butterflies and devices; her shirt was fastened in front with four brooches, and a large golden button at the collar and each wrist; manillas encircled her arms half-way up to the elbow, and the most splendid chains were hung across her shoulders; every finger was covered with rings as far as the first joint; her cloth was girt round her hips, and on this girdle hung golden lions and other ornaments; her rnkles were also laden, and every toe was decorated like her fingers. The two slaves who followed her into the room were also richly dressed, and each had a bandeau of English guineas round their heads, fastened together with pieces of gold wire. The workmanship of many of these ornaments is exquisite, and they sometimes represent musical instruments, bells, stools, &c., and many are imitated from European patterns."

Here is the reverse of this pleasant sketch:—

"The existence of anthropophagi in this part of Africa is but too certain, and not only do these Kaylees eat their enemies, but they go to each other's houses to bargain for the dying. Those who do not eat human flesh, view them with horror; and the very enquiry if they eat such food, seems to inspire them with disgust and shame. Three men at Sierra Leone, (I believe among the liberated Africans,) enticed a fourth into the forest, murdered him, immediately ate a part of his flesh, and covered the rest slightly with earth. The next day they returned to their feast, but two of them became alarmed, and did not go again: the third, however, was unable to resist the temptation, and the disappearance of the murdered man, and the frequent visits of the glutton, at length created suspicion; he was watched, and caught in the act of devouring the remainder of his comrade. He was taken, and brought to trial on the charge of murder; this could not be proved against him, and, as there is no English law against eating human flesh, he could not be capitally punished."

"The ground floors of native houses are all made of earth, and contain the bodies of the family. The cellar of the house, in which I lived for many months at Igwa, was the burial-ground of a numerous race; and such a circumstance attaches the people to every spot that has been once inhabited."

"The transactions, mystery, and power of the Fetish,

fact of their having witnessed the ceremonies of the Fetish, and made slight allusions to what had passed. The next day both were poisoned: the one died after a few weeks suffering, but the other survived a few years, with impaired health, and great bodily torment."

Her Ashantee visitors are thus described:—

"An Ocras was sent to Cape Coast by the king, while I lived there; and, prompted by an anxiety which taught me to conciliate the Ashantees as much as laid in my power, I yielded to his proposal to dine with me. He insisted on it that Mr. Bowdich had desired him to do so; but I knew this to be untrue; and, uninfluenced by the falsehood, I appointed a day for the visit. The hour was to be three o'clock, and I was rather puzzled as to the choice of viands. At ten o'clock in the morning the gentleman arrived, with a retinue of at least fifty persons, some ragged and dirty, and among them the usual chamberlain, a piece of African state which is very absurd, for he bears a large bunch of rusty keys, for which his master has not a single lock. I was obliged to tell the Ocras that I could not have him all day, and he left me in no very good humour. At the proper hour he reappeared with his train; but on my further informing him that I was not prepared for so many, he dismissed all but his intimate friend, to the hall below. The two then sat down to the table, and I helped them to fish, which they began to eat with their fingers; but, on observing the use I made of a knife and fork, they begged to be instructed how to handle theirs. I could scarcely keep my countenance at their attempts, nor at their putting a piece slyly into their mouths with their fingers, when they thought themselves unseen; but when Ocrasnameah had eaten half of his fish, he begged permission to send the remainder to his wife. An uncooked fish and a bottle of porter settled this matter to his satisfaction, and we proceeded to a chicken pie, but I had been unfortunate in my selection. The Fetish had forbidden him to eat fowls, and he dared not touch them; he, however, devoured mutton and pastry by wholesale, and then returned to the fish; he drank wine and porter till he was nearly intoxicated, and I was very glad when he found himself so sleepy that he was obliged to retire. After this, it was difficult to keep him at a distance, and he thought himself entitled to come at all hours of the day. The good for nothing person returned to Ashantee, saying, he had received neither kindness nor presents, but my letters having in-

regimentals, like those of the officers, and he had
 of the sort, which 'put shame on his face too
 ' Fortunately, Mr. Bowdich had an old red coat,
 which the captain squeezed himself; he then insist-
 having a neckcloth, and this, and a worn-out cock-
 t, were all we could muster."

we cannot part from this pleasant volume
 out recommending it to our readers, of all
 es—but especially to those who have to cater
 re amusement of the young.

SONNETS.

KING THE GREEK TROOPS PASS THROUGH A TOWN IN
 BAVARIA.

, then, are Greeks! O sight of infamy!
 was something, even when Botzaris bled,
 know, that, on the bosom of the dead,
 lay no vestment of tyrannic dye.
 we are Greeks, where is the Grecian eye?
 here is the helmet that should grace the head?
 t of their king! O Greece! why didst thou wed
 flapping of an alien tyrant?—why—
 wu soul unquenchable—why wert thou dumb?
 wert not lost, until Thermopylæ
 s a Bavarian landmark—till the tomb
 s sleeps Miltiades, was given away
 o a German owner. 'Tis thy doom
 rish by a king and kingly sway!

it not for freedom to the Franks!" Thus sung
 7 poet, Hellas; for his eye was clear
 l watchful as a mother's; and, in fear
 ve commingled, over thee he hung,
 as a wild bird careth for her young.
 s was his warning; but thou wouldst not hear—
 l thou hast given thine ancient shield and spear
 e who from a line of despots sprung.
 1000 who fell by Missolonghi's wall
 r forth their blood to purchase such a crown?
 Was this the only triumph which they sought
 n by battle and by death? Thy thrall
 eath the Ottoman had more renown:—
 ne conquered thee—the other only bought.

W. E. A.

From the London Athenæum.

IONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE
 MRS. HEMANS.—NO. II.

last paper left Mrs. Hemans enjoying and
 ciating a close and frequent intercourse
 Sir Walter Scott; in the present, I think, I
 gain take up the same bright passage of her
 ithout becoming wearisome or superfluous.
 herself, her first journey into Scotland was
 s a favourite topic of conversation. She
 with delight of the romantic scenery of
 hornden, and of the hospitality extended to
 1 not a few ancient and stately houses. I
 : that I have been unable to find a letter, one
 r best, dated, I think, from Dalmahoy, in
 she described, with inimitable grace and
 1ess, an adventure of hers in a haunted
 ber there—a tapestried chamber too; how
 ad retired to her pillow, conjuring up a
 and weirds and shadowy images, till she be-
 almost afraid of the phantoms of her own

imagination, and when she looked round the
 room, started at the fantastic figures on its walls
 —how, in the heroine style, she must needs rise
 and examine these by her taper—when lo! in-
 stead of prince or paladin, or frowning ancestor,
 the object of her fear proved a Jenny Jessamy
 shepherd,

With a frill, and a flowered waistcoat, and a fine bow-
 pot at his breast,

tranquilly plucking cherries in a tree for the bene-
 fit of some equally Arcadian Silvia or Corisca
 below. But she loved best to talk and write of
 Abbotsford—she could not only enjoy the conver-
 sation of its master, and appreciate the treasures
 he had hoarded up, such picturesque and rare
 things as she delighted in, but could answer him
 in his own vein—could give him legend for leg-
 end—and receive his enthusiastic descriptions of
 any trait of romance or bravery with equally
 genuine enthusiasm. Some, however, of her let-
 ters and tales of the "North Country," told of
 lighter things than these;—the one which fol-
 lows, in particular, is strikingly characteristic of
 her in her lively and wilful mood, which some-
 times made those sigh most who loved her best.
 In all matters of personal care and foresight, she
 was, alas! as thoughtless as a child—and would
 give way to ebullitions of passing gaiety and ani-
 mal spirits (always, however, tempered by the
 exquisite refinement of her nature,) which some
 denounce as indiscreet in all who have come out
 of the green years of childhood—and others, more
 gravely would discountenance, though I cannot
 but think unjustly, as incompatible with deep
 feeling. This letter, like all which follow mark-
 ed with an asterisk, was addressed to a corres-
 pondent of her own sex. I have given them be-
 cause they show the grace and liveliness which
 she could throw round the most familiar matters
 —and have found it impossible, in glancing over
 them for the purpose of selection, to avoid mea-
 suring them against other specimens of *eloquence*
de billet left by her predecessors most famed in
 this class of writing—and equally impossible to
 avoid feeling how well they stand the comparison.

* "Chiefswood, July 13.

"How I wish you were within reach of a *post letter*
 like our most meritorious Saturday's messenger, my
 dear —, amidst all these new scenes and new people,
 I want so much to talk to you all. At present I can
 only talk of Sir Walter Scott, with whom I have just
 been taking a long delightful walk through the "Rhy-
 mer's Glen"—I came home, to be sure, in rather a disas-
 trous state after my adventures, and was greeted by my
 maid with that most disconsolate visage of hers, which
 invariably moves my hard heart to laughter, for I had
 got wet above my ankles in the haunted burn, torn my
 gown in making my way through thickets of wild
 roses, stained my gloves with wood strawberries, and
 even—direst misfortune of all!—scratched my face with
 a rowan branch! But what of all this? Had I not been
 walking with Sir Walter Scott, and listening to tales of
 elves and bogies and brownies, and hearing him recite
 some of the Spanish ballads till they 'stirred the heart
 like the sound of the trumpet'? I must reserve many
 of these things to tell you when we meet; but one very
 important trait, (since it proves a most remarkable sym-
 pathy between the Great Unknown and myself.)

not possibly defer to that period, but must record it now. You will expect something peculiarly impressive, I have no doubt. Well: we had reached a rustic seat in the woods, and were to rest there, but I, out of pure perverseness, chose to establish myself comfortably on a grass bank. Would it not be more prudent for you, Mrs. Hemans,' said Sir Walter, 'to take the seat?' 'I have no doubt that it would, Sir Walter, but, somehow or other, I always prefer the grass.' 'And so do I,' replied the dear old gentleman, coming to sit there beside me, 'and I really believe that I do it chiefly out of a wicked wilfulness, because all my *good advisers* say that it will give me the rheumatism.' Now, was it not delightful? I mean, for the future, to take exactly my own way in all matters of this kind, and to say that Sir Walter Scott particularly recommended me to do so. I was rather agreeably surprised in his appearance, after all I had heard of its homeliness; the predominant expression of countenance, is, I think, a sort of arch good nature, conveying a mingled impression of penetration and benevolence. The portrait in the last year's 'Literary Souvenir' is an excellent likeness."

It was during her second visit to Scotland that Mrs. Hemans sat for her bust to Mr. Angus Fletcher, which, as far as I am aware, is the only resemblance extant which does full justice to the expression of her countenance. It was executed, I believe, for Sir Robert Liston, of Milburn Towers. Few celebrated authors, indeed, have caused so little spoliation of canvas and ivory as Mrs. Hemans. She never sat for her picture willingly; and the play of her features were so constant and so changeable, as to render the task of the artist a difficult one, almost to impossibility; nor, to the best of my knowledge, has any likeness of her been engraved.

On her way into Scotland for the second visit, Mrs. Hemans passed a few weeks in a secluded cottage on the banks of Winandermere. Here she had an opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of one whom she had long admired and revered as a poet; but I may have occasion to speak more fully of the love she bore to Wordsworth's writings when I treat more exclusively of her literary tastes. In the four follow-

have just received the most exquisite letter ever indited by the pen of man, from an American, who, being an inhabitant of No. — Philadelphia, is certainly not like to trouble me with any thing more than his 'spiritual attachment,' as Mr. — of — is pleased to call it. He, that is, my American, must certainly be not the 'walking-stick,' but the very 'leaping-pole' of 'friendship.' Pray read, mark, learn, and promulgate, for the benefit of the family, the following delectable passage: 'How often have I sung some touching stanza of your own, as I rode on horseback of a Saturday evening, from the village academy to my home, a little out of town; and saw, through the waving cedars and pines, the back roof and the open door of some pleasant wigwam, where the young comely maidens were making their curious baskets, or wampum-belts, and singing their To-gas-a-wana, or evening song! How often have I murmured 'Bring Flowers,' or the 'Voice of Spring,' as thus I pensively pondered along! How often have I stood on the shores of the Cayuga and the Seneca, the Oneida and the Skaneateles, and called to mind the sweetness of your strains.' I see you are enchanted, my dear —, but this is not all: 'the lowliest of my admirers,' as the amiable youth entitles himself, begs permission to be, for once, my 'cordonnier,' and is about to send me a pair of Indian mocassins, with 'my illustrious name interwoven in the buckskin of which they are composed, with wampum beads.' If I receive this precious gift before I return to Liverpool, I shall positively make my appearance *en squaw*, the very first evening I come to — street; and pray tell — that with these mocassins, and a blanket to correspond, I shall certainly be able to defy all the rigours of the ensuing winter. I am much disappointed to find, that there is no prospect of your visiting this lovely country—there is balm in the very stillness of the spot I have chosen. The 'majestic silence' of these lakes, perfectly soundless and waveless as they are, except when troubled by the wind, is to me most impressive. O! what a poor thing is society in the presence of skies and waters and everlasting hills!"

"Dove Nest, Ambleside.

"I am sure you will believe that I have read your letter with a full and most sincere participation in the varied feelings it expresses. As for your imps! poor dear little things! so great is my compassion for them, that I, even I, would at this moment of tender feeling, wil-

I know you will not let me be proved a false s. However, I think there is but little danger, with the prospect of immediately commencing —, besides about fifty pretty little *entremets*, I know nothing, the poor imps may take com-
 air bottles on the mantel-piece, while the 'fish
 'luty' in the frying-pan below. * * *
 h you were near me just at present. I am go-
 upon the lake with only the boys, and if our
 ddiness does not get us into some difficulty or
 will be marvellous. To be sure I shall keep the
 nocassin letter—it will be the very key-stone of
 e. Do you know, that I was actually found out
 at here last night, by a party of American tra-
 O words of fear! and they came and stayed all
 ing with me, and I was obliged to play *l'ami-*
 to receive compliments, &c. &c.—here, even
 the very edge of Winandemere. In other re-
 am leading the most primitive life. We lite-
 te no note of time, as there happens to be no
 he house. To be sure we get an *elemosynary*
 time now and then, (as one might a pinch of
 ten any one happens to call with a watch, but
 rare event. I believe I shall have to trouble
 — to make me up a parcel before long. Mr.
 uth wishes to read a little of Schiller with me,
 not to be had at Ambleside; and I want some
 , and that cannot be had at Ambleside; and a
 r spencer, after many 'moving accidents by
 flood,' wants a *rifaccimento*, neither can that
 t the all-needing Ambleside; but I believe I
 be the affecting particulars to —."

"Dove Nest.

Dear —, I must frankly own that it is my ne-
 which impel me so soon to address you again.
 various dilapidations, which my wardrobe has
 since I came into this country, I am daily as-
 more and more of the appearance of a 'decayed
 man,' and if you could behold me in a certain
 vn which came with me in all the freshness of
 our tender heart would be melted with fearful
 on. The ebony bloom of the said dress is de-
 r ever; the waters of Winandemere (thrown
 in unskilful hands) have splashed and dashed
 the rains of Rydal have soaked it; the winds
 in Crag have wrinkled it, and it is altogether
 t in the state of

'violets plucked, which sweetest showers

May ne'er make grow again.

, therefore, be so kind as to send me as soon as
 the *material* for this *rifaccimento*. * * * Ima-
 dear —, a bridal present made by Mr. Words-
 a young lady in whom he is much interested—
 laughter, too! You will be thinking of a brooch
 m of a lyre, or a butterfly-shaped aigrette; or a
 e-not ring, or some 'such small gear.' Nothing
 rt—but a good, handsome, substantial, useful-
 pair of scales, to hang up in her store-room!
 I must be aware, my dear Mrs. Hemans,' added
 ly, 'how necessary it is for every lady to see
 eighed herself.' *Poveretta me!*—I looked as
 I could, and, happily for me, the poetic eyes
 ary clear-sighted, so that I believe no suspicion,
 y to my notability of character, has yet flashed
 mighty master's mind; indeed, I told him that
 upon scales as particularly graceful things, and
 thoughts of having my picture taken with a
 y hand. Tell — that I am going to revisit
 on Saturday, driven by the same straw-hatted
 n-ribanded old bachelor, whom I before de-
 him. If there be many beautiful lights and
 upon the hills, I shall certainly die of ecstasy—
 wn, but my companion's; for the strange crea-

ture greets every sunbeam with an absolute *scream* of
 rapture. I wonder his horses do not take fright, and rush,
 with him and his 'violent delights,' down some of the
 ghylls or scurs of the mountain."

"Rydal Mount.

"I seem to be writing to you almost from the spirit-
 land; all is here so brightly still, so remote from evcry-
 day cares and tumults that I sometimes can scarcely per-
 suade myself I am not dreaming. It scarcely seems to
 be 'the light of common day' that is clothing the woody
 mountain before me, there is something almost *visionary*
 in its soft gleams and ever-changing shadows. I am
 charmed with Mr. Wordsworth, whose kindness to me
 has quite a soothing influence over my spirits. Oh!
 what relief, what blessing there is in the feeling of admi-
 ration when it can be freely poured forth! 'There is a
 daily beauty in his life,' which is in such lovely harmony
 with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed it
 and felt it. He gives me a great deal of his society;
 reads to me, walks with me, leads my poney when I ride,
 and I begin to talk with him quite as with a sort of *pa-*
ternal friend. The whole of this morning he kindly
 passed in reading to me; a great deal from Spenser, and
 afterwards his own 'Laodamia,' my favourite. 'Tintern
 Abbey,' and many of those noble sonnets which you, like
 myself, enjoy so much. His reading is very peculiar, but,
 to my ear, delightful; slow, solemn, *earnest* in ex-
 pression, more than any I have ever heard; when he reads or
 recites in the open air, his deep and rich tones seem to
 proceed from a spirit-voice, and to *belong* to the religion
 of the place, they harmonise so fitly with the thrilling
 tones of woods and waterfalls. His expressions are often
 strikingly poetical—for instance, 'I would not give up
 the mists that *spiritualise* our mountains, for all the blue
 skies of Italy.' Yesterday evening he walked beside me
 as I rode on a long and lovely mountain-path, high above
 Grasmere Lake. I was much interested by his showing
 me, carved deep into a rock, as we passed, the initials of
 his wife's name, inscribed there many years ago by him-
 self, and the dear old man, like 'Old Mortality,' renews
 them from time to time. I could scarcely help exclaim-
 ing '*Esto perpetua!*'"

I shall conclude my notice for the present with
 a few more extracts from the livelier letters of my
 friend—feeling how delightfully they supersede,
 in the present case, the necessity of elaborate
 character-drawing, or the "twice-told tale" of
 anecdote. They are chiefly fragments of notes,
 written in the humour of the moment, to those
 with whom she shared every passing emotion.

"I hope I shall soon be well enough to pay a visit; I
 really mean to try if I can take a little care of myself,
 (though I do think it requires a natural genius for it,) because,
 having no kind brother to nurse me, I have
 made the brilliant discovery that there is no pleasure at
 all in being ill alone; indeed it is very desolate; to me,
 so *strangely* desolate, that 'sorrow takes new sadness
 from surprise;' but I will not speak about such things.
 I send you an American annual to look at, which I re-
 ceived a few days ago, and in which you cannot be more
 surprised to see some *forgeries* of mine, on the use of the
 word *Barb*, than I was to see them *there*. It quite per-
 plexed me, until I found out that a friend, in this neigh-
 bourhood, had given Professor Norton a copy of what
 had almost forgotten, during his visit to Liverpool. It
 has told the story in the prettiest way for me, but to you
 I shall confess the whole wicked truth. It was neither
 more nor less than a mystification, practised upon a ve-
 ry well-meaning gentleman, (though somewhat *earthly*,) who
 in the innocence of his heart, called upon me two or three
 years ago, and asked if I could help him to some autho-

ties in the old English writers, for the use of the word *Barb*, as a steed. I promised my assistance, (I believe he had a wager depending upon it,) and actually I imposed upon his trusting nature all that sheet of forgeries with which 'the much enduring man,' enchanted by his sudden acquisition of learning, went about rejoicing (I really marvel how I had the heart) until some one-eyed person, among the blind, awakened him from his state of ignorance and bliss.

"I have been very ill-used, in several ways, since I saw you. Here is a great book on phrenology, which a gentleman has just sent me, and expects that I shall read! People really do take me for a sort of literary ogress I think, or something like a sailor's definition of an epicure—'a person that can eat *any thing*.' To be sure I *did* very much aggravate the phrenologist lately, by laughing at the whole *scullery* science and its votaries, so I suppose this is his revenge: and imagine, some of my American friends having actually sent me several copies of a tract, audaciously calling itself 'A sermon on *small sins*.' Did you ever know any thing so scurrilous and personal? 'Small sins' to *me*, who am very little better than a grown-up Rosamond, (Miss Edgeworth's naughty girl, you know,) who constantly lie in bed till it is too late to get up early, break my needles (when I use any), leave my keys among my necklaces, answer all my amusing letters first, and leave the others to their fate, and, in short, regularly commit small sins enough every day to roll up into one great, immense, *frightful* one at the end of it! Now, have I *not* been ill, *very* ill-used, as I said?"

* "I am sure you will be glad to hear, my dear —, that I was not at all worse for the flight out of doors, I took with you, though I have not since been able to repeat it. I bear long being shut up in the house, about as ill as a gipsy or a wild Arab would. Did it ever strike you how much lighter sorrows and 'pining cares' become out in the free air, and under the blue sky, than 'beneath a smoky roof,' as the sea-kings of old used to say? I wish you would fix an evening to come here—I believe a *moon* was the requisite you mentioned when I last spoke of your coming—and I am sure there is a moon, for she looks in at my window every night, and keeps me awake with her cold bright eyes, which, I scarcely know why, always seem to speak of the past."

The next fragment refers to a visit she paid to

that choosing to have a little solitude to complain of, I had not thought proper to see any one for three days, so you were the first recipient of all the strange fancies and feelings which had been floating about me during that long time. Well, I will be very good and gentle on Tuesday evening, and try to realise the title of a book once inflicted upon my juvenile days by the heads of the family, and called 'The Exemplary Matron,'—a 'wearisome' woman' I *then* thought the good lady was, but I now believe she would be a very suitable model for me. In which good faith (I am afraid it will be truly faith, and not works,) believe me, ever yours,—F. H."

I shall once again return to my subject—to speak of Mrs. Hemans' literary tastes and habits, with further passages from her letters, as characteristic, though in somewhat a different vein, as those I have here given. H. F. C.

From Leigh Hunt's London Journal.

THE AUTHOR OF LACON.

We extract this account of a well known character from a new and highly respectable magazine, called the "Literary Union." It would not have appeared in these pages (nor assuredly in those of our authority) had any thing like scandal attached to it; but Mr. Colton persisted in making his own want of sympathy so public, appears to have been so unconnected with any one who could feel in pain for his memory, and indeed must be looked upon as so manifest a specimen of a clever lunatic, originally defective in his nature, and therefore a subject rather for the physiologist than the preacher, (unless the latter preached a little more physiology, which would not be amiss,) that with this caveat against misconception, we can have no hesitation in adding him to our list of "Romances." It may be as well to add, that clever as he was, his talents have been highly overrated. He got a little more head-knowledge than ordinary, by dint of not eating where he went for it, or what he did; but for the same reason, he was totally deficient in profundity and real wisdom. His best thoughts

le derived his means from certain visits to *Frescati's* gaming-house, and No. 113 *Palais Royal*, whence he usually returned laden with gold. He layed upon system, and the fame of his plan reaching England, two speculators with plenty of cash, (whose names it were well not to mention,) were tempted to leave London for Paris, and adopt his mode of play. A short time after their arrival, Colton joined them—an arrangement having been made that they should find cash, and he science—and he was then to be met with at the *Salon-au-dessus du Café Anglais*, corner of the *Place des Italiens*, every evening; fortune favoured him for some years, and all went merrily; but, during this period, which was his meridian, we never saw one generous or praiseworthy action, never met with a recorded trait of charity or goodness; avarice was his ruling passion, and to gratify this he would stick at nothing. About this time, not content with the rapidity with which he gained money at the table, the thought took possession of him that he was a first rate judge of pictures, and with his dominant idea in view, that of duping others in the re-sale, he purchased a great number: but, as Colton discovered to his cost, this is a trade that requires some apprenticeship; he was imposed upon in every way, and paintings for which he had paid as much as 150,000 francs, scarcely produced, after his death, as many centimes. Fortune now began to turn tail at the table, and Colton found it was much easier to talk of breaking the bank, as he had so often boasted he could do by his system, than to effect it. He fell as rapidly as he had risen; he had saved no money—few do who live by chance; they put implicit faith in the fickle goddess, and fancy she is never to desert them—so that his distress was great in the extreme. Without other resource, (for having no money, the table was closed to him,) he adopted the singular expedient of advertising in *Galignani's Journal*, that a clerical gentleman was willing, for a certain sum, to teach an unfailing method by which the bank might be broken at *Rouge et Noir*: like the alchemist of old, who was willing, nay desirous, to sell for a trifle the means of making gold in quantities unlimited. There are always gulls to be found when a clever rascal will give himself the trouble to seek for them; the bait took, and for some little time Colton lived well upon the flats thus caught. At every opportunity he would venture to his old haunts with the trifle he could spare, nay, sometimes with that which he could not, and occasionally would have a run of luck; we used then to meet him at 'Poole's,' an English tavern, in the *Rue Favart*, near the *Boulevard Italien*, in all the pomp and pride of worn-out velvet, mock jewelry, and dirty hands; on these occasions, when the sunshine of circumstance had, for an instant, dispelled the fogs usually enveloping him, his conversation was sparkling and delightful, and his arrival was hailed as the promise of amusement. Colton possessed a most retentive memory, as his *Lacon*—which is perhaps more remarkable for the terseness of style, in which an amazing number of the opinions of others are expressed, than for any great originality or depth of thought—will abund-

antly testify; he had a smattering of most of the sciences, and an amazing fund of amusing anecdote. To a stranger—more especially if unlearned, for this would insure from him an elaborate display—he must have appeared a man of immense and varied talent, (he loved to be a lion, and thus unrestrainedly to rule the roast,) but when in the company of really scientific men, men who had drunk deeply where he had only sipped, his consequence was considerably lessened. Arrogance and conceit often drew from him off-hand opinions upon subjects of which he knew but little; and his pride compelled him to maintain them to the last, however absurd, however wrong; but if his adversary proved too powerful for him, he would suddenly quit the field for his strong-hold, anecdote, carry off the laugh on his side, and thus rid himself of what he termed, with strange blindness, 'the d—st bore in life—an obstinate man:' this, however, would not always succeed; and we well remember him, among other instances, to have been roughly handled and exposed by Mr. Charles M—n, a young man of talent, (related to one of the most eminent performers of the day) who failed as an actor, some few seasons past, in London.

"Colton's appearance was singular in the extreme; he painted his cheeks, and was usually bedecked with mock jewels and gilded chains. With his pockets filled with eatables, a market basket in his hand, crammed with vegetables, fish, &c., most incongruously, and an octavo volume of some fashionable work under his arm, he might be sometimes met walking the streets of Paris, the very picture of eccentricity, nearly of madness. Thus equipped, he one morning called in at Mr. T—r's, a noted *Patissier*, in the *Rue St. Honoré*: 'I say T—r, I have called to give you a good recipe for curing hams: my mother has just now sent me some over, which I shall cure myself; and damme, sir, they shall beat your Strasburghs to H—l.' He did cure them himself, and invited some of his friends to meet him at Poole's to taste; as might have been expected, however, the moment he entered the room with his basket on his arm, containing the precious *morceau*, all were convinced of the failure of his recipe; the odour was intolerable, but this, with unyielding gravity, he argued, proceeded merely from the substitution of brown sugar for treacle: from treacle he went to metaphysics; and, being somewhat humbled by the previous event, never were we better pleased with his society than on that evening.

"At this period of his career, Colton had for hanger-on, or rather associate in his projects for raising the wind, one H—n, a well educated man of good family, but bad principles; pupils in the occult science were becoming rare, and he now endeavoured to obtain a living by a series of begging letters. Colton forged the darts, and H—n launched them. Every person of wealth resident in Paris, or stranger visiting it, was waited upon by H—n; and the plea of a fortunate divine, in embarrassed circumstances, a broken down author, or a distressed widower with six children, as the case might be, produced for some time a supply of cash. Colton, of course,

would never allow that he derived any benefit from this proceeding; it was for his poor friend, his protégé, H—n; and he was thus enabled to plead, with all his eloquence, in H.'s behalf, and so increase the share which was to go into his own pocket. He did not, however, confine himself to this; and one example of his mode of proceeding may not be uninteresting:—A young Englishman, D—, with more money than wit, arrived at Paris, and was introduced to Dr. Colton, as he was sometimes called in common parlance, by one B—, from whom we have the trait; and, proud of having formed an acquaintance with the noted author of 'Lacon,' he feasted and *fêted* him to his heart's content. Colton finding money was plentiful, began to interest D— in behalf of his poor friend H—n, and succeeded in raising within his breast, a desire to serve him. One day, after dining together at *Vefour's*, they retired to the *Café de l'Univers*, one of Colton's usual resorts; while ascending the staircase, Colton drew from his pocket a large brooch, showed it to D—, said it was the property of a gentleman in distress, who wished to dispose of it, and managed to let him guess that this gentleman was H—n; and then regretted it was not within his means to purchase so valuable a stone as that, which he termed a Brazilian diamond, and said that for the first time in his life he envied D— the means he possessed of doing good. This was attacking him in the right place; D— bought the jewel, gave him the price he asked, 175 *francs*, and then politely presented it to Mr. Colton, as a token of his friendship. This same brooch Colton had repeatedly displayed at Poole's, previous to the above transaction, and did so many times afterwards, always declaring it to be worth some hundreds of pounds—this was generally believed; but after his death, when the few miserable remnants of his property were sold by auction, it was bought by Mr. T—r, before mentioned, for the astounding sum of two shillings and eleven pence, English money!!

the repository of many similar loads, was saturated with grease, that it must have proved most tempting bait to a hungry dog. That being he was doomed to be unfortunate, for, so had he placed his milk between his feet upon floor—its usual situation—than, forgetting heat of conversation to secure it, a dog upscam, and when Colton remembered his misfour-footed friend was revelling in that, which him was a disaster.

"Colton had been afflicted for many years with a violent disease, for which he was several times operated upon, and his sufferings had been dreadful, that we have little doubt his mind was affected by them; whether this was not, when the cholera raged so dreadfully in Paris, he fled in the utmost alarm to Fobleanu to avoid it, and there, as a novel method of avoiding contagion, and radically curing the disease with which he was tormented, he bleb his brains. Previous to the fatal act, so wayward being that he was, he made a will, which he left *property he did not possess*. Mr. G., one of his associates; and upon a *taire* in the room was found this apothegm last he ever wrote: 'When life is unbearable, death is desirable, and suicide justifiable, contradicting in his last moments, both by word and deed, what he had previously printed in his con;' where he says, speaking of a gamester, 'If he die a martyr to his profession, he is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other and, *by the act of suicide, renounces earth and fait heaven!*'"

Very good people have committed suicide, owing to some access of frenzy, acting upon a morbid temperament, or to the "last feather breaks the horse's back;" but self-slaughter is unnatural, that in general a certain violence of hardness of character, are necessary to enable a man to go through it. Strong will in his purposes, and little sympathy with other people, except inasmuch as they bend to it, will, in instances, be found at the bottom of a suicide.

government, but to documents in the hands of private individuals, together with the great diligence with which he has manifestly pursued his researches, make it extremely improbable that any more complete work upon the subject will be soon produced.

The source, he states in his preface, from which his chief materials have been drawn, is the collection of original documents respecting the plot, at the state paper office, arranged and indexed some years ago by Mr. Lawson. These documents contain a large proportion of the depositions of more than five hundred witnesses and real or supposed confederates, which were taken during an enquiry of nearly six months by the commissioners of the privy council, together with numerous cotemporary letters and papers. Although partial extracts from this large mass of evidence have been published at different times, the whole has never till now been digested and arranged into a connected narrative. Other documents that are here printed, have been obtained from the *Baga de Secretis*, preserved in the crown office. "The *Baga de Secretis*," says Mr. Jardine, "is a depository for records of attainers, convictions, and other matters, chiefly relating to the title of the crown to forfeited lands. From ancient usage, the most scrupulous care has always been observed in the custody of these records; the bag (which is in reality a large press, filled with records) being secured by three separate locks, the keys of which are separately kept by the lord chief justice, the attorney-general and the custos brevium, and being never in practice opened without the concurrent authority of these officers. In consequence of this extreme caution in the custody of records supposed to affect the revenues of the crown, permission has rarely been granted to open the *Baga de Secretis*, and consequently its contents have never been used for historical purposes." The Bodleian library has also been ransacked, and has supplied some documents that are missing in the collections preserved in the public offices. Among the private manuscripts which have been used, one, from which some of the most interesting details have been taken, is the relation by Father Greenway, in the possession of Dr. Lingard, by whom it has been much referred to in his history of England. This narrative (the object of which is to exculpate Greenway and his brother Jesuit, Garnet, from the charge of having been among the number of the conspirators) is in the Italian language, but is evidently a translation from an English original. Another of the authorities of this description has a curious history.

"Much information," says the author, "respecting the family connections of the conspirators, and the domestic history of the catholics shortly before the period of the gunpowder plot, has been derived from a mass of papers lately discovered in a singular manner at Rushton, in Northamptonshire. In the early part of the year 1832, on the removal of a lintel over an ancient doorway in the old mansion of the Treshams, at Rushton, a handsomely bound breviary fell out upon the workmen. On further search, an opening was discovered in a thick stone wall, of about five feet long and fourteen or fifteen inches wide, almost filled with bundles of manuscripts, and containing about twenty catholic books in excellent preservation. The contents of the manuscripts were various;

consisting of historical notes by Sir Thomas Tresham, rolled up with building bills, deeds, and farming contracts, of no interest and importance, and also of a portion of the domestic correspondence of the Tresham family between the years 1590 and 1605. The paper of the latest date is a memorandum, without a signature, of certain bonds, therein stated to have been delivered up to Mrs. Tresham on the 28th of November, 1605, by the writer of the memorandum. In all probability, therefore, this was about the period when these books and papers were enclosed. Sir Thomas Tresham died in September, 1605, and his estates upon that event descended to Francis Tresham, his eldest son, the conspirator in the gunpowder plot. Upon his apprehension, which took place on the 14th of November, it is natural to suppose that his papers at Rushton would be destroyed or concealed by his friends. From the almost total absence of letters of a political tendency amongst the papers thus discovered, it is probable that all such were destroyed. By the liberality of Mr. Hope, the present proprietor of Rushton, we have been favoured with a perusal of these papers; and though there is nothing among them specifically relating to the gunpowder plot, they contain much valuable information upon the condition and domestic history of the catholics at that period, their expectations from James I., and their grievous disappointment on his accession; and they throw great light upon the causes which led to the conspiracy."

Having thus introduced the Tresham family to the reader's acquaintance, we may as well begin our extracts from the body of the work with an interesting passage relating to the father of the conspirator, who appears to have been a character of a very different mould and metal from his son. It occurs near the commencement of the work, in the course of a very striking exposition of the oppression endured by the catholics in the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

"Sir Thomas Tresham, the father of Francis Tresham, one of the most conspicuous characters in the gunpowder treason, belonged to a family who, from very early times, had possessed a princely estate in Northamptonshire. On the restoration of the knights hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem by Queen Mary, his grandfather had been made lord-prior of that order. Sir Thomas Tresham himself was originally a protestant, and was knighted by Elizabeth at Kenilworth in 1577; three years afterwards, when the first missionary priests came into England, he was converted by Campion and Parsons to the catholic faith, and reconciled to the church of Rome.* From the time of his conversion until his death, in 1605, he was constantly the subject of persecution. Shortly after Campion's apprehension in 1580, he was arrested and sent to the fleet on suspicion of having harboured the missionaries; on his refusal to swear before the council that Campion had not been at his house, he was prosecuted in the star-chamber, together with Lord Vaux, Sir William Catesby, and several other catholics, and sentenced by the court to pay a heavy fine, and to be imprisoned in the fleet until he swore as required by the council. Under this sentence Sir Thomas Tresham languished in close imprisonment for several years. He was afterwards repeatedly imprisoned, on the ground of his religion, in the fleet and at Banbury castle, for long periods of time, and also at Ely, which he terms, in some of his letters, his 'familiar prison.'† It appears also from the receipts at the exchequer, that for more than twenty years he constantly paid 260*l.* per annum into the treasury, being the statutory penalty of 20*l.* per lunar month

* More's *Historia Societatis Jesu*, p. 74.

† Rushton papers. See note in page 54.

and when any man came near the place, upon warning given by me, they ceased until they had again notice from me to proceed; and we seven lay in the house, and had shot and powder, and we all resolved to die in that place before we yielded or were taken.' All day long they worked at the mine, carrying the earth and rubbish into a little building in the garden behind the house, and at night they removed it from the building into the garden, spreading it abroad, and covering it carefully over with turf. In this manner these determined men worked without intermission until Christmas-eve; and during the whole of that time, not one of them showed himself in the upper part of the house, or was ever seen by the neighbours or passengers, excepting Fawkes, who was supposed to be keeping the house for his master Percy. Their principal reason for keeping close was to avoid raising a suspicion (which, if so many notorious catholics had been observed resorting to one house, would naturally have occurred) that they assembled there for religious purposes; and in that case, a diligent search might have been instituted for the priest, which would at once have discovered the scheme."

While they were thus at work, the parliament was again suddenly prorogued to the 3d of October. On this they agreed to suspend their labours till after the Christmas holidays. Having met again at the time appointed, they had succeeded by the beginning of February, in piercing about half through the stone wall.

"Father Greenway," proceeds the author, "observes that 'it seemed almost incredible that men of their quality, accustomed to live in ease and delicacy, could have undergone such severe labour; and especially that, in a few weeks, they should have effected much more than as many workmen would have done, who had been all their lives in the habit of gaining their daily bread by their labour.' In particular, he remarks that, 'it was wonderful how Percy and Catesby, who were unusually tall men, could endure for so long a time the intense fatigue of working day and night in the stooping posture, which was rendered necessary by the straitness of the place.' Greenway also relates an incident which occurred while they were at work, and which is perhaps worth repeating, as an instance of the gross superstition of the times, and also as convincing the workings of conscience in the minds of the conspirators as they proceeded with their design. They were one day surprised by the sound of the tolling of a bell, which seemed to proceed from the middle of the wall under the parliament house; all suspended their labour, and listened with alarm and uneasiness to the mysterious sound. Fawkes was sent for from his station above; the tolling still continued, and was distinctly heard by him as well as the others. Much wondering at this prodigy, they sprinkled the wall with holy water, when the sound instantly ceased. Upon this they resumed their labour, and after a short time the tolling commenced again, and again was silenced by the application of holy water. This process was repeated frequently for several days, till at length the unearthly sound was heard no more."

It was soon after this that, one morning while at work, they suddenly heard a rushing noise in the cellar, nearly above their heads. They at first thought that they had been discovered; but it turned out that the noise was occasioned by a person of the name of Bright, to whom the cellar belonged, selling off his coals, in order to remove. This cellar was found to be immediately under the house of lords; and the conspirators now determined to abandon their mine, and hiring the cellar in Percy's name, at once to deposit their

gunpowder here. Accordingly, about twenty barrels were immediately brought from Lambeth, and placed in the cellar, which was then locked up. This was about the beginning of May.

The parliament was afterwards once more prorogued till the 5th of November. As that day approached, the conspirators held frequent consultations for the final arrangement of their plans. Among other things, it was determined upon "that Fawkes, as a man of approved courage and of experience in emergencies, should be entrusted to set fire to the mine. This he was to do by means of a slow burning match, which would allow him full a quarter of an hour for his escape before the explosion took place. He was instantly to embark on board a vessel in the river, and to proceed to Flanders with the intelligence of what had been done."

A matter which from the first had given rise to much difference of opinion among the conspirators, was the arrangement of means by which certain persons should be saved from the intended destruction. They could neither agree upon who those persons should be, nor upon the plan that should be adopted to give them warning of the danger.

"In his own mind, Catesby had probably little compunction on this point, as he was heard to declare that, 'he made account of the nobility as of atheists, fools, and cowards, and that lusty bodies would be better for the commonwealth than they.' * In order, however, to allay the anxieties of those who had relations and friends in this dangerous predicament, he assured them that he had already ascertained that several of the catholic peers would not be present at the meeting of parliament; that he had spoken with Lord Montague, and had persuaded him to make suit to be absent from the parliament altogether, on the ground that his single voice would not avail against the making of more penal laws against the catholics; with respect to Lord Mordaunt, he declared that, 'he would not for the chamber full of diamonds acquaint him with the secret, for that he knew that he could not keep it;† but that he was assured that his lordship would not take his seat until the middle of the parliament, because he objected to sitting in his robes in the parliament house while the king was at church. He also declared that he had good reason to believe that Lord Stourton would not come to town till the Friday after the meeting of parliament. He further assured them that he wished, as much as they could do, that 'all the nobles that were catholics might be preserved, and that *tricks* should be put upon them to that end;‡ but, said he, 'with all that, rather than the project should not take effect, if they were as dear unto me as mine own son, they also must be blown up.'"

Every body is aware of the manner in which the conspiracy is said to have been detected, by means of an anonymous letter received by Lord Montague at his mansion at Hoxton, on Saturday, the 26th of October, ten days before the intended meeting of parliament. Mr. Jardine's examination of this part of the story is in the highest degree curious and interesting; but it is impossible for

* Keyes' examination, 30th November, 1605. — paper office.

† Keyes' examination, 30th November, 1605. — paper office.

‡ Keyes' examination, *ubi supra*.

us to attempt to follow him even in the most meagre abstract. He shows it to be extremely probable that the letter to Lord Monteagle was merely a feint to conceal the manner in which, and the individual by whom, the communication was really made to the government. That person, also, contrary to the common opinion of later writers, he all but proves, by an induction of numerous particulars, to have been Francis Tresham, the eldest son and heir of Sir Thomas Tresham already mentioned, who had been received among the number of the conspirators only a few weeks before. His motives appear to have been partly a desire to save his intimate friend and relation, Lord Monteagle, and other persons in whom he was interested, partly a strong misgiving as to the chance of success, and, in consequence of that, an eager anxiety to shake himself free from an enterprise, with which he regretted he had ever had any thing to do. He seems to have been of an infirm and pusillanimous character, and his fidelity had been suspected by some of his associates from the moment of his joining the confederacy.

That the detection might be the more complete, nothing was done to interrupt the proceedings of the conspirators till their scheme should be matured. At length, shortly before midnight, on the eve of the fifth of November, Sir Thomas Knevet, a magistrate of Westminster, accompanied by several assistants, having suddenly repaired to the spot, found Fawkes just leaving the house, and on proceeding to examine the cellar, discovered thirty-six barrels of powder, in casks and hogsheads, under a heap of billets. A dark lantern (still preserved in the Bodleian Library) was also found, with a light in it, in a corner behind the door, and a watch, with slow matches and touchwood, was taken from Fawkes, who was immediately bound and carried before the council at Whitehall.

"It was now about one o'clock in the morning. Such of the council as slept at Whitehall were called, and the others who were in town summoned; and the doors and gates being secured, all assembled in the king's bedchamber. Fawkes was brought in and questioned. Undis-

Being asked by the king how he could conspire against his children and so many innocent souls, he answered, 'Dangerous diseases require a desperate remedy;' and when questioned as to his intentions by some of the Scottish courtiers, he told them that 'one of his objects was to blow them back into Scotland.*' After a great part of the night had been spent in examination, Fawkes was sent with a guard to the Tower; where for the present we leave him, in order to trace the fortunes of his companions.

"Immediately after Fawkes had given notice of the visit of the lord chamberlain and Lord Monteagle to the cellar, Catesby and John Wright fled; Percy and Christopher Wright waited till they ascertained that Fawkes was seized, and then left London; but Rookwood and Keyes, who dwelt in the same lodging, and whose persons were not known in London, determined to remain till they received more conclusive intelligence. On going abroad the next morning they perceived amazement and terror in the countenances of all they met; the news of Fawkes's apprehension, and exaggerated rumours of a frightful plot discovered, were spread in every direction; guards of soldiers were placed not only at the palace gates, but at all the streets and avenues in the neighbourhood, and no person was allowed to pass. Upon this, being convinced that all was known, they also determined to fly. Keyes went away from London immediately; but Rookwood, who had placed relays of horses all the way to Dunchurch, lingered to the last moment, in order that he might be able to convey to his confederates in Warwickshire the latest intelligence of what had taken place in London. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon he also took horse and rode hastily away. About three miles beyond Highgate he came up with Keyes, in whose company he rode on for some distance. It does not distinctly appear what became of Keyes from this time until he was apprehended in Warwickshire several days afterwards. It is clear that he parted from Rookwood in Bedfordshire, and it may therefore be fairly conjectured that he went to Lord Mordaunt's house at Turvey, where his wife resided. Rookwood rode on to Brickhill, near which place he overtook first Catesby and John Wright, and shortly afterwards Percy and Christopher Wright; and from thence all five rode together with the utmost speed to Ashby St. Legers, in Northamptonshire. The astonishing rapidity with which they traveled appears from the fact that Rookwood left London at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and reached Ashby at six in the

rous facts that have never before appeared in print.

Upon the trials themselves also we cannot enter. Suffice it to say, that they have never before been detailed with any thing approaching to the minuteness and accuracy with which Mr. Jardine has here extracted them from the original documents. The whole account of Garnet, the Jesuit, in particular, his concealment at Hendlip Hall, his singular connection with Anne Vaux, the daughter of Lord Vaux, his discovery, his confinement in the Tower, his trial, his execution, the miracles that were alleged to follow his death, the spring of oil that was said to have broken out on the spot where he suffered, at the west-end of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the ear of corn on which his effigy appeared depicted, and which stirred to so extraordinary a degree the superstition of the times,—all this will be found in the highest degree curious and instructive. The long disquisition which follows on the question, as to the extent to which the Jesuits in particular, and the Catholics generally, were probably implicated in the plot, distinguished as it is by good sense and perfect freedom from prejudice, will probably be considered by most readers as setting this question at rest. It is at any rate by far the most impartial, as well as the most masterly examination which the subject has yet received. We prefer, however, closing our notice, by quoting the following remarks from the earlier part of the work:—

“In a legal point of view, the only observations which suggest themselves respecting the trials of the chief conspirators are such as are common to all the state prosecutions of the time. The evidence appears to have consisted entirely of the written declarations of the several prisoners, and of a servant of Sir Everard Digby, and it is evident, from the report of the proceedings, that no witness was orally examined. Of the guilt of all the prisoners there could not be the shadow of a doubt; indeed all of them, as appears from the several examinations above given, had fully and circumstantially confessed their guilt before the trials, and though they all, excepting Sir Everard Digby, pleaded not guilty, no attempt was made by any of them to deny a full participation in all the villany of the plot. That the project amounted to high treason is unquestionable; the design of blowing up the parliament house, when the king and prince were there, was compassing and imagining the death of the king and the heir-apparent to the crown, within the literal meaning of the statute of treasons; while the conduct of the conspirators who assembled in Warwickshire, after the apprehension of Fawkes, and rode armed through the country in warlike array, in defiance of the established government, and exciting others to insurrection, was nothing short of open rebellion, and clearly constituted a ‘levying of war against the king in his realm,’ within the words of another clause of the same statute. In legal consideration, therefore, the justice of their conviction and sentence is too plain for discussion; and in a moral point of view, the most scrupulous objector to capital punishments will hardly consider the loss of life as too severe a retribution for an offence of such unexampled barbarity. The political situation of the Catholics,—resentment of the oppression and contumely which they had suffered,—the dread of further persecution, and, above all, perhaps, indignation at the faithless conduct of the king, were sufficient motives to the insurrection; but the inhuman contrivance of the gunpowder plot can only be ascribed to the baneful influence of superstition; and

it may be doubted whether there is any other engine by which the natural feelings of the human heart could be so distorted and deadened, that the indiscriminate slaughter for several hundreds of persons could be considered as a laudable and pious undertaking.

“One of the most singular features of the history of this conspiracy was the character and description of the persons engaged in it. Dissolute and needy adventurers have been, at all times, the ready instruments in any scheme calculated to raise a storm on the surface of society, and produce confusion and uproar. Such characters may possibly gain by disturbance and revolution, and have, at all events, nothing to lose. Thus Catiline, at Rome, registered in his desperate band all the ruined spendthrifts; the disgraced, the idle, and the hopeless prodigals, who wander up and down a populous city, prepared alike for plunder or for outrage, as the opportunity presents itself. ‘*Semper in civitate*,’ says Sallust, ‘*quibus opes nullæ sunt, vetera odere, nova exoptant; odio suarum rerum mutari omnia student; turba atque seditionibus sine cura aluntur, quoniam egestas faciliè habetur sine damno*.’ But in the case of the gunpowder treason, many of the conspirators, such as Robert Winter, Rookwood, Digby, Tresham, and Grant, were men of large possessions; others again, such as Percy, Fawkes, and Keyes, were engaged in useful and honourable occupations which raised them far above the temptation of want; not one of them but Catesby was in pecuniary difficulty, and his motive was clearly a religious one. In another respect also we find in this conspiracy men not usually acting in the ranks of insurrection;—men of mild and amiable manners, unaccustomed to tumults, and dwelling quietly in the midst of their respective families. It must have been a much more powerful motive than any of those that usually influence the actions of mankind, which could induce such persons to do violence to their nature and their usual habits, and produce the strange delusion that, in committing a barbarous murder—‘a murder,’ as it has been termed, ‘of a whole nation in their representatives,’—they were performing an action by which they secured to themselves the approbation of Heaven.

“Notwithstanding the occasional misgivings suggested by humanity and conscience to the minds of the conspirators, it is clear that they were really actuated by a mistaken sense of duty, and that many of them maintained to the last a conviction that their project was not only justifiable, but in the highest degree meritorious in the sight of God. Father Greenway relates, that as Rookwood was being drawn to the place of execution, his lady stood at an open window in the Strand, giving him words of comfort as he passed, and calling upon him to be of good courage, inasmuch as he suffered for a great and noble cause. In the conversation between Fawkes and Robert Winter in the Tower, above related, the latter says, ‘nothing grieves me, but there is not an apology made by some to justify our doings in this business; but our deaths will be a sufficient justification of it, and it is for God’s cause.’ Casaubon, in his epistle to Fronto Ducaeus, which we shall have occasion to notice more fully hereafter in the case of Garnet, mentions the following fact respecting another of the conspirators. ‘John Grant,’ says he, ‘one of the traitors, on the very day when he was to be executed for his share in this plot, was entertained by a pious and learned clergyman, to entertain, at the last, a proper sense of his situation, and duly reflecting upon the magnitude of his crime, with hearty penitence to seek for pardon from heaven.’ Grant replied with a cheerful countenance, and full of confidence, ‘I am satisfied that our project was so far from being sinful that I rely entirely upon my merits in bearing a part of that noble action, as an abundant satisfaction and expiation for all sins committed by me during the course of my life.’”

From the Asiatic Journal.

JEREMY BENTHAM IN INDIA.

Few things are so troublesome in private life as the fanatical obtrusiveness of religious allusions upon petty occasions. The good taste of the old critical rule, "*nec deus interst nisi dignus vindice nodus*," is applicable to many things besides epic poetry, and to none more than the unceasing, importunate desecrations of scriptural phraseology, by the unseemly use made of it in households that pretend to be more serious than their neighbours. This domestic puritanism is now fast disappearing. Is there no danger of its being replaced by another species of sectarian cant, equally tedious and disgusting? Has no one observed, in certain families, the over-ruling tyranny of some favourite dogma of what goes by the name of philosophy,—its eternal recurrence, to the suppression of every other topic,—as the bass sometimes domineers in the orchestra,—and how, in minds of an ordinary texture, it takes the command of a little ragged regiment of ideas, and drills them into perpetual skirmishes with common sense,—that sovereign influence which keeps this lower world from being overrun by transient follies, worshipped by all who deem it easier to talk after others than to think for themselves? There can be no expenditure of thought, or wear and tear of mind, where the whole theory is a nomenclature only. That such dogmas should find numerous disciples amongst those who are not unwilling to be esteemed wiser than the rest of the world, at the smallest possible expense of talent or study, is not at all surprising when the hold that problems and paradoxes have over every-day understandings is duly considered. A tenet of this sort rides them to death, sticking with the tenacity of a monkey on the back of a horse.

What is this Jerry Benthamism, that has turned the heads of so many respectable people, and chatters us deaf at our firesides and breakfast tables? At best, a barren truism worn to rags—

asks it, but the whole race of man, will be the better for granting it? Philosophy thus purveys to his avarice; for, whilst the calculation is going on, the sum that would gladden the heart-sick supplicant remains snug in his pocket.

It was in an evil hour that the Benthamite doctrine broke out in the quiet, respectable family of the Serles. The infection was caught by Henry Serle, a civilian in the Company's service, on a temporary leave of absence in England. As the whole mystery is but phraseology, he soon made converts of his two sisters, Louisa and Clara, who were destined in a short time to return with him to India, a bad soil for paradoxes. Old Serle and his wife were a steady matter of fact couple, and when they had heard Henry and the girls gabbling about utilitarianism, and the greatest possible happiness for the greatest numbers, they stared with surprise, not unmixed with some parental vanity; but without understanding a word of what they talked about. Some things posed them. It was quite amusing to observe the havoc the young philosophers made with the decalogue. The crimes therein denounced were crimes because they were prohibited; but prohibitions affect not the moral qualities of human actions, which depend on the greater or less degree of utility, and the greater or less scope that utility comprehends. As for patriotism, it was vice—it was crime—it was an incorrect calculation. Social man, aiming only at the good of the state he belongs to, at the risk of sacrificing what may be beneficial to the rest of the world, is a national egotist. Charity, or almsgiving, if ill-bestowed, however virtuous the motive, augments the general amount of ill. Let no man give (was their doctrine) till he has ascertained the remote consequences of his gift. Promises, engagements, are kept, because it is *useful* to keep them, and a man acquires personal advantages by being faithful to them—he acquires a reputation for being trust-worthy. Such were the reasonings bandied about at breakfast, dinner, and the tea-table of the Serles, whilst the old folks gazed with

lation be correct." "But who," the old fashioned moralist would reply, "can be sure that he calculates correctly? In the meanwhile, the best, the most generous feelings knock at the heart in vain. Rags and poverty solicit it. You tell me to keep my hands from my pocket, because the relief given, though it may supply the wants of the moment, may encourage, in the long run, the habit of lazily leaning on others. Thus you fix a drag-chain on all the generous and ennobling tendencies of humanity."

During the voyage to India, our *précieuses* and their brother were up to their chins in controversy. Louisa exercised all the force of her logic, and the more powerful artillery of two bright eyes, to make a convert of the captain. Clara contented herself with a humbler *fusillade*, upon an Irish dragoon officer. She succeeded the better with him, because he did not comprehend a word of what she talked about. In her occasional dialogues on the quarter-deck with this learned Theban, Clara, however, considering herself bound to add her item, however insignificant, to make up the sum total of the greatest possible happiness of the greatest number,* was not at all discouraged by his intense obtuseness, which was redeemed by his inexhaustible good nature, and more especially by the air of deference with which he listened to dissertations, which, had they not flowed from two vermilion lips, and been enforced by the persuasiveness of the prettiest and most expressive eyes in the world, would have sent him to sleep. In the mean time, Henry Serle equally intent with his sisters on the greatest possible happiness system, was employed upon Jeremy Bentham's celebrated work on legislation, and translating it, in an abridged form, into the Bengalee and Mahratta languages (in both of which he was eminently conversant), wrapt in the pleasing vision of converting the whole Hindu population, beginning with the Brahmins, to Benthamism. Like other speculative philosophers, however, he was far beginning where he ought to end. His first converts ought to have been the British Government of India—a government wielding the resources and disposing of the destinies of a fertile and immense country, densely peopled, advancing in civilisation, and capable of still further advances, and holding themselves forth, in virtue of conquest, sole proprietors of all the lands of the empire, with a right, as sovereigns, to one half of its gross produce, as a tax to feed and clothe their masters from the toil of their hands and sweat of their brow. If the spirit of Jeremy Bentham could have been sufficiently infused into the administration of that government, they might perhaps be convinced, at length, that a land tax devouring nine tenths, or probably ninety-nine hundredths, of the entire population, a benevolent system of finance, borrowed from the *Koran* and the *Hedaya*, as a merciful compensation† for not murdering

the male population, and lending their women and children into slavery, did not contribute much to the greatest possible happiness of the greatest number.

Louisa, with great perseverance, continued the siege she had laid to the commander of the vessel. His was an excellent understanding, in many respects,—fitted for the wear and tear of life and the station he was bred to. He knew how to lay in a profitable investment of hams and cheeses, and could distinguish the first indications of a white squall with such unerring precision, that he sometimes, in spite of the grumblings of the crew, took in top-gallant sheets, and made things snug, in the serenest state of the atmosphere. The event, however, was sure to verify his predictions. Yet this useful understanding was garrisoned by a score or two of the sturdiest and most resolute prejudices. Louisa essayed in vain to expel them, in order to convince him that, before he acted, it was his duty to calculate whether he was about to augment or diminish the happiness of the greatest possible number. "On all occasions whatever?" asked Captain Tibbs. "On all," replied Louisa. They were off the Cape. The sky was treacherously serene and bright. Suddenly there came, without the slightest warning, a furious gale resembling the typhoon of the China seas. "It will carry every thing away," observed the master, with a troubled countenance, as he led Miss Serle into the cuddy, "unless we take all in, and it must be done instantly, or we shall be lost." "Why don't you do it then?" exclaimed Louisa, not a little alarmed. "What?" returned the captain, "without calculating whether it will augment or diminish the happiness of the greatest possible number?"

For several days the captain enjoyed his practical refutation of Louisa's doctrine; but Henry Serle could not suppress his mortification. "I will not allow it to be a refutation at all," said he. "The doctrine is still unanswerable and unanswered. You have not yet ascertained, for want of leisure and coolness to frame the estimate, whether the loss of the ship would not have increased the possible sum of happiness to the greatest number. Had your whole crew been lost, for instance, from the commission of how many crimes injurious to society and hurtful to themselves might they not have been cut off? In the obscure decrees of fate, which are closed to human knowledge, may it not have been ordained that each of us at this table, sitting in this cuddy, may be reduced to some error that may, in its turn, seduce by the force of example hundreds within our own generation, and the stream of evil widening as it flows, thousands in those that are to come?" This sophism, and the imperturbable gravity with which it was propounded, only in-

take the whole of the persons and property of infidels, and to distribute them among Musulmans, it follows, *a fortiori*, that taking half their incomes is lawful." See also a valuable work of Col. Galloway, entitled *Observations on the Law and Constitution of India*. The mercenary tyro in Indian affairs knows that the Mahomedan system of revenue is still enforced within the limits of our Indian empire.

* See *Traité de Législation*, ch. vi. p. 43. Third edit.

† The *Hedaya*, book 9, c. 7, says:—"It is alleged by the learned, that the utmost extent of tribute is one half of the actual product; nor is it allowable to exact more; but one half is strictly due, because, as it is lawful to

creased the merriment the party were disposed to indulge at the expense of the Benthamites. "P'faith," exclaimed the Irish dragoon officer, "and is there no way to save us from being hanged ashore but by drowning us at sea? And, sure, wouldn't it be acting agreeably to your notions, if you were to begin and set us the example, my fine fellow, and jump overboard, and lave it to our discretion whether we shall jump in after you?"

At Calcutta, the *précieuses* and their brother soon shared the ridicule for which they were candidates. And there is this peculiar property in Jerry Benthamism, that it is for ever obtruded in the most clumsy and ungraceful way. All theoretic rules of action, at variance with the established habits of the world, even with the habits of those who preach them up, are bores in conversation. It is the same thing over and again; for, as neither history nor experience has any thing to do with them, the system becomes a mere vocabulary, a dull circle of generalisations, in which the understanding ends where it begun; the disciple learns nothing, when he has once mastered the slang, in the ceaseless repetition of which, seasonable or unseasonable, consists the whole secret of the philosophy. "It is my duty," said Henry Serle, in all the *salons* of Calcutta, and upon one occasion with more than usual energy at the table of the governor general,—"it is my duty to sacrifice a lesser interest to a greater—an interest of the day to an interest that is durable, an interest precarious and uncertain to one that is fixed and certain. But that which may be useful to myself, may be of much greater utility to others. If I sacrifice, therefore, the advantage of many to my own, I am a robber, as culpable as a bandit who attacks the peaceful traveller, to despoil him of his money or provisions."* And then he quoted from his book of faith (in fact your thorough-paced Benthamite has no other creed), with an air of triumph that defied refutation, "*Oter aux uns ce qui leur est utile, pour le donner aux autres, c'est déplacer l'utilité : ce*

the Christian faith was the best system of morality, and much better utilitarianism than that of Jeremy Bentham. He heard, but did not forget, the theory which Mr. Serle had been labouring to enforce. As for the rest of his auditors, most of them, the ladies included, stared without comprehending; the governor general comprehended, but did not stare. In an age of paradoxes, he was astonished at nothing.

The office of magistrate and collector at — became vacant. The governor general, habituated in his civil appointments to consult with great minuteness the fitness of the candidates, had designed that piece of promotion for a young man of no ordinary attainments, burthened with a family, but who, from unconquerable diffidence, solicited nothing. He was not merely familiarly acquainted with the regulations, according to the strictness of their letter, (a limit within which most of the judicial servants of the Company were wont to confine their studies,) but with the fixed principles of equity, as they are deducible from law itself—the great and unperishable chain that keeps the social world together—as well as the municipal collections of the Hindus and Mahomedans. Henry Serle had been trained in the revenue department—with no other qualification for a judicial station but that of an originally excellent understanding, though lately obscured and clouded by the incrustation of new doctrines. But he was considerably senior in the service to the modest, unpatronised individual, for whom his lordship had intended it, and he had brought a strong recommendation for early promotion from the Court of Directors. Serle applied for it personally to the governor general, urging his mature standing in the service.

"Am I to act upon the principle of utility, in the appointment, as you defined it the other day, or be blindly guided by the mere accident of length of service or priority of application?"

Serle looked confused at having his own battery unexpectedly opened upon him.

"Ought not my choice, to be influenced by the

fibres, which may be snapped asunder by a rash and ill-considered administration of law. Their ancient code is intertwined with their religious feelings, for law and religion are convertible terms with the Hindus. The study of a whole life scarcely suffices for a competent knowledge of it, and its administration in the spirit of benevolence and good will. To acquire this degree of knowledge, a British magistrate ought to be ruled by the christian faith he professes. All knowledge, in which this ingredient is wanting, is but comparative ignorance."

Mr. Serle here begged leave to interpose a remark.

"Hear me, sir," said the nobleman, firmly, but with no departure from the inbred gentleness of his manner. "I have understood that you act in strict subservience to a certain golden rule you call utility, founded upon a calculation of results. Such I understand to be the greatest possible happiness system, without reference to any religious precept."

Serle bowed assent.

"Then, to be candid with you, it seems to me that you act upon a rule of inferior obligation and a weaker sanction than that of christianity. Your school of ethics, I understand, professes to act according to certain calculations of utility. But christianity knows no calculations. It commands on one side, and prohibits on the other. It administers with one hand hope and consolation; with the other it points to assured misery. The exhortation and the penalty mingle their influence to invite and deter. I am but an old fashioned thinker," continued his lordship, "but I have lived long enough to witness the ephemeral existence of many such insect theories. They buz and hum for awhile, and are heard of no more. But, in giving the judgeship of — to Mr. Selwyn, I am acting in conformity not merely to the rule of my own action, but of yours. It equally accords with *your* calculations of utility, and *my* sense, which enters into no calculations, of what is right."

The baffled utilitarian, thus caught in the snare of his own pedantic and narrow system, looked astounded. Good sense, however plain, is the Ithuriel's spear that tries the soundness of false and artificial doctrines. "But," said the governor general, "that you may not be destitute of all means of adding to the sum total of your own happiness, which, I take it, is an integral part of the greatest possible happiness of the greatest number, I have reserved for you a place which will fix you at the presidency, and which you must pardon me for thinking better for you, by bringing you into hourly collision with men of bound habits of thinking, than a provincial residence, where the fancies that now engross your understanding, whilst they impart to it a kind of morbid action, may thicken upon you, like the chimeras of Don Quixote, and unfit you for the practical duties of life, which, believe me, require instant decision, rather than speculative calculation."

But what were our *précieuses* doing all this while, to augment the greatest possible happiness of the greatest number? They were really fine

young women. The pure English glow of health brightened their cheeks. They were not destitute of the exterior graces. But they were inoculated with the jargon of utilitarianism much more than skin-deep; it mingled itself in all they did or said. It was troublesome, importunate, unceasing. No one listened to them but for an opportunity of replying by some ridiculous pleasantry, and they were so undiscerning, that *persiflage*, however clumsy, they mistook for serious compliment. The young men, all the time they conversed with them, did not feel that they were conversing with women. Love and Benthamism are as ill-sorted as Ovid makes out love and majesty to be. The joke was rife amongst them, that the Miss Serles would not accept the hand of a partner in a quadrille till they had gone through a greatest possible happiness calculation. This was mortifying; but, to do them justice, it did not wound their vanity or self-love; for, if Benthamism had taught them nothing else, it had taught them to postpone their own gratification to that of others. The fault was in the excess, the indiscriminate application, the fanaticism, with which they acted up to their own maxims;—virtue itself lying within a certain mediocrity, beyond which it ceases to be virtue. Nevertheless, they were so theory-ridden, so exclusively devoted to the promotion of the greatest possible happiness for the greatest number, that they lost all tact, and paid no regard to times and seasons, obtruding upon ironical and sneering auditors the unmeaning jargon of their sect, and only ceased to bore because they ceased to be heard. No proposals were made—not even a *jeu d'ad* major, who had run the gauntlet of rejection through a hundred new arrivals, ventured to offer. The dread of having to drag about for life a sort of public lecturer, and the more formidable duty of hearing the same dull note eternally croaked through the tedious scenes of conjugal retirement, kept suitors at a most respectful distance. It is the unfailing result of all doctrines that obtain an exclusive dominion over the understanding, to render it senselessly intolerant to all who refuse assent to it.

With Louisa it was a hopeless case. But, in the course of a few seasons, she gave her hand to an old colonel, who took her to an up-country station, where she thought there was a much better chance of making converts to her system than amongst the wits and satirists of the presidency. Clara, gifted far beyond her sister with natural attractions and the acquirements of education, stood still and unsolicited for a long time; and her case would have been equally hopeless, had not old Dr. Wildgrass, who had seen three wives carried quietly to the burial-ground, and, since the loss of his third, had been an annual, though unsuccessful candidate for a fourth, flattered himself that he stood a chance, by dint of perseverance, of being at last an accepted suitor. Clara could not like the man; he was abominably ugly and insufferably vulgar. But what was to be done? In India, to remain unmarried is to lose caste. Then the doctor had eleven children. This objection he parried with success. "My children," said he, "will afford you the coveted

means of contributing to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The happiness of children is mainly dependent on the tenderness and protection of a mother. Now here, Miss Clara, instead of waiting, year after year, the uncertain chances of one or two children, you have eleven fine grown ones, almost the greatest possible number, ready to your hand, and capable of having their happiness augmented to the utmost limit by your care and example." Clara would gladly have preferred promoting the greatest possible happiness of the world by means of a more pleasing and suitable connection; but the tide was running rapidly onwards. She became Mrs. Wildgrass—and in due time made the young Wildgrasses, who were all misses, as zealous and indefatigable in the cause of utilitarianism as herself.

Serle tried his first experiment upon a Brahmin, who came occasionally to play chess with him. He was as superior to Henry in dialectics, as in that skilful system of combinations, which he professed to teach, and which, by an absurd misapplication of language, we call the *game* of chess. He heard with patience, and replied with calmness. The result was,—that the utilitarian was beat with his own weapons. He was not wanting in candour; when the ardour of conflict subsided, he acknowledged his defeat, and renounced for ever as nonsense, or at best as idle logomachies, all exclusive theories of morality.

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(Continued from page 185.)

Timothy returned, and brought me consolation—the bleeding had not re-commenced, and Harcourt was in tolerable spirits. An eminent surgeon had been sent for. "Go again, my dear Timothy; and as you are intimate with Harcourt's servant, you will be able to find out what they are about."

"Timothy departed, and was absent about an hour.

I think of me—you may have heard that I'm a *rou é*, &c. &c. &c., but this I always do, which is, caution those who are gamblers from their hearts. I have watched you to-night, and I tell you, that you will be ruined if you continue to frequent that table. You have no command over yourself. I do not know what your means may be, but this I do know, that if you were a *Cæsar*, you would be a beggar. I cared nothing for you while you were the Mr. Newland, the admired, and leader of the fashion, but I felt for you when I heard that you were scouted from society, merely because it was found out that you were not so rich as you were supposed to be. I had a fellow feeling, as I told you. I did not make your acquaintance to win your money—I can win as much as I wish from the scoundrels who keep the tables, or from those who would not scruple to plunder others; and I now entreat you not to return to that place—and am sorry, very sorry, that ever I took you there. To me, the excitement is nothing—to you, it is overpowering. You are a gambler, or rather you have it in your disposition. Take, therefore, the advice of a friend, if I may so call myself, and do not go there again. I hope you are not seriously inconvenienced by what you have lost to-night."

"Not the least," replied I. "It was ready money. I thank you for your advice, and will follow it. I have been a fool to-night, and one folly is sufficient."

Atkinson then left me. I had lost about two hundred and fifty pounds, which included my winnings of the night before. I was annoyed at it, but I thought of Harcourt's safety, and felt indifferent. The reader may recollect, that I had three thousand pounds, which Mr. Masterton had offered to put out at mortgage for me, but until he could find an opportunity, by his advice I had bought stock in the three per cents. Since that, he had not succeeded, as mortgages in general are for larger sums, and it had therefore remained. My rents were not yet due, and I was obliged to have recourse to this money. I therefore went into the city, ordered the broker to sell out two hundred pounds, intending to replace it as soon as I could—for I would not have liked that Mr. Masterton should have known that I had lost money by gambling. When I returned from the city, I found Captain Atkinson in my apartments, waiting for me.

"Harcourt is doing well, and you are not doing badly. I have let all the world know that you intend to call out

a party to the fraud, and must take the consequence. My situation now is very unpleasant, and I ought to retire, and, if possible, re-appear with real claims upon the public favour. I have still friends, thank God! and influential friends. I am offered a writership in India—a commission in the army—or to study the law. Will you favour me with your opinion?"

"You pay me a compliment by asking my advice. A writership in India is fourteen years' transportation, returning with plenty to live on, but no health to enjoy it. In the army you might do well, and moreover, as an officer in the army, none dare refuse to go out with you. At the same time, under your peculiar circumstances, I think if you were in a crack regiment, you would, in all probability, have to fight one half the mess, and be put in Coventry by the other. You must then exchange on half-pay, and your commission would be a great help to you. As for the law, I'd sooner see a brother of mine in his coffin. There, you have my opinion."

"Not a very encouraging one, at all events," replied I, laughing; "but there is much truth in your observations. To India I will not go, as it will interfere with the great object of my existence."

"And pray, if it be no secret, may I ask what that is?"

"To find out *who is my father*."

Captain Atkinson looked very hard at me. "I more than once," said he, "have thought you a little cracked, but now I perceive you are *mad*—downright *mad*; don't be angry, I couldn't help saying so, and if you wish me to give you satisfaction, I shall most unwillingly be obliged."

"No, no, Atkinson, I believe you are not very far wrong, and I forgive you—but to proceed. The army, as you say, will give me a position in society, from my profession being that of a gentleman, but as I do not wish to take the advantage which you have suggested from the position, I shrink from putting myself into one which may lead to much mortification. As for the law, although I do not exactly agree with you in your abhorrence of the profession, yet I must say, that I do not like the idea. I have been rendered unfit for it by my life up to the present. But I am permitted to select any other."

"Without wishing to pry into your affairs, have you sufficient to live upon?"

"Yes, in a moderate way; about a younger brother's portion, which will keep me in gloves, cigars, and eau de cologne."

"Then take my advice, and be *nothing*. The only difference I can see between a gentleman and any body else, is, that one is idle and the other works hard. One is a useless, and the other a useful, member of society. Such is the absurdity of the opinions of the world."

"Yes, I agree with you, and would prefer being a gentleman in that respect, and do nothing, if they would admit me in every other; but that they will not do. I am in an unfortunate position."

"And will be, until your feelings become blunted as mine have been," replied Atkinson. "Had you acquiesced in my proposal, you would have done better. As it is, I can be of no use to you; nay, without intending an affront, I do not know if we ought to be seen together, for your decision not to *fight* your way is rather awkward, as I cannot back one with my *support* who will not do credit to it. Do not be angry at what I say; you are your own master, and have a right to decide for yourself—if you think yourself not so wholly lost as to be able eventually to recover yourself by other means, I do not blame you, as I know it is only from an error in judgment, and not from want of courage."

"At present I am, I acknowledge, lost, Captain Atkinson; but if I succeed in *finding my father*—"

"Good morning, Newland, good morning," replied he, hastily. "I see how it is; of course we shall be civil to

each other when we meet, for I wish you well, but we must not be seen together, or you may injure my character."

"Injure *your* character, Captain Atkinson?"

"Yes, Mr. Newland, injure *my* character. I do not mean to say but that there are characters more respectable, but I have a character which suits me, and it has the merit of consistency. As you are not prepared, as the Americans say, *to go the whole hog*, we will part good friends, and if I have said any thing to annoy you, I beg your pardon."

"Good bye, then, Captain Atkinson; for the kindness you have shown me I am grateful." He shook my hand, and walked out of the room. "And for having thus broken up our acquaintance, more grateful still," thought I, as he went down stairs.

In the mean time, the particulars of the duel had found their way into the papers, with various comments, but none of them very flattering to me, and I received a note from Mr. Masterton, who, deceived by the representations of that class of people who cater for newspapers, and who are but too glad to pull, if they possibly can, every one to their own level, strongly animadverted upon my conduct, and pointed out the folly of it; adding, that Lord Windermear wholly coincided with him in opinion, and had desired him to express his displeasure. He concluded by observing, "I consider this to be the most serious false step which you have hitherto made. Because you have been a party to deceiving the public, and because one individual, who had no objection to be intimate with a young man of fashion, station, and affluence, does not wish to continue the acquaintance with one of unknown birth and no fortune, you consider yourself justified in taking his life. Upon this principle, all society is at an end, all distinctions leveled, and the rule of the gladiator will only be overthrown by the stiletto of the assassin."

I was but ill prepared to receive this letter. I had been deeply thinking upon the kind offers of Lord Windermear, and had felt that they would interfere with the *primum mobile* of my existence, and I was reflecting by what means I could evade their kind intentions, and be at liberty to follow my own inclinations, when this note arrived. To me it appeared to be the height of injustice. I had been arraigned and found guilty upon an *ex parte* statement. I forgot, at the time, that it was my duty to have immediately proceeded to Mr. Masterton, and have fully explained the facts of the case; and that, by not having so done, I left the natural impression that I had no defence to offer. I forgot all this, and still I was myself to blame. I only saw that the letter in itself was unkind and unjust—and my feelings were those of resentment. What right have Lord Windermear and Mr. Masterton thus to school and to insult me? The right of obligations conferred. But is not Lord Windermear under obligations to me? Have I not preserved his secret? Yes; but how did I obtain possession of it? By so doing, I was only making reparation for an act of treachery. Well, then, at all events, I have a right to be independent of them, if I please—any one has a right to assert his independence if he chooses. Their offers of service only would shackle me if I accepted of their assistance. I will have none of them. Such were my reflections; and the reader must perceive that I was influenced by a state of morbid irritability—a sense of abandonment which prostrated me. I felt that I was an isolated being without a tie in the whole world. I determined to spurn the world as it had spurned me. To Timothy I would hardly speak a word. I lay with an aching head, aching from increased circulation. I was mad, or nearly so. I opened the case of pistols, and thought of suicide—reflection alone restrained me. I could not abandon the search after my father. Feverish and impatient, I wished to walk out, but I dared not

meet the public eye. I waited till dark, and then I sallied forth, hardly knowing where I went. I passed the gaming-house—I did pass it, but I returned and lost every shilling; not, however, till the fluctuations of the game had persuaded me, that had I had more money to carry it on, I should have won. I went to bed, but not to sleep; I thought of how I had been caressed and admired, when I was supposed to be rich. Of what use then was the money I now possessed? Little or none. I made up my mind that I would either gain a fortune, or lose that which I had. The next morning I went into the city, and sold out all the remaining stock. To Timothy I had not communicated my intentions. I studiously avoided speaking to him; he felt hurt at my conduct, I perceived, but I was afraid of his advice and expostulation. At night-fall I returned to the bell—played with various success; at one time was a winner of three times my capital, and ended at last in my pockets being empty. I was indifferent when it was all gone, although in the highest state of excitement while the chances were turning up. The next day I went to a house agent, and stated my wish to sell my house, for I was resolved to try fortune to the last. The agent undertook to find a ready purchaser, and I begged an advance, which he made, and continued to make, until he had advanced nearly half the value. He then found a purchaser, (himself, as I believe,) at two-thirds of its value. I did not hesitate, I had lost every advance made, one after another, and was anxious to retrieve my fortune or be a beggar. I signed the conveyance and received the balance, fifteen hundred and fifty pounds, and returned to the apartments, no longer mine, about an hour before dinner. I called Timothy, and ascertaining the amount of bills due, gave him fifty pounds, which left him about fifteen pounds as a residue. I then sat down to my solitary meal, but just as I commenced I heard a dispute in the passage.

"What is that, Timothy?" cried I, for I was nervous to a degree.

"It's that fellow Emanuel, sir, who says that he will come up."

"Yesh, I vill go up, sar."

"Let him come, Timothy," replied I. Accordingly Mr. Emanuel ascended. "Well, Emanuel, what do you want with me?" said I, looking with contempt at the miserable creature who entered as before, with his body bent double and his hand lying over his back.

"I vash a little out of breath, Mr. Newland—I vash come to say dat de monish is very scarce, dat I vill

"I have sold my house."

"You have sold de house—den you have neither de house or de monish. Oh! my monish, my monish! Sare, Mr. Newland, you are one d——d rascal;" and the old wretch's frame quivered with emotion; his hand behind his back shaking as much as the other which, in his rage, he shook in my face.

Enraged myself at being called such an opprobrious term, I opened the door, twisted him round, and applying my foot to a nameless part, he flew out and fell down the stairs, at the turning of which he lay, groaning with pain.

"Mine Got, mine Got, I am murdered!" cried he. "Fader Abraham receive me." My rage was appeased, and I turned pale at the idea of having killed the poor wretch. With the assistance of Timothy, whom I summoned, we dragged the old man up stairs, and placed him in a chair, and found that he was not very much hurt. A glass of wine was given to him, and then, as soon as he could speak, his ruling passion broke out again. "Mishter Newland—ah, Mish-ter Newland, cannot you give me my monish—cannot you give me de thousand pound, widout de interest? you are very welcome to de interest. I only lend it to oblige you."

"How can you expect a d——d rascal to do any such thing?" replied I.

"D——d rascal. Ah! it vash I who vash a rascal, and vash a fool to say de word. Mishter Newland, you vash a gentleman, you vill pay me my monish—you vill pay me part of my monish. I have de agreement in my pocket, all ready to give up."

"If I have not the money, how can I pay you?"

"Fader Abraham, if you have not de monish—you must have some monish; den you vill pay me a part. How much vill you pay me?"

"Will you take five hundred pounds, and return the agreement?"

"Five hundred pounds—lose half—oh! Mr. Newland—it vash all lent in monish, not in goods; you vill not make me lose so much as dat?"

"I'm not sure that I will give you five hundred pounds; your bond is not worth two-pence, and you know it."

"Your honour, Mishter Newland, is worth more dan ten thousand pounds: but if you have not de monish, den you shall pay me de five hundred pounds which you offer, and I will give up de paper."

"You vash a very odd gentleman, Mishter Newland" said he, "you kick me down stairs, and—but dat is nothing."

"Good bye, Mr. Emanuel," said I, "and let me eat my dinner."

The Jew retired, and I commenced my meal, when the door again slowly opened, and Mr. Emanuel crawled up to me.

"Mishter Newland, I vash beg your pardon, but will you not pay me de interesht of de monish?"

I started up from my chair, with my rattan in my hand. "Begone, you old thief," cried I; and hardly were the words out of my mouth, before Mr. Emanuel traveled out of the room, and I never saw him afterwards. I was pleased with myself for having done this act of honesty, and for the first time for a long while I ate my dinner with some zest. After I had finished, I took a twenty pound note, and laid it in my desk, the remainder of the five hundred pounds I put in my pocket, to try my last chance. In an hour I quitted the hell pennyless. When I returned home I had composed myself a little after the dreadful excitement which I had been under. I felt a calm, and a degree of negative happiness. I knew my fate—there was no more suspense. I sat down to reflect upon what I should do. I was to commence the world again—to sink down at once into obscurity—into poverty—and I felt happy. I had severed the link between myself and my former condition—I was again a beggar, but I was independent—and I resolved so to be. I spoke kindly to Timothy, went to bed, and having arranged in my own mind how I should act, I fell sound asleep. I never slept better, or awoke more refreshed. The next morning I packed up my portmanteau, taking with me only the most necessary articles; all the details of the toilet, further than cleanliness was concerned, I abjured. When Timothy came in, I told him that I was going down to Lady de Clare's, which I intended to do. Poor Timothy was overjoyed at the change in my manner, little thinking that he was so soon to lose me—for, reader, I had made up my mind that I would try my fortunes alone; and, painful as I felt would be the parting with so valued a friend, I was determined that I would no longer have even his assistance or company. I was determined to forget all that had passed, and commence the world anew. I sat down while Timothy went out to take a place in the Richmond coach, and wrote to him the following letter:—

My Dear Timothy,—Do not think that I undervalue your friendship, or shall ever forget your regard for me, when I tell you that we shall probably never meet again. Should fortune favour me, I trust we shall—but of that there is little prospect. I have lost almost every thing; my money is all gone, my house is sold, and all is gumbled away. I leave you, with only my clothes in my portmanteau and twenty pounds. For yourself, there is the furniture, which you must sell, as well as every other article left behind. It is all yours, and I hope you will find means to establish yourself in some way. God bless you—and believe me always yours, and gratefully yours,
JAPHET NEWLAND.

This letter I reserved to put in the post when I quitted Richmond. My next letter was to Mr. Masterton.

Sir,—Your note I received, and I am afraid that, unwittingly, you have been the occasion of my present condition. That I did not deserve the language addressed to me, you may satisfy yourself by applying to Mr. Harcourt. Driven to desperation, I have lost all I had in the world, by adding gaming to my many follies. I now am about to seek my fortune, and prosecute my search after my father. You will, therefore, return my most sincere acknowledgments to Lord Windarmear, for his kind of-

fers and intentions, and assure him that my feelings towards him will always be those of gratitude and respect. For yourself, accept my warmest thanks for the friendly advice and kind interest which you have shown in my welfare, and believe me, when I say, that my earnest prayers shall be offered up for your happiness. If you can in any way assist my poor friend, Timothy, who will, I have no doubt, call upon you in his distress, you will confer an additional favour on,

Yours, ever gratefully,

JAPHET NEWLAND.

I sealed this letter, and when Timothy returned, I told him that I wished him, after my departure, to take it to Mr. Masterton's, and not wait for an answer. I then, as I had an hour to spare, before the coach started, entered into a conversation with Timothy. I pointed out to him the unfortunate condition in which I found myself, and my determination to quit the metropolis.

Timothy agreed with me. "I have seen you so unhappy of late—I may say, so miserable—that I have neither eaten nor slept. Indeed, Japhet, I have laid in bed and wept, for my happiness depends upon yours. Go where you will, I am ready to follow and to serve you, and as long as I see you are comfortable, I care for nothing else."

These words of Timothy almost shook my resolution, and I was near telling him all; but when I recollected, I refrained. "My dear Timothy," said I, "in this world we must expect to meet with a checkered existence; we may laugh at one time, but we must cry at others. I owe my life to you, and I never shall forget you, wherever I may be."

"No," replied Timothy, "you are not likely to forget one who is hardly an hour out of your sight."

"Very true, Timothy; but circumstances may occur which may separate us."

"I cannot imagine such circumstances, nor do I believe, that, had as things may turn out, they will be so bad as that. You have your money and your house; if you leave London, you will be able to add to your income by letting your own apartments furnished, so we never shall want; and we may be very happy running about the world, seeking what we wish to find."

My heart smote me when Timothy said this, for I felt, by his devotion and fidelity, he had almost the same claim to the property I possessed, as myself. He had been my partner, playing the inferior game, for the mutual benefit. "But the time may come, Timothy, when we may find ourselves without money, as we were when we first commenced our career, and shared threepence halfpenny each, by selling the old woman the embrocation."

"Well, sir, and let it come. I should be sorry for you, but not for myself, for then Tim would be of more importance, and more useful than as valet with little or nothing to do."

I mentally exclaimed, "I have, I think I have, been a fool, a great fool, but the die is cast. I will sow in sorrow, and may I reap a harvest in joy. I feel, thought I, (and I did feel), 'I feel a delightful conviction, that we shall meet again, and all this misery of parting will be but a subject of future garrulity.' "Ycs, Tim," said I, in a loud voice, "all is right."

"All's right, sir; I never thought any thing was wrong, except your annoyance at people not paying you the attention which they used to do, when they supposed you a man of fortune."

"Very true; and, Tim, recollect that if Mr. Masterton speaks to you about me, which he may after I am gone to Richmond, that you tell him that before I left, I paid that old scoundrel Emanuel every farthing that I had borrowed of him, and you know (and, in fact, so does Mr. Masterton) how it was borrowed."

"Well, sir, I will, if he does talk to me, but he seldom says much to me."

"But he may, perhaps, Tim; and I wish him to know that I have paid every debt I owe in the world."

"One would think that you were going to the East Indies, instead of to Richmond, by the way you talk."

"No, Tim; I was offered a situation in the East Indies, and I refused it; but Mr. Masterton and I have not been on good terms lately, and I wish him to know that I am out of debt. You know, for I told you all that passed between Emanuel and myself, how he accepted five hundred pounds, and I paid him the thousand; and I wish Mr. Masterton should know it, and he will then be better pleased with me."

"Never fear, sir," said Tim, "I can tell the whole story with flourishes."

"No, Tim, nothing but the truth; but it is time I should go. Farewell, my dear fellow. May God bless you and preserve you." And, overcome by my feelings, I dropped on Timothy's shoulder, and wept bitterly.

"What is the matter? What do you mean, Japhet? Mr. Newland—pray, sir, what is the matter?"

"Timothy—it is nothing," replied I, recovering myself, "but I have been ill; nervous lately, as you well know, and even leaving the last and only friend I have, I may say for a few days, annoys and overcomes me."

"Oh! sir—dear Japhet, do let us leave this house, and sell your furniture, and be off."

"I mean that it shall be so, Tim. God bless you, and farewell." I went down stairs, the hackney-coach was at the door, Timothy put in my portmanteau, and mounted the box. I wept bitterly. My readers may despise me, but they ought not; let them be in my situation, and feel that they have one sincere faithful friend, and then they will know the bitterness of parting. I recovered myself before I arrived at the coach, and shaking hands with Timothy, I lost sight of him; for how long, the reader will find out in the sequel of my adventures.

I arrived at Lady de Clare's, and hardly need say that I was well received. They expressed their delight at my so soon coming again, and made a hundred enquiries—but I was unhappy and melancholy, not at my prospects, for in my infatuation I rejoiced at my anticipated beggary—but I wished to communicate with Fleta, for so I still call her. Fleta had known my history, for she had been present when I had related it to her mother,

passed, and my intentions for the future—bidding her farewell.

"Lady de Clare, may you be happy," said I, "Fleta—Cecilia, I should say, may God bless and preserve you, and sometimes think of your sincere friend, Japhet Newland."

"Really, Mr. Newland," said Lady de Clare, "one would think we were never to see you again."

"I hope that will not be the case, Lady de Clare, for I know nobody to whom I am more devoted."

"Then, sir, recollect we are to see you very soon."

I took her ladyship by the hand, and left the house. Thus did I commence my second pilgrimage.

(To be continued.)

From Cochrane's Foreign Quarterly Review.

MADRID IN 1834.

THREE VOLS. LONDON, 1835.—(UNPUBLISHED.)

We have already, in our preceding number, given a general view of the political history of Spain for the last twenty years, and of the probable course of events, judging from the actual state of affairs, and the general character of the nation. The volumes that head our article, therefore, which are destined for speedy publication, come opportunely before us, to describe the manners and customs, the morals, domestic habits, condition, and state of public and private society, in the Spanish capital; the routine of amusements, by which a nation is, according to some authorities, to be judged; and the system, pursued in the offices of the state, from which may be augured the chances of future amelioration and repose for the people at large.

Of all this, it must be confessed, we know hitherto but little. Spain, even more than Ireland, is the *terra incognita* of moral geography: and this is the more surprising, since, independent of the romantic interest always attached to the name, the nature and cause of the monstrous attempt on the part of Napoleon to change its dynasty, and the long war that ensued, by compelling the resi-

believing enemy, prevented their initiation into the mysteries of his home and his feelings.

There are yet other, and perhaps more efficient, causes for our ignorance. The Spaniard, though European as a nation, is more than half Oriental as an individual or a people. The restlessness of the Arab, ingrafted in the graver temperament of the Goth, has neutralised both. Too impatient to labour, too idle to think, too isolated to judge soundly, and too proud to improve, the extremes of riches and poverty have conduced to the same end, of fixing inertness on the national character. Restrained by despotism from political energy, and by bigotry from religious freedom, the powers of the Spanish mind have slept in living lethargy, or its two noblest functions were withheld. The judgment that must lie dormant in certain points, of necessity, weak, uncertain, and timorous on all the rest: and thus they have been satisfied with error, because it was ancient and respectable, forgetting that reason herself was still more ancient, and still more respectable.

The paucity, thus originated, of ideas, which alone lead to improvement, is perfectly consonant, and in some measure, even necessarily connected, with the greatest variety of feelings. These occupy the mind for the time they last, and, in the constant succession, as *uno diavolo accia al altro*, no time is left for a more staid and sober ratiocination; and, as emotion or passion, however widely spread for the moment, has never yet effected a permanent and advantageous change, after any such excitement the Spaniard relapses into his previous state, tranquilly consolidating his hopelessness or apathy with the conclusive *—no importa*. Such is the condition of Spain: and when the painter has depicted the striking and sombre points of its outward forms, the inquirer is disappointed to find little underneath the surface; for who can describe stagnation, or delineate vacancy?

Our previous article has already stated that our principal internal knowledge of Spain is derived from Cervantes and *Le Sage*. It is singular, but nevertheless true, that we are best acquainted with countries whose manners are open to daily change. Constant intercourse effects, and familiarises us with, this; but where manners are stationary we are satisfied to refer to our ancient informants, and to receive their accounts as the laws of the *Fedex*, without recollecting that time is the great-est, and a ceaseless, innovator,—decaying the bulwarks of old prejudices, till a sudden chance hakes them into dust, and, on the other hand, secretly raising, like the coral-worm, its labours into light, the foundation of future empires.

We have mentioned in one breath, in common with the rest of the world, the romantic labours of Cervantes and *Le Sage* as almost the sole guides to the knowledge of Spain in its domesticity. But we fear that it is our ignorance, rather than our knowledge, that has attached equal importance to the pictures of these two masters. It must be borne in mind that the author of *Don Quixote* was a native Spaniard, familiar with the customs and scenes he has undertaken to describe; while the novels of *Le Sage* are the invention, or more properly speaking, the compilation, of a French-

man who had never visited Spain. Hence, notwithstanding the minuteness and singular accuracy of the parts supplied by his Spanish authorities, and the unquestionable skill and talent of the arrangement and general conduct, we are, in spite of his matchless ease, grace, and gaiety, reluctantly forced to confess that *Le Sage* has occasionally substituted the wit, genius, and feelings of his native land for those of the country where the action is laid; and it is no small praise of the work before us, that it brings this conviction home with the force of demonstration.

What do we know of Spanish domestic manners?—The question makes the mind revert at once to the works just mentioned. Yet they, at best, are but passing notices, incidental, and illustrative of the scenes they detail. Hitherto the scenes themselves have been only cursorily sketched or described by travellers wandering through the country, and in general more observant of its scenery than conversant with the manners of the inhabitants. Their descriptions, therefore, though striking and brilliant, perhaps, have only the effect of mere sketches—a general outline; and we receive them gratefully, and make the most of them, for, *quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a*: and even of these *Pon a* but very few. But this can no longer be said. The work before us supplies the deficiencies in the most effectual manner: it is a perfect picture, designed and drawn with force, grouped with skill, and coloured with depth and richness; it bears the careful and elaborate finishing of Teniers, and the humour of Wilkie, displayed in the broad, bold light of Opie's pencil. The author writes with equal vigour and gaiety; he seems "*El Diablo cojuelo*" personifying "*Gil Blas*;" almost every page presents an opportunity for extract without fear of injuring the work itself: for our extracts will but show the surface; the reader of the original alone can be cognisant of the whole subject. The constant touching familiarises us with the theme, and lets in so many characteristic traits, that we feel, as in reading *Clarissa Harlowe*, fully acquainted with every place and every person introduced. Madrid, its situation, soil, and climate, &c., as well as the peculiarities of habits and usages of the *Madridenos*, have become at once a part of our own minds. Hitherto we have read with curiosity, and perhaps some degree of hesitation, the incidents of the novelist; now, we understand and feel them: nor can any thing hereafter induce us to confound the solemn vice, stern corruption, and punctilious debauchery of Madrid with the business-like villany, official rigidity, and frozen intrigue of London, or the frank dissoluteness, and gay unblushing abominations of Paris. Nor is the interest of the work confined to the capital; incidentally it gives us incomparably the most complete, and, we will venture to say, faithful picture of the manners and customs, and present state of society, in every part of Spain, which has yet been produced, whether by the hand of a native or foreigner.

To do this, as it is here done, required not only talents of no mean order, but those opportunities of observation which the testimony of all travellers agrees in stating to be denied to a foreigner.

by the habits, if not the prejudices, of the nation. Mr. Inglis, one of the latest of these (whose recent loss in the prime of life is so much to be deplored), was informed by one of our consuls who had been four years in the country, as well as by our minister at Madrid, that *they* knew nothing whatever of Spanish society, and that *he* might lay his account with leaving the country as much enlightened on such subjects as when he entered it. It was solely owing to an accidental acquaintance-ship that he was made an exception, and indebted for admission within the barriers, which enabled him, during the few months he remained, to catch these faithful—however imperfect—glimpses of Spanish life which add so much to the value of his book. The author before us has evidently enjoyed much better opportunities than his predecessors. A countryman of our own by birth and education, fortune has cast him into the land of Spain, and his bravery and talent have earned him a post of rank in her military service; a residence of long years has domesticated him among her people, and afforded him those opportunities of close observation, the want of which renders the reports and speculations of most writers of travels on such points so little trustworthy. When we add to this that the writer handles the *brush* with as much facility as he does the *pen*,—that the *picture* sketches accompanying the book are as clever as his literary ones, we have said nothing more than the truth. We consider it a happy chance which has thrown in our way such a source of agreeable entertainment before it becomes the common property of the reading public, and have not shrunk from stepping a little out of our usual path, in order to herald the appearance of a work which possesses such strong qualities to recommend it to general favour, whenever it makes its appearance.

Madrid ought rather to be considered the *central* capital, or seat of the Spanish government, than as *the* capital of Spain; for Spain to this hour is rather a combination of countries, each

opinions, that institutions so formed, and positively adverse to the course and principles of human nature, should remain so long where they have once been engrafted, while all else around partakes the mutability of man.

After noticing the feelings usually excited in the mind upon entering a strange capital, the author thus describes the approach to Madrid by the road from Bayonne:—

“Miserable groups of wretched hovels; a wooden weather-beaten cross by the rode-side, with some stones cast round its base, marking a spot of violence and blood, a pebble or two placed upon its arms, indicating the ‘*de Profundis*’ of some pious passenger for the soul of the murdered man; a turnpike, with its modern lodge, the thing most like civilisation to be seen; the fair and distant view of the bold and snow-topped Guadarama on the right, with the arid though cultivated plains of New Castile receding and undulating into distance, like the billows of a vast ocean; for, far off, the white walls of some village glaring in the sun, no tree to break the sad and stern monotony of hillock upon hillock, until lost in the horizon.

“At length the convent of Chamartin and its patches of verdure refresh the eye, wearied of its wanderings; a few minutes more, and domes, and minarets, and high tapering steeples spring from the earth, as at the touch of a magician’s wand, their light and elegantly formed cupolas reflecting the sun’s rays in their tin or lead coverings, and recalling to the mind the capitals of the east. The Powder-Magazine, with its solitary sentry, now strikes the view; next, the *Campo Santo*, the resting-place of so many thousands who have lived strangers through life to be united only in death, exhibits its long white inclosure and large black cross in front of the entrance; a few paces further, and the palace of the duke of Alba, with its gardens, the college of the Jesuits, the chimney-tops of the palace, are the only indications of the capital being at hand.”

The entrance, however, by the road of Alcala de Henares is magnificent, and fully atones for the other.

“Once past the *Quinta del Espiritu Santo*, Madrid begins to unroll itself to the view in all the pride of a

its groves and noble museum, assert their right to royalty and magnificence."

The first thing that a traveller looks after is, necessarily, to house himself somewhere. The arrangements in the hotels are, as here described, not of a kind that would induce him to make a long stay.

"On your arrival, instead of the bustling attention usual in other countries, you are received with the most profound indifference. ^ ^ They think all the rooms are occupied, but they will go and see: but the promise is forgotten until the request is repeated. After a good deal of confusion and waiting, calling up and down stairs for keys and people not forthcoming, you are ushered into the rooms. If you are at the Fontana de Oro, you are asked 20 to 30 reales *per diem* for a room, not absolutely untenable, of the most comfortless description. The attendance is quite illusory; there is a bell, however, which any one fond of the exercise of ringing may enjoy *ad libitum*, for nobody will take the least notice of it, that is, if they think there is any thing else more convenient to attend to. Still, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are not altogether abandoned; you hear fellows passing the door constantly during the peal; if one of these is obliging enough to stop, it is only to ask, 'what possesses you to ring so?' and to tell you that he is not the man attached to the room, but that he will acquaint the right person as soon as he appears. If you break the bell, you pay for a new one, and for rehangng it in the best manner."

The bedding is valuable chiefly from its antiquity, and, "the wool thus become rolled up into hard balls," the bed presents an agreeable diversity of miniature hill and dale, that recalls the charms of the country. But you get over this, and in due time go to dinner,

"Determined to make up for all disappointments. The first day it is tolerable, not very, very greasy, and does not cost above five or six *pesetas* (five shillings,) dessert included. But this is the first and last time you will enjoy such a consolation: every thing but the price changes—attendance, clean table-cloths, well-dressed dishes, all disappear; and unless you do the same, there is no remedy but submission to the evil.

"The *fundas* kept by native artists are abominable; the *Dos Amigos*, *Fonda de Europa*, del Carbon, &c. &c., each and all exhibit different gradations of detestable 'rokery.'"

There is something better, however.

"The *cafés* have made more rapid progress towards perfection. Ten years ago, Madrid could scarcely count three decent ones; within the last four years they have prodigiously increased. Twelve of the best class are to be found in various parts of the town.

"In the year 1814, Madrid could offer no other place of refreshment, but darkling and bad smelling crypts, called *botellerias*, where all classes indiscriminately went to smoke and drink rum, brandy, *vino generoso*, and such little elegant stomachics. The *Café de la Ava de Moca*, in the Calle de Alcalá, is the only house of the old stamp to be met with."

Fortunately, it seems that

"The domestic habits of the Spaniard will, for a long time, prevent any great increase to public establishments of eating or drinking."

"His offers a striking contrast to the Parisian; and wo unto him who, slenderly provided with this world's greatest evil, seeks in Paris to recon-

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cile the *auri sacra fames* with that of appetite, by dining at home, instead of spending his 30 *sous* chez some restaurant famed for *metempsychosis*.

If the traveller meditates a sojourn of any length, he naturally looks about for quarters in one of the *casas de huéspedes*, or lodging-houses; a topic on which the author furnishes us with a variety of useful information.

"A slip of paper tied to the middle of the balcony designates an 'unfurnished;' when placed on one side a 'furnished' lodging. The best houses of this class, however, do not show paper at all; a piece of economy which saves their purse in another way, not subjecting the proprietor to the municipal tax imposed on all known letters of lodgings."

The lady of the house, in these cases, is always a relic of grandeur of some kind or other. Heaven knows how, but the assertion costs nothing to the visiter beyond a little exercise of patience; and in the indolent climate of Spain, where they have little else to do, this cultivation of the inventive faculty is merely praiseworthy. Lying, in such instances, has been called by some one not so much a wilful perversion of truth, as an effort to embody the reveries of imagination. It is also an illustration of the advantages of *speech*, and marks the superiority of man over animals.

The seeker of lodgings is presumed to be a Christian, and therefore practically versed in the duty of patience as advised by the apostle Paul. Having rung, he enjoys full leisure to become acquainted with the exterior of the house, while the *janitress* at the grating is similarly speculating on his own. After a reasonable portion of time expended in these reciprocal observations, and the due interrogatories before he can be admitted within the fortification, the bolts and bars are slowly withdrawn, and he is admitted to conference with the *patrona* herself. The uses and virtues of every separate piece of furniture—not always apparent, it must be confessed—are pointed out and dwelt upon in disinterested eulogy, such as Christie or Robins might emulate, not exceed. The matting is faded—but it is clean; it has holes—but these were made by the former lodger's boots; the curtains are dirty—but it is owing to the flies. You have a new mattress—for its own testimony cannot compete with its mistress's; a carpet nearly a foot square; no flies—whatever the curtains may have evidenced; and can go out at the back-door. In addition to this inestimable privilege, there is a rack to hang up your clothes. But you inquire, in your unreasonable perversity, for a chest of drawers.

"A chest of drawers? How odd. Have you not got *baules*, (trunks,) cavalier? Who ever thinks of drawers when he has *baules*? I have got stands for them, *no hay cuidado*—no fear they shall be kept free from damp; where they are good they furnish the room.—'Yes, but do not replace drawers.'—'There are none in the house. I never saw clothes kept elsewhere but in trunks; here in Spain we always do so: *vaya, vaya*, go to, go to, it is a singular idea. Here we never think of drawers.'—'They are indispensable to me, *à los pies de Usted*—I wish you a good morning.'—'¡Eh! hombre, ingenio tan vivo! Man! how hasty you are! why, really, you *extranjeros* are like gunpowder. *Vamos! sienta se Usted, sit down here on the sofa, let us chat a bit.*'"

Hard must be the heart that does not yield to the attack that ensues on every point; from your entry into Spain to the list of friends, family, and connections, that encircle the *patrona's* residence with their glories, and act in this affair as auxiliaries to her eloquence. But should this combined movement fail, an attempt is made at negotiation. How much would you give if she gets you a chest of drawers? of course you can advance money towards it beforehand? But, gentle traveller, if thou art wise, retreat instead of advancing; for thou mayest rest fully assured that loans in this shape are always paid like money lent to the *Ayuntamiento* (or corporation of Madrid)—that neither art, nor anger, nor prayers, nor tears, will ever extract thy gold from "that bourne from whence no traveller returns"—the *patrona's* pocket, nor will any allowance ever be made for it until the day of judgment.

Our next extract must be rather a long one: it forms a portion of the chapter entitled, "Interior of a Spanish house," and gives us a much fuller insight than we have yet had into the mysteries of the *ménage*, and of the domestic manners and habits of the more respectable Madrilenians. They have never been so well, nor so graphically described.

"It is usual to see men with an income of three to six thousand dollars a year (600*l.* to 1200*l.*) living in a first or second floor, consisting of four or five rooms, kitchen included. They despise every thing like draped furniture; no curtains to the windows (an innovation of very recent introduction)—the tiled floor, if in winter, covered with a coarse matting. The chairs of varnished cherry-wood and rush bottoms, *canapé* ditto; no lounge, no friendly arm-chair, none of that somniferous form not unaptly termed 'sleepy hollow'; a chest of drawers, 'other innovation,' two or three crane-legged tables, a quinquail lamp placed on one or other of them, not intended to be lit. The well white-washed walls, adorned with a choice collection of valuable and highly coloured engravings, suspended in mahogany frames from brass-headed nails, representing scenes of the war of independence, the victims of the second of May, and other national reminiscences, complete the 'adornos' of the 'stair-room,' when

be in the family—*enfin, que hay comodidades*—that comforts are not wanting. The other dormitories are from answering this description. These *camas de* (beds composed of two moveable stands of wood or upon which three or four deal boards are laid, couple of mattresses,) receive the persons of the young members of the family. If numerous, three or four are made to fit in each alcove. The rest of the conveniences consist of a chair or two, and sundry old-fashioned wooden bow-roofed trunks, covered with cal (hair outside) for the clothes and finery of the ladies. Many a lovely girl, stepping lightly and upon the Prado, has risen from a couch by no means enervating softness, and left a *tocador* (toilette) no longer a model of cleanliness and order.

"A very diminutive *jacara*—cup of chocolate morsel of bread is the universal breakfast all over; it is usually taken in bed, and a large glass of dilutes it properly in the stomach; people then begin to think of getting up, but not always of washing themselves. If the weather is fine, the *matrimonio* (husband and wife) appear upon the same balcony (upon separate, if there has been any quarrel), *para tomar el fresco*—to enjoy fresh air; the gentleman in a complete *negligé*, protected by his cloak, the lady trusting to a shawl and mottled petticoat, and slippers on her unstockinged feet for concealment. No art is meant or practised; you have both as they broke from the arms of Morpheus; the hair of the husband (no one uses *foolish* nightcaps), and a graceful confusion in the tresses of the wife.

"The *fresco* taken, the couple separate; the wife goes to her room, the husband to smoke his cigar, and *dar vueltas a la casa*—take a stroll about the house, until it is time to *tomar las once*—take the eleven o'clock luncheon. Some dispense with this altogether, others eat some *frío* and sally forth to idle away the time until two o'clock, when the husband calls them to dinner. This meal is composed of a substantial soup of bread, vermicelli, macaroni, &c. Dainty people have the livers of fowl mixed up with it. The *cocido* or *puchero* comes after: beef, fowl, and vegetables, with its ingredients; on another dish appear the *ricos garbanzos*—rich pea-beans—and other vegetables, relieve the fiery looking sausage from Estremadura. One or two *principios* (courses) follow the soup and *carne*. The whole is wound up by a dessert of w

ised by Le Sage, turned people's heads, and emptied their pockets. The heroines of the stage are indeed fallen from their high estate. They produce no sensation—cause no scandal; not, perhaps, that morals are mended since the era of the seducing Laura."

We must refer to a previous page for the opinion we have already expressed of Le Sage's immortal work. In the part alluded to in the foregoing passage, we have always had a suspicion that the gay Frenchman was substituting the manners of France for those of Spain. Nowhere, as far as our own observation leads us, are to be found in the latter country that devotion to the princesses of the stage, which is so prominent in Gil Blas, and in French writers and manners in general. Assuredly, nothing in the existing state of the country, so far as we are aware, countenances the assumption; nor in any of the works of really Spanish writers do we remember to have noticed indications of a time when the fair representatives of life and passions were particularly selected to enact in private the scenes they illustrated in public. In the Spanish tales and dramas, whatever may be the personages that fix the interest of the hero; however licentious the narrative, or degraded the character, the heroine is scarcely ever, we might almost say never, an actress. Decorum in Spain and its gloomy court required too great a sacrifice to appearances to allow either the actress to out-step propriety before the world, or the most libertine of noble lovers to descend openly to so low a scandal.

The descendants of the Gusman, the Mendoca, the d'Aguilar, the Medina Sidonia, and others, are sadly degenerated, even in personal appearance, nor are their intellectual attainments calculated to raise them in estimation. Our author gives the details of their education, and we regret to say that our own recollection furnishes us with very few exceptions.*

"The sons of grandees are brought up as *señoritos* entitled to excellency in their own right ought to be, that is, in the deepest ignorance of every thing which a rational being ought to know. Surrounded from his infancy by a set of depraved menials, pandering in every way to his whims and caprices, the future grandee follows implicitly the instinct of his nature; the *capitán* charged with his education is too happy to have a sinecure of it."

It is therefore by no means surprising that

"Ferdinand 'the beloved,' who knew his countrymen better than any man of his kingdom, evinced pretty clearly upon all occasions the degree of estimation in

* Although our experience has not furnished us with any data of a nature to mitigate the unfavourable impression which the author's picture of the Spanish grandees is calculated to produce, it is but fair to notice that another recent traveller from our own country has formed and expressed a much more favourable opinion of the class. We allude to Captain Cook, of the navy, the author of "Sketches in Spain during the years 1829, 1830, 1831, and 1832;" a book full of curious and valuable information, especially with respect to Spanish art, and distinguished by a gentlemanly and impartial tone, such as might be expected from the rank and profession of the writer. His testimony we regard as entitled to considerable weight, and we can only hope that when the time comes, the conduct of the grandees will show that he has not judged too favourably of them.

which he held the grandees. * * * With the exception of one nobleman of this class, who shared his captivity at Valençay, he kept the rest at a distance, employing them merely in his ante-chamber as chamberlains, not wishing to lose his reputation for etiquette and erudition by derogating from this custom of his predecessors. * * * The ancient monarchical edifice has received a shock from the hands of a 'rey neto y absoluto,' which it can never hope to recover; happily for the liberties of the present and future generations, all classes of society have been mixed and confounded together. The '*grandeza*' can no longer boast of the unsullied purity of its blue blood—'*sangre azul*.' *Mesalliances* have been permitted by royal authority, and if this aberration from old habit improves the breed, they cannot but be thankful to His majesty."

It can scarcely be supposed that this neglect arose *only* from the partiality of Ferdinand to low company. We generally find that those who are most willing to descend from royal rank and state are the most severe and scrutinising observers of the etiquette which they themselves infringe. All minds are keen in detecting in others the presence or absence of the particular qualities displayed in their own.

The ladies of the same class are also faithfully described:—

"Even so, the daughter of the grandee may, and undoubtedly does, see many a face and form which her youthful fancy loves to dwell upon, even in the light of a 'husband;' but, like the odalisque, who knows to her sorrow that she is reserved for the sultan alone, the young '*Donna*' is aware of her being destined to the arms of one of her own caste and blood. In the time of the constitution, or of the '*pepa*,' as it is quaintly termed, this barrier was thrown down, when the ladies, who turn even politics to love's account, immediately took to marrying the men of their choice as fast as they could, without leave or license from '*rey* or '*raque*,' and some were fortunate enough to have concluded their bargains before the army of the faith brought them back to their leading-strings. * * * Their education goes on in the usual way; they are taught their prayers, learn to sew and embroider, go to mass and sermon, processions, and so forth. The music, drawing, and, above all, the dancing master, make their appearance now a days much oftener than before; they are driven or walked to the *prado*, where they see and covet a great deal of forbidden fruit."

The chapter on the "property" of those illustrious personages, will be perused with deep interest by all who take pains to inform themselves of the real state of the nation, and seek in her own institutions to find the cause of her decay, in preference to the representations of ignorance and prejudice. No man can rise from the perusal, unconvinced of the *incubus* that has lain so long on the bosom of Spain, nor will he feel surprise that the indolence or dignity of this important class has reached such a pitch, that, according to Inglis, several Spanish noblemen in the south have never even *seen* their estates. One of their number is reported to have considered it an indignity to be obliged to place his feet upon the *earth*: certainly he might have danced in *ai* without any injury to the species.

The descent from the top to the bottom of the social scale, although a rapid, is not an unnatural one. Mr. Inglis, we think it is, who makes the remark, that in Madrid poverty is neither so general nor so squalid as it is in London or Paris

but the remark appears to require considerable qualification. Most assuredly, nothing in either of these capitals, not even the departing glories of St. Giles, sheds lustre sufficient to vie with the *Barios Bajos* of Madrid, which may be considered the Spanish Alsatia, as here depicted:—

"If any curious person wishes to tread this foreign land, to which there is nothing on earth resembling but itself, let him only turn down the *Calle de Relatores*, and follow his nose; five minutes more walking will bring him to the frontiers of this formidable republic."

But it is as dangerous to enter here in decent clothing, as Lieut. Conolly found it to wear any at all in the Persian deserts; for it seems

"The journey is made in an evil hour if any sharp glance detects the slightest trace of a *lechugino* (the Spanish dandy) about him. A gay tassel hanging from his mantle, a crimson velvet border, or other outward and manifest sign of belonging to that vain fraternity, are infallible recommendations to a sound thrashing, accompanied by the confiscation of the offending garment, and immersion of its *quondam* owner in one of the numerous receptacles of filth yawning wide for victims in every direction."

The entrances to it are vigilantly watched by groups of vagabonds, covered up to the eyes in the eternal cloak, and tattered hats stuck fiercely over one ear; while the women, filthy and ragged, squat themselves before the doors, occasionally acting as scouts, and vociferating conversation whether abusive or amicable.

"The novelty of a decent person passing causes a general suspension of arms. He is followed by a half-malicious vacant stare; '*¿Será algun comisario?*'—is he a police commissary? is the first question prompted by a heavy conscience. The children, naked and in rags, and promising to look in process of time quite as ferocious as their '*papas*,' also stare and scream, and, if in a good humour or playful mood, will throw stones at you, which you will do well to take no notice of, or take in a complimentary sense, as you value life and limb. The very dogs have a wild, strange air and bark."

on returning home wrapped up in your cloak, humming a favourite air from the opera you have just been hearing, or turning in your mind the several good points and attractions of a new conquest, such sweet fancies are put to flight by a shower of cudgel blows, or what is worse, by a keen *nabaja* plunged into your back."

This is a decided improvement on American *helps*; and even Mrs. Trollope might find "a lower deep" in Madrid.

We have had our ears so much dinned lately with "Municipal Reform," that we felt some curiosity as to the state of such matters in Spain. The chapter on the *Ayuntamiento*, or corporation of Madrid, proves that there, as well as elsewhere, the name is synonymous with abuse. This "worshipful body," though unfed on turtle-soup, and unaddicted to "wine and wassail," rejoices in its dignity equally with its brotherhood nearer home, claiming the title of *excellency*, however gratuitous, for the body, and of *your worship* for the individual. The duties which belong to it include the superintendence of the fair dealing and cleanliness of the city, with a convenient *et cetera* of labours. These may safely pass unspecified, as they are performed *a la buena de Dios*; *Anglicé*, they are left to Providence; which, having much besides of similarly deputed duties from all the world on its hands, may be excused for neglecting them all. Not so with the *funds* of the city: for these, being personally its *best interests*, are closely looked to by the worthy guardians, though even here the infirmities of human nature occasion some omissions, no way injurious or derogatory, fortunately, to the *excellency* of the corporation, however much otherwise they may affect its creditors.

"Not only is the interest of the loans (due to individuals who have bought actions in the corporation funds) not regularly paid, but none has been forthcoming for many years. While hundreds of families who invested sufficient money in the city funds to live comfortably on the interest, are literally starving, their worships, notwithstanding, are always the first to squander away mo-

ently philosophers in any shape to bear calmly the foot slipping between the said stones, which, seems, are placed "with their angles upwards;" subtleties to promote domesticity. "He of the mountains" takes care that good water shall not go for nothing,* lest it should be undervalued, we suppose. The "*worship*" charged with the suppression of mendicity," is decidedly tolerant of misdeeds; the "superintendent of eatables" of course may be reasonably expected to obtain "a good thing." But the "director of the Arbolado" demands our sympathies, for how can he be expected to extract money out of the trees and shrubs? It might be an encroachment on corporate secret rights to answer this question, but "*quien sabe?*—who knows? *Allah Allah!*—God is great, and his servant is no naranjo!"* Our author's notes establish this fact beyond controversy.

The chapter upon the ministry and ministerial offices, affords a large fund of information, and gives a real insight into the true character of Spanish government: offering a vast field for reflection, and speculations upon the chances of future welfare and happiness, for a nation that has so long borne with such a system of management, or rather mismanagement.

In the enlightened sphere of Madrid, every official is the sun of his own system, and his satellites move regularly round him; troubling themselves very little about any other, unless where it happens to cross and disturb them. Meritorious individuals and the public at large may, and do, suffer from this perfect organisation. The business of the nation is constantly at a stand: but that is a trifle; and trifles, we know, do not obstruct systems. The admirable arrangement of the Duke of Lerma with his secretary, is faithfully preserved to this hour by their successors.

"—Egad, Gil Blas," said he, "you go on at a rare rate: you must be furiously inclined to oblige your neighbours. Mark'e! I shall not stand upon trifles with you; but when you ask for governments, and other considerable favours, you shall, if you please, be contented with one half of the profit, and be accountable for the other to me. You can't imagine," added he, "what expense I am obliged to be at, or how many resources I must have to support the dignity of my post; for, notwithstanding the maintained appearance I assume, I confess I am not imprudent enough to disorder my domestic affairs. Take measures accordingly."

The same worthy, it is true, explicitly states that

"The people we selected to occupy the posts, of which we made such an honourable traffic, were not always the most qualified or most regular."

An admission, excusable only from its having been made before the schoolmaster was abroad, and when political economy was yet unknown; or merit, assuredly, must have a standard of value, like every thing else; and what is so just a standard as the circulating medium?

Don Hannibal de Chinchilla, the veteran of sixty, wanting a leg, an arm, and an eye, who had spent a considerable estate in the service, and lived on leeks and onions till he was nothing but

skin and bone, thanked God that he presented a petition every day, without being favoured with the least notice from king or minister: he had much to be thankful for on this score at least. He piqued himself on his knowledge in composition, and the morsels of eloquence supplied by his immortal coadjutor, were worthy of the celebrated masters of Salamanca: but all in vain—he knew not the fate of those flowers of rhetoric. The author before us can help us to the solution, for the same system of recompensing merit is preserved to this day; and, accordingly, we extract at some length the chances of the *pretendiente*, or claimant.

"There is nobody there who chooses or dares to gain-say the opinion of the head of the department. No matter how often a petition may be addressed to the throne, the same formalities are always observed. If the claimant is, on grounds just or unjust, in bad odour with his superiors, his case is hopeless, unless they are changed, or His Majesty takes upon himself to decide the matter, by writing on the broad margin always left on the left hand side of the stamped paper, the magic words, '*concedido como lo pide.*' This is, however, a rare case, and exposes the favoured person to a long suite of persecutions and chagrins from his superiors, that make him bitterly repent his having quitted the hackneyed, but beaten road of the '*conducto de los gefes.*' They are jealous of their prerogatives in every sense of the word: they are not well pleased at even His Majesty interfering with them; and, as it would be somewhat perilous to attack him, they are sure to avenge themselves on his unlucky *protegé.*"

For the more unfortunate *second* class of dependents—those to whom the minister or clerk is indifferent—

"They get their business transacted in a very different manner; for them all rules, routines, royal orders, ancient and modern, notes, and regulations in all their shapes, and simosities, and difficulties, are duly marshalled forth. This desperate gamutlet must be run in all its length; and if the patient contrives to live through it, he is never the same man again. Supposing that the demand of one of this category is founded in strict justice,—and it is seldom that any others are made, the claimant well knowing the ordeal to be gone through, when he has neither friends nor favour to help him,—in this case, and taking for granted that no claim of the same nature is put in by any other individual possessing infinitely less right but greater interest, the suitor may hope to succeed, after a lapse of from four to eight or ten months, or two years, just as things present themselves, and clerks may work. But three months is the *minimum* for any man who has even got on *empeño* with the clerks in the different offices."

The *third* variety of this unhappy species are in a still worse predicament.

"Next come the poor people, who are objects of dislike to the minister himself, or what is almost worse, to some rascally clerk, ready to sacrifice his conscience to his own or his friend's evil passions. Should one of the abject forlorn tribe ask for any thing, no matter what, he is ever so slight a nature—any thing, in fact, but leave to hang himself—he is sure to be refused, or, what is equivalent, his memorial is detained in the office, and not allowed to take its due course. It is either thrown under the table, or into a large basket, the dusty receptacle of hundreds of companions of ill fortune, and he is told that it is '*pendiente*,'—in course of being despatched! In this way he is allowed to walk to and fro from his garret to the office, and live upon the '*...*' of about

* In English, "naturally, orange tree; and, technically, naranjo."

twelve calendar months; and he might employ double that period with as much advantage to himself, if good luck or somebody out of compassion did not inform him that his memorial is enjoying a far easier time than himself—reposing profoundly in the bottom of the *capasso*.—the *Campo Santo* destined to its peers. Though a good deal shocked, no doubt, at this intelligence, he is a man of mettle and perseverance. Nothing daunted, he returns to the charge; something is said about mistakes, papers mislaid, &c., &c., and the new adventurer is launched amid the shoals and breakers which shipwrecked the last. This time, at least, he cannot complain of much delay. Twenty days are quite sufficient to let him know that such pretensions are at least preposterous, and consequently refused."

And further:

"If he happens to be a resident in the capital, he is not unfrequently invited to decamp in three days. Has he the honour of bearing a sword in His Majesty's service? he is waited upon immediately by the governor's adjutant, who, in the most affectionate and friendly way—although he never set eyes on him before—interests himself so much in his welfare, as to insist upon seeing him, were it even one o'clock in the morning,—satisfies him as to the propriety of his instant departure, and walks down with him himself to the *calesin* in readiness; helps him to get in, and sees him off with every wish for his health, happiness, and pleasant journey. He may rest assured that as long as his friends remain in power, he need not be at the trouble or expense of again exposing himself to the inconveniences of traveling or visiting the capital."

The chapter embodying the history of one of these *pretendientes*, is full of interest of the most painful kind. The hopeless veteran *pretendiente*, the lady claimants with their vanity, assumption, jealousies, and sarcasm; the proud, the shameless, the titled, and untitled beggar, sticking for etiquette, are portrayed to the life, and mark a perfect knowledge of the place, such as could only be acquired by a long-suffering *pretendiente*.

We shall now venture upon a few extracts descriptive of the external appearance of the streets of the Spanish capital. Here is a general view:—

"The interior of Madrid, with the exception of a very few streets and public buildings, by no means relieves the disappointment caused by its nakedness without the walls. There is a comfortless look in the generality of the houses not recently built, which gives a very unfavourable impression, and a misgiving about the finding of a snug lodging, exceedingly tantalising to a wayward traveller. Nearly every house has balconies on the first and higher stories, forming the only liveable part of it during the African heat of a Madrid summer.

"Notwithstanding the consequent importance of keeping such a post in good order, the balconies seldom receive a coat of paint, much oftener exhibiting the various contrasts of rust and the action of the atmosphere. The mean appearance of the windows, glazed with little square panes, of the worst description and varied hue, (for, be it observed, the glass is purposely bad, in order to prevent the scan of curious eyes,) set in leaden grooves or lattices; the absence of paint, and the little care taken of the sashes and wood-work, heightens the haunted look they have about them.

"Many good housewives have also devised sundry ingenious contrivances and additions to the enticing appearance of their balconies, by having pieces of wood fastened to the walls on each side, with a small pulley in the outer part, through which running cords are passed

and secured at either end; stockings, black and blue and grey; stomachers, handkerchiefs, and even *paños menores* are there to be seen, flaunting toying in the wind, like so many gay pennons of a baron bold."

The eye of the gazer is further interested in the varieties of architecture constantly recurring for his improvement, and thus preventing the tedium of monotony.

"It is not uncommon to see a wretched tumble-looking house supporting itself against the palace 'grande', displaying its chequered, moss-grown, ther-stained tiling, in mockery, as it were, of the grandeur and sculpture of its next door neighbour. It is but just to state, however, that the houses now in the course of erection would not disgrace any metropolis, although their interior distribution is on a very small scale, much to suit the convenience of the occupant as the price of the proprietor, whose object is to cram the greatest number possible of tenants into the smallest possible space.

"The quarters of Madrid, known under the names the 'Rastro' and 'Barrios Bajos,' present a most wholesome and ungainly appearance; they are composed of hovels with mud walls and tiled roofs containing only the ground floor, and are inhabited by the dregs of the population. They are the nurseries of vice and crime, and a disgrace, not only to the city but would be so to any sixth-rate town in the kingdom.

Nor is this variety confined to the buildings alone—

"The same contrast is exhibited in the style and of living of the nobility and richer classes, both in their equipage, clothing, eating and drinking—luxury, misery, comfort and squalidness, are constantly exhibited each other. The inhabitants also bear a strong and quaint originality about them. Were a man transported blindfold into Spain, and his bandage taken off when down in Madrid, he might, on his first walk through the streets, readily fancy himself in a sea-port town, from the great variety of costumes, European, Oriental, Sicilian, and many partaking of all three.

"The *Valencian* with his gay coloured handkerchief rolled about his head in the Moorish fashion, a brilliant striped mantle thrown gracefully over his shoulders, *Managato*, looking for all the world like a well-fed skipper in flesh and costume; the man of *Extremadura* with his broad buff belt buttoned about his loins, and a string of *'chorizos'* (sausages) in his hand; the *Catalan* with his 'wild Albanian' look and cut, a red woollen cap on his shoulder in the style of the Neapolitan lazzarone; the *Andalusian's* elegant dress, swarthy visage, and measurable whiskers. *Gallina's* heavy dirty sonneting after him at every step a shoe weighing from three pounds, including nails, doublings, and oil, flung against a treacherous and ruinous pavement.

To all this we may add the idle lounging and showy uniform of the military, so numerous in Madrid; and the still more numerous friars of all denominations; the patched dresses of the poorer classes; the universal *mantilla*, black or white, still worn in the streets by even women of every age and condition, though veils are now rare than formerly; the staid mother; the doting father, walking invariably a few paces before her under strict surveillance, which does not, however, prevent her from noticing every cavalier's passes, and even telegraphing with him, if inclined, by the movements of the indiscreet fan; the pavement in many places covered

ll kinds for sale, and the open plying of le in the air by those who cannot afford er of a house or shop;—and we shall h our author that

hem altogether, the streets of Madrid have not oint of resemblance with those of any other capital—just as little as the majority of the king about them have with the inhabitants of don, or Vienna."

'*Calle de Alcalá* is "a very fine noble in truth, it is the only fine street in Mad- ; somewhere about a mile in length, and bly broader than Portland Place. Of ty of scenes and characters which this sents, calculated to strike the attention anger, here is a small specimen:—

treet of Alcalá is also famous for its *Osterias*, ics, the resting place of a numerous gang of -muleteers; and *Ordinarios*, regular carriers to he various provincial towns. You step out of nd enjoy next door the grateful smell of horse- picturesque and vigorous language of the ribe—the tinkling of the bells round the mules' they move in their stable; three or four huge an iron collar stuffed with nails defending its, pretending to be asleep upon the threshold, iting for a pretext to give you a good shaking. A strong odour of well pitched wine-skins in- enjoyment of the passenger, who thinks he ed as he passes before seemly houses and shops, until he finds himself stopped by a jolly dogs' rolling out of a '*Despacho de Vino*,' g shop; next, a jeweller's; a little further on, a de *Comestibles*,' where you may see the trees, or greasy master, of the establishment amid festoons of *chorizos*, (sausages,) flitches *vacina*, (fine fat bacon,) piles of chocolate, cheese, lamb or kid, according to the season. * * * we are describing is built, as all the world ware, upon a gradually ascending ground, so we reach the custom house, we command the ither side towards the *Prado* or the '*Puerta del* this advantageous position are to be found bout fellows wrapped up in their cloaks, some p to the eyes, others contenting themselves with ample folds a knowing jerk under the left differently engaged, smoking or talking, but sharp look out up and down the street. Judge air bluff faces and flourishing whiskers, the mination of the hat, with a tuft of black silk the top and one side of the upturned brim, not a broad band of black velvet which nearly whole 'concern,' and the thick cigar stuck in of the mouth, one might well conclude they *cendados* of Andalusia, come up on a frolic, or t,' (horse-jockeys,) from Cordova, just arrived ing of incomparable coursers; their gay em- vests and jackets shining out from an opening pa,' the showy silk kerchief round their necks, ry a gold ring in front, might even induce one ; that they belonged to the '*Grandeza*,'—could stic forms and thaws, and sinews, adorn that e. Not one of these suppositions, however, ur the truth. They are simply industrious lads spirit, who prefer the '*trabajo*' and sabre to any chanical instruments: they meet morning and it the usual hours of departure and arrival of people—they note down with care their com- and goings out, and find means of ascertaining ctly the sum of worldly riches they carry about a short, they are '*Caballeros Ladrones*'—robber

cavaliers—(what in London would be called gentlemen of the 'swell mob,') exercising their honest calling in the best way they can."

The *Calle de Montera*—the Bond street, or *Rue Vivienne* of Madrid—offers some amusing varieties from its respectable prototypes,—“for here we find concentrated the largest and most brilliant shops in the capital, of all sorts and descriptions. Here, too, the ladies are ever in crowds, tormenting the shop boys, turning every thing topsy-turvy, and making few and slender purchases.” We should be mute, however, were this the sole point of presumed difference between the scenes in the street in question, and its French and English rivals. Neither of these could pretend to compete with the spectacle of a well-frizzed dapper shop boy jumping over the counter to eject an obstinate hen with her chickens, who have effected a lodgment on the counter-carp, as effectually as *Uncle Toby* himself could have desired. But this is not all—

“It is by no means uncommon for ladies, driving a hard bargain in a mercer's shop, refulgent with rich brocades and lovely silks, and delicious ribands, to be interrupted and startled by a sound peck at their little foot, perpetrated by a sauntering turkey-cock, just dropped in from the stables and *Posada* of the '*Gallega*' opposite, and mistaking the rosette on their shoe for something eatable.”

We must not omit the description of another agreeable characteristic of the place, which leaves English rivalry at a hopeless distance, and that is—

“The '*lances*' (*raos*) constantly occurring between the dogs, with and without masters, that are in the habit of giving each other a general rendezvous opposite the church of *St. Luis*, after gleaming the refuse of the neighbouring market-place of '*El Carmen*.' As they are very numerous, and of all casts and conditions, it is natural there should exist a considerable divergency of opinions amongst them on most subjects. This produces at first something between a growl and a whimper, which gradually improves into a display of fiery eyes and rows of sharp white teeth.”

Hence, very naturally and speedily, ensues a general *melee* and running fight; and the flag-way is always selected by the *old hands*, to the great accommodation of passengers, and convenience and despatch of business in the streets. Nor does it end here, for these *belligerents* sometimes create a diversion in favour of the shopkeepers themselves.

“When the pursuit becomes hot, and the dogs are hard pushed, they bolt into the shops, on the old sailor principle of ‘any port in a storm,’ and there ‘fight it out,’—utterly and alike regardless of the fright and screams of the ladies, the swearing of the shop boys, and the cudgels of the beggars, fixtures at the door, who hope to pocket a few *cuartos* by a seasonable display of vigour.”

Another feature is furnished by—

“The '*Galeras*' arriving from the country, or departing, or loading before the gateways of the *Posadas*; it is a '*rus in urbe*' with a vengeance. Their mat awnings, mud-clodded wheels and clumsy drags, wild-looking tmules and drivers, the misanthropic dog posted between the wheels, and the iron pot lashed on behind, contrast strangely with the smart equipages of the '*Fashionable*;

and tell loudly of bad roads, arid plains, and uninhabited regions, requiring both food and kitchen to travel with."

But we must stop short with the remarks of the writer upon the crowds and occupations of the streets: long as they are, and lively in the extreme, they satisfactorily evince that he is none of those who "can travel from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, and cry it is all barren."

The chapter on "Convents" is a very important one; the information it contains respecting the nature and extent of the influence and property of the "monkery," is better calculated to enlighten us as to the real character of the struggle now going on in the north of Spain, than any we have before met with. The chapters on "the Regular Clergy," "Death in Spain," and "the Nunneries,"—all branches of the same great subject, help to complete the picture.

As we have alluded to the author's talent as an amateur artist, it is but fair to give some specimens of his style and manner of appreciating, as a writer, the wonderful masterpieces of Spanish art which embellish the metropolis. One or two passages from his chapter on the "Museum of the Prado" will be sufficient.

"The saloons devoted to the Spanish school are but thinly hung with the productions of the minor painters. The blaze of genius of Murillo, Valasquez, and Ribero, has been judged, and rightly so, of too dazzling a nature to admit less brilliant and happy competitors within its focus.

"That picture to the left on entering can own but one pencil in the world: it is the famous 'Nativity' of Murillo. That virgin face betrays 'his thought by day, his dream by night,'—the portraiture of some lovely being, seen but once, and never again to be beheld, but whose memory and image are reproduced in all his pictures, consecrated by the most sublime touches of his pencil—the *monomania* of genius after a fleeting *beau-ideal*, in the hope of one day surprising it in the silence of his *atelier*. That countenance, more than the breaking day, illuminates the obscurity of the humble cow-house, and fixes the abashed looks of the simple shepherds. They are there in the untutored posture of simple adoration;

immortal loveliness. His thoughts were not in heaven then, but in the depth of his own bosom, condensing into one long remembrance of all that ever floated through his brain, and soul, and memory, of great and enchanting, and superior to this 'our mortal state and mould.' He seized that agitated spark, struck from the heart's core, and imparted it, bright, and sparkling, and glorious, to the canvass."

In the chapter on "Bull-Fights," a number of particulars are detailed which strike us as new, even after all that has been written on this favoured object of Spanish predilection. With an anecdote selected from this chapter, singularly characteristic of Spanish vengeance, we shall conclude our extracts, as well as this article.

"There is a story told of an instance of dark vengeance meditated by a young Andalusian against his former bosom friend, which may find a place here, as belonging to the subject. Two sworn inseparable friends went together, as on all former occasions, to enjoy bull-baiting at the *cortijo* of a relation. In the course of the sport, some dispute took place, as to which of the two had done best: blows were given and received; the advantage, however, remaining in favour of Manuel. Vicente received the *abrazo* and regrets of his friends with a good grace, but swore in his heart that he would be revenged. Some days after, Vicente invited Manuel to accompany him to the *cortijo* of his uncle, and see a fine herd of young bulls, just turned in from the summer pastures. After dinner, they went out together, and inspected the stables and animals. 'You must come a little further,' said Vicente, 'to this small lock up. I wish to show you a beautiful bull, kept for sale; he is the most furious in the whole *rega*—the cow-herds themselves are afraid of him.' The door was opened with caution; the arched vault almost dark. 'We can advance somewhat nearer to him without danger, Manuel.' Manuel did so; but the moment his body was clear of the door, the traitor closed it violently, turned the key outside, and threw it to a distance, to prevent a prompt discovery of the crime. Manuel had but little time to adopt a resolution. The bull, startled at the noise, sprung upon his legs, pawed the ground, and fixed his two glaring balls upon his victim, who had not even his cloak to give him a chance of tiring the animal and gaining a respite. The roof was supported by a heavy

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TO A LITTLE BOY.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

My winsome one, my handsome one, my darling little boy,
 The heart's pride of thy mother, and thy father's chiefest joy;
 Come ride upon my shoulder, come sit upon my knee,
 And prattle all the nonsense that I love to hear from thee:
 With thine eyes of merry lustre, and thy pretty lisping tongue,
 And thy heart that evermore lets out its humming happy song;
 With thy thousand tricks so gleesome, which I bear without annoy,
 Come to my arms, come to my soul, my darling little boy!

My winsome one, my fairest one, they say that later years
 Will sometimes change a parent's hope for bitter grief and tears:
 But thou, so innocent! canst thou be aught but what thou art,
 And all this bloom of feeling with the bloom of face depart?
 Canst thou this tabernacle fair, where God reigns bright within,
 Profane, like Judah's children, with the pagan rites of sin?
 No—no, so much I'll cherish thee, so clasped we'll be in one,
 That bugbear guilt shall only get the father with the son;
 And thou, perceiving that the grief must me at least destroy!
 Wilt still be fair and innocent, my darling little boy!

My gentle one, my blessed one, can that time ever be,
 When I to thee shall be severe, or thou unkind to me?
 Can any change which time may bring, this glowing passion wreck,
 Or clench with rage the little hand now fondling round my neck?
 Can this community of sport, to which love brings me down,
 Give way to Anger's kindling glance, and Hate's malignant frown?
 No—no, that time can ne'er arrive, for whatso'er befall,
 This heart shall still be wholly thine, or shall not be at all;
 And to an offering like this thou canst not e'er be coy,
 But still wilt be my faithful and my gentle little boy!

My winsome one, my gallant one, so fair, so happy now,
 With thy bonnet set so proudly upon thy shining brow,
 With thy fearless bounding motions, and thy laugh of thoughtless glee,
 So circled by a father's love which wards each ill from thee!
 Can I suppose another time when this shall all be o'er,
 And thy cheek shall wear the ruddy badge of happiness no more;
 When all who now delight in thee far elsewhere shall have gone,
 And thou shalt pilgrimage through life, unfriended and alone,
 Without an aid to strengthen or console thy troubled mind,
 Save the memory of the love of those who left thee thus behind,
 Oh, let me not awake the thought, but, in the present blest,
 Make thee a child of wisdom—and to heaven bequeath the rest:

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Far rather let me image thee, in sunny future days,
 Outdoing every deed of mine and wearing brighter bays;
 With less to dull thy fervency of recollected pain,
 And more, to animate thy course of glory and of gain;
 A home as happy shall be thine, and I too shall be there,
 The blessings purchased by thy worth in peace and love to share—

Shall see within thy beaming eye my early love repaid,
 And every ill of failing life a bliss by kindness made—
 Shall see thee pour upon thy son, then sitting on thy knee,

A father's gushing tenderness, such as I feel for thee;
 And know, as I this moment do, no brighter better joy,
 Than thus to clasp unto thy soul thy darling little boy!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CONFESSIONS OF WM. SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. Payne Collier's publication of some "New Facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare," has called back my attention to a subject, from which other circumstances had unwillingly withdrawn me. I shall prefix to the following chapters of the Confessions of Shakspeare, a few remarks on these discoveries, in the hope of more immediately interesting the reader in the great subject they refer to. The "facts" are unquestionably of importance, if only as a proof that such earnest and laudable zeal as Mr. Collier's, if well directed, may get its reward. It is a pity that it has come so late. But it is with this as with other things. We waste our opportunities till they cannot be recalled, and fix our desires most intently on what it is too late to attain. Four folio editions of the works of Shakspeare were published to satisfy the demands of his admirers in the century which followed his death; but no one asked for, and no one furnished unasked, a single explanatory note, or the annexation of a particle of biographical anecdote. This was because so many of his relatives still survived, that the information was to be had for asking! During the greater part of this period nothing could exceed the popularity of Shakspeare.* His plays were the only delight of play-goers, the only salvation of the property of managers, the closet companions of the studies of monarchs. Leonard Digges protests that the audiences—

"would not brook a line
 Of tedious, though well-labour'd Cataline;
 Sejanus, too, was irksome; they priz'd more
 'Honest' Iago, or the jealous Moor.

E'en the 'Fox' and 'Alchemist,' at a friend's desire
 Acted, have scarce defray'd the sea-coal fire,
 And door-keepers; when let but Falstaff come,
 Hal, Poins, the rest, you scarce shall have a room;
 All is so pester'd. Let but Beatrice
 And Benedict be seen, and in a trice
 The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full—"

—yet of him, by whose wonderful influence all men, whether in grief or gladness, were

* Such was the popularity of Shakspeare in 1524, in the April of that year, the King's Com; any, then playing at Blackfriars, purchased the interference of the Master of the Revels to prevent the players of the Bull theatre from performing any of his productions.

made better and happier, no one knew any thing, nor cared to know! Shakspeare's sister, Joan Hart, lived till 1646; Mrs. Hall, his favourite daughter, lived till 1649; his second daughter, Judith, was living at Stratford in 1662; and Lady Bernard, his grand daughter, did not die till 1670. A few words from Mrs. Hall would have greater value now than the hundred volumes of ponderous feebleness amassed by "commentators." So infinite has been the labour, and so trifling the reward!

Mr. Collier's discoveries relate chiefly to the pecuniary circumstances of Shakspeare. It will be recollected that I gave a statement in the first paper of this series by which it appeared that, in a list of the sharers and actors of the Blackfriars theatre, in 1596, Shakspeare's name stood fifth. From the names, however, that stood before his, it could not, with any certainty, be gathered from this circumstance that it was decisive of any thing like prosperous circumstances. Mr. Collier now produces, from the MSS. at Bridgewater house, the names of the company of sixteen sharers seven years earlier, at the close of 1589, in which Shakspeare's name also appears, but as low as twelfth upon the list. When it is recollected, therefore, that only four sharers held a rank subordinate to his at this period, and only three at the next date within our knowledge (that of 1596), and that such men as Kempe and Armin, who were of very low repute—the buffoons, in fact of the company—have places in these lists,—I do not think we have any reason to consider Shakspeare's position in the world as at all considerable during these years,—or that his life was not meanwhile, as I shall have occasion to show in one of the chapters of these Confessions, even supposing the evidence admitted of a progressive advancement into consideration, thwarted by many obstacles, and attended with the severest struggles; with poverty, with contumely, and neglect. The possession of half a share, it is shown by one of Mr. Collier's discoveries, was sufficient to entitle its owner to rank as a shareholder, and the value

we may imagine, for the gigantic sketch of Talbot, which he inserted in the old play that now passes for the first part of "Henry the Sixth." It would be interesting, if this were a fitting opportunity, to mark the progressive changes in his manner of altering the plays submitted to him, as he grew more self-possessed and conscious of his power. "Pericles" I take to have been the first in which he suffered his genius to have a perfect scope. The sweetness, delicacy of sentiment, ease and truth, observable throughout this production, are extreme. In it are to be seen first developed to any extent a peculiarity in the rhythm of Shakspeare, which has been noticed by Mr. Coleridge. Examined narrowly, by this alone, his alterations (which are very extensive) may be seen to half a line. I allude to the exquisite perfection he reached in the flowing continuity of interchangeable pauses. His varied images "symbolical of moral truth," as Coleridge says, thrusting by and seeming to trip up each other, from an impetuosity of thought, produce a metre which is always flowing from one verse into the other, and seldom closes with the tenth syllable of the line. The success of "Pericles" may have given Shakspeare the "share" we now find him in possession of, while it stimulated him to original efforts. The second and third parts of "Henry the Sixth" were the result, and these were followed by "Richard the Second," and "Richard the Third." Spenser, about this time, in a passage which cannot be misunderstood, alludes to his fondness for these high historical subjects, and characterises him as one

"Whose muso, full of high thoughts' invention,
Doth, like himself,* heroically sound."

I have little doubt that it was the circumstance of his having shown this fondness for heroic subjects, to which he was first indebted for the attentions of the chivalrous Earl of Southampton, and to these, as I have already said, I am inclined to attribute his increasing weight among the players at a period so early. Taking the matter in this

Southampton to have commenced. Mark the effect it had. Chettle, who had published Greene's impertinence, and added to it an impertinence of his own, now (within a year of the affront) comes forward with an "apology." He withdraws his phrases of offence. He says in their disproof—"myselfe hath seene his demeanour *no less civil than excellent* in the qualitie he professes. *Besides, divers of worship*, have reported his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art." It is easy to perceive the source of this unwilling praise, and to fancy how little the pleasure was it could give to Shakspeare. No wonder we find him speaking, as I shall shortly show he does, on the subject of his art, and the untoward difficulties of his life. We may fancy them, though in one sense improved, in another embittered, by this alliance with Lord Southampton. His gratitude, however, was due no less, and accordingly, in 1593, he publicly proclaimed it by the dedication of his poem of "Venus and Adonis," and, in 1594, by that of the "Rape of Lucrece." "*The warrant I have of your honourable disposition*," he says in the letter, "not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. *What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours.* Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness." Setting aside the exaggerated courtesy of the time, Shakspeare here refers unquestionably to services conferred upon him. Greater services were to follow. In 1596, as I have shown, we can scarcely presume him to have been other than struggling still with difficulty and opposition. Two or three years after this, I believe him to have first emerged from that sort of dependence which accompanies such struggles. It is clear that his chief source of remuneration must have been in his authorship; yet, in 1598, if Malone's researches are to be taken, and they are generally our best guide, he did not produce a single play. What was the cause of this? I believe it to be at least a reasonable supposition, that it was at this time the Lord Southampton had, as Rowe states on the authority of Sir William Davenant, given the poet a thousand pounds, "*to enable him to go through with a purchase which he had heard our poet had a mind to*," and that this purchase was no other than that considerable share in theatrical property which it must be presumed he was in possession of in 1602, when James the First granted to Laurence Fletcher and Shakspeare, as leaders of the Chamberlain's company, the patent for playing at the Globe in the summer, and Blackfriars in the winter. Mr. Collier himself says, there is no sufficient reason to deny this gift.

Here, then, I would draw the line in Shakspeare's pecuniary circumstances. Up to this period he must have felt dependent; working, as it were, without reward; finding it difficult to avail himself even of what he earned; striving to make the best of his troubles, but unable to keep them aloof, or to tempt them to spare his door. But

once "set afloat" in his circumstances, his course was a triumphant one. He was then, indeed, as Daniel the poet, in one of Mr. Collier's recently discovered papers, peevishly describes him—"The author of playes now daily presented on the public stage of London, and the possessour of no small gaines." In 1602, he produced "Hamlet," and then, for the first time daring to indulge the thought of closing a life of quiet independence in his native town, he bought his house of New Place with a hundred and seven acres of land;—delighted, as we may imagine, to anticipate his departure from scenes which, if they had witnessed his triumph, had witnessed also his exceeding trouble; and venturing at that moment to think the enjoyment of an actual estate in Warwickshire, better than any reliance on the

"Estate which wits inherit after death,"

which he never much troubled himself about at any time. Within the five years that succeeded, he produced, among many of his greatest plays, "Othello," "Lear," and "Macbeth," and in the proceeds which reverted to him out of the profits of the theatres where they were acted, and in which he had become so considerable a sharer, we may now indeed trace his advancement in the world. He had availed himself of his first opportunity of quitting the stage. After representing the "majesty of buried Denmark," he took his name from the list of actors. He gave up the ghost, as we may say. Mr. Collier's recent discoveries materially assist us in the further inquiry into his circumstances. No further doubt, indeed, can possibly rest upon them, from the date of this period of his life. Among the lines preserved at the Chapter House, there is a document relative to the purchase by him, in 1603, of a messuage with barn, granary, garden and orchard, at Stratford-on-Avon, for 50*l.*; which Mr. Collier produces. It was before known, that in 1605 Shakspeare gave 440*l.* for the lease of a moiety of great and small tithes of Stratford. Mr. Collier completes our sum of information on this head by producing another document of a very remarkable kind, discovered by him among the papers of Lord Ellesmere at Bridgewater house. The Corporation of London, as it was well known, had a continued grudge against what they deemed the nuisance of the Blackfriars theatre, and made repeated efforts to get the players removed. These efforts were for some years unsuccessful, till at last a proposition seems to have been entertained for buying out the shares and properties of the theatre, and so getting rid of the nuisance in that expensive way. The document in question purports accordingly to be the statement of the precise sum claimed by each sharer, on his share and other property, and seems to have been laid, with other documents relating to the subject, before Lord Ellesmere, then lord chancellor. I quote Shakspeare's claim:—"Item. W. Shakspeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same play house 500 *li* and for his 4 shares, the same as his fellowes Burbadge and Fletcher viz. 933 *li*. 6*s*. 8*d.*—1433 *li*. 6*s*. 8*d.*—his own estimate. it will be recollected; and stated, of course, at its very highest amount, both for the sake of sh-

compensation claimed generally by the company, and of throwing as many obstacles as possible in the way of the citizens, who had sought to annoy them. Still it is curious and important in a high degree, and may be received as the most authentic testimony on the point it refers to, that we have yet obtained. If the shares are taken, as stated in another part of the document, to have produced on an average, "one year with another," 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, the twenty shares into which the theatre seems to have been divided, would net an annual sum of 666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, or something less than 3400*l.* of our present money. Shakspeare's annual income, therefore, from the receipts of the Blackfriars theatre at this date, without the amount paid him for the use of his wardrobe and properties, would be 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Add that amount, with the actual sums received by him on the production of his new plays, to his profits upon the same number of shares which he of course held (the two theatres were one concern) in the Globe—and we shall not be disposed to call Mr. Collier's estimate an exaggerated one, which fixes the yearly income of the poet at 300*l.*, which is not far short of 1500*l.* of our present money. Proportionate we may conceive the consideration to have been, in which he was henceforward held, for to his death the "yellow slave" continued to minister to him—(whose service, as about this time he bitterly describes it—

"Will knit and break religions, bless the accurs'd,
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd, place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench; this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She whom the spital house, and ulcerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again.")

—and Shakspeare died the richest man—the possessor, at least, as we believe, of the best and largest house—in his native town of Stratford-on-Avon.

I have thus endeavoured to draw the line from which this prosperity may be dated, because many of the Confessions which follow might otherwise have confused the reader. In this, I think it will be found, I have on the whole succeeded. Mr. Collier, himself, in the last and most interesting of his discoveries, furnishes a striking corroboration of my view. He has produced, from the same bundle of papers at Bridge-water house which was found to contain the documents relating to the disputes between the players and the corporation, the copy of a letter addressed, we must conclude, to Lord Ellesmere, in order to induce him to exert himself on behalf of the actors. Of the authenticity of this letter, from its internal evidence, I do not think a doubt should be entertained: nor will any one be hardy enough to dispute Mr. Collier's opinion that the initials at the close, H. S., stand for Henry Southampton—ever the constant friend and patron of Shakspeare, in whose continued good fortune the earl may be supposed to have taken a more than ordinary interest, if, as I have suggested, he was the person from whom its first impulse came. This letter is a personal introduction of Richard

Burbadge and William Shakspeare by their names and professions, to the noble individual to whom it is addressed, in order that they might state to him their case, and interest him in behalf of the persecuted players. Lord Southampton begins by alluding to the many good offices he had received at Lord Ellesmere's hands. Their acquaintance is matter of history. After alluding to the subject of the introduction, the earl then says:—"These bearers are two of the chiefe of the company: one of them by name Richard Burbadge, who humbly sueth for your lordship's kind helpe, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius; one who fitteth the action to the word and the word to the action most admirably." "Hamlet" had been produced before this, as I have already mentioned; and Burbadge, not, as is commonly supposed, Joseph Taylor, was its original representative. Shakspeare is afterwards described:—"The other is a man no whit lesse deserving favour, AND MY ESPECIAL FRIENDE, till of late an actor of good account in the companie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which, as your lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Queene Elizabeth, when the companie was called upon to performe before her Ma^{tie}. at court at Christmas and Shrovetide." I disagree with Mr. Collier in fixing 1608 as the date of this letter, because, from the terms employed at its conclusion, it would seem to have reference to the dispute in an earlier stage—when the players were threatened with a gross injustice, and before the corporation had been brought to offer compensation. The document on which Mr. Collier founds his suggestion (the estimate of the value of the shares) appears to me, on the other hand, a virtual abandonment of any thing like the accusation of injustice against the corporation. Fix the date of this letter a year or two earlier, and the passage which relates to Shakspeare's recent quitting of the stage confirms my view of the period of his departure. The letter concludes thus:—"This other hath to name William Shakspeare, and they are both of one countie, and indeede, almost of one towne; both are right famous in their qualities, though it longeth not to your lo. gravite and wisdom to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the publique eare. Their trust and sute nowe is not to be molested in their waye of life whereby they maintaine themselves and their wives and families (being both married and of good reputation) as well as the widowes and orphanes of some of their dead fellowes." The reader of this will perhaps have done me the favour to recollect, that in my first paper of this series I mentioned Burbadge, contrary to the received notion, as a Warwickshire man, and one of others from the same county, whose success in the Blackfriars theatre was likely to have given Shakspeare the first thought of trying his fortune there. This interesting letter, as we have seen, confirms this; and Mr. Collier now adds to it the sanction of his excellent opinion. Lord Southampton's allusion to "gravity and wisdom" keeping away from theatres, is a pleasant confession for himself—of whom, at the period of Shakspeare's greatest

popularity, honest Mr. White wrote to Sir R. Sidney, that "my Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland pass away their time in London merely going to plays every day."

If it is thought that too great an effort has been made in these remarks to connect the worldly success of Shakspeare with the patronage of the young Earl of Southampton, instead of leaving, as Mr. Collier does, to be considered altogether as the naturally progressive result of his genius and admirable industry,—let the judgment be suspended till the following Confessions are read. They are the completest, the most interesting, the noblest, records of the private history of Shakspeare that now remain to us—and I could keep them, if possible, undisturbed. When Lope de Vega was thought to be in the receipt of thousands of ducats from his dramatic writings, he was complaining to himself and to his son of ill usage, and neglect, and poverty—and his memory has been unjustly attacked for this. I could not have the same injustice done to his lustrous English cotemporary. Genius is a rare thing, but it is in immortality alone that its possessors can build their secure reversion, or trust to their safe reward. Writers, the cotemporaries of Shakspeare, and inferior in genius to him alone, have struggled almost hopelessly till they found rest in the grave. The only grand possessions they enjoyed, the only things in which they could delight or pride themselves, are still pure, imperishable and incorruptible! and for these, their thoughts and their verse, the only happy portion of what was theirs, they have become immortal. "Serene and smiling" are they now, though in the shades of death,

"Because on earth their names
In Fame's eternal volume shine for aye—"

—but while they lived, their life was difficult and wretched, and the world to them, as to Marina, in *Pericles*, "was as a lasting storm, hurrying them from their friends." Marlow had such a life, and it closed in a sudden and frightful death. Ben Jonson, in the midst of Shakspeare's successes, was living on the charity of a friend, as we ascertain from a memorandum which occurs in a private diary of the time. "Ben Jonson, the poet, now lives upon one Townsend, and scorns the world." This, however, was beginning too soon to scorn it. It had not done with its benefactor. He lived to be obliged to write plays for his existence, with a rain girt round with pain, and to hear of their being hissed by the "inconstant multitude." I might make out a melancholy list, but I shall close with the name of Massinger. Life was, indeed, to this eminent writer, a long wintry day, of "shadows, clouds, and darkness." I recollect reading a letter of his to a person of the name of Janslow, (a sort of pawnbroker; one who advanced money upon wearing apparel, the wardrobe of actors, till he enriched himself out of their necessities with an enormous theatrical property,) in which the unfortunate poet solicits the advance of a few pounds, to which he was in fact entitled, with the humility and self-abasement of a mendicant asking alms. The memorial of his

mortality accords but too well with these passages in his life: "March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger."

I may add that on reference to the life of Massinger, I find in this wretched solicitation for money, two persons, not unknown in that day as writers, nor forgotten now, Nathaniel Field and Robert Daborne, joined with the greater poet, and that the sum they implored was *five pounds!* I mention it, however, because it illustrates forcibly a point I have already touched on, and shall have greater occasion to allude to in a portion of these Confessions—I mean the uncertainty of theatrical property, which must have kept its owner, however apparently prosperous, in a continual state of anxiety and dread. These very persons, Robert Daborne and Nathaniel Field, whom we see in such great distress with Massinger in 1613 or 1614, had been sufficiently prosperous some five years before to apply for and obtain from the king a patent "to bring up and practise children in plaies by the name of the children of the queen's revells"—a patent which is produced among Mr. Collier's recent discoveries, and the first draft of which contains curiously enough, the name of Shakspeare—as if he had meant to join them in the first instance, but had afterwards been diverted from his intention. Another fact, incidentally mentioned by Mr. Collier, I shall avail myself of in further illustration. Some years after Shakspeare had sold his property in the theatres, and quitted London, the privy council itself seems to have "entertained the plan of removing the playhouse (Blackfriars), and of making compensation to the parties." Mr. Collier produces the original report on the value of the property made accordingly by the aldermen of the ward and two other magistrates; from which it appears that the company of the actors themselves first put a gross sum of 16,000*l.* upon the Blackfriars theatre and its appurtenances; that, being called upon for particulars, they advanced their claim to 21,900*l.*; but that the magistrates, "extraordinary as it may seem," subsequently reduced the whole demand to only 2900*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Such is the value, it may be remarked, in passing, of a player's estimate of his own property! But it will be unjust to glance any serious discredit, therefore, at what we have seen was Shakspeare's estimate. The truth is, that after he quitted London, theatrical property certainly declined, and continued to do so in the years which followed. I can scarcely consider, therefore, that the confusion which must have so sadly existed in the minds of these poor players, between what their property had been worth and its present worthlessness, is at all extraordinary. So early as 1615, when Shakspeare had only retired to Stratford two years, I find, in addition to the causes which must always render such property uncertain, a pretty plain reason for its more speedy decline in this instance. John Chamberlain, in writing to Sir Dudley Carleton, describes the plays then performing as "such poor stuff, that instead of delight, they send the auditors away with discontent. Indeed," he continues, "our poets' brains and inventions are grown very dry, insomuch that of five new plays, there is not one that pleases, and therefore they are driven to

furbish over their old, which stand them in best stead, and bring them most profit."

Shakspeare must have smiled if he heard this, sitting in his quiet retirement on the banks of the Avon!

CHAPTER III.—SHAKSPEARE'S MISTRESS.

I occupied the last chapter of these confessions with a particular introduction to the two striking passages in the history of the life and thoughts of Shakspeare, which are illustrated in his sonnets. I shall devote the present to as graphic a sketch as I am able to give of his connection with the woman I have there recorded. A passion more remarkable in all respects was never, perhaps, felt by any heart, strong for suffering equally as for joy—and never, certainly, was a passion expressed with greater vividness or fervour; with a finer luxuriance of imagination, or a more trembling delicacy of sentiment; with so rapt a joy, or a despair so afflicting, yet so noble!

It will startle the reader to see Shakspeare as he will now be presented, the victim of an unhappy and ill-starred love. In his dramatic writings he appears elevated above all this, as if he were a god. His lightly-moved, and all-conceiving spirit, as Goethe has exquisitely described the poet's, steps forth like the sun from night to day, and with easy and calm transition tunes his harp to joy or woe. Our laughter and our tears obey his will, all the resources of man's life and thought crowd round him at his pleasure, and at his bidding the world of imagination and the world of reality come spinning into a little space before us! If, as our life would but too sadly intimate, from the disproportion of its desires and attainments, we ordinary men, while fancying ourselves awake, do only dream,—how truly should we guess of the life of such a man as Shakspeare, that he must have passed that dream like one awake; viewing the strangest and most baffling of human incidents from an eminence where they never affected him; availing himself of them, in his cha-

into life, to live in his verse, as it preyed upon his heart, for ever! These are, indeed, "true rights;" her existence is as actual as Shakspeare's own; it is no

"poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song"

to which we owe it, but to that extraordinary fascination which the actual life of man can confess perhaps only once, and with which she swayed resistlessly the heart of the greatest writer of the world. What can have been the source of this power of fascination over a being so wonderful? Was it worthy?—could it have been unworthy? These are questions the reader shall answer. It has never yet been that imagination, passion, or self-will, were governed or controlled by reason: it will not be startling to find them ungoverned here. The mightiest and most intellectual of queens submits to be

"commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares;"

and we may not claim for the greatest man, who once confesses such an influence, exception from the chances which govern the meanest. Intensity of feeling, indeed, is even more than ordinarily likely, in his case, to make up for disproportion of objects, should such disproportion exist. One thing, at least, we know: the personal charms of the mistress of Shakspeare were unquestionably great.

In one of his temporary separations from her, he draws upon the wealth of nature for materials to describe her beauty. The picture is a charming one, not in the memory of the lady alone, but in all the circumstances which attend it. The scene is—

"in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him."

any one hastily condemns this for conceit, can be sure that he has experienced a true one. Conceits, if these are to be called such, to me of the very essence of a deep and native love. Here, at all events, are materials for an exquisite portrait, which (having a few more touches to it) I shall leave the poet to complete. "My mistress' eyes are black," says the poet; and again, addressing her, he exclaims,—

These eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my palm."

Is this anticipating. Pain has not yet left the poet—the beautiful has not yet vanished to return not!" He has, in this, a lot such as many have experienced! It is an old story. Yes, he implores, he obtains, he trusts, he is rewarded! "Fair, kind, and true," is all his argument at first—three that "till now never kept seat."

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence!"

Besides he is, as he thinks, secure and happy in his own sincerity does not allow him to doubt the sincerity of her. He has accepted the fruits of her love with a transport of gratitude; upon the large faith of that moment alone, he is almost able to sustain himself thereafter. He quotes several sonnets in illustration of his expressed in terms of unequalled tenderness, and sweetness; but with an air of reliance on truth, rather, perhaps, than that of certainty she is true:—

But what's so blessed fair that fears no blot;
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not."

Dark shadow of doubt at last falls over him. These are the things we most ardently pursue. A which thwarts and disturbs us we cannot off; for we never try to do it. We strain might after it, aching as it is, should it ever come to leave us, and bring it back within the limits of our vision in exaggerated colours. Shakspeare, finding himself in a position of fear and doubt, hurries to anticipate all evil. While anxiety is with us, we can afford to be certain of the worst; it is only when the worst comes, we would desperately reason it away. But in this instance, the fine self-controlment of Shakspeare's nature. Thinking she may be false; the time will come when she shall no more deceive him with "that sun, her eye;"—his first impression, that this may be his fault, not hers; that there may indeed be no sufficient cause why she should continue to love him, through all his ill-fortunes. Against himself he uprears his shield that he may "guard the seasons on her face."

He is content to believe her "too dear to possessing:"—

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting."

It does not detract from the beauty of this senti-

ment, when we see it shaken before the nearer approach of what he fears; for that comes in a shape he had not dreamt of. She may have ceased to love him, but was she false with another? *Such had become the common talk.* Persons whom he meets in the street hint it to him, and commiserate him, and offer him advice with all the malice of their friendship! This is hard to bear. I can conceive the following written in the midst of gushes of tears—

"If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's; no,
How can it? O how can love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears!"

But again, recovering himself, with that surviving faith and remoteness from things worldly, which may fall into the error at times of a childlike simplicity, but yet never fails to indicate at all times a mind of the very highest order, Shakspeare clings to the hope that she may still be "honest."

"That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow there flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater."

Thus does affection seek to perpetuate itself, and so for itself it survives when every reasonable trust is gone! Shakspeare's hope was vain. The next scene we are permitted to witness in this strange history of emotion, is one in which the abused heart of the lover, bursting with a suspicion now ripened, by increasing evidence, into certainty, cannot restrain itself from venting its reproaches. But how exquisitely tender they are, though expressed with a settled melancholy! He compares her transgression to the base clouds which he has noticed ride over the celestial face of a glorious morning, after it has been seen to

"Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye."

The lady speaks repentingly, and with shame and sorrow. The poet's grief, stronger for her than for himself, receives no consolation—

"Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross."

In this there is no selfishness. Love sometimes wears its aspect. But while selfishness works on others for its own, love is anxious only for those others' sake. To many, these reproaches of Shakspeare may seem unequal to the occasion: but they must recollect the "strong toil of grace," with which he had to struggle, and the peculiar circumstances (they had been previously treated by the writer) under which it had been flung around him. The lady weeps, and is triumphant!

"Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds."

Well had he made his passionate pilgrim his claim—

"Oh father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!"

A victim to this witchcraft he now willingly yields. The lady improves her occasion. Her grief at being pardoned exceeds her grief under reproaches, and over the heart of Shakspeare she reseats tyrannous love upon a firmer throne. He becomes her apologist—and with what exquisite sweetness!

"No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :
Roses have thorns and silver fountains mud."

After this interview I can conceive the poet, removed from the immediate influence of her presence, summoning up before him all the hopes he had seen decay, and shuddering at the prospect which that vision opened! Where was any hope for the future in the memory of the past? Was he to enjoy only another fool's paradise, that he might find himself again the tool of her levity, her intrigue, her tears! It is too late for a thrall to remonstrate, when he has confessed and submitted to his thralldom. He writes to her—a *poor consolation!*

"So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell,
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be!"

Did Shakspeare, as he wrote these words, "like a deceived husband," glance back a thought to his house in Stratford-upon-Avon? This I shall have occasion, in a subsequent chapter, to enquire into. Strange that at this very time his greatest cotemporary, Lope de Vega, the Shakspeare of Spain, should have been, in the same shape of writing, confessing to himself his secret thoughts; pouring forth in sonnets a miserable love, for which he saw no hope of return, and resenting the claims of a neglected wife.

"Ay de aquel alma a padecer dispuesta
Que espera su Rachel en la otra vida
Y tiene a Lia para siempre en cstra."*

But what were now the "thoughts and the heart's workings" of the mistress of Shakspeare? Did she prove herself worthy of his renewed trust? Did she continue to hold within the influence of her extraordinary charms the devotion of the greatest man that the world had known?

The Duc de la Rochefoucault has a shrewd remark in his book, to the effect that many women there are who never have had one intrigue, few there are who have had only one. Shakspeare's

* Ill fate is his
Who hopes for Rachel in the world to come,
And chain'd to Leah, drags his life in this.

Again, in a subsequent sonnet, he expresses the following thought:—

But woe to him whose ill-placed hopes attend
Another's life, and who, till that shall pass,
In hopeless expectation wastes his own!

mistress is no exception. Once surrendered to license, she soon abandoned herself to it of the most extraordinary women of her time must certainly have been, to have "luxury picked out" such hearts as she did to place beneath her feet! Shakspeare soon discovered she had an intrigue with one of his publicists, also an eminent poet; and had frequently to endure the agony of knowing the purity of the dearest friend he had on earth had been destroyed "by her foul pride." The word "pride" the solution of such a woman's career? Or what other vice may it be?

"Love" (as she did) always proves the least of a woman who *abandons* herself to the passion. "Virus," says Cicero, "ad unum quodque ficiū singulæ cupiditatis impellunt; in autem ad omnia maleficia cupiditas una." Was it possible, during her intercourse with Shakspeare, whom she swayed with as extraordinary and true a passion as ever agitated man, she did not herself experience its truth? I never try to *persuade herself* that it was really the early part of her connection with him certain, as we have seen, she thought the chance of his devotion a game at least worth trying for. Is it possible that she ever mistook desire for a more real feeling? A woman's tendency is perhaps more likely than any other to labour under the imperious necessity of deeply and lastingly loved at least by one, ever vanities she may choose to receive, or stow on, others. Or had the many vices it is too clear she must have fallen into reck after her utter abandonment of virtue, ever possessed their victim? Mrs. Jameson, in her most charming books, the "Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets," equally delightful taste and feeling, and for its exquisite intermingling of poetry and subtle criticism, has devoted a few lines to one or two of the sonnets in which this extraordinary woman is mentioned, and ascribes her as likely to have been "one of a class of females who do not always, in losing all to our respect, lose also their claim to the veneration of the sex who wronged them, or the passion of the gentler part of their own who rejected them."* I am much mistaken if she were one who would have submitted to "compassion." She is more of the Vittoria Corrombena, and would have spurned it as that white slave did, or as Cleopatra spurned "the sober and dull Octavia."

Her infidelities, however, struck only by and unwilling degrees on the trusting heart of Shakspeare. Soon after the first reconciliation he has described, when he seems to have lived in the midst of cruel agitations of pleasure and suspicion,

"Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his pleasure
A short separation took place. She left London it is to be presumed, on some visit to the country."

* "Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets. Biographical Sketches of Women celebrated in Ancient and Modern Poetry." By Mrs. Jameson. Second Edition, p. 240.

It is clear, from several sonnets, that she had given him a portrait of herself before she went, and desired him to keep the original

"With the gentle closure of his breast!"

What powers of fascination this woman must have had! The original does indeed remain there, occupying that home till all was waste and void within it, and his own heart had no place of strength or refuge! It was during this absence he first discovered her connection with some other eminent poet of the time. Here (as he ever does in speaking of himself) he teaches a lesson of noble modesty. He writes to her to say he had heard this—

"Oh, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name."

Again,

"I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride!"

He tells her, however, at the close, of one consolation, should the worst of his fears be realised—

"—if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this—my love was my decay!"

These fears were indeed realised, but yet he struggles with his passion. I now mark a change in her style of addressing him. Secure of him now, past doubt, seeing how completely she has enslaved him, she assumes the language of reproach. There is wonderful consolation in this, when we feel we have been committing an injury. "He does not write so often." "Why?" Shakspeare answers, with an allusion to his new rival—

"When your countenance filled up *his* line,
Then lack'd I matter—that enfeebled mine."

In another sonnet, referring to the same reproach, he mingles most sweetly the language of love with a slight bitterness—

"There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise!"

Another instance of this occurs, when, under cover of a jest, he intimates her strength of will—

"For nothing hold me so it please thee hold,
That nothing me a something sweet to thee;
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me—for my name is *WILL*." *

But she has ascertained her success in this assumption of the language of offence, and does not fail to follow it up. He reasons against this in vain; he then calls her "tyrannous." She ceases, we may suppose, to upbraid him, but betrays coldness in her looks. Exquisitely natural is the change which follows from him—"Wound me," he says, "not with thine eye, but with thy

tongue!" He calls on her for her reproaches; nay, he exclaims—

"Toll me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside!"

Let us, if possible, not misjudge this bewildering passion. Stronger it seems to grow as the danger of loss comes nearer. In this woman, whoever she was, he seems to have fancied that he worshipped at least the image of a better nature; and if it is permitted us to find, in this unexpected view we have of Shakspeare in his fondest, and most passionate, and most despairing moments, that divinely intellectual as he was, he was at heart also one of the most affectionate and sensitive of beings—we may forgive the weakness of our nature if betrays, for the strength with which it reassures us. Viewed for the purposes, and in sustainment of the hopes, of humanity, it is not a loss to know that "he who, in the omnipotence of genius, wielded the two worlds of reality and imagination in either hand—who was, in conception and in art, scarce less than a god, was in passion and suffering not more than a MAN." *

She would seem to have granted his last bitter request in all the triumphant recklessness of her nature. The poet is dissatisfied. We cannot dictate any mode of torture, and then thank the torturer for compliance. There is something touchingly *dechlorant* in the natural and piteous contradiction the following gives to what he had before solicited:—

"Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain.

* * * * *

If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love to tell me so."

And yet he feels that these requests are needless,—and implores at last for "patience, tame to sufferance." That is his only resource. Rousseau proposed in his "Emilius," to educate a perfectly reasonable being, one who should "LOVE AND BE WISE." Behold one of the wisest of men! There must be contradiction in these terms. LOVE AND SUFFER!! Try as he will to escape, he cannot. Wisdom does not help him. The same exquisite and delicious sensibility which had made his pleasure a transport, makes his disappointments agonies indescribable,—yet he endures them, and loves on. "Whence," he passionately asks—

"Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?"

Was it the very wonderful power of his imagination that did this? Was he able, as it were, to abstract evil from itself by combining it with all the forms of imagination? There was still in this woman, through all her successive sins and shames, a power of amazing fascination and beauty. This his fancy clung to. But her beauty

* Sonnet 136. "Will" was the name by which Shakspeare always passed among his friends at the theatre. The older and more serious gentlemen were invariably addressed with dignity, such as "Mr. Bryan," "Mr. Pope," &c. But

"Marlow, renowned for his rare art and wit,
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit.
Mellifluous Shakspeare, whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth and passion, was but Will!"

made common! Not the less was that beauty. Some one (the late Mr Hazlitt, I believe) said of Peg Woffington that she flung away the gem of her beauty, but its value was not destroyed. So for the beauty of this woman (*quasi* beauty and for its power of fascination)—that even at last remained for the poet. In the very dirt of London streets she may have flung that diamond, but still the poet could again for his imagination reclaim it, a diamond as it was lost. To all else he was obliged desperately to shut his eye, and to cheat himself into the fancy that "then do mine eyes best see." For this he was content that they should "behold and see not what they see,"—that they should "what the best is, take the worst to be,"—and so "keep anchor'd in the bay where all men ride." The "wide world's common-place" she might have become, but yet for him she existed still,—so all-redeeming and all-powerful was the action of her beauty!

"How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
Oh! in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise:
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
Oh! what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation choose out thee!"

Her accomplishments, too, must have been great,—her powers of entertainment, her fancies to adorn her beauty, must have made it indeed triumphant! She was certainly a sweet musician, and played Elizabeth's music, the virginals:—

"How oft when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand!"

And he adds an exquisite line—

"——— with those dancing chips
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait."

It will have been seen, by many of the recent passages I have quoted, that Shakspeare's persuasion not only of her faithlessness, but almost of her "commonness," now fully existed.* She had given him, indeed, too many fatal proofs of it. The last and bitterest seems to have been the betrayal of his young and passionately beloved friend into her power. Of this strange passage in the "story of this woman's days," and of the re-

* The descent was, as I have already remarked, a matter of course. "A woman, when she has once stepped astray, seldom pauses in her downward career till 'guilt grows fate, that was but choice before.'" There is a remarkable exception to this, however, in the case of Nell Gwynn—a most delightful account of whose life may be seen in the book from which the above observation is taken, "The Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second," by Mrs. Jameson. There, too, is Nell's glowing picture, among a set of loves and graces equally glowing, and only less bewitching. The book is a rich gallery. For the pleasantest and most characteristic sketches of them in the world, see Sir Ralph Esher.

markable men with whom she has managed to associate herself for ever, I shall speak at greater length in the next chapter of these confessions, on THE FRIEND OF SHAKSPEARE. It had the deepest effect of all upon the poet, though at first he struggles to contest with it. He thinks he must hate her: he tries all the excuses he can for that he still loves her. Cruel is the agitation with which the passions of this love act and react upon each other! But he submits again!—

"Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes!"

So difficult was it in Shakspeare to surrender even this habit of loving. But that seldom fails to remain in affectionate hearts, though the reason for it has been discovered imaginary, and to exist no more. Love has everlasting memories, and memories still carry in their train the possibility of having, what has been too sweet to part with utterly, again restored.

I may close here for the present the story of the mistress of Shakspeare. I shall have other occasions to render it more complete, but they occur in the subjects to which my succeeding chapters will be devoted, and must be treated of there. I may say here, however, before quitting it, that after her intrigue with his friend, the bitterness of their intercourse would seem to have been great on both sides. She has wronged him so deeply that nothing remains for her but to complete it by adding dislike to her injury, and thus visiting upon him in the last effectual shape the sin of her own injustice. This would seem to have been the end. This rankles in his breast, till it leaves him no more vain excuses for his passion. It becomes a raging "fever," and he calls on "death to end it."

"Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night."

Tragedy, it has been said, opens the chambers of the human heart, by leaving nothing indifferent to us that can affect our common nature. "It excites our sensibility by exhibiting the passions wound up to the utmost pitch by the power of imagination, or the temptation of circumstances; and corrects their fatal excesses in ourselves by pointing to the greater extent of sufferings and of crimes to which they have led others." How often has Shakspeare illustrated this in his amazing writings; behold him illustrating it in himself! See the chambers of his own heart open, "a sphere of humanity." It is this which has induced me to endeavour to take advantage of the "key" with which he had himself "unlocked" that mighty heart. It is for others to determine whether I have succeeded.* Here, at least, is sufficient in these confessions to balance their

* I have at least had the honour of suggesting an article on the sonnets of Shakspeare to an accomplished French writer; and I have to thank an able critic in the "Morning Herald," for an admirable notice of the subject.

evil with good; the greatness of the one may serve to illustrate only an extreme desire for the other, and a determination to sustain that desire, at all events, through every shape of suffering. We have endured a DISCIPLINE OF HUMANITY.

The concluding chapters of these confessions will be devoted to the "Friend of Shakspeare," to the "Melancholy and Discontent of Shakspeare," and to "Shakspeare's Sense of his own Genius," and the "Value he set upon Posthumous Fame."

From the Monthly Review.

A Discourse on Natural Theology, showing the Nature of the Evidence, and the Advantages of its Study. By Henry Lord Brougham. London: Knight. 1835.

We verily believe that Lord Brougham is at any time, at a week's warning, able to undertake any one of some dozen or so of professorships, in any one of our universities. It would matter little what were the duties of the chair, whether belonging to classical learning, to moral or the exact sciences. In one week, at least, whatever rust may have gathered over past acquirements would be rubbed off, and with a heartiness in the employment, approaching to a passion, would he proceed in the work of renewal and polish, wherein the vast variety and riches of his knowledge would be made to shine with a pristine light. His lordship is assuredly one of the most remarkable men of the age; not that he is the greatest in any thing, but that he is great, and not less than second, in very many things. We take another striking view of his eminence; we think, if his genius were to be shortly and most accurately described, it would be by calling it the genius of activity. We cannot figure to ourselves such a phenomenon as that of Lord Brougham, so long as life and health are spared, becoming indolent. His lordship and laziness are irreconcilable enemies. We have heard the suggestion, that at an era such as the present, when so many are daily beating their brains in quest of a happy subject for a literary work, in the shape of a heroic tale, nothing could afford a finer scope for variety, activity, and splendour, than to make the learned lord's history and career the ground-work of such a book. There would be nothing common-place in it; there would be enough of stir—of vagaries and extravagances—but still more of brilliant achievement in the service of virtue and mankind, to gain the highest interest that any hero can ever claim. We know of no public man who could be beheld in so many different positions to such advantage; there is no one farther removed from insipidity: one thing we may be sure of, when his race has been finished on earth, (and distant may that period be,) he will furnish to some biographer a splendid theme. The mere enumeration of his literary works, their character and history, will alone be matter enough for a charming volume. It appears, indeed, from what his lordship, not long ago announced publicly, that the world does not know one half of his writings; and that, for many years, he has been constantly sending

forth works on a variety of subjects, and to a variety of classes. We need not tell how remarkable it is for a man whose professional and public career has been so multiform as his, to do this, when we have the matter so forcibly put by himself in the dedication of the volume before us; a dedication not more beautiful in respect of its language, than of its precise and forcible thought, and eloquent sentiment.

The discourse is dedicated to Earl Spencer, from which we learn, among other things, that it was, with some exceptions, written at the end of 1830, in 1831, and the latter part of 1833, a portion being added in the autumn of 1834. "In those days," says his lordship, "I held the great seal of this kingdom; and it was impossible to finish the work while many cares of another kind pressed upon me. But the first leisure that could be obtained was devoted to this subject, and to a careful revision of what had been written in a season less auspicious for such speculations."

One great object which the author has had in view, was to define more precisely than had been done before, the place and claims of Natural Theology among the various branches of human knowledge, and to show that it is a kind of knowledge not different from either physical or moral science. It would appear that at one time the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, over which he has taken a great charge, contemplated publishing a new edition of Dr. Paley's popular work, with copious and scientific illustrations, but afterwards abandoned the scheme. His lordship, however, regarded it as expedient to carry the plan into execution by individual exertion, Sir C. Bell agreeing to share the labour of the illustrations. The present volume is the preliminary discourse in this undertaking. Our opinion of the performance we shall at once, and in a few sentences, give, and next proceed to exhibit some of its details.

There is to us little originality in the work, taking the word in its highest or most usual application, as consisting in important inventions or discoveries. It might, perhaps, be characterised as a matchless display of genius, were any great argument of a decidedly new order brought to bear on natural theology—a field that has so variously and ably been cultivated. But there is another species of originality, which is often not less valuable than that of creating: this consists in forming a new combination of what already exists, or in exhibiting with greater force, clearness, and simplicity, what many hands have previously been employed upon. This last excellence belongs in a remarkable degree to the work before us. The author, by a luminous arrangement, and the application of a mind of uncommon precision and power, has, within a narrow compass, brought the subject of which he treats before the reader so plainly, and delightfully, that we venture to declare it was never before so popularly treated, unless by Dr. Paley, while it possesses a philosophical character for which that able writer's work is not remarkable. We hesitate not to say, that Lord Brougham's style of treating natural theology as a science, and showing that it is no less, just as truly as physical or moral knowledge can be

called by such a name, is not only original, but perfectly satisfactory. Another striking feature in the work, consists in the riches which a mind of uncommon activity, acquirements, and penetration, has taken delight in lavishing upon his subject. We need scarcely add, that the style of language employed throughout the discourse is close and energetic. It is also as calm and dignified as philosophy can require. Neither sarcasm nor indignant irony were necessary; so that, as a dispassionate piece of reasoning, it seems to us a model not unworthy to be classed with the highest human efforts on the subject discussed—confessedly one of surpassing magnitude and value; for natural theology is essential even to the support of revelation.

In proceeding to the contents of this volume, it would be wrong to pass unnoticed the accuracy and ease with which certain terms are explained, upon a close and perfect understanding of which the discourse alone can be properly understood: such as those of theology and religion—the former being the science, the latter its subject. The terms *moral, intellectual, ethical, mental, natural* and *material*, with others, are put upon a footing of easy acceptance, so as to be employed throughout the performance always in the same sense. It is necessary, also, for the reader to remember particularly, as told by its author, that this is not a treatise of natural theology; that it has not for its design an exposition of the doctrines whereof natural theology consists. Its object is, first, to explain the nature of the evidence upon which it rests, to show that it is a science, the truths of which are discovered by induction, like the truths of natural and moral philosophy, partaking of the nature of each. The second object of the discourse is, to explain the advantages attending the study of natural theology.

The former part is divided again into seven sections. The first is introductory, and treats, says the author, of the kind of evidence by which the truths of physical and psychological science (that which belongs to the existence of mind), are investigated, and shows that there is as great an appearance of diversity between the manner in which we arrive at the knowledge of different truths in those inductive sciences, as there is between the nature of any such inductive investigation, and the proofs of the ontological (that which treats of the existence and attributes of the Creator) branches of natural theology. But that diversity is proved to be only apparent; and hence it is inferred, that the supposed difference of the proofs of natural theology may also be only apparent.

"The careless enquirer into physical truth would certainly think he had seized on a sound principle of classification, if he should divide the objects with which philosophy, natural and mental, is conversant, into two classes—those objects of which we know the existence by our senses or our consciousness; that is, external objects which we see, touch, taste, and smell, internal ideas which we conceive or remember, or emotions which we feel—and those objects of which we only know the existence by a process of reasoning, founded upon something originally presented by the senses or by consciousness. This superficial reasoner would range under the first of these heads the members of the animal, vegetable,

and mineral kingdoms; the heavenly bodies; the mind—for we are supposing him to be so far capable of reflection, as to know that the proof of the mind's separate existence is, at the least, as short, plain, and direct, as that of the body, or of external objects. Under the second head he would range generally whatever objects of examination are not directly perceived by the senses, or felt by consciousness.

"But a moment's reflection will show both how very short a way this classification would carry our inaccurate logician, and how entirely his principle fails to support him even during that little part of the journey. Thus the examination of certain visible objects and appearances enables us to ascertain the laws of light and of vision. Our senses teach us that colours differ, and that their mixture forms other hues; that their absence is black, their combination in certain proportions white. We are in the same way enabled to understand that the organ of vision performs its functions by a natural apparatus, resembling, though far surpassing, certain instruments of our own constructing, and that therefore it works on the same principles. But that light, which can be perceived directly by none of our senses, exists, as a separate body, we only infer by a process of reasoning from things which our senses do perceive. So we are acquainted with the effects of heat; we know that it extends the dimensions of whatever matter it penetrates; we feel its effects upon our own nerves when subjected to its operation; and we see its effects in augmenting, liquefying, and decomposing other bodies; but its existence as a separate substance we do not know, except by reasoning and by analogy. Again, to which of the two classes must we refer the air? Its existence is not made known by the sight, the smell, the taste; but is it by the touch? Assuredly a stream of it blown upon the nerves of touch produces a certain effect; but to infer from thence the existence of a rare, light, invisible, and impalpable fluid, is clearly an operation of reasoning, as much as that which enables us to infer the existence of light or heat from their perceptible effects. But furthermore, we are accustomed to speak of seeing motion; and the reasoner whom we are supposing would certainly class the phenomena of mechanics, and possibly of dynamics generally, including astronomy, under his first head, of things known immediately by the senses. Yet assuredly nothing can be more certain than that the knowledge of motion is a deduction of reasoning, not a perception of sense; it is derived from the comparison of two positions; the idea of a change of place is the result of that comparison attained by a short process of reasoning; and the estimate of velocity is the result of another process of reasoning and of recollection. Thus, then, there is at once excluded from the first class almost the whole range of natural philosophy."—pp. 20—23.

But, continues the author, are we quite sure that any thing remains, which, when severely examined, will stand the test? The existence of light is only certainly known by seeing objects variously illuminated: and while the diversity of colour is an object of sense, the existence of light is an inference of reason.

"But the very idea of diversity implies reasoning, for it is the result of a comparison, and when we affirm that white light is composed of the seven primary colours in certain proportions, we state a proposition which is the result of much reasoning—reasoning, it is true, founded upon sensations or impressions upon the senses; but not less founded upon such sensations is the reasoning which makes us believe in the existence of a body called light. The same may be said of heat, and the phenomena of heated bodies. The existence of heat is an inference from certain phenomena, that is, certain effects produced on

our external senses by certain bodies or certain changes which those senses undergo in the neighbourhood of those bodies; but it is not more an inference of reason than the proposition that heat extends or liquefies bodies, for that is merely a conclusion drawn from comparing our sensations occasioned by the external objects placed in varying circumstances.

"But can we say that there is no process of reasoning even in the simplest case which we have supposed our reasoner to put—the existence of the three kingdoms, of nature, of the heavenly bodies, of the mind? It is certain that there is in every one of these cases a process of reasoning. A certain sensation is excited in the mind through the sense of vision; it is an inference of reason that this must have been excited by something, or must have had a cause. That the cause must have been external, may possibly be allowed to be another inference which reason could make unaided by the evidence of any other sense. But to discover that the cause was at any the least distance from the organ of vision, clearly required a new process of reasoning, considerable experience, and the indications of other senses; for the young man whom Mr. Cheselden couched for a cataract at first believed that every thing he saw touched his eye. Experience and reasoning, therefore, are required to teach us the existence of external objects; and all that relates to their relations of size, colour, motion, habits, in a word, the whole philosophy of them, must of course be the result of still longer and more complicated processes of reasoning. So of the existence of the mind; although undoubtedly the process of reasoning is here the shortest of all, and the least liable to deception, yet so connected are all its phenomena with those of the body, that it requires a process of abstraction alien from the ordinary habits of most men, to be persuaded that we have a more undeniable evidence of its separate existence than we even have of the separate existence of the body."—pp. 23—25.

The second section of the discourse continues the application of the same argument, and compares the physical branch of natural theology with physics, wherein is shown that they are not only closely allied one to the other, but are to a very considerable extent identical; for it is fairly argued that the same induction of facts which leads us to a knowledge of the structure of the eye, and its functions in the animal economy, leads us to the knowledge of its adaptation to the properties of light, which if not a truth in natural theology, is a position from which, by the shortest possible process of reasoning, we arrive at a theological truth—namely, that the instrument so successfully performing a given service by means of this curious structure, must have been formed with the knowledge of the properties of light. Of the numberless instances that have been advanced by writers on this subject, of design and knowledge being evinced in the works and functions of nature, we cannot remember any more accurately and beautifully detailed than the following:—

"When a bird's egg is examined, it is found to consist of three parts; the chick, the yolk in which the chick is placed, and the white in which the yolk swims. The yolk is lighter than the white; and it is attached to it at two points, joined by a line, or rather plane, *below* the centre of gravity of the yolk. From this arrangement it must follow that the chick is always uppermost, roll the egg how you will; consequently, the chick is always kept nearest to the breast or belly of the mother while she is setting. Suppose, then, that any one acquainted with the laws of motion had to contrive things

so as to secure this position for the little speck or sac in question, in order to its receiving the necessary heat from the hen—could he proceed otherwise than by placing it in the lighter liquid, and suspending that liquor in the heavier, so that its centre of gravity should be above the line or plane of suspension? Assuredly not; for in no other way could his purpose be accomplished. This position is attained by a strict induction; it is supported by the same kind of evidence on which all physical truths rest. But it leads by a single step to another truth in natural theology; that the egg must have been formed by some hand skilful in mechanism, and acting under the knowledge of dynamics."—pp. 33, 34.

The third section under the first part of the discourse, compares the psychological branch of natural theology with psychological science, and shows that both rest alike upon induction. The author here complains, and not without cause, of the modern writers upon the subject in hand, having confined themselves to the proofs afforded by the visible and sensible works of nature, while the evidence furnished by the mind and its operations have been overlooked; and attributes this omission to the doubts which men are prone to entertain of the mind's existence independent of matter. By modern writers must certainly be meant those of an established fame in these speculations, such as Smith, Reid, Clarke, and Paley; for within these late years there have been some first-rate works in which the evidence has been detected and explained. But not to cavil on this point, our author declares the existence of mind to be evidenced more certainly and irrefragably than the existence of matter. Many of the perceptions of matter which we derive through the senses are deceitful: the inferences drawn concerning it are sometimes erroneous. Indeed, it is, perhaps possible that matter should have no existence, since all the sensations and perceptions which we have of the material world may be only ideas in our minds. But that the thing or the being which we call "I" and "we," should have no existence, he considers to be a contradiction in terms, and that of the two existences, that of mind as independent of matter is more certain than that of matter independent of mind. This is a part of the work of unsurpassed power.

The fourth section shows that the *argumentum à priori* is unsound in a great degree—that is, it is insufficient to the purpose to which it is applied, that it serves only to a limited extent, and that to this extent it is in reality not distinguishable from induction, or the *argumentum à posteriori*, which has previously been considered.

The fifth section treats of the second or moral deontological (that which belongs to the doctrine of the Creator's will respecting the duty of his creatures) branch of natural theology, and shows that it rests upon the same kind of evidence which moral science does, and is, strictly speaking, as much a branch of inductive knowledge. The means of investigating the probable designs of the Deity are by the author stated to be—the nature of the human mind, and the attributes of the Creator. The subject treated of in the third section, viz. the existence of the sentient principle in man, is naturally resumed, and the doctrine of the immateriality, and consequently the immortality of the soul, are considered. Through this entangling

field he walks steadily, carrying with him the minds of all such, we should think, who have not been accustomed to a species of scepticism that is only indulged in when on this and kindred topics. We shall merely here quote part of the author's proofs of the disconnection of mind and matter as illustrated in the phenomena of dreams.

"Another experiment is still more striking, and affords a more remarkable proof both of the velocity of thought, and of the quickness with which its course is moulded to suit any external impression made on the senses. But this experiment is not so easily tried. A puncture made will immediately produce a long dream, which seems to terminate in some such accident as that the sleeper has been wandering through a wood, and received a severe wound from a spear, or the tooth of a wild animal, which at the same instant awakens him. A gun fired in one instance, during the alarm of invasion, made a military man at once dream the enemy had landed, so that he ran to his post, and repairing to the scene of action, was present when the first discharge took place, which also the same moment awakened him.

"Now these facts show the infinite rapidity of thought; for the puncture and the discharge of the gun took place in an instant, and their impression on the senses was as instantaneous; and yet, during that instant, the mind went through a long operation of fancy, suggested by the first part of the impression, and terminated, as the sleep itself was, by the continuation—the last portion of the same impression. Mark what was done in an instant—in a mere point of time. The sensation of the pain or noise beginning is conveyed to the mind, and sets it a thinking of many things connected with such sensations. But that sensation is lost or forgotten for a portion of the short instant during which the impression lasts; for the conclusion of the same impression gives rise to a new set of ideas. The walk in the wood, and the hurrying to the post, are suggested by the sensation beginning. Then follow many things unconnected with that sensation, except that they grew out of it; and, lastly, comes the wound and the broadside, suggested by the continuance of the sensation, while, all the time, this continuance has been producing an effect on the mind wholly different from the train of ideas the dream consists of, nay, destructive of that train—namely, the effect of rousing it from the state of sleep, and restoring its dominion over the body. Nay, there may be said to be a third operation of the mind going on at the same time with these two—a looking forward to the *dénouement* of the plot—for the fancy is all along so contriving as to fit that, by terminating in some event, some result consistent with the impression made on the senses, and which has given rise to the whole train of ideas.

"There seems every reason to conclude, from these facts, that we only dream during the instant of transition into and out of sleep. That instant is quite enough to account for the whole of what appears a night's dream. It is quite certain we remember no more than ought, according to these experiments, to fill an instant of time; and there can be no reason why we should only recollect this one portion, if we had dreamt much more. The fact that we never dream so much as when our rest is frequently broken proves the same proposition almost to demonstration. An uneasy and restless night passed in bed is always a night studded full with dreams. So, too, a night passed on the road in traveling, by such as sleep well in a carriage, is a night of constant dreams. Every jolt that awakens or half-awakens us seems to be the cause of a dream. If it be said that we always or generally dream when asleep, but only recollect a portion of our dream, then the question arises, why we recollect a dream each time we fall asleep, or are awakened, and no more? If we can recall twenty dreams in a night, of

interrupted sleep, how is it that we can only recall two when our sleep is continued? The length occupied by the dream we recollect is the only that can be given for our forgetting the rest; reason fails, if, each time we are roused, we re separate dreams.

"Nothing can be conceived better calculated than facts to demonstrate the extreme agility of the powers, their total diversity from any material soul or actions; nothing better adapted to satisfy us: nature of the mind is consistent with its existence from the body."—pp. 115—118.

We cannot touch on the moral arguments evidence of the Deity's designs drawn from attributes in connection with the condition species, which together with those drawn the nature of mind are as truly parts of leg inductive science as any branch of moral philosophy. The sixth and seventh sections of the course we must also leave to the careful student all who wish to have a feast of earnest and convincing reasoning on abstruse points; treating of the doctrines of Lord Bacon respecting final causes—the other examining the true of inductive analysis and synthesis.

We come now to the second part of this volume which treats of the advantages of the study, though by much the shortest portion of the is to the general reader the most instructive. Here the first section goes to show that the truest kind of pleasure derived from the investigation of scientific truths is derived from this. After taking notice of the fact that there is a true pleasure in the investigation and confirmation of scientific truth, independent of any to practical ends, but that a susceptibility of practical application increases the pleasure, the author goes on in the following delightful of reasoning and sentiment.

"The branch of science which we are here particularly considering differs in no respect from the other of philosophy in the kind of gratification which it to those who cultivate it. Natural theology, like other sciences, whether physical or mental, bestows the student the pleasures of contemplation—of generalization; and it bestows this pleasure in an eminent degree. To trace design in the productions and in the operations of nature, or in those of the human understanding in the strictest sense of the word, generalisation, and frequently produces the same pleasure with the generalizations of physical and of psychological science. part of the foregoing reasoning, therefore, applies and rigorously to the study of natural theology. if it is pleasing to find that the properties of two so exceedingly unlike as the ellipse and the hyperbola closely resemble each other, or that appearances so dissimilar as the motion of the moon and the fall of a stone from the tree are different forms of the same fact affords a pleasure of the same kind to discover the light of the glow-worm and the song of the nightingale are both provisions of nature for the same end of giving the animal's mate, and continuing its kind—peculiar law of attraction pervading all matter, the multitude of the heavenly bodies, the planets, the stars, and the directions of their courses, are all so contrived to make their mutual actions, and the countless consequences thence arising, all secure a perpetual stability to the system which no other arrangement could attain is a highly pleasing contemplation of the self-sufficiency with those of the other sciences to perceive ever design and adaptation—to discover uses even in

apparently the most accidental—to trace this so constantly, that where, peradventure, we cannot find the purpose of nature, we never for a moment suppose there was none, but only that we have hitherto failed in finding it out—and to arrive at the intimate persuasion that all seeming disorder is harmony—all chance, design—and that nothing is made in vain; nay, things which in our ignorance we had overlooked as unimportant, or even complained of as evils, fill us afterwards with contentment and delight, when we find that they are subservient to the most important and beneficial uses. Thus inflammation and the generation of matter in a wound we find to be the effort which nature makes to produce new flesh, and effect the cure; the opposite hinges of the valves in the veins and arteries are the means of enabling the blood to circulate; and so of innumerable other arrangements of the animal economy. So, too, there is the highest gratification derived from observing that there is a perfect unity, or, as it has been called, a *personality*, in the kind of the contrivances in which the universe abounds; and truly this peculiarity of character, or of manner, as other writers have termed it, affords the same species of pleasure which we derive from contemplating general resemblances in the other sciences.”—pp. 182–184.

Had we no other proof of the pleasure derived from the investigation of scientific truths, than what is to be found in the above extract, wherein the riches and sustained elevation of one human mind are so finely displayed, we should be converts to the truth. One cannot but become a partaker in some degree in the ardour and joy with which the author must have treasured up such a wealth of illustrations, and cultivated such habits of reflection. But let us follow him in what he has to say of the pleasures peculiar to natural theology. There is first the nature of the truths with which the study is conversant, viz. the evidences of design, contrivance, power, wisdom, and goodness. Secondly, the universal recurrence of the facts on which natural theology rests, is mentioned as increasing the interest of this source. But there are other peculiar pleasures.

“*Thirdly*, and chiefly. Natural theology stands far above all other sciences from the sublime and elevating nature of its objects. It tells of the creation of all things—of the mighty power that fashioned and that sustains the universe—of the exquisite skill that contrived the wings, and beak, and feet of insects invisible to the naked eye—and that lighted the lamp of day, and launched into space comets a thousand times larger than the earth, whirling a million of times swifter than a cannon ball, and burning with a heat which a thousand centuries could not quench. It exceeds the bounds of material existence, and raises us from the creation to the Author of nature. Its office is, not only to mark what things are, but for what purpose they were made by the infinite wisdom of an all-powerful being, with whose existence and attributes its high prerogative is to bring us acquainted. If we prize, and justly, the delightful contemplations of the other sciences; if we hold it a marvelous gratification to have ascertained exactly the swiftness of the remotest planets—the number of grains that a piece of lead would weigh at their surfaces—and the degree in which each has become flattened in shape by revolving on its axis; it is surely a yet more noble employment of our faculties, and a still higher privilege of our nature, humbly, but confidently, to ascend from the universe to its great first cause, and investigate the unity, the personality, the intention, as well as the matchless skill and mighty power of him who made and sustains and moves those prodigious bodies, and all that inhabit them.

“Now, all the gratification of which we have been treating is purely scientific, and wholly independent of any views of practical benefit resulting from the science of natural theology. The pleasure in question is merely that double gratification which every science bestows—namely, the contemplation of truth, in tracing resemblances and differences, and the perception of the evidence by which that truth is established. Natural theology gives this double pleasure, like all other branches of science—like the mathematics—like physics—and would give it if we were beings of an order different from man, and whose destinies never could be affected by the truth or the falsehood of the doctrines in question. Nay, we may put a still stronger case, one analogous to the instance given above of the pleasure derived from contemplating some fine invention of a surgical instrument. Persons of such lives as should make it extremely desirable to them that there was no God, and no future state, might very well, as philosophers, derive gratification from contemplating the truths of natural theology, and from following the chain of evidence by which these are established, and might, in such sublime meditation, find some solace to the pain which reflection upon the past, and fears of the future are calculated to inflict upon them.

“But it is equally certain that the science derives an interest incomparably greater than the consideration that we ourselves, who cultivate it, are most of all concerned in its truth—that our own highest destinies are involved in the results of the investigation. This, indeed, makes it, beyond all doubt, the most interesting of the sciences, and sheds on the other branches of philosophy an interest beyond that which otherwise belongs to them, rendering them more attractive in proportion as they connect themselves with this grand branch of human knowledge, and are capable of being made subservient to its uses. See only in what contemplations the wisest of men end their most sublime enquiries! Mark where it is that a Newton finally reposes after piercing the thickest veil that envelops nature—grasping and arresting in their course the most subtle of her elements and the swiftest—traversing the regions of boundless space—exploring worlds beyond the solar way—giving out the law which binds the universe in eternal order! He rests, as by an inevitable necessity, upon the contemplation of the Great First Cause, and holds it his highest glory to have made the evidence of his existence, and the dispensations of his power and of his wisdom, better understood by men.”—pp. 192–194.

The last section of the work treats of the connection between natural and revealed religion; and although the persuasion was strong upon us from the commencement of the discourse, that Lord Brougham, from his name, his status, and talents, was therein adding great strength to a precious cause, we have in this last portion of the work found the conviction complete, and we rejoice in the contemplation, that many who have thought it manful and philosophical, to neglect or scoff at the subjects he has discussed, and the opinions advocated, will now at least feel it dangerous to their reputation as men of mind, to volunteer a crude and sceptical doctrine in the presence of those they may have esteemed simple or fanatical. A number of ways are shown in which natural theology is accounted serviceable to the believer in revelation; but we shall only quote the last names, which consists in the keeping alive the feelings of piety and devotion.

“It may be observed, then, that even the inspired penmen have constant recourse to the views which are derived from the contemplation of nature when they would

exalt the Deity by a description of his attributes, or inculcate sentiments of devotion towards him. 'How excellent,' says the psalmist, 'is thy name in all the earth; thou hast set thy glory above the heavens. I will consider the heavens, even the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained.' See also that singularly beautiful poem, the 133rd psalm; and the book of Job, from the 38th to the 41st chapter.

"It is remarkable how little is to be found of particularity and precision in any thing that has been revealed to us respecting the nature of the Godhead. For the wisest purposes it has pleased Providence to veil in awful mystery almost all the attributes of the Ancient of Days beyond what natural reason teaches. By direct interposition, through miraculous agency, we become acquainted with his will, and are made more certain of his existence; but his peculiar attributes are nearly the same in the volume of nature and in that of his revealed word."—pp. 212, 213.

The notes, which are copiously appended to the discourse, are not less valuable than the text, and not less severe in several parts upon modern sceptics. For example, in reference to Cuvier and Buckland's speculations in osteology, the author says, that "far from impugning the testimony to the great fact of a deluge, borne by the Mosaic writings, they rather fortify it, and bring additional proofs of the fallacy which, for some time, had led philosophers to ascribe a very high antiquity to the world we live in." Hume's atheistic doctrines are also closely pursued and strongly impugned, while the French "*Système de la Nature*," notwithstanding his lordship's known predilections in favour of France, is exposed in a manner becoming the champion of sacred truth, and to whom that cause is far dearer than either the works of genius or the ties of friendship among men. Take the opening of the grave and becoming criticism which the system of materialism referred to, receives.

"It is impossible to deny the merits of the *Système de la Nature*. The work of a great writer it unquestionably is; but its merit lies in the extraordinary eloquence of the composition, and the skill with which words substituted for ideas, and assumptions for proofs, are made to pass current, not only for arguments against existing beliefs, but for a new system planted in their stead. As a piece of reasoning, it never rises above a set of plausible sophisms—plausible only as long as the ear of the reader being filled with sounds, his attention is directed away from the sense. The chief resource of the writer is to take for granted the thing to be proved, and then to refer back to his assumption as a step in the demonstration, while he builds various conclusions upon it, as if it were complete. Then he declaims against a doctrine seen from one point of view only, and erects another for our assent, which, besides being liable to the very same objections, has also no foundation whatever to rest upon. The grand secret, indeed, of the author goes even further in *petitioe principii* than this; for we oftentimes find, that in the very substitute which he has provided for the notions of belief he would destroy, there lurks the very idea which he is combating, and that his idol is our own faith in a new form, but masked under different words and phrases.

"The truth of these statements we are now to examine; but first, it may be fitting to state, why so much attention is bestowed upon this work. The reason is, that its bold character has imposed on multitudes of readers, seducing some by its tone of confidence, but intimidating others by its extreme audacity. It is the only work, of any

consideration, wherein atheism is openly avowed and preached—avowed, indeed, and preached in terms. (See particularly, part ii, chap. 2.) The effect of its hardihood was certainly anticipated by its author; for the supposed editor, in his advertisement, describes it, somewhat complacently, if not boastfully, as '*l'ouvrage le plus hardi et le plus extraordinaire que l'esprit humain ait osé produire jusqu'à présent.*'"—pp. 233, 234.

From the London Eclectic Review.

The Fossil Flora of Great Britain; or, Figures and Descriptions of the Vegetable Remains found in a Fossil State in this Country. By John Lindley and William Hutton. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. li. 218. Plates 79. London, 1831—3.

The study of geology, like that of most fashionable sciences, may be pursued at marvelously small expense of time and labour. Nothing can be easier than to acquire the simple elements of mineralogy, and to become familiar with the more obvious phenomena and the less complicated generalisations of geological science; nor are we at all disposed to discourage this rudimental acquisition considered either as an important auxiliary to general reading, or as enabling the possessor even of this small stock of knowledge, to avail himself advantageously of circumstances and situations, where his means of observation might otherwise be tantalising to himself, and unprofitable to others. There are seasons and localities when it is desirable to know how to pick up pebbles with discrimination; and an easily obtained acquaintance with the common varieties of rock, may sometimes enable an observer to ascertain facts of the highest scientific nature, where he must otherwise waste his opportunities in vague and unavailable description. But all this, and much more than this, will give but small aid towards a clear and comprehensive view of a science which deals, not accidentally, but essentially, with the vast and the minute; which ascends from the analysis of the air we breathe, and of the dust that rises in the breeze, to the laws which regulate the construction of the "great globe itself," and to the mighty revolutions which have fitted it, successively, for a primeval solitude of rank and gloomy vegetation—for an abode of "all monstrous, all prodigious things," creatures strange and enormous, baffling every conclusion drawn from the forms and systems that surround us—for the place where *mind* was to display its dominating power, to fulfil the conditions of its moral being, and to unfold the elements of its immortality.

No one can fairly congratulate himself on having obtained a satisfactory knowledge of the principles of geology, who has not given attention to the characters, distribution, and geological succession of the organic remains which distinguish the different strata of the globe. Yet is this knowledge by no means of easy acquisition to that very large class of general students, which is excluded by circumstances or by situation from the use of an extensive collection. To the residents in some of our more important towns, well supplied museums are freely opened, but this indispensable advantage is unattainable by the far greater number who dwell in less favoured localities. Description:

is but an imperfect substitute for inspection; and, although drawings or engravings might supply the absence of specimens, there is not, so far as we know, any readily accessible work of this kind on a comprehensive plan. There are distinct publications, illustrative of various departments, highly meritorious indeed, but of prohibitory expense; and few greater services could be rendered to the great and increasing body of enquirers, than by the publication of manuals, well illustrated by xylographic diagrams, of the three departments of fossil remains—plants, shells, and animals. In the mean time, the admirably conducted publication, now in our hands, although of a more costly kind than that which we have just recommended, has been most seasonably undertaken by men, thoroughly fitted for their task, by sound and extensive knowledge of their subject both practically and in theory. And it is, in truth, a subject demanding no small portion of skill and experience for its adequate treatment.

"Fossil botany is beset with difficulties of a peculiar character. The materials that the enquirer has to work upon, are not only disfigured by those accidents to which all fossil remains are exposed in common, but they are also those which would, in recent vegetation, be considered of the smallest degree of importance. There is, in most cases, an almost total want of that evidence by which the botanist is guided in the examination of recent plants; and not only the total destruction of the parts of fructification, and of the internal organisation of the stem, but what contributes still more to the perplexity of the subject, a frequent separation of one part from another, of leaves from branches, of branches from trunks, and, if fructification be present, of even it from the parts of the plant on which it grew, so that no man can tell how to collect the fragments that remain into a perfect whole. For it must be remembered, that it is not in botany as in zoology, where a skilful anatomist has no difficulty in combining the scattered bones of a broken skeleton. In botany, on the contrary, the component parts of both foliage and fructification are often so much alike in outline, which is all that the fossil botanist can judge from, as to indicate almost nothing when separated from each other, and from the axis to which they appertain. It is only by the various combinations of these parts that the genera and species of plants are to be recognised, and it is precisely these combinations that in fossils are destroyed."

Much, however, has been of late effected by skilful and persevering experimentalists in despite of all these difficulties. Mr. Witham has given a new aspect to some of the most inaccessible of these peculiarities, by subjecting to microscopic observation, very thin plates of various fossils; and the investigations of Sternberg, Buckland, and Brongniart, have extended and systematised the science. But it should always, in these matters, be kept in mind, that, with all deference to great names, the humblest student may be enabled by activity and vigilance to throw light on the most difficult enquiries. Geology, in all its departments, is emphatically a science of observation, calling eye, foot, and hand into constant exertion, and every one who wishes well to its interests, may serve it, perhaps essentially, by keeping what is familiarly called a sharp look out. The fragments of a quarry, the *ejecta* of a mine or a tunnel, the refuse of a coal-pit, the debris of a precipice,

the accumulations of the strand, may furnish unexpected illustrations or suggest new trains of exploration. That singular fossil, *Polyporites Bowmani*, was found among the rubbish at the mouth of a Welsh coal-mine.

From the London Metropolitan.

DIARY OF A BLASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "JACOB FAITHFUL,"
"THE ADVENTURES OF JAPHET," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Showing why and wherefore I decided upon a renewal of locomotion.

Reader, did you ever feel in that peculiarly distressing state of mind in which one oppressing idea displaces or colours every other, absorbing, mixing up with, empoisoning, and, like the filth of the harpy, turning every thing into disgust—when a certain incubus rides upon the brain, as the Old Man of the Mountain did upon the shoulders of Sinbad, burthensing, irritating, and rendering existence a misery—when looking around, you see but one object perched every where and grinning at you—when even what you put into your mouth tastes of but that one something, and the fancied taste is so unpleasant as almost to prevent deglutition—when every sound which vibrates in your ear appears to strike the same discordant note, and all and every thing will remind you of the one only thing which you would fain forget; have you ever felt any thing like this, reader? If you have not, then thank God, by way of grace, before you out with your knife and fork, and begin to cut up the contents of these pages.

I have; and am now suffering under one of these varieties of "Phobias," and my disease is a Politicophobia. I will describe the symptoms.

I am now in the metropolis of England; and when I walk out, every common house appears to me to be the house of commons—every lordly mansion the house of lords—every man I meet, instead of being a member of society, is transformed by imagination into a member of the senate—every chimney-sweep into a bishop, and a Bavarian girl, with her "Py a proom," into an ex-chancellor. If I return home, the ring at the bell reminds me of a Peel—as I mount the stairs, I think of the "lobby"—I throw myself on the sofa, and the cushion is transformed into a woosack—if a solitary visitor calls in, I imagine a public meeting, and call out Chair! chair!—and I as often address my wife as Mr. Speaker, as I do with the usual appellation of "my dear."

This incubus, like the catholic anathema, pursues me every where—at breakfast, the dry toast reminds of the toasts at public dinners—tea, of the East India charter—sugar, of the West India question—the loaf, of agricultural distress—and, as every one knows that London eggs are a lottery, according as they prove bad or good, so am I reminded of a whig or tory measure. When the newspaper is brought in, I walk round and round it as a dog will do around the spot he is about to lie down upon. I would fain not touch it; but at last, like a fascinated bird who falls per force into the reptile's mouth, so do I plunge into its columns, read it with desperation, and when the poison has circulated, throw it away in despair. If I am reminded to say grace at dinner, I commence "My lords and gentlemen;" and when I seek my bed, as I light my taper, I move "that the house do now adjourn." The tradesmen's bills are swelled by my disease into the budget, and the checks upon my banker into supplies. Even my children laugh and wonder at the answers which they receive. Yesterday one brought me her book of animals, and pointing to a boa constrictor, asked its name, and I told her it was

an O'Connell. I am told that I mentioned the names of half the members of the upper and lower house, and at the time really believed that I was calling the beasts by their right names. Such are the effects of my unfortunate disease.

Abroad I feel it even worse than at home. Society is unhinged, and every one is afraid to offer an opinion. If I dine out, I find that no one will speak first—he knows not whether he accosts a friend or foe, or whether he may not be pledging his bitter enemy. Every man looks at his neighbour's countenance to discover if he is whig or tory; they appear to be examining one another like the dogs who meet in the street, and it is impossible to conjecture whether the mutual scenting will be followed up by a growl or a wag of the tail; but one remark will soon discover the political sentiments of the whole. Should they all agree, they are so busy in abuse that they rail at their adversaries with their mouths full—should they disagree, they dispute so vehemently that they forget that they were invited to dinner, and the dishes are removed untasted, and the duties of the Amphytrion become a sinecure. Go to an evening party or a ball, and it is even worse, for young ladies talk politics, prefer discussion to flirtation, and will rather win a partner over to their political opinions than to their personal charms. If you, as a tory, happen to stand up in a cotillion with a pretty whig, she taps you with her fan that she may tap your politics; if you agree, it is "*En avant deux*," if not, a "*Chassez croisée*." Every thing goes wrong—she may set to you indeed, but hers is the set of defiance, and she shakes her wig against your tory. To turn your partner is impossible, and the only part of the figure which is executed *con amore* is *dos à dos*. The dance is over, and the lady's looks at once tell you that you may save your "oaths," while she "takes her seat."

I have tried change of scene—posted to watering places; but the deep, deep sea will not drown politics. Even the ocean, in its roaring and commotion, reminded me of a political union.

I have buried myself in the country, but it has been all in vain. I cannot look at the cattle peacefully grazing, without thinking of O'Connell's tail, Stanley's tail, and a short-docked pony reminded me of the boasted little tail of Colonel Peel. The farm-yard, with its noisy occupants, what was it but the reality so well imitated by the members of the lower house, who would drown argument in discord? I thought I was in the lobby at the close of a long debate. Every tenth field, every tenth

planned, he planned, we planned, ye planned, and they planned—and what annoyed me was, that I could not help considering that "the whole house was in a committee," and without being able "to report progress." At first it was decided upon that we should proceed up the Rhine, and not leave off paddling until we had arrived at Mannheim, at which town I fancied that I should at least be out of political distance. We read all about Mannheim, found out that it was a regular-built town, with a certain number of inhabitants—with promenades, gardens, and a fine view of the Rhine. "So you're going abroad—where?" Mannheim, was the reply, and all the world knew that we were bound to Mannheim; and every one had something to say, or something that they had heard said, about Mannheim. "Very nice place—Duchess Dowager Stephanie—very cheap—gay in winter—Sir John Sinclair—Captain Greville—masters excellent"—were the variety of changes rung, and all was settled; but at last one unlucky observation raised a doubt—another increased—a third confirmed it. "A very dull place—German cookery bad for children—steamboats from Rotterdam very bad, and often obliged to pass two nights on deck." A very influential member of the committee took alarm about the children being two nights on deck, and it was at last decided that to go up to Mannheim by steamboat at 4l. 9s. a head, and children at half-price, was not to be thought of.

"I wonder you don't go to Bruges," observed a committee man; "nice quiet place—excellent masters—every thing so cheap—I once bought eighty large peaches there for two francs."

And all the children clapped their little hands, and cried out for Bruges and cheap peaches.

It was further submitted that it was convenient; you might go the whole of the way by water; and Bruges was immediately under consideration.

"If you go to Bruges, you will find it very dull," observed another; "but you'll meet Mrs. Trollope there; now Brussels is very little farther, and is a delightful place;" and Brussels was also referred to the committee.

"You won't like Brussels, but you'll meet Grattan there—there is such a mixture, and house rent is dear. Now I should recommend Spa for the summer; it is a most beautiful spot, and excellent company." And Spa was added to the list.

Then after a day or two came an Anti-Teutonic, who railed against Germany and Germans—German towns, German traveling, and German French, which was detestable—German cookery, which was nothing but

Paris, Versailles, St. Germain, Passy, and other recommendations, in which every one particular place was proved incontestably to be more particularly suited to us than any other, and the committee sat for three weeks, at the end of which, upon examining the matured opinions of the last seven days, I found them to have fluctuated as follows:—

Monday morning, Manheim. Evening, Spa.

Tuesday morning, Bruges. Evening, Brussels.

Wednesday morning, St. Omer's. Evening, Boulogne.

Thursday morning, Havre. Evening, Honfleur.

Friday morning, Dieppe. Evening, Passy.

Saturday morning, Versailles. Evening, St. Germain.

Sunday morning, Spa. Evening, Brussels.

The fact was, that there was a trifling difference of opinion in the committee; the great object appeared to be, and the great difficulty at the same time, to find a place which would suit all parties, that is to say, a place where there were no politics, plenty of gaiety, and cheap peaches.

CHAPTER III.

In which the reader will find the author on board of a smoker.

Paddle, paddle—splash, splash—bump, thump, bump. What a leveller is sea-sickness—almost as great a radical as death. All grades, all respect, all consideration, are lost. The master may summon John to his assistance, but John will see his master d—d before he'll go to him; he has taken possession of his master's great coat, and he intends to keep it; he don't care for warning.

The nurses no longer look after the infant or the children, they may tumble overboard; even the fond yearnings of the mother at last yield to the overwhelming sensation, and if it were not for the mercenary or kind-hearted assistance of those who have become habituated to the motion of the vessel, there is no saying how tragical might be the commencement of many a party of pleasure to the Continent.

"O look, Mary, do just hold this child," says the upper nurse to her assistant; "I do feel such a *sinking* in my stomach."

"Can't, indeed, nurse, I've such a *rising*."

Away hurried both the women at once to the side of the vessel, leaning over and groaning heavily. As for the children, they would soon have been past caring for, had it not been for my protecting arms.

Decorum and modesty, next to maternal tenderness the strongest feelings in woman, fall before the dire prostration of this malady. A young lady will recline unwittingly in the arms of a perfect stranger; and the bride of three months, deserted by her husband, will offer no resistance to the uncouth seaman, who, in his kindness, would loosen the laces that confine her heaving bosom.

As for politeness, even the ancient regime of the noblesse of France put it in their pockets as if there were a general chaos—self is the only feeling; not but that I have seen occasional traits of good-will towards others. I once witnessed a young lady smelling to a bottle of Eau de Cologne, as if her existence depended upon it, hand it over to another whose state was even more pitiable, and I was reminded of Sir Philip Sidney and the cup of water, as he lay wounded on the field of battle, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." And if I might have judged from her trembling lips and pallid countenance, it was almost an equal act of heroism. Paddle, paddle, splash, splash, bump, thump, bump—one would really imagine that the passengers were so many pumps, all worked at once with the vessel by the same hundred horse power, for there were an hundred of

them about me, each as sick as a horse. "*Sic omnes*," thought I.

I have long past the ordeal, and even steam, and smoke, and washing basins, and all the various discordant and revolting noises from those who suffer, have no effect upon my nervous system—still was I doomed to torment, and was very sick indeed. For some time I had been watched by the evil eyes of one, whom the Yankees would designate as *almighty ugly*. He was a thin, spare man, whose accost I could well have spared, for he had the look of a demon, and, as I soon found, was possessed with the demon of politics. Imagine what I must have suffered when I found out that he was a button-holder to boot. Observing that I was the only one who was in a state to listen, he seized upon me as his victim. I, who had fled from politics with as much horror as others have done from the cholera—I, who had encountered all the miseries of steam navigation, and all the steam and effluvia of close cabins, to find myself condemned with others "alike to groan"—what with King Leopold, and William of Nassau, and the Belgian share of the debt, and the French and Antwerp, and his pertinacious holding of my button. "Shall I knock him down," thought I; "he insists upon laying his hands upon me, why should I not lay my hands upon him?" But, on second consideration, that would not have been polite, so I made other attempts to get rid of him, but in vain; I turned the subject to far countries—the rascal had been every where; at one moment he would be at Vienna, and discuss the German confederation—at another, in South America, canvassing the merits of Bolivar and St. Martin. There was no stopping him; his tongue was like the paddle of a steamboat, and almost threw as much spray in my face. At last I threw off my coat, which he continued to hold in his hand by the third button, and threw myself into one of the cribs appropriated to passengers, wishing him a good night. He put my coat down in the crib beneath, and, as he could no longer hold the button, he laid hold of the side of the crib, and continued his incessant clack. At last I turned my back to him, and made no answer, upon which he made a retreat, and when I awoke the next morning, I found that he was too ill to spout politics, although as he progressed, he spouted what was quite as bad.

Par parenthèse, he was a great liar, and as he drew a long bow when he was able to talk, so did he prove a long shot when he was sea-sick. Confound the fellow, I think I see him now—there he stood, a tall gaunt misery, about the height of a work-house pump, and the basin was on the floor of the cabin, nearly three feet from his two feet; without condescending to stoop, or to sit down, or to lift up the basin, so as to lessen the distance, he poured forth a parabola, "*quod nunc describere*" had just as well be omitted. I shall dismiss this persecuting demon, by stating, that he called himself a baron, the truth of which I doubted much; that he was employed by crowned heads, which I doubted still more. On one point, however, I had little doubt, although he did not enter upon the subject, (and his tongue to a great degree confirmed it,) that he was a Chevalier d'Industrie.

"I am rid of him, thank God," exclaimed I, as I went on deck to breathe a little fresh air, having lighted my cigar in the steward's berth as I ascended. The first objects which attracted my attention, were a young gentleman and lady, the former standing by the latter, who was sitting in a pensive position, with her elbow leaning on the gunnel. She was in deep mourning, and closely veiled.

"And how does the beautiful Maria find herself this morning?" said the young gentleman, leaning over her with his hand on the rail to support himself.

The beautiful Maria! How was it possible not to be

attracted by such a distinguishing appellation? The beautiful Maria! I thought of Sterne's Maria, and the little dog with a string, and I trimmed my ear like a windsail in the tropics to catch the soft responding, and most assuredly, in my imagination, melodious vibration of the air which would succeed.

At last there was a reply. "Oh! *tol, lol!*" And that in any thing but a melodious voice. "Oh! *tol, lol!*" What a bathos! The beautiful Maria, whom, in my imagination, I had clothed with all the attributes of sentiment and delicacy, whom I had conjured up as a beau ideal of perfection, replies in a hoarse voice with, "Oh! *tol, lol!*" Down she went like the English funds in a panic—down she went to the zero of a Doll Tearsheet, and down I went again into the cabin. Surely this is a world of disappointment.

Perhaps I was wrong—she might have been very beautiful, with the voice of a peacock; she might also have the plumage; but no, that is impossible; she must, from her sex, have been a peahen. At all events, if not very beautiful, she was very sick. I left the beautiful Maria screeching over the gunnel. If the young gentleman were to repeat the same question now, thought I, the beautiful Maria will hardly answer, "Oh! *tol, lol!*"

It was very cold on deck, blowing fresh from the east. I never heard any one give a satisfactory reason why a west wind should be warm, and an east wind cold, in latitude 50° N. It is not so in the tropics, when the east wind follows the rarefaction occasioned by the sun. Yet does not Byron say,

"'Tis the land of the east, 'tis the clime of the sun?"

Certainly our east winds are not at all poetical.

"Very cold, sir," said I, addressing a round-faced gentleman in a white great coat, who rested his chin and his two hands upon a thick cane. "You are fortunate in not being sea-sick."

"I beg your pardon, I am not fortunate. I am worse than sea-sick, for I want to be sea-sick, and I can't. I do believe that every thing is changed now a days, since that confounded reform bill."

Politics again, thought I; what the devil has sea-sickness to do with the reform bill? Mercy on me, when shall I be at peace? "There certainly has been some change," observed I.

"Change, sir! yes, every thing changed. England of 1835 is no more like merry England of olden time, than I am like Louis the Fourteenth—ruined, sir—every class suffering, sir—badly reled, sir."

"Things are much cheaper."

"Much cheaper! Yes, sir, but what's the good of things being cheap when nobody has any money to purchase with? They might just as well be dear. It's a melancholy discovery, sir, this steam."

"Melancholy just now to those who are on board, and suffering, I grant."

"Pooh, nonsense! melancholy to those on shore, sir; the engines work while man looks on and starves. Country ruined, sir—people miserable—thrown out of employment, while foreigners reap the benefit; we sell them our manufactures at a cheaper rate; we clothe them well, sir, at the expense of our own suffering population. But is this all, sir? Oh, no!"

And here the gentleman dropped his chin again upon his hands, and looked very woful indeed. After a few seconds, he resumed.

"We are dismembered, sir—ruined by faction. Society is disintegrated by political animosities; thousands have retreated from the scene of violence and excitement, to find peace and repose in a foreign land."

I groaned an assent. "Ay, sir, and thousands will follow, withdrawing from the country its resources, circulating millions which enrich other nations, and avoiding their own share of the national burdens, which fall

still heavier upon those who remain. But is that all, sir? Oh, no!"

This second "oh, no!" was pronounced in a more lugubrious note; he shook his head, and after a pause he recommenced. "England is no longer priest-ridden, sir; but she is worse, she is *law*-ridden. Litigation and law expenses have, like locusts, devoured up the produce of industry. No man is safe without a lawyer at his elbow, making over to him a part of his annual income to secure the remainder. And then there's Brougham. But, sir, is that all? Oh, no!"

Another pause, and he continued. "I never grumble—I hate grumblers; I never talk of politics—I hate politics; but, sir, is it not the case, that madmen and fools have united to ruin the country? Is it not true, sir, that unable to rise by their talents, and urged by a wicked ambition, they have summoned main force, and the power of numbers to their assistance, and have raised a spirit which they cannot put down again? Is it not true, sir, that treason walks barefaced through the land, pointing to general destruction—to a violation of all rights, to anarchy, confusion, and the shedding of blood? Is not reason borne down by faction, sir? Madmen throw about fire, and cry, it is only in sport; but, sir, is that all? Oh, no!"

This last "oh, no!" was more melancholy than the preceding, but I considered that my companion must have nearly exhausted his budget of miseries, and was curious to ascertain what would come next.

"What, is there more, sir?" enquired I.

"More, sir. Yes, sir, plenty more. I ask you whether even the seasons have not changed in our unhappy country; have we not summer with unusual, unexampled heat, and winters without cold; when shall we ever see the mercury down below sixty degrees again? never, sir. What is summer but a season of alarm and dread? Does not the cholera come in as regularly as green peas—terrifying us to death, whether we die of it or not? Of what advantage are the fruits of the earth so bountifully bestowed—have they not all been converted into poisons? Who dares to drink a light summer wine now? Are not all vegetables abjured, peaches thrown to the pigs, and strawberries ventured upon only by little boys who sweep the streets, with the broom in one hand and the pottle in the other? Are not melons rank poison, and cucumbers sudden death? And, in the winter, sir, are we better off? Instead of the wholesome frosts of olden days, purifying the air and the soil, and bracing up our nerves, what have we but the influenza, which lasts us for four months, and the spasmodic cough which fills up the remainder of the year? I am no grumbler, sir, I hate and abhor any thing like complaining, but this I will say, that the world has been turned upside down—that every thing has gone wrong—that peace has come to us unattended by plenty—that every body is miserable; and that vaccination and steam, which have been lauded as blessings, have proved the greatest of all possible curses, and that there is no chance of a return to our former prosperity; unless we can set fire to our coal mines, and re-introduce the small-pox. But, sir, the will of Heaven be done, I shall say no more, I don't wish to make other people unhappy; but pray don't think, sir, I've told you all. Oh, no!"

At this last "oh, no!" my companion laid his face down upon his knuckles, and was silent. I once more sought the deck, and preferred to encounter the east wind. "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind, thou art not so unkind," soliloquised I, as I looked over the bows, and perceived that we were close to the pile entrance of the harbour of Ostend. Ten minutes afterwards there was a cessation of paddle, paddle, thump, thump, the stern-fast was thrown on the quay, there was a rush on board of commissaires, with their reiterated cries, accom-

with cards thrust into your hands, "Hotel s, Monsieur." "Hotel Waterloo, Monsieur." "alle-vue." "Hotel Bedford, Monsieur." "Hotel tre," *ad infinitum*—and then there was the out of the Noah's ark, with their countenances a most paradoxical appearance, for they evinced that they had quite enough of water, and, no time, that they required a great deal more. at my children, as they were hoisted up from s' cabin, one after another, and, upon examination, decided that the Hotel des Bains would be the appropriate to their condition, so there we went.

CHAPTER IV.

Swing what passed at Ostend, Bruges, and Ghent.

Ostend, April 18, 1835.

Confoundedly taken in by a rascal of a commis- and aware how the feelings of travellers are affected by the weather or the treatment they receive at the place they may pass through, I shall display the art of saying nothing about the place, except that I intend to be the most rascally hole in the world, sooner the traveller is out of it so much the better for his purse and for his temper.

April 19.

It has been assumed as an axiom that every one in this land of power. During our passage in the track- had an evidence to the contrary, for as we glided by and almost imperceptibly along, a lady told me she infinitely preferred the three-horse power of the steam- to the hundred-horse power of the steam- We arrived at Bruges, escaping all the horrors of steam navigation.

Bruges is cheap, because one half of the town is empty—at least that was the cause assigned though I will not vouch for its being the true cause. I ought to observe, for the satisfaction of the reader, that this was the site of the peaches, but none met our sight, the trees not in blossom. I ought to observe, for the satisfaction of the Foreign Bible Society, that at the hotel at Bruges I saw a book of their exportation lying on the piece in excellent preservation.

April 21.

What passed in our journey to Ghent, I can only say every thing passed us—for the roads were very good, the horses very lazy, and the postboys still lazier, riding their horses listlessly, sitting on them side- by-side. I have seen boys in the country swinging on a swing, whereby the gait of the track-schuyt could not be improved. We did arrive at last, and thus in a water carriage. At Ghent we went to the belfry, from out of the windows of which I had a fine view of the city, and the belfry surmounted by the Brazen Dragon of Constantinople; and as I conjured up times past, I thought how the belfry was built, and how the city grew up there, I found myself at last wandering in the streets of "Bel and the Dragon."

I went to see the picture by Van Eck, in the cathedral of St. Bovo. The reader will probably wish to know who St. Bovo—so did I—and I asked the sacristan: the reader shall have the benefit of his answer, "St. Bovo, monsieur, il etait un saint." The picture of Van Eck's is worth a van full of most pictures we see: it was Van Eck who invented, indeed the father of painting in oil. It is a fine production.

The rollope says that people run through Belgium as if it were a mere rail-road to other countries. That is true—we did the same—for who would stop at a place to be swindled, or at Bruges to look at empty streets, or at Ghent, which is nothing but a Flanders ham, when Brussels and King Leopold, and the

anticipation of something more agreeable, were only thirty miles off? Not one day was our departure postponed; with post-horses and postillions we posted post haste to Brussels.

CHAPTER V.

Kabobs at Brussels, April 22.

The Queen of Belgium "a fait un enfant." On the continent it is always the wife who is considered as the faiseuse; the husband is supposed, and very often with justice, to have had nothing to do in the matter—it certainly does appear to be optional on the part of the ladies, for they limit their family to their exact wishes or means of support. How different is it in England, where children will be born whether it is convenient or not!

I think that the good people of Paris would do well, as they appear just now to have left religion in abeyance, to take up the manners and customs of the empire of the Nihirs, a Mahratta nation, which I once read about. In that country, as in heaven, there is no marrying, nor giving in marriage. All are free, and all inheritance is through the children of the sister; for although it is impossible to know who may be the father of any of the children, they are very certain that the sisters' children must have the blood on the maternal side. What a good arrangement this would be for the Parisians—how many *péchés mortelles* would they get rid of—such as adultery, fornication, &c.—by passing one simple law of the land. By-the-by, what an admirable idea for reforming a nation—they say that laws, now-a-days, are made to prevent crime: but if laws were enacted by which crime should no longer be considered as crime, what a deal of trouble might be saved.

The theatre is closed, owing to the want of funds; the want of funds is owing to the want of honesty on the part of the manager, having run away with the strong box, which was decidedly the very best box in the theatre.

April 26.

I went to see a species of Franconi, or Astley's; there is little variety in these performances, as there are only a certain quantity of feats, which can be performed either by the horses or the riders, nevertheless we had some novelty. We had the very best feminine rider I ever saw; she was a perfect female Centaur, looking part and parcel of the animal upon which she stood; and then we had a regularly Dutch-built lady, who amused us with a tumble off her horse, coming down on the loose saw-dust, in a sitting posture, and making a hole in it as large as if a covey of partridges had been basking in it for a whole day. An American black (there always is a black fellow in these companies, for, as Cooper says, they learn to ride well in America by stealing their masters' horses) rode furiously well and sprained his ankle—the attempt of a man in extreme pain to smile is very horrible—yet he did grin as he bowed and limped away. After that we had a performer who had little chance of spraining her ankle, a Miss Betsey, that is a female of good proportions, who was, however, not a little sulky that evening, and very often refused to perform her task, and as for forcing the combined will of a female and an elephant to boot, there was no man rash enough to attempt it, so she did as little as she pleased, and it pleased her to do very little; one feat, however, was novel, she took a musket in her mouth and fired it off with her trunk.

When I was in India I was very partial to these animals; there was a most splendid elephant, which had been captured by the expedition sent to Martaban; he stood four or five feet higher than elephants usually do, and was a great favourite of his master, the rajah. When this animal was captured there was a great difficulty in getting him on board of the transport. A raft was made, and he was very unwillingly persuaded to trust his huge

carcass upon it; he was then towed off with about thirty of the natives on the raft, attending him; the largest purchases and blocks were procured to hoist him in, the main yards doubly secured, and the fall brought to the capstern. The elephant had been properly slung, the capstern was manned, and his huge bulk was lifted in the air, but he had not risen a foot before the ropes gave way, and down he came again on the raft with a heavy surge, a novelty which he did not appear to approve of. A new fall was rove, and they again manned the capstern; this time the tackle held, and up went the gentleman in the air; but he had not forgotten the previous accident, and upon what ground it is impossible to say, he ascribed his treatment to the natives, who were assisting him on the raft. As he slowly mounted in the air, he looked about him very wroth, his eyes and his trunk being the only portions of his frame at liberty. These he turned about in every direction as he ascended—at last, as he passed by the main channels, he perceived the half of a maintop-sail yard, which had been carried away in the slings, lying on the goose-necks; it was a weapon that suited him admirably; he seized hold of it, and whirling it once round with his trunk, directed the piece of wood with such good aim, that he swept about twenty of the natives off the raft, to take their chance with a strong tide and plenty of alligators. It was the self-possession of the animal which I admired so much, swinging in the air in so unusual a position for an elephant, he was as collected as if he had been roaming in his own wild forests. He arrived and was disembarked at Rangoon, and it was an amusement to me, whenever I could find time to watch this animal, and two others much smaller in size who were with him; but he was my particular pet. Perhaps the reader will like to have the diary of an elephant when not on active service. At what time animals get up, who never lie down without being ordered, it is not very easy to say. The elephants are stalled at the foot of some large tree, which shelters them during the day from the extreme heat of the sun; they stand under this tree, to which they are chained by their hind legs. Early in the morning the keeper makes his appearance from his hovel, and throws the respective keys down to the elephants, who immediately unlock the padlocks of the chains, cast themselves loose, and in the politest manner return the keys to the keeper; they then march off with him to the nearest forest, and on their arrival commence breaking down the branches of the trees, selecting those which are most agreeable to their palates, and arranging them in two enormous faggots. When they have collected as much as they think they require, they make withies and bind up their two faggots, and then twist another to connect the two, so as to hang them over their backs down on each side, and having thus made their provision, they return home: the keeper may or may not be present during this performance. All depends upon whether the elephants are well trained, and have been long in servitude. Upon their return, the elephants pass the chains again round their legs, lock the padlock, and present the key as before; they then amuse themselves with their repast, eating all the leaves and tender shoots, and rejecting the others. Now when an elephant has had enough to eat, he generally selects a long bough, and pulling off all the lateral branches, leaves a bush at the end forming a sort of whisk to keep off the flies and mosquitoes; for although the hide of the elephant is very thick, still it is broken into crannies and cracks, into which the vermin insert themselves. Sometimes they have the following ingenious method of defending themselves against these tormentors—they put the end of their trunk down in the dust, draw up as large a quantity as they can, and turning their trunks up over their heads, pour it out over their skin, powdering and filling up the interstices, after which they take the long branch I have before mentioned, and amuse themselves

by flapping it right and left, and in all directions their bodies, wherever the insects may settle.

And now for an instance of self-denial, which I often witnessed on the part of my friend the large elephant. I have observed him very busy, flapping right and left, evidently much annoyed by the persecution of mosquitoes; by-the-by, no one can have an idea how the tiger-mosquito can bite. I will, however, give instances of it, for the truth of which I cannot prove; but I remember that once, when it rained, and we were on a boating expedition, a marine kept his charge dry, had his fore-finger inserted in the barrel of his musket, pulled it out in a great hurry, claiming to his comrade, "May I be shot, Bill, if them beggars ha'n't bit me right through the tip of my musket." This *par parenthèse*, and now to the elephant. As I said before, the elephant showed, by constancy of his person, that he was much annoyed by persecutors, and just at that time the keeper brought a little naked black thing, as round as a ball, from India I believe they call a child, laid it down before the animal with two words in Hindostanee—"Watch!" The elephant then walked away into the town. The elephant immediately broke off the larger part of the bough, and made a smaller and more convenient whisk, and gave his whole attention to the child, gently fanning it with the lump of Indian ink, and driving away every fly which came near it; this he continued for upwards of two hours, regardless of himself, until the keeper turned. It was really a beautiful sight, and gave me much reflection. Here was a monster, whose life depended that of the infant by at least ten thousand acknowledging that the image of his Maker, even in the lowest degree of perfection, was divine; silently acknowledging the truth of the sacred announcement, that God "gave to man dominion over the beasts of the field." And here too was a brute animal setting an example of devotion and self-denial, which but few Christians indeed but a mother, could have practised. Would Buxton, surrounded by a host of mosquitoes, have done as much for a fellow-creature, white or black? No, he would have flapped his own thighs, his own chest, his own face, and his own every thing, and have his neighbours to take care of themselves; nor should he blame him.

As I am on the subject, I may as well inform the readers how and in which way this elephant parted company, for it was equally characteristic of the animal. The army was ordered to march, and the elephants were called into requisition to carry the baggage. The quarter-master general, the man with four eyes, the natives called him, because he wore spectacles, intended the loading of the animals—tent upon tent, heaped upon my friend, who said nothing, till at last he found they were overdoing the thing, and then he put out his complaints, which the keeper explained, but was still one more tent to be carried, and, there being no more or less could make no difference, it was to be put upon his back. The elephant said no more, he turned sulky—enough was as good as a fee for him, and he considered this treatment as no joke. It so happened that at the time the main street, the only street of the town, which was at least half a mile long, was crowded to suffocation with tattoos, ponies, and small oxen, every one of them loaded with a couple of cases of claret, or brandy, or something else slung on each side of them, attended by coolies, with their hooting, and pushing, and beating, and screaming, created a very bustling and lively scene. When the tent was put on the elephant he was like a mountaineer canvass on each side of him, bulging out to a width to his own; there was just room for him to pass between the two rows of houses on each side of the street, ten inches to spare: he was ordered by the keeper

beyed the order certainly, but in what way—he trunk up in the air, screamed a loud shriek of on, and set off at a trot, which was about equal to a horse's gallop, right down the street, mowing before him every pony, bullock, and cooley and his passage; the confusion was indescribable, little animals were with their legs in the air, and brandy poured in rivulets down the street, reamed as they threw themselves into the doors and windows, and at one fell swoop the angry gentleman and the major part of the comforts of the officers, little aware how much they were to sacrifice for of an extra tent. With my eyes I followed my his reckless career, until he was enveloped and my view in a cloud of dust, and that was my of him. I turned round, and observed close to quarter-master-general, looking with all his four the effects of his inhumanity. But I have wandered twenty thousand miles from Brussels, and am.

CHAPTER VI.

Brussels, May 5th.

Belgian majesty, the Belgian ministers, Belgian officers, Belgian authorities, and all the Belgian gentry, all the English who reside in Brussels, and quiet, and all the exiles and propagandists, to reside here to kick up a row, have all left by the Porte d'Anvers. And all the Belgians at Brussels have shut up their shops, and gone to the Porte d'Anvers. And the whole populace, men, and children, have gone out of the Porte

And all the infants have also gone, because they could not leave them at home. And the gendarmes, their staffs, and the officers, and all the troops, the artillery, have also left Brussels, and gone out of the Porte d'Anvers, to keep the said populace quiet and order. So that there is no one left at Brussels must for one day take care of itself. Now you of course wish to know why they have left Brussels, and further, why they have gone through the Porte d'Anvers.

There is this day the commemoration of the opening of the *Chemin de Fer*, which has just been opened from Brussels to Malines, and is on this day, that is to say, that three steam tugs, whose names are the Stephenson, the Arrow, and the Elephant, have gone to Malines and back again, in the presence of the king, all his majesty's ministers, all the ambassadors, choose to go, all the heads of the departments, and every body else who can produce a satisfactory yellow card, which will warrant their getting into one of the three omnibuses, diligences, or cars, which are now the said three steam tugs, the Arrow, the Elephant, and the Elephant. I shall go and see it—remain at Brussels by myself, the "last man."

May 6th.

A brilliant affair, and went off well, because the king was at well. We were tugged through twelve miles of the most fertile pasture in the universe, the road so crowded with spectators, as to make the extreme populousness of the country. For while it was one mass of people—and a Belgian has a very agreeable effect, from the prevailing blue and white, which are very refreshing, contrast pleasantly with the green back-ground. The king had his blouse, and every woman her cap and net; but if the Belgians look well *en masse*, I think that they do so in detail; the men we do not judge from, but the women are certainly the best in the whole world—I will not except the French. In some of our men-of-war it was formerly

the custom to have an old knife, which was passed from one to the other, as the men joined the ship, being handed to the ugliest man they could find; he held the knife until another came, more unfortunate in physiognomy than himself, when it was immediately made over to the last, who was obliged in his turn to retain it until he could discover some one even more unprepossessing. Following up this principle with the ladies of Belgium, and comparing them with those of other European states, they are most unequivocally entitled to hold the knife, and unless they improve by crossing the breed, I am afraid they will have it in their possession for centuries.

We arrived safe at Malines, and I was infinitely amused at the variety of astonishment in the five hundred thousand faces which we passed. In one rich meadow I beheld a herd of fat priests, who looked at the trains in such a manner as to say that they were "heretical and damnable," and that the *Chemin de Fer* was nothing but the *Chemin d'Enfer*. At Malines we all got out, walked to a stone pillar, where a speech was made to the sound of martial music, and we all got in again. And then to show the power of his engines, Mr. Stephenson attached all the cars, omnibuses, and diligences together, and directed the Elephant to take us back without assistance from the other two engines. So the Elephant took us all in tow, and away we went, at a very fair pace. It must have been a very beautiful sight to those who were looking on the whole train in one line, covered with red cloth and garlands of roses, with white canopies over head, and decorated with about three hundred Belgian flags, of yellow, red, and black. However, the huge animal who dragged this weight of eighty tons became thirsty at Ville Vorde, and cast us off—it took him half an hour to drink—that is to say, to take in water, and then he set off again, and we arrived safely at Brussels, much to the delight of those who were in the cars, and also of his majesty, and all his ministers, and all his authorities, and all the mercantile classes, who consider that the millennium is come, but very much to the disappointment of the lower classes, who have formed the idea that the *Chemin de Fer* will take away their bread, and who longed for a blow up. And Mr. Stephenson having succeeded in bringing back in safety his decorated cars, has been *decoré* himself, and is now a Chevalier de l'Ordre Leopold. Would not the Iron order of the Belgian patriots have been more appropriate—it was given to many whose only claims were *accelerated motion*, at the celebrated battle of Louvain.

It is impossible to contemplate any steam-engine, without feeling wonder and admiration at the ingenuity of man; but this feeling is raised to a degree of awe when you look at a steam tug—there is such enormous power compressed into so small a space—I never can divest myself of the idea that it is possessed of *vitality*—that it is a living as well as a moving being—and that idea, joined with its immense power, conjures up in my mind that it is some spitting, fizzing, terrific demon, ready and happy to drag us by thousands to destruction.

And will this powerful invention prove to mankind a blessing or a curse?—like the fire which Prometheus stole from heaven to vivify his statue, may it not be followed by the evils of Pandora's fatal casket?

The lower classes of Belgium have formed an idea that the introduction of steam is to take away their bread. Let us examine whether there is not in this idea a degree of instinctive and prophetic truth.

The axiom of our political economists is, that the grand object to be sought and obtained is to produce the greatest possible results by the smallest possible means. The axiom, as an axiom by itself, is good; but the axiom to be opposed to it is, that the well-being and happiness of any state depends upon obtaining full employment for the whole industry of the people.

The population of Belgium is enormous. In England

we calculate about eighteen hundred souls to the square league. In Belgium it amounts to three thousand eight hundred souls to the square league. Now it would be impossible for Belgium to support this population, were it not, in the first place, for her extensive manufactories, (for upon the cotton manufactories alone, in which steam is as yet but partially introduced, two hundred and fifty thousand souls depend for their existence,) and in the second place, from the subdivision of the land in small portions, arising from the laws of inheritance, which bar the right of primogeniture; the consequence of which is, that the major part of Belgium is cultivated by spade husbandry, and is in the very highest state of fertility. Nevertheless the proportion of those who receive relief in Belgium from public institutions and private charities of all descriptions, amounts even at present, to *one in eight persons*. Now, allowing that a steam-engine should be generally introduced into this country, the consequence must be, that machinery will supply the place, and do the work of man. And what will be the result? that thousands will be thrown out of employment, and must be supported by the nation. When the population is so dense that there is not room for the labour of its present inhabitants, it is clear that the introduction of machinery can have but one effect—that of increasing pauperism. Are not, then, the Belgians right in thinking that it will deprive them of their bread?

That machinery has already had that effect to a certain degree in England cannot be denied; and not only our manufacturing, but our agricultural population, have been distressed from an adherence to the same principle, of obtaining the greatest possible results from the smallest possible means. The subdivision of land will do more to relieve the agricultural distress than any thing else. At present large farms are preferred both by landlord and tenant, because a large farm can be cultivated with a fewer number of men and horses; but how does this act? It throws a certain quantity of labourers out of employ, who are supported in idleness. Is the sum gained by farmers by employing fewer men on large farms, more than their proportion of the poor's rates paid for unproductive industry? That it may be more to the farmers is possible, as they shift a great part of the onus upon others; but to the nation it certainly is not—for the man who does not work must still be fed. May we not then consider the following propositions as correct?

That, producing the greatest possible results from the least possible means, is an axiom which can only hold good when it does not interfere with the industry of the people. That, as long as the whole population are employed, such powers become a benefit, and a source of extra wealth. But that, in proportion as it throws the population out of employment, so much the more does it prove an injury, and must finally cause the ruin of that state. *Quod est demonstrandum*—which I hope it will not be in our time.

(To be continued.)

MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

By the publication of the VIIIth, IXth, and Xth parts, Martin has at length completed his large and splendid series of "Illustrations of the Bible," engraved in mezzotint by himself, from his own masterly designs. To attempt the slightest criticism on these subjects, is not within our limits, but the mere enumeration of the latest plates will suffice to mark their interest: Joshua commanding the sun to stand still—David spareth Saul at Hachilah—the Daughters of Zion at the Rivers of Babylon—Balshazzar's Feast—the Fall of Babylon—and the Fall of Nineveh. These are subjects in the delineation of which Martin stands alone and unapproachable.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FEMALE CHARACTERS IN OUR MODERN POETRY.—NO. II.

ONEIZA.—IN THALABA. SOUTHEY.

Thousands of thanks have been shown us by boys and virgins, and communicants of a riper age, for the exquisite poetry which, a year or two ago, we stole for their delight from the *Curse of Kehama*. None of them had the poem itself in their hands—say, so as seen its outside; some had been told it was so extravagant and unnatural, that it was worse than a loss of time to young people to read it; others had been assured that it was a splendid failure; the more sceptical among them had been convinced by the serious dissertations in our periodicals, that no poet could reconcile to European imagination the monstrousities of the Hindu mythology; and some had more or less partaken of the general opinion often expressed, less in sorrow than in a haughty editor's and coxcomb's contribution. Mr. Southey should so miserably abuse a gift which those authorities were enough to allow God had given him; and such conduct of the understanding part of our countrymen is an unaccountable infatuation, but chiefly to be ascribed to the influence of the *Keswick*.

Have we not reason then—we shall not be proud, for pride was not made for man—be glad of our paper on that poem? We only to request that all those enthusiastic creatures will transfer all their gratitude, a warm little piece which we shall wear as a comforter, from Christopher North to Southey. No other merit is ours than having afforded them an opportunity of entering the domain of their imagination by the aid of a province peopled with new forms. What before had been the sum of their knowledge about the Hindoos? That they were milked on rice. Now they know that "we have one human heart;" that God in his mercy even to his idolatrous children—that our nature, even when worshipping images, was not set up in ignorance of Him who is true and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth, even then obeying an instinct that separates from the beasts that perish; and that, inasmuch as they who fall on their faces before supposed sanctities are sincere and humble prostrations, and such services, and such sacrifices—rueful though they sometimes be—ghastly—shall be accepted at the Throne of Grace, and the names of millions who know Christ, for Christ's sake written in the life. That this our doctrine is orthodox—is the catholic faith—we have no more for other words, we do as humbly and firmly as that we see the sun in heaven—as that the soul to be immortal—as that we know a God—as that we believe He sent his Son to earth to save sinners.

All highest poetry, we have often said, is sacred poetry; in all Southey's great poem is a religious spirit; its presence is con-

felt, even as we are made to look on the most foul or fearful forms of superstition. Therefore we have not hesitated for a moment to speak of what too many would call a profane poem in language taken from the Bible. In Coleridge's *Table Talk*—two delightful volumes which, after having been reviewed in all the *Quarterlies* years ago—so the time seems to us—has been published at last—we were happy to see an opinion of this poem expressed almost in the very words we used—"He admired the art displayed in the employment of the Hindu monstrosities, and begged us to observe the noble feeling excited of the superiority of virtue over vice; that Kehama went on, from the beginning to the end of the poem, increasing in power, while Kailyal gradually lost her hopes and her protectors; and yet by the time we got to the end, we had arrived at an utter contempt and even carelessness of the power of evil, as exemplified in the Almighty Rajah, and felt a complete confidence in the safety of the unprotected virtue of the maiden.

We have been asked by an intelligent young writer in a print which for many reasons we regard with respect and kindness, why we commenced this series with Kailyal in Southey's poem, the *Curse of Kehama*? Because the character is one of the most beautiful in our modern poetry; because it was drawn many years ago, and takes precedence on that score alone of many others whom the world have since perhaps unduly admired; because though known well to all who know our highest literature, it was unknown to very many who are now seeking to soar into those ethereal regions which every pure spirit may reach, for to all hath nature given wings; because we have had but few opportunities of speaking, as we have often desired to speak of Southey's delightful genius, and rejoiced to commence our series with some of the holiest of his inspirations.

We learn from the same enlightened young friend that Scott, who we know admired Southey the poet as much as he loved Southey the man, in praising highly the power and genius displayed in the *Curse of Kehama*, expressed his wonder that Kailyal should have been represented as in love with a Glendoveer. Our young friend seems to partake in that wonder, and thereby shows that he has not read what we said about their affection, than which nothing can be more perfectly natural, more perfectly beautiful; for Kailyal is not in love with the Glendoveer; nor is the Glendoveer in love with Kailyal; *they love*, and their love is a light in the darkness—it tranquillises divinely the human trouble of that tale of tears. We have all heard of the Loves of the Angels—and the Glendoveer is an angel. But no passion dims or brightens his celestial wings, he folds them round his Kailyal, as we imagine its guardian angel does round an infant asleep. The Glendoveer came not down in the ship of heaven to woo a mortal maid for her love, willing to forsake for her earthly bowers, the bowers of Sweiga. He was with her on her destiny strange and high—for her sake he suffered—for sake of her father—and why, then, should Sir Walter have wondered that Kailyal loved the Glendoveer, and

that the Glendoveer loved Kailyal? He said so once, and never thought so afterwards—for all that we have said now and formerly he must have felt and known as well or better than we; and he needed not to be told, that in the Hindu Mythology, the humans loved the Apsaras or nymphs of heaven, who languished in return—and that the Devetas and the rest of celestial seed mingled with the humans; but never in the poetry of the orientals—and their dramatic is delightful, as may be known in the translations by the Sanserit professor at Oxford—was such love so tender and so true as in the hearts of Southey's Kailyal and Southey's Glendoveer.

"But is there not much sameness in all Southey's female characters?" Much; and there is as much and more in Shakspere's—we mean in all the good ones, and in all the wicked ones—for we grant that there is no sameness in Cordelia and Lady Macbeth. Bless Heaven, that there is a sameness in filial piety, in conjugal affection, in virgin love. Let the poets then, to whom are given "the vision and the faculty divine," show us virtue, which is for ever the same, "doing and suffering" in different shapes and in different trials; but all who ever wore on earth any of its shapes, all beautiful, because of the spirit within—victorious at last, though their triumph may, to shortsighted mortals, almost blinded with tears, seem so very woful, that they shall knock at the gates of the grave, and demand back the dead!

Oneiza, whom we are about to look on, and accompany on her way from her tent to her tomb, is merely a repetition, it has been said of Kailyal. We shall see, but not till over Thalaba's head tumble the Domdaniel caves, and there is a meeting of the divided in heaven.

Who wanders, and on what quest, through the sands of the desert? Abdaldar, the sorcerer, in search of Thalaba, the son of Hodeirah. Eight of that dreaded line have been murdered by the evil magicians, and while one remains there is fear in Domdaniel. His blood alone "can quench that dreaded fire—the fire that threatens the masters of the spell." And how shall the sorcerer know the destroyer? On his hand is a ring in which is set a gem that burns "like a living eye of fire."

"When the hand that wears the spell
Shall touch the destined boy,
Then shall that eye be quenched,
And the freed element
Fly to its sacred and remembered spring."

From tribe to tribe, from town to town, from tent to tent, had passed Abdaldar; and

"Many a time his wary hand
To many a youth applied the ring,
And still the imprisoned fire
Within its crystal socket lay compressed,
Impatient to be free!"

He hied him over the sands of the scorching Tehama; he had sought him over the waterless mountains of Nayd; in Yemen the happy, and in Hejaz, the country beloved by believers; over all Arabia, the servant of Eblis had sought, but found not, the destroyer. What sees he now?

"At length to the cords of a tent,
That were stretched by an island of palms,
In the desolate sea of the sands,
The seemly traveller came,
Under a shapely palm,
Herself as shapely, there a damsel stood;
She held her ready robe,
And look'd towards a boy,
Who from the tree above,
With one hand clinging to its trunk,
Cast with the other down the cluster'd dates.

"The wizard approach'd the tree,
He lean'd on his staff, like a way-faring man,
And the sweat of his travel was seen on his brow.
He ask'd for food, and lo!
The damsel proffers him her lap of dates;
And the stripling descends, and runs to the tent,
And brings him forth water, the draught of delight.

"Anon the master of the tent,
The father of the family,
Came forth, a man in years, of aspect mild.
To the stranger approaching he gave
The friendly saluting of peace,
And bade the skin be spread.
Before the tent they spread the skin,
Under a tamarind's shade,
That, bending forward, stretch'd
Its boughs of beauty far.
They brought the traveller rice,
With no false colours tinged to tempt the eye,
But white as the new-fallen snow,
When never yet the sullying sun
Hath seen its purity,
Nor the warm zephyr touch'd and tainted it.
The dates of the grove before their guest
They laid, and the luscious fig,
And water from the well.
The damsel from the tamarind tree
Had pluck'd its acid fruit,
And steep'd it in water long;
And whoso drank of the cooling draught,
He would not wish for wine.
This to the guest the damsel brought,
And a modest pleasure kindled her cheek,
When raising from the cup his moisten'd lips,
The stranger smil'd, and prais'd, and drank again.

Ah, cursed one! if this be he,
If thou hast found the object of thy search,
Thy hate, thy bloody aim,—
Into what deep damnation wilt thou plunge
Thy miserable soul!—
Look! how his eye delighted watches thine!—
Look! how his open lips
Gasp at the winning tale!—
And nearer now he comes,
To lose no word of that delightful talk.
Then as in familiar mood,
Upon the stripling's arm
The sorcerer laid his hand,
And the fire of the crystal fled.

"While the sudden shoot of joy
Made pale Abdaldar's cheek,
The master's voice was heard:
'It is the hour of prayer,—
My children, let us purify ourselves,
And praise the Lord our God!'
The boy the water brought;
After the law they purified themselves,
And bent their faces to the earth in prayer.

"All, save Abdaldar; over Thalaba
He stands, and lifts the dagger to destroy.
Before his lifted arm receiv'd
Its impulse to descend,
The blast of the desert came.
Prostrate in prayer, the pious family
Felt not the simoom pass.
They rose, and lo! the sorcerer lying dead,
Holding the dagger in his blasted hand."

We already love Oneiza. The picture of evening in that tent reveals to us the character of the Arab family, and of the desert life. Peace, innocence, and piety! The interposition of Heaven at the hour of prayer, sending the simoom blast the sorcerer, is not felt as a sublime thought in the genius of the bard, but as a sacred thought in the faith of the believer. The conversation that ensues between Thalaba and Oneiza is but of few words, but very illustrative of their respective characters—

"THALABA.

in presence of their fathers, till asked by eye or hand readier than voice; and the more than gentleness of the maid, her silence and her stillness, we have always felt to be charmingly characteristic contrasted with the lightness and alacrity of all her motions, when engaged in her tenthousand affairs and ordinary domestic duties. She is timid—as well she may be—even standing by the side of Thalaba—so near that unhallowed corpse. But her fears are for him more than for herself; she shudders to see the sorcerer's ring in his hand. "Bury it—bury it!" Moath, too, prudent in age, counsels him to heap the sand over it, saying,—

"This wretched man
Whom God hath smitten in the very purpose
And impulse of his unpermitted crime,
Belike was some magician, and these lines
Are of the language that the demons use!

ONEIZA.

Bury it! bury it! dear Thalaba!"

But Thalaba ponders on all that Moath says about the virtue of rings and stones, and moved by one of those unaccountable impulses that often urge men on to their destiny of good or evil, wondering why the strange man should have attempted his life, and connecting the ring and "its living eye of fire" with himself more than he knew, he disregards Moath's counsel—though youth be obedient to age—and says—

"My father, I will wear it.

MOATH.

Thalaba!

THALABA.

In God's name, and the prophet's! be its power
Good, let it serve the righteous: if for evil,
God, and my trust in Him shall hallow it.

So Thalaba drew on
The written ring of gold.
Then in the hollow grave
They laid Abdaladar's corpse,
And leveled over him the desert dust."

But the place is polluted, and they must go to some other oasis. In the following six short lines what power of picturing to the eye!

"Then from the pollution of death
With water they made themselves pure;
And Thalaba drew up
The fastening of the cord;
And Moath furl'd the tent;
And from the grove of palms Oneiza led
The camels, ready to receive their load."

The tent is again pitched, and at midnight an evil spirit—visible but to him—tries to draw the ring from Thalaba's finger. Commanded by the chosen youth, in the name of the prophet, the spirit tells him the name of his father's murderer—Okba, the wise magician—and the destroyer bids him bring the bow and arrows of Hodeirah.

"Distinctly Moath heard his voice; and she,
Who, through the veil of separation, watched
All sounds in listening terror, whose suspense
Forbade the aid of prayer."

There is some poetry so very beautiful, and the beauty, though exquisite, is at the same time

so patent to every eye that communicates with a human heart, that what in this world can a critic do with it—yet Christopher North is not a critic—but print the whole of it, without leaving out a single syllable, and then simply say, "Read that, my beloved! and whilst thou art reading let me gaze into thine eyes; and, dearest! never mind though they should be first dimmed a little, then wet, then filled, and then drowned with tears!" It is even so with this tent in the Arabian wilderness. The evil spirit had laid Hodeirah's bow and arrows at the feet of the Thalaba!

"Nor ever from that hour
Did rebel spirit on the tent intrude,
Such virtue had the spell.
Thus peacefully had the vernal years
Of Thalaba past on,
Till now, without an effort, he could bend
Hodeirah's stubborn bow.
Black were his eyes and bright,
The sunny hue of health
Glow'd on his tawny cheek.
His lip was darken'd by maturing life;
Strong were his shapely limbs, his stature tall;
Peerless among Arabian youths was he."

Whence had he come to the tent of Moath? Moath met him in the wilderness where he had been left alone, when Azrael released his mother from her woes. "Me too, me too!" had then exclaimed young Thalaba; but

"Son of Hodeirah! the death-angel said,
It is not yet the hour.
Son of Hodeirah, thou art chosen forth
To do the will of Heaven;
To avenge thy father's death,
The murder of thy race;
To work the mightiest enterpriso
That mortal man hath wrought,
Live! and REMEMBER DESTINY
HATH MARKED THEE FROM MANKIND!"

So told he his tale to Moath—and Oneiza had heard it—but in her perfect happiness, as she and Thalaba grew up together, she had forgotten it; if a tear sometimes overshadowed her, and lay like a gloom on the tent, shall she suffer some few strange words, uttered long ago, to distract her—

"Oneiza called him brother; and the youth
More fondly than a brother loved the maid;
The loveliest of Arabian maidens sho!
How happily the years
Of Thalaba went by!"

We said, "Oneiza in her perfect happiness;" and why said we so, seeing there never was and never will be perfect happiness on earth—not even in a tent inhabited by love, beauty, innocence, and piety, struck and pitched at will in one oasis beyond another oasis in the Arabian deserts? Oneiza weeps. Yet in spite of her tears, and in spite of our own, and in spite of all the lessons life has read us, and all the knowledge that experience has hoarded up, we say again, "Oneiza in her perfect happiness;" for all it wants of perfection is, that it should endure for ever; but that want is only known to us, it was not known to Oneiza, or if it were known, but momentarily, and at these moments only did she let fall a tear!

"But ever round his station he beheld
 Camels that knew his voice,
 And home-birds, grouping at Oneiza's call,
 And goats that, morn and eve,
 Came with full udders to the damsel's hand.
 Dear child! the tent beneath whose shade they dwelt
 It was her work; and she had twined
 His girdle's many hues;
 And he had seen his robe
 Grow in Oneiza's loom.
 How often, with a memory-mingled joy
 Which made her mother live before his sight,
 He watch'd her nimble fingers thread the woof!
 Or at the hand-mill, when she knelt and toil'd,
 Tost the thin cake on spreading palm,
 Or fix'd it on the glowing oven's side
 With bare wet arm, and safe dexterity.

"'Tis the cool evening hour:
 The tamarind from the dew
 Sheathes its young fruit, yet green.
 Before their tent the mat is spread,
 The old man's awful voice
 Intones the holy book.
 What if beneath no lamp-illum'd dome,
 Its marble walls bedeck'd with flourish'd truth,
 Azure and gold adornment? sinks the word
 With deeper influence from the Imam's voice,
 Where, in the day of congregation, crowds
 Perform the duty-task?
 Their father is their priest,
 The stars of heaven their point of prayer,
 And the blue firmament
 The glorious temple, where they feel
 The present Deity!

"Yet through the purple glow of eve
 Shines dimly the white moon.
 The slacken'd bow, the quiver, the long lance,
 Rest on the pillar of the tent.
 Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother's brow,
 The dark-eyed damsel sits;
 The old man tranquilly
 Up his curl'd pipe inhales
 The tranquilizing herb.
 So listen they the reed of Thalaba,
 While his skill'd fingers modulate
 The low, sweet, soothing, melancholy tones.

Her glossy tresses, and on holy-day
 Wreath'd the red flower-crown round
 Their waves of glossy jet?
 How happily the years
 Of Thalaba went by!"

Oneiza knows that Thalaba must ere long leave
 the tent. But to return! She knows he is com-
 missioned, and she has ceased to tremble at
 name, Destroyer.

"When will the hour arrive?" exclaimed the youth
 'Impatient boy,' quoth Moath, with a smile;
 'Impatient Thalaba!' Oneiza cried,
 And she too smiled; but in her smile
 A mild, reproachful melancholy mixed."

He waits but for a sign from heaven to go,
 lo! a cloud of locusts from the desolated field
 Syria.

"While thus he spake, Oneiza's eye looks up
 Where one towards her flew,
 Satiated, for so it seem'd, with sport and food.
 The bird flew over her,
 And as he pass'd above,
 From his relaxing grasp a locust fell.
 It fell upon the maiden's robe,
 And feebly there it stood, recovering slow.

"The admiring girl survey'd
 His out-spread sails of green;
 His gauzy underwings,
 One closely to the grass-green body furl'd,
 One ruffled in the fall, and half unclos'd.
 She viewed his jet-orb'd eyes;
 His glossy gorget bright,
 Green glittering in the sun;
 His plummy pliant horns,
 That, nearer as she gaz'd,
 Bent tremblingly before her breath.
 She view'd his yellow-circled front
 With lines mysterious vein'd;
 'And know'st thou what is written here,
 My father?' said the maid.
 'Look, Thalaba! perchance these lines
 Are in the letters of the ring,
 Nature's own language written here.'

Was upward glanced in fear.
 Now, as Thalaba replied, her cheek
 Lost its fresh and lively hue;
 For in the sun's bright edge
 saw, or thought she saw, a little speck,

The sage astronomer
 'Ho, with the love of science full,
 nabled that day at every passing cloud,
 ad not seen it, 'twas a speck so small.

las ! Oneiza sees the spot increase !
 And lo ! the ready youth
 his shoulder the full quiver slings,
 And grasps the slacken'd bow.
 spreads, and spreads, and now
 Hath shadowed half the sun,
 Whose crescent-pointed horns
 Now momentarily decrease.

day grows dark, the birds retire to rest ;
 Forth from her shadowy haunt
 the large-headed screamer of the night.

Far off the affrighted African,
 Deeming his god deceas'd,
 Falls on his knees in prayer,
 And trembles as he sees
 The fierce hyena's eyes
 in the darkness of that dreadful noon.

Thalaba exclaim'd, ' farewell,
 father ! my Oneiza ! ' the old man
 at his throat swell with grief.
 ' wilt thou go, my child ? ' he cried,
 ' wilt thou not wait a sign
 To point thy destin'd way ? '
 will conduct me ! ' said the noble youth.

He said, and from the tent,
 e depth of the darkness, departed.
 They heard his parting steps,
 quiver rattling as he past away."

ich makes you happiest—you know in what
 we ask—the picture of Ladurlad and Kail-
 their cane cottage, within the shadow of
 ondrus banyan tree—in the rich fields of
 stan—or of Moath, and Oneiza, and Thala-
 heir tent in the Arabian desert ? They have
 ccused, as you know, of the sin of sameness
 ings and inmates—and would that some
 oet were inspired by the spirit of sympathy
 itation, to give us a third picture, as like
 of the other two as they are to one another !
 he critic try ? Moath is a widower, and so
 urlad—and each has one daughter, who
 er father. In neither case would it have
 dvisable that there should be two, or a
 number. Though no Malthusians, we
 help thinking there is something very
 ting in an only child. Oneiza and Kailyal
 th pious, and therefore " beautiful exceed-
 ' but with Oneiza filial duty is a pure de-
 hat has no other knowledge of itself than
 is love ; with Kailyal it assumes the aspect
 of a profoundest pity and an awful sorrow ;
 joy at any time be hers, it is in the thought
 ore blessed still—the *sight* of the solace
 support that her joy yields to her father's
 —therefore it is that she dances before him
 therefore, like the bird of night, she sings.
 en Thalaba ! had he been some ordinary
 Arab, to whom Oneiza was engaged ; and
 ey been waiting with a natural impatient
 e for the time when they might pitch a

tent of their own, and leave old Moath to manage
 his own camels—even then the picture would
 have been a pleasant one ; nor should we have
 been entitled to find fault with such a betrothed.
 But being what he is—that tent is not only beau-
 tiful but glorious in the desert—and what other
 poet could have pitched it there at nature's bid-
 ding, and let it for her to such tenants at will or
 for life ?

Where now is Thalaba ? In the paradise of
 sin—Aloadin's enchantment—among mountains
 that belong to earth—yet seem not of it—swim-
 ming with all voluptuousness—where souls seem
 but senses, and desire no other heaven. Thither
 had he been led to be tried and to triumph—after
 having overcome perils strange and manifold—
 and can it be that he has forgot Oneiza ?

" With earnest eyes the banqueters
 Fed on the sight impure ;
 And Thalaba, he gazed,
 But in his heart he bore a talisman,
 Whose blessed alchymy
 To virtuous thoughts refin'd
 The loose suggestions of the scene impure.
 Oneiza's image swam before his sight,
 His own Arabian maid.

He rose, and from the banquet room he rush'd,
 And tears ran down his burning cheek ;
 And nature for a moment woke the thought,
 And murmured, that from all domestic joys
 Estranged, he wandered o'er the world
 A lonely being, far from all he loved.
 Son of Hodeirah, not among thy crimes
 That momentary murmur shall be written !

" From tents of revelry,
 From festal bowers to solitude he ran ;
 And now he reach'd where all the rills
 Of that well-watered garden in one tide
 Roll'd their collected waves.
 A straight and stately bridge
 Stretched its long arches o'er the ample stream.
 Strong in the evening, and distinct its shade
 Lay on the watery mirror, and his eye
 Saw it united with its parent pile,
 One huge fantastic fabric. Drawing near,
 Loud from the chambers of the bridge below,
 Sounds of carousal came, and song,
 And unveil'd women bade the advancing youth
 Come merry-make with them !
 Unhearing, or unheeding, Thalaba
 Past o'er with hurried pace,
 And plunged amid the forest solitude.

" Deserts of Araby !
 His soul returned to you.
 He cast himself upon the earth,
 And clos'd his eyes, and call'd
 The voluntary vision up.
 A cry, as of distress,
 Arous'd him ; loud it came and near !
 He started up, he strung his bow,
 He pluck'd the arrow forth.
 Again a shriek—a woman's shriek !
 And lo ! she rushes through the trees,
 Her veil all rent, her garments torn !
 He follows close, the ravisher—
 Even on the unechoing grass
 She hears his tread, so near !
 ' Prophet save me ! save me, God !
 Help ! help ! ' she cried to Thalaba ;
 Thalaba drew the bow.

The unerring arrow did its work of death.

He turned him to the woman, and beheld
His own Oneiza, his Arabian maid."

"My father, O my father!" Oneiza tells Thalaba how she was seized in sleep—and torn from their tent now sunk in the sand—and that her father is a wanderer in the wilderness. And who hath prepared this garden of delight, and wherefore are its snares?

"The Arabian maid replied,
'The women, when I entered, welcomed me
To Paradise, by Aloadin's will
Chosen, like themselves, a houri of the earth.
They told me, credulous of his blasphemies,
That Aloadin placed them to reward
His faithful servants with the joys of heaven.
O Thalaba! and all are ready here
To wreak his wicked will, and work all crimes!
How then shall we escape?'

'Wo to him!' cried the appointed, a stern smile
Darkening with stronger shades his countenance;
'Wo to him! he hath laid his toils
To take the antelope,
The lion is come in.'"

No wonder that Oneiza is fear-stricken, and despairs of escape from the paradise of sin. Kail-yal had no fears—for they were all swallowed up in love and pity for her miserable father—his persecutions more than her own wrongs awoke a spirit within her that scorned the Man-almighty as if he had been but a slave. Oneiza had been torn far away from her father—and found herself suddenly surrounded with unimagined evil in the realms of sin. She looked in the face of Thalaba—and the appointed

"Raised his hand to heaven.
'Is there not God, Oneiza?
I have a talisman, that, whoso bears,
Him, nor the earthly, nor the infernal powers
Of evil, can cast down.
Remember destiny
Hath mark'd me from mankind!
Now rest in faith, and I will guard thy sleep.'

With silver glitter caught
His meditating eye.
Then to Oneiza turn'd the youth,
And gave his father's bow,
And o'er her shoulder's slung
The quiver arrow-stor'd.
'Me other weapon suits,' said he
'Bear thou the bow: dear maid,
The days return upon me, when these shafts,
True to thy guidance, from the lofty palm
Brought down the cluster, and thy gladden'd
Exulting, turn'd to seek the voice of praise.
Oh! yet again, Oneiza, we shall share
Our desert joys!' So saying, to the bank
He mov'd, and stooping low,
With double grasp, hand below hand, he clench'd
And from its watery soil
Uptore the poplar trunk.
Then off he shook the clotted earth,
And broke away the head
And boughs, and lesser roots;
And lifting it aloft
Wielded with able sway the massy club.
'Now for this child of hell!' quoth Thalaba;
'Belike he shall exchange to-day
His dainty paradise
For other dwelling, and the fruit
Of zaccoum, cursed tree.'

"With that the youth and Arab maid
Toward the centre of the garden past.
It chanced that Aloadin had convok'd
The garden-habitants.
And with the assembled throng
Oneiza mingled, and the appointed youth.
Unmark'd they mingled, or if one
With busier finger to his neighbour notes
The quiver'd maid, 'haply,' he says,
'Some daughter of the Homerites,
Or one who yet remembers with delight
Her native tents of Himiar?' 'Nay!' rejoins
His comrade, 'a love-pageant! for the man
Mimics with that fierce eye and knotty club
Some savage lion-tamer, she forsooth
Must play the heroine of the years of old!'

"Radiant with gems upon his throne of gold
Sat Aloadin: o'er the sorcerer's head

Blasphemes and threatens me.
 Strong are his armies, many are his guards,
 Yet may a dagger find him.
 Children of earth, I tempt ye not
 With the vain promise of a bliss unseen,
 With tales of a hereafter Heaven
 Whence never traveller hath returned !
 Have ye not tasted of the cup of joy,
 That in these groves of happiness
 For ever over-mantling, tempts
 The ever thirsty lip ?
 Who is there here that by a deed
 Of danger will deserve
 The eternal joys of actual paradise ?

" I ! " Thalaba exclaim'd,
 And springing forward, on the sorcerer's head
 He dash'd the knotty club.

" He fell not, though the force
 Shattered his skull ; nor flow'd the blood,
 For by some hellish talisman
 His life imprison'd still
 Dwelt in the body. The astonish'd crowd
 Stand motionless with fear, and wait
 Immediate vengeance from the wrath of Heaven.
 And lo ! the bird . . the monster bird,
 Soars up . . then pounces down
 To seize on Thalaba !
 Now, Oneiza, bend the bow,
 Now draw the arrow home ! . . .
 True fled the arrow from Oneiza's hand ;
 It pierc'd the monster bird,
 It broke the talisman, . .
 Then darkness cover'd all, . .
 Earth shook, Heaven thunder'd, and amid the yells
 Of spirits accur'd, destroy'd
 The Paradise of Sin."

Southey and Scott have, each of them, more than once, or twice either, spoken of their master penser. Both moderns are great poets—and Southey's genius—in as far as it is moral, imaginative, and picturesque, bears a resemblance—with a difference—to the ancient's ; but Scott's one at all. Read *Marmion* and then the *Fairy Queen* ! Spenser wantons—revels—and riots in alaces of pleasure, and gardens of delight, and oases of bliss, and isles of joy, and his voluptuousness would be sensuality, were it not that as his soul seems to languish, and almost to die away in the delirium of the senses, his love and genius for the ideal as well as the beautiful (for surely these two are sometimes different) come to his aid, and by showing a crowd of fair images of unallied to pleasure, yet seeming superior to pleasure, tempt her, it may be said, away from temptation, till, as if rousing herself from a dangerous dream, till then too delightful to be resisted, she has power given her to break its silken chains, and rise up unstained from what had else soon been pollution. Southey, as Spenser was, a man of a tender spirit—but not only is he inferior to his "master" in warmth of passion, but he is superior to him in austerity of moral thought—if we might say it without wrong to the gentle Edmund—in the purity of self respect. A licentious image in Southey's poetry would be something shocking—monstrous ; perhaps in it passion too cold—true it is that no where else are to be seen so sincere the affections. Spenser would have subjected Oneiza to no unhalloed touch in

the Paradise of Sin, but we think he would have brought before our eyes how she was endangered ; while it is certain that he would have subjected Thalaba to some perilous allurements, which would have been painted *con amore*, and with a prodigality of passion. Which would have been best ? Both. For at this moment the memory of Thalaba's education in Moath's tent assures us that the appointed indeed acted according to his character in dealing as he did—dashing it into dust—with the Paradise of Sin.

" It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven,
 That, in a lonely tent, had cast
 The lot of Thalaba.
 There might his soul develop best
 Its strengthening energies ;
 There might he from the world
 Keep his heart pure and uncontaminated,
 Till at the written hour he should be found
 Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot."

Pleasure could not tempt Thalaba, but pride could, and the appointed was to atone for the guilt of that sin a ghastly punishment.

" O Sultan, live for ever ! be thy foes
 Like Aladdin all !
 The wrath of God hath smitten him."

The sultan of the land bids the victorious Arab "stand next to himself," and Thalaba, clad in purple, and crowned with a diadem, is led on the royal steed through the city, while heralds go before and cry

" Thus shall the sultan reward
 The man who serves him well !"

And Thalaba shall espouse the sultan's daughter, and be a prince of the land. Where is Oneiza ? From her bow had flown the shaft that slew the monster bird and saved Thalaba, and broke the talisman that held together the Paradise of Sin, at that breaking, in a moment dust. Far aloof she thinks of her father searching for her in vain through the wilderness ; she thinks of Thalaba with the diadem on his forehead, and her soul is sad. But what do we mean by jotting down words like these ? Read here "the consummation and the final woe !"

" When from the pomp of triumph
 And presence of the king
 Thalaba sought the tent allotted him,
 Thoughtful the Arabian maid beheld
 His animated eye,
 His cheek inflam'd with pride.

" Oneiza ! " cried the youth,
 ' The king hath done according to his word,
 And made me in the land
 Next to himself be nam'd ! . . .

But why that serious, melancholy smile ? . . .
 Oneiza, when I heard the voice that gave me
 Honour, and wealth, and fame, the instant thought
 Arose to fill my joy, that thou would'st hear
 The tidings, and be happy."

ONEIZA.—Thalaba,
 Thou would'st not have me mirthful ! am I
 An orphan, . . among strangers ?

THALABA.—But with me !

ONEIZA.—My father, . .

THALABA.—Nay, be comforted ! lost not

To what wert thou expos'd! in what a peril
The morning found us! . . . safety, honour, wealth,
These now are ours. This instant who thou wert
The sultan ask'd. I told him from our childhood
We had been plighted; . . . was I wrong, Oneiza?
And when he said with bounties he would heap
Our nuptials, . . . wilt thou blame me if I blest
His will, that made me fix the marriage day! . . .
In tears, my love? . . .

ONEIZA.—REMEMBER DESTINY
HATH MARK'D THEE FROM MANKIND!

THALABA.—Perhaps when Aladdin was destroy'd,
The mission ceas'd; else would wise Providence
With its rewards and blessings strew my path
Thus for accomplish'd service?

ONEIZA.—Thalaba!

THALABA.—Or if haply not, yet whither should I go?
Is it not prudent to abide in peace
Till I am summon'd?

ONEIZA.—Take me to the deserts!

THALABA.—But Moath is not there; and would'st
thou dwell

In a stranger's tent? thy father then might seek
In long and fruitless wandering for his child.

ONEIZA.—Take me then to Mecca!
There let me dwell a servant of the temple.
Bind thou thyself my veil, . . . to human eye
It never shall be lifted. There, whilst thou
Shalt go upon thine enterprise, my prayers,
Dear Thalaba! shall rise to succour thee,
And I shall live, . . . if not in happiness,
Surely in hope.

THALABA.—Oh, think of better things!
The will of Heaven is plain: by wondrous ways
It led us here, and soon the common voice
Will tell what we have done, and how we dwell
Under the shadow of the sultan's wing;
So shall thy father hear the fame, and find us
What he hath wish'd us ever. . . . Still in tears!
Still that unwilling eye! nay . . . nay . . . Oneiza, . . .
I dare not leave thee other than my own, . . .
My wedded wife. Honour and gratitude
As yet preserve the sultan from all thoughts
That sin against thee; but so sure as Heaven
Hath gifted thee above all other maids

And from the finish'd banquet now
The wedding guests are gone.

"Who comes from the bridal chamber? . . .
It is Azrael, the angel of death."

In the course of no other poem we know, does any calamity, at all to be compared with this, befall the chief actor and sufferer; on recovering from pity and terror, we feel as if it were not in nature that the poem could proceed—impossible that the appointed can drag himself up from his despair—and yet be the destroyer. The poet must have had a noble confidence in the power of his genius—of something within him even greater than his genius—who dared thus; and his triumph has overthrown a law laid down by the wise in the mysteries of our being, which would have seemed, but for that triumph, to be inexorable, and not to be violated without extinction of the very vital spirit of a poem—which would then cease to be a poem but in name. Oneiza dead—Thalaba alive! She buried—he conquering on an earth that holds her dust! Revenge pursuing its object—love objectless! But where and what now is Thalaba?

WOMAN.—"Go not among the tombs, old man!
There is a madman there.

OLD MAN.—Will he harm me if I go?

WOMAN.—Not he, poor miserable man!
But 'tis a wretched sight to see
His utter wretchedness.

For all day long he lies on a grave,
And never is he seen to weep,
And never is he heard to groan;
Nor ever at the hour of prayer
Bends his knee or moves his lips.

I have taken him food for charity,
And never a word he spake;
But yet so ghastly he look'd,
That I have awaken'd at night

With the dream of his ghastly eyes.
Now go not among the tombs, old man!

OLD MAN.—Wherefore has the wrath of God
So sorely stricken him?

"Then to the sepulchre
The women pointed out,
Old Moath bent his way.
By the tomb lay Thalaba,
In the light of the setting eve;
The sun, and the wind, and the rain,
Had rusted his raven locks;
His cheeks were fallen in,
His face-bones prominent;
By the tomb he lay along,
AND HIS LEAN FINGERS PLAY'D,
UNWITTING, WITH THE GRASS THAT GREW BESIDE.

"The old man knew him not,
And, drawing near him, cried,
'Countryman, peace be with thee!'
The sound of his dear native tongue
Awaken'd Thalaba;
He rais'd his countenance,
And saw the good old man,
And he arose, and fell upon his neck,
And groan'd in bitterness.
Then Moath knew the youth,
And fear'd that he was childless; and he turn'd
His eyes, and pointed to the tomb.
'Old man!' cried Thalaba,
'Thy search is ended there!'

"The father's cheek grew white,
And his lip quivered with the misery;
Howbeit, collecting, with a painful voice
He answered, 'God is good! his will be done!'

"The woe in which he spake,
The resignation that inspir'd his speech,
They soften'd Thalaba.
'Thou hast a solace in thy grief,' he cried,
'A comfort within!
Moath! thou seest me here,
Deliver'd to the evil powers,
A God-abandon'd wretch!'

"The old man look'd at him incredulous.
'Nightly,' the youth pursued,
'Thy daughter comes to drive me to despair.
Moath, thou think'st me mad, . . .
But when the cryer from the minaret
Proclaims the midnight hour,
Hast thou a heart to see her?'

"In the Moidan now
The clang of clarions and of drums
Accompanied the sun's descent.
'Dost thou not pray, my son?'
Said Moath, as he saw
The white flag waving on the neighbouring mosque:

Then Thalaba's eye grew wild,
'Pray!' echoed he; 'I must not pray!
And the hollow groan he gave
Went to the old man's heart,
And, bowing down his face to earth,
In fervent agony he call'd on God.

"A night of darkness and of storms!
Into the chamber of the tomb
Thalaba led the old man,
To roof him from the rain.
A night of storms! the wind
Swept through the moonless sky,
And moan'd among the pillar'd sepulchres;
And, in the pauses of its sweep,
They heard the heavy rain
Beat on the monument above.
In silence on Oneiza's grave
The father and the husband sat.

"The cryer from the minaret
Proclaim'd the midnight hour.
'Now, now!' cried Thalaba;
And o'er the chamber of the tomb
There spread a lurid gloam,
Like the reflection of a sulphur fire;
And in that hideous light
Oneiza stood before them. It was she, . . .
Her very lineaments, . . . and such as death
Had changed them, livid cheeks, and lips of blue;
But in her eyes there dwelt
Brightness more terrible
Than all the loathsomeness of death.
'Still art thou living, wretch?'
In hollow tones she cried to Thalaba;
'And must I nightly leave my grave
To tell thee, still in vain,
God hath abandon'd thee?'

"This is not she!' the old man exclaim'd;
'A fiend! a manifest fiend!'
And to the youth he held his lance;
'Strike and deliver thyself!'
'Strike her!' cried Thalaba,
And, palsied of all powers,
Gaz'd fixedly upon the dreadful form.
'Yes, strike her!' cried a voice, whose tones
Flow'd with such sudden healing through his soul,
As when the desert shower
From death deliver'd him;
But, unobedient to that well-known voice,
His eye was seeking it,
When Moath, firm of heart,
Perform'd the bidding: through the vampire corpse
He thrust his lance; it fell,
And, howling with the wound,
Its demon tenant fled.
A sapphire light fell on them,
And, garmented with glory, in their sight
Oneiza's spirit stood.

"O Thalaba!' she cried,
'Abandon not thyself!
Would'st thou for ever lose me? . . . go, fulfil
Thy quest, that in the bowers of paradise
In vain I may not wait thee, O my husband!'
To Moath then the spirit
Turn'd the dark lustre of her angel eyes;
'Short is thy destin'd path,
O my dear father! to the abode of bliss.
Return to Araby,
There with the thought of death
Comfort thy lonely age,
And Azrael, the deliverer, soon
Shall visit thee in peace.'

What mental insanity is, in any case, the wisest physician knows not; it is his duty to prescribe for it nevertheless; and Sir Henry Hallford, that he might be enabled to do so judiciously, studied Shakspeare. The brain, we believe, is always affected; but how and where? Thalaba had no medical man to attend him among the tombs. Perhaps he was not insane—though a woman said to Moath,

"Go not among the tombs, old man!
There is a madman there."

He harmed no one—"not he, poor miserable man"—but he was haunted, it seems, by a fiend. Not a phantom but a vampire fiend, "a manifest fiend" to the eyes of old Moath. What if it had been a phantom—a phantom of Thalaba's brain? It wore the form, the face of Oneiza, and conscience

must have told him, for insanity is not utterly deaf to the still small voice—his was not so—that he, the appointed destroyer, had impiously forced Oneiza to be his bride. But the poet, with that wonderful faculty of adaptation with which he is gifted beyond every other, avails himself of the belief of those nations in vampires, and soul as the superstition is, he brings it into the service of poetry, and philosophy, and religion. An evil spirit entering into the dead body of Oneiza, torments him who caused her death by an offence to Heaven. How can he help believing it Oneiza? He bids her father wait for the hour and he will see, with his own eyes, his daughter come from the grave to curse him—and cry

“Still art thou living, wretch?
And must I nightly leave my grave
To tell thee, still in vain,
God hath abandon’d thee?”

But no sin dimm’d Moath’s eyes, and they see through the horrid semblance. But not at Moath’s bidding would Thalaba—though all distraught—strike what seemed to him the ghost of Oneiza—changed towards him as the spirit was that glared in it—not even when a voice commanded that he knew to be the voice of the tent in the desert. Oneiza’s spirit alone could make him whole—an angel stood before him as the demon fled—and disease, with all its troubles, was cured by words from lips that could not lie, assuring him that he should meet his Oneiza in the bowers of Paradise, if her husband obeyed the will and command of heaven. Such resignation as now became his, could only have followed such despair—and by it the appointed is again endowed with the power of the destroyer.

“But now his heart was calm,
For on his soul a heavenly hope had dawn’d.”

And in the light of that hope, never again to be darkened, Thalaba resumes the quest of his father’s murderers—nor once fails his heart, nor faints, till his work is done—then

“IN THE SAME MOMENT, AT THE GATE
OF PARADISE, ONEIZA’S HOURI FORM

and the splendour of the church, to a common standard—has ransacked the high altar for its jewels, and the sacristy for its rich garments, stripped the court of its exclusiveness, and life of its romance; to us, therefore, who are to the modern manners born, Portugal in 1794, untouched by this great revolution, is a dream, as unreal as the life Watteau painted; we may admire the skill of the artist, but his picture to us represents mere masking scenes of court revellers, not life with its universal truth.

As if to heighten the illusion, the work is not divided into chapters, after the current fashion, but into days. We have twelve days described, and “twelfth night” itself should have been got up by the infanta, worthily to conclude the romance. We are perplexed to know where to begin our extracts, for the work is perfect in its unity, and, to be *felt* and understood, requires to be read continuously and throughout at a sitting. Let us observe the bustle of preparation. The grand prior of Aviz, and the prior of St. Vincent’s are about to visit the monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, accompanied by Mr. Beckford:—

“As my right reverend companions had arranged not to renounce one atom of their habitual comforts and conveniences, and to take with them their confidential acolytes and secretaries, as well as some of their favourite quadrupeds, we had in the train of the latter mentioned animals, a rare rabble of grooms, ferradors, and mule drivers. To these, my usual followers being added, we formed altogether a caravan which, camels and dromedaries excepted, would have cut no despicable figure even on the route of Mecca or Mesched Ali!

“The rallying point, the general rendezvous for the whole of this heterogeneous assemblage, was my quinta of San José. * * *

“‘Here I am, my dear friend,’ said the grand prior to me as I handed him out of his brother, the old marquis of Marialva’s, most sleepifying dormeuse, which had been lent him expressly for this trying occasion. ‘Behold me at last,’ (at last, indeed, this being the third put-off I had experienced,) ‘ever delighted with your company, but not so much so with the expedition we were going to undertake.’ * * *

“Why the grand prior should have dreaded the jour-

blocked up, half the population of Belem having poured forth to witness our departure. The lubberly drivers of the baggage carts were fighting and squabbling amongst themselves for the precedence. One of the most lumbering of these ill-constructed vehicles, laden with a large heavy marquee, had its hind wheels already well buffeted by the waves. At length it moved off; and then burst forth such vociferation and such deafening shouts of 'long live the prince!' and long live the Marialvas, and all their friends into the bargain!—the Englishmen of course included—as I expected, would have fixed a headache for life upon the unhappy grand prior.

"Amongst other noises which gave him no small annoyance, might be reckoned the outrageous snortings and neighings of both his favourite high-pampered chaise horses, out of compliment to one of my delicate English mares, who was trying to get through the crowd with a most engaging air of sentimental retiring modesty."

"This," says Mr. Beckford, "was the result of a surfeit of superfluities; had we been setting forth to explore the kingdom of Prester John, we could scarcely have gotten together a greater array of incumbrances."

We regret that it is not possible for us to accompany the travellers on their delightful journey. Here is an account of their arrival at Alcobaca:—

"We had no sooner hove in sight, and we loomed large, than a most tremendous ring of bells of extraordinary power, announced our speedy arrival. A special aviso, or broad hint from the secretary of state, recommending these magnificent monks to receive the grand prior and his companions with peculiar graciousness, the whole community, including fathers, friars, and subordinates, at least four hundred strong, were drawn up in grand spiritual array on the vast platform before the monastery, to bid us welcome. At their head, the abbot himself, in his costume of high almoner of Portugal, advanced to give us a cordial embrace.

"It was quite delectable to witness with what cooings and comfortings the lord abbot of Alcobaca greeted his right reverend brethren of Aviz and St. Vincent's—turtle doves were never more fondlesome, at least in outward appearance. Preceded by these three graces of holiness, I entered the spacious, massive, and somewhat austere Saxon looking church. All was gloom, except where the perpetual lamps burning before the high altar diffused a light most solemn and religious—(inferior twinkles from side chapels, and charities are not worth mentioning.) To this altar, my high clerical conductors repaired, whilst the full harmonious tones of several stately organs, accompanied by the choir, proclaimed that they were in the act of adoring the real presence.

"Whilst these devout prostrations were performing, I lost not a moment in visiting the sepulchral chapel, where lie interred Pedro the Just and his beloved Inez. The light which reached this solemn recess of a most solemn edifice was so subdued and hozy, that I could hardly distinguish the elaborate sculpture of the tomb, which reminded me, both as to design and execution, of the Beauchamp monument at Warwick, so rich in fretwork and imagery.

"Just as I was giving way to the affecting reveries which such an object could not fail of exciting in a bosom the least susceptible of romantic impressions, in came the grand priors hand in hand, all three together. 'To the kitchen,' said they in perfect unison,—'to the kitchen, and that immediately; you will then judge whether we have been wanting in zeal to regale you.'

"Such a summons, so conveyed, was irresistible; the three prelates led the way to, I verily believe, the most distinguished temple of gluttony in all Europe. What

Glastonbury may have been in its palmy state, I cannot answer; but my eyes never beheld in any modern convent of France, Italy, or Germany, such an enormous space dedicated to culinary purposes. Through the centre of the immense and nobly groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs, containing every sort and size of the finest river fish. On one side, loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stoves, extended a row of ovens, and close to them, hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into an hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field.

"My servants, and those of their reverend excellencies the two priors, were standing by in the full glee of witnessing these hospitable preparations, as well pleased, and as much flashed, as if they had been just returned from assisting at the marriage at Cana in Galilee. 'There,' said the lord abbot, 'we shall not starve: God's bounties are great,—it is fit we should enjoy them.'—(By the by, I thought this allegro, contrasted with the pensive of scarecrow convents, quite delightful.)"

Of the monastery itself the account is but brief:

"I rose early, (says Mr. Beckford,) slipped out of my pompous apartment, strayed about endless corridors—not a soul stirring. Looked into a gloomy hall, much encumbered with gilded ornaments, and grim with the ill-sculptured effigies of kings; and another immense chamber, with white walls covered with pictures in black lacquered frames, most hideously unharmonious.

"One portrait, the full size of life, by a very ancient Portuguese artist, named Vasquez, attracted my minute attention. It represented no less interesting a personage than St. Thomas a Becket, and looked the character in perfection;—lofty in stature and expression of countenance; pale, but resolute, like one devoted to death in his great cause; the very being Dr. Lingard has portrayed in his admirable history.

"From this chamber I wandered down several flights of stairs to a cloister of the earliest Norman architecture, having in the centre a fountain of very primitive form, spouting forth clear water abundantly into a marble basin. Twisting and straggling over this uncouth mass of sculpture, are several orange trees, gnarled and crabbed, but covered with fruit and flowers, their branches grotesque and fantastic, exactly such as a Japanese would delight in, and copy on his caskets and screens; their age most venerable, for the traditions of the convent assured me that they were the very first imported from China into Portugal. There was some comfort in these objects; every other in the place looked dingy and dismal, and steeped in a green and yellow melancholy.

"On the damp, stained, and mossy walls, I noticed vast numbers of sepulchral inscriptions (some nearly effaced) to the memory of the knights slain at the battle of Aljubarota: I gave myself no trouble to make them out; but, continuing my solitary ramble, visited the refectory, a square of seventy or eighty feet, begloomed by dark coloured painted windows, and disgraced by tables covered with not the cleanest or least unctuous linen in the world."

On the same day the party set out for Batalha. "The convent is poor and destitute, unworthy, nay, incapable of accommodating such guests as my lords the grand priors and yourself," said one of the dignitaries of the chapter, "but I hope we have provided against the chill of a meagre re-

ception;" and he spoke truly, as appeared on their arrival:—

"My eyes being fairly open, I beheld a quiet solitary vale, bordered by shrubby hills; a few huts, and but a few, peeping out of dense masses of foliage; and high above their almost level surface, the great church, with its rich cluster of abbatial buildings, buttresses, and pinnacles, and fretted spires, towering in all their pride, and marking the ground with deep shadows that appeared interminable, so far and so wide were they stretched along. Lights glimmered here and there in various parts of the edifice; but a strong glare of torches pointed out its principal entrance, where stood the whole community waiting to receive us.

"While our sumpter mules were unlading, and ham, and pies, and sausages were rolling out of plethoric hampers, I thought these poor monks looked on rather enviously. My more fortunate companions—no wretched cadets of the mortification family, but the true elder sons of fat mother church—could hardly conceal their sneers of conscious superiority. A contrast so strongly marked, amused me not a little.

"The space before the entrance being narrow, there was some difficulty in threading our way through a labyrinth of panniers, and coffers, and baggage,—and mules, as obstinate as their drunken drivers, which is saying a great deal,—and all our grooms, lackeys, and attendants, half asleep, half muddled.

"The Batalha prior and his assistants looked quite astounded when they saw a gauze curtained bed, and the grand prior's fringed pillow, and the prior of St. Vincent's superb coverlid, and basins, and ewers, and other utensils of glittering silver, being carried in. Poor souls! they hardly knew what to do, to say, or be at—one running to the right, another to the left—one tucking up his flowing garments to run faster, and another rebuking him for such a deviation from monastic decorum.

"At length, order being somewhat re-established, and some fine painted wax tapers, which were just unpacked, lighted, we were ushered into a large plain chamber, and the heads of the order presented by the humble prior of Batalha to their superior mightinesses of San Vicente and Aviz. Then followed a good deal of gossiping chat, endless compliments, still longer litanies, and an enormous supper."

We pass by the strange and stirring incidents

"We passed the refectory, a plain solid building, with a pierced parapet of the purest Gothic design and most precise execution, and traversing a garden-court divided into compartments, where grew the orange trees whose fragrance we had enjoyed, shading the fountain by whose murmurs we had been lulled, passed through a sculptured gateway into an irregular open space before the grand western façade of the great church—grand indeed—the portal full fifty feet in height, surmounted by a window of perforated marble of nearly the same lofty dimensions, deep as a cavern, and enriched with canopies and imagery in a style that would have done honour to William of Wykeham, some of whose disciples or co-disciples in the train of the founder's consort, Philippa of Lancaster, had probably designed it.

"As soon as we drew near, the valves of a huge oaken door were thrown open, and we entered the nave, which reminded me of Winchester in form of arches and mouldings, and of Amiens in loftiness. There is a greater plainness in the walls, less paneling, and fewer intersections in the vaulted roof; but the utmost richness of hue, at this time of day at least, was not wanting. No tapestry, however rich—no painting, however vivid—could equal the gorgeoussness of tint, the splendour of the golden and ruby light which streamed forth from the long series of stained windows: it played flickering about in all directions, on pavement and on roof, casting over every object myriads of glowing mellow shadows ever in undulating motion, like the reflection of branches swayed to and fro by the breeze. We all partook of these gorgeous tints—the white monastic garments of my conductors seemed as it were embroidered with the brightest flowers of paradise, and our whole procession kept advancing invested with celestial colours. * * *

"I could not fail observing the admirable order in which every—the minutest nook and corner of this truly regal monastery is preserved: not a weed in any crevice, not a lichen on any stone, not a stain on the warm-coloured apparently marble walls, not a floating cress on the unsullied waters of the numerous fountains. The ventilation of all these spaces was most admirable; it was a luxury to breathe the temperate delicious air, blowing over the fresh herbs and flowers, which filled the compartments of a parterre in the centre of the cloister, from which you ascend by a few expansive steps to the chapter-house, a square of seventy feet, and the most strikingly beautiful apartment I ever beheld. The graceful arching of the roof, unsupported by console or column, is unequalled: it seems suspended by magic; indeed, human

midst of each of these trim parterres, a fountain enclosed within a richly-gilded cage containing birds of every variety of size, song, and plumage; parrots with pretty little flesh-coloured beaks, and parrots of the largest species, looking arch and cunning, as they kept cracking and grinding walnuts and filberts between their bills as black as ebony.

"In one of these inclosures I noticed an immense circular basin of variegated marble, surrounded by a gilt metal balustrade, on which were most solemnly perched a conclave of araras and cockatoos. Their united screechings and screamings, upon my approach, gave the alarm to a multitude of similar birds, which issued forth in such clouds from every leaf and spray of these vaulted walls of verdure, that I ran off as if I had committed sacrilege, or feared being transformed by art-magic into a biped, completely rigged out with beak, claws, and feathers. * *

"It was some time before any sounds, except the whirring and whizzing of enormous cockchafers, and the flitting of fans almost as large as the vans of a windmill, were audible. At length the great lady broke silence, by asking me whether we had any birds in England: to which, rising from my chair, I replied with a low obeisance, that, thanks be to God, we were blessed with an immense number.

"* Indeed!" rejoined her excellency; "I thought your country too cold to allow them, sweet dears, to build their nests and enjoy themselves."

"* Yes," observed the Jesuit, "the climate of your island must be very bitter. Camoens, whose authority none can dispute, calls it

A grande Inglaterra che de neve
Boreal sempre abunda.

(Canto 6, stanz. 42.)

"which being undoubtedly the case," continued the bird-queen, "that great number you boast of must be imported: indeed, I understand as much from an old servant of my father's, who made a fortune by dealing in canary-birds, and taking them to your great town, where you can hardly distinguish night from day, as he told me. But what will not the lure of gain make us submit to? He was continually resorting to that black place with his living wares, (how I pity them!) and, to be sure, he gained sufficient, though he almost coughed his lungs out, to buy a nice quinta in my neighbourhood. * * But tell me fairly, most estimable Englishman, have you any native birds in your island?"

The closing scene of the volume is a fearful one. After an audience with the prince regent, the Marquis Anjeja took Mr. Beckford into a private apartment—

"You see, his royal highness is more gloomy than he used to be.

"Upon the whole," answered I, "his spirits are less depressed than I was led to imagine."

"Ah!" replied Anjeja, "you little think, notwithstanding this apparent levity, what an accumulated weight of sorrows press him down: he is the most affectionate of sons, the most devoted; and being such, feels for his mother's sufferings with the acutest poignancy. Those sufferings were frightfully severe, more heart-rending than any words of mine can express. This very evening he knelt by the queen's couch above two hours, whilst, in a paroxysm of mental agony, she kept crying out for mercy, imagining that, in the midst of a raging flame which enveloped the whole chamber, she beheld her father's image a calcined mass of cinder,—a statue in form like that in the Terreiro do Paco, but in colour black and horrible,—erected on a pedestal of molten iron, which a crowd of ghastly phantoms—she named them, I shall not—were in the act of dragging down. This vision haunts her by night and by day." * * *

"At this moment, the most terrible, the most agonising shrieks—shrieks such as I hardly conceived possible—shrieks more piercing than those which rung through the castle of Berkely, when Edward II. was put to the most cruel and torturing death—inflicted upon me a sensation of horror such as I never felt before. The queen herself, whose apartment was only two rooms off from the chamber in which we were sitting, uttered those dreadful sounds: 'Ai Jesus! Ai Jesus!' did she exclaim again and again in the bitterness of agony."

Here we conclude, but not without regret.

From the London Quarterly Review.

1. *Physiologie du Goût: ou Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante; Ouvrage Théorique, Historique, et à l'ordre du Jour. Dédié aux Gastronomes Parisiens.* Par Un Professeur (M. Brillat Savarin), Membre de plusieurs Sociétés Savantes. 2 tomes. 5me édition. Paris. 1835.

2. *The French Cook. A System of Fashionable and Economical Cookery; adapted to the Use of English Families, &c.* By Louis Eustace Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI. and the Earl of Sefton, &c. &c. 12th edition. With Appendix, &c. London. 1833.

M. Henrion de Pensée, late president of the court of cassation, the magistrate (according to M. Royer Collard) of whom regenerated France has most reason to be proud, expressed himself as follows to MM. Laplace, Chaptal, and Berthollet, three of the most distinguished men of science of their day:—"I regard the discovery of a dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes; and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honoured or adequately represented amongst us, until I see a cook in the first class of the institute." We may probably have been suspected of partially coinciding with the opinion of the president, from a recent article on the principles which ought to regulate the choice and preparation of food.* It is our present intention, in spite of any such surmises, to submit to our readers a sketch of the history, present state, and literature—for it has a literature—of cookery. As regards the historical part of the enquiry, indeed, we shall be exceedingly brief, and not at all learned—bestowing only a passing glance on the ancients, and hurrying on as fast as possible to France; where only the *art* is generally understood and appreciated—where only it has ever yet received the smallest portion of the honours which M. de Pensée considers as its due.

It is sagaciously remarked by Madame Dacier, that Homer makes no mention of boiled meat in any of his works; and in all the entertainments described by him, as in the dinner given by Achilles to the royal messengers in the ninth Iliad, the *piece de resistance* undoubtedly is a broil; from which it is not perhaps illogically inferred, that the Greeks had not as yet discovered the mode of making vessels to bear fire. This discovery is supposed to have reached them from Egypt, and

* Quart. Rev. No. CIV. page 206.

they rapidly turned it to the best possible account. The Athenians, in particular, seem to have as much excelled the rest of Greece in gastronomy, as the French, the modern nation most nearly resembling them, excel the rest of Europe in this respect. The best proof of this assertion is to be found in the circumstance, that the learned have agreed to rank amongst the most valuable of the lost works of antiquity, a didactic poem on gastronomy, by Archestratus, the intimate friend of one of the sons of Pericles. "This great writer," says Athenæus, "had traversed earth and sea to render himself acquainted with the best things which they produced. He did not, during his travels, enquire concerning the manners of nations, as to which it is useless to inform ourselves, since it is impossible to change them;—but he entered the laboratories where the delicacies of the table were prepared, and he held intercourse with none but those who could advance his pleasures. His poem is a treasure of science, every verse a precept."

These terms of exalted praise must be taken with a few grains of salt, for, considering the imperfect state of the physical sciences at the time, it may well be doubted whether Archestrates succeeded in producing so complete a treasure of precepts as his admirers have supposed. Another ground of scepticism is supplied by the accounts that have come down to us of the man himself, who is said to have been so small and lean, that, when placed in the scales, his weight was found not to exceed an obolus; in which case he must have borne a strong resemblance to the Dutch governor mentioned in Knickerbocker's history of New York, who pined away so imperceptibly, that when he died there was nothing of him left to bury. Besides, it is highly probable that all that was really valuable in the cookery of the Greeks, was carried off, along with the other arts to which ordinary opinion assigns a yet higher value, to Rome. As, indeed, we know that the Romans sent a deputation to Athens to bring back the laws of Solon, and were in the constant habit of repairing thither to study in the schools, it

"Old Lucullus, they say,

Forty cooks had each day,
And Vitellius's meals cost a million;

But I like what is good,
When or where be my food.

In a chop-house or royal pavilion.

"At all feasts (if enough)

I most heartily stuff,

And a song at my heart alike rushes,

Though I've not fed my lungs

Upon nightingales' tongues,

Nor the brains of goldfinches and thrushes."

Neither have we much respect for epicures who could select so awkward and uncomfortable a position as a reclining one. It is quite frightful to think how they must have slobbered their long beards and togas, in conveying food from the table to their mouths without forks—for forks are clearly a modern discovery, none having been found in the ruins of Herculaneum—and it is difficult to conceive how they could manage to drink at all, unless they sat up as the goblet was passed to them. Eating, however, had certainly engaged the attention of the Roman men of science, though one only of their works on the subject has come down to us. It is supposed to have enlightened the public about the time of Heliogabalus—and bears the name of "Apicius," in honour of the connoisseur who spent about a million and a half of our money in the gratification of his palate, and then, finding that he had not above fifty thousand pounds left, killed himself for fear of dying of hunger.

The period comprising the fall of the Roman empire and the greater portion of the middle ages, was one of unmitigated darkness for the fine arts. Charlemagne, as appears from his capitularies, took a warm personal interest in the management of his table; and the Normans, a century or two later, are said to have prided themselves on their superior taste and discrimination in this respect—but the revival of cookery, like that of learning, is due to Italy. We are unable to fix the precise time when it there began to be cultivated with success, but it met with the most enlightened en-

be served cold, with the mode of adorning and embellishing them to make them pleasant to the view. He then entered on the order of the service, full of elevated and important considerations—

'Nec minime sane discrimine refert
Quo gestu lepores et quo gallina secetur.'

And all this expressed in rich and magnificent terms, in those very terms, indeed, which one employs in treating of the government of an empire—I well remember my man."

Now, the strongest proofs in favour of the excellence of the ancients in painting, are deduced from the descriptions of the principles and effects of painting to be found in the poets, historians and orators of antiquity, who, it is argued, would never have spoken as they do speak of it, had not the principles been understood and the effects in question been at least partially produced.* Arguing in the same manner from the above passage, we infer, that culinary science must have made no inconsiderable progress, to enable Montaigne's acquaintance to discourse upon it so eloquently. There is also good reason to believe that it had made some progress in England, as Cardinal Campeggio, one of the legates charged to treat with Henry VIII. concerning his divorce from Catherine, drew up a report on the state of English cookery as compared with that of Italy and France, probably by the express desire, and for the especial use, of his holiness the pope. Henry, moreover, was a liberal rewarder of that sort of merit which ministered to the gratification of his appetites; and on one occasion he was so transported with the flavour of a new pudding, that he gave a manor to the inventor.

History, which has only become philosophical within the last century, and took little note of manners until Voltaire had demonstrated the importance of commemorating them, affords no materials for filling up the period which intervened between the arrival of Catherine of Medicis and the accession of Louis XIV., under whom cookery made prodigious advances, being one while employed to give a zest to his glories, and then again to console him in their decline.† The name of his celebrated *maitre d'hôtel*, Bechamel, a name as surely destined to immortality by his sauce, as that of Herschel by his star, or that of Baffin by his bay, affords guarantee and proof enough of the discriminating elegance with which the royal table was served; and, as may be seen in the memoirs and correspondence of the time, Colbert, the celebrated administrator, and Condé, the great captain, were little, if at all, behindhand in this respect with royalty. The closing scene of Vatel, the *maitre d'hôtel* of Condé, has been often quoted, but it forms so essential a portion of this history, that we are under the absolute necessity of inserting it:—

"I wrote to you yesterday," says Madame de Sevigny, "that Vatel had killed himself; I here give you the affair

* This argument is well put in Webb's Dialogues on painting.

† Liqueurs were invented for the use of Louis XIV. in his old age, when he could scarcely endure existence without a succession of artificial stimulants. His appetite in the prime of life was prodigious.

in detail. The king arrived on the evening of the Thursday; the collation was served in a room hung with jonquils; all was as could be wished. At supper there were some tables where the roast was wanting, on account of several parties which had not been expected; this affected Vatel: he said several times, 'I am dishonoured, this is a disgrace that I cannot endure.' He said to Gourville, 'My head is dizzy; I have not slept for twelve nights; assist me in giving orders.' Gourville assisted him as much as he could. The roast which had been wanting, not at the table of the king, but at the inferior tables, was constantly present to his mind. Gourville mentioned it to the prince; the prince even went to the chamber of Vatel, and said to him:—'Vatel, all is going on well, nothing could equal the supper of the king.' He replied—'Monseigneur, your goodness overpowers me: I know that the roast was wanting at two tables.' 'Nothing of the sort,' said the prince; 'do not distress yourself, all is going on well.' Night came; the fireworks failed; they had cost sixteen thousand francs. He rose at four the next morning, determined to attend to every thing in person. He found every body asleep. He meets one of the inferior purveyors, who brought only two packages of sea fish: he asks, 'Is that all?' 'Yes, sir.' The man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the seaports. Vatel waits some time, the other purveyors did not arrive; his brain began to burn; he believed that there would be no more fish. He finds Gourville; he says to him, 'Monsieur, I shall never survive this disgrace.' Gourville made light of it. Vatel goes upstairs to his room, places his sword against the door, and stabs himself to the heart; but it was not until the third blow, after giving himself two not mortal, that he fell dead. The fish, however, arrives from all quarters; they seek Vatel to distribute it; they go to his room, they knock, they force open the door; he is found bathed in his blood. They hasten to tell the prince, who is in despair. The duke wept; it was on Vatel that his journey from Burgundy hinged. The prince related what had passed to the king, with marks of the deepest sorrow. It was attributed to the high sense of honour which he had after his own way. He was very highly commended; his courage was praised and blamed at the same time. The king said he had delayed coming to Chantilly for five years, for fear of the embarrassment he should cause."

Such are the exact terms in which Madame de Sevigny has recorded the details of one of the most extraordinary instances of self devotion recorded in history. "Enfin, Manette, voila ce que c'était que Madame de Sevigné et Vatel! Ce sont les gens là qui ont honoré le siècle de Louis Quatorze."* We subjoin a few reflections taken from the epistle dedicatory to the shade of Vatel, appropriately prefixed to the concluding volume of the *Almanach des Gourmands*:—

"Who was ever more worthy of the respect and gratitude of true gourmands, than the man of genius who would not survive the dishonour of the table of the great Condé? who immolated himself with his own hands, because the sea fish had not arrived some hours before it was to be served? So noble a death insures you, venerable shade, the most glorious immortality! You have proved that the fanaticism of honour can exist in the kitchen as well as in the camp, and that the spit and the saucepan have also their Catos and their Deciuses.

* Your example, it is true, has not been imitated by any *maitre d'hôtel* of the following century; and in this philosophic age all have preferred living at the expense of their masters to the honour of dying for them. But your name will not be revered the less by all the friends

* French Vaudeville.

of good cheer. May so noble an example ever influence the emulation of all *maîtres d'hôtel* present and to come! and if they do not imitate you in your glorious suicide, let them at least take care by all means human, that sea fish be never wanting at our tables."

The Prince de Soubise, also, rejoiced in an excellent cook—a man of true science, with just and truly liberal notions of expenditure. His master one day announced to him his intention to give a supper, and demanded a *mênu*. The *chef* presented himself with his estimate; and the first article on which the prince cast his eyes was this: *fifty hams*—"Eh! what?" said he; "why, Bertrand, you must be out of your senses! are you going to feast my whole regiment?" "No, Monseigneur! one only will appear upon the table; the rest are not the less necessary for my *espagnole*, my *blonds*, my *garnitures*, my—" "Bertrand, you are plundering me, and this article shall not pass." "Oh, my lord," replied the indignant artist, "you do not understand our resources: give the word, and these fifty hams which confound you, I will put them all into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb." What answer could be made? The prince nodded, and the article passed.

To turn for a moment to England—the state of cookery under Charles II. is sufficiently indicated by the names of Chiffinch and Chaubert, to whose taste and skill the author of *Waverley* has borne ample testimony by his description of the dinner prepared for Smith, Ganleese, and Peveril of the Peak, at the little Derbyshire inn:—

"We could bring no *chauffettes* with any convenience; and even Chaubert is nothing, unless his dishes are tasted in the very moment of projection. Come, uncover, and let us see what he has done for us. Hum! ha! ay—squab pigeons—wild fowl—young chickens—venison cutlets—and a space in the centre, wet, alas! by a gentle tear from Chaubert's eye, where should have been the *soupe aux écrivisses*. The zeal of that poor fellow is ill repaid by his paltry ten louis per month."—*Peveril*, vol. ii. p. 165.

Under Queen Anne again, the gouty queen of

keeper. At last, even these puerile puppet shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeed to pigmies; and it is known that a celebrated confectioner (Lord Albemarle's) complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses, eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their *entrée*. "*Imaginez vous*," said he, "*que milord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond!*"

"The intendant of Gascony," adds Walpole, "on the late birth of the duke of Burgundy, amongst many other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moved by clock-work, of the whole labour of the dauphiness and the happy birth of an heir to the monarchy."—*Lord Orford's Works*, vol. i. p. 149.

Fortunately there were men of taste on both sides of the channel, who made art minister to other purposes than vanity, and amongst these the regent duke of Orleans most signally distinguished himself. His *petits soupers* conferred a celebrity on the scene of them, which it still preserves, sufficiently to justify the reply of the Frenchman, who, on being asked by a stranger in a remote part of Europe if he could tell him the direction of Paris, made answer, "*Monsieur, ce chemin-là vous conduira au Palais Royal.*" There is a vague tradition that the *chef* of the regent was pre-eminent in a *dinde aux truffes*. Louis XV., amidst all his other luxuries, was not unmindful of that which, it has been sagaciously observed, harmonises with all other pleasures, and remains to console us for their loss. It is generally understood that *tables volantes* were invented under his eye.

"At the *petits soupers* of Choisy (says the most graceful and tasteful of poets) were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, a table and a sideboard, which descended and rose again, covered with viands and wines. And thus the most luxurious court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last, by this singular contrivance, to the quiet and privacy of humble life."—*Rogers's Poems*, p. 135—*note*.

glory. *Entre nous*, he was wholly innocent of any invention whatever. But such is the way of the world!—he goes straight to posterity, and your most humble servant will end by leaving no token of remembrance behind him."

The revolution bid fair at its commencement to bring back a long night of barbarism upon art; and the destruction of the pre-existing races of amphitryons and diners-out was actually and most efficiently accomplished by it. We allude not merely to the nobility, with their appendages the chevaliers and abbés, but to the financiers, who employed their ill-got fortunes so gloriously as almost to make gastronomic philosophers forgetful of their origin. What a host of pleasing associations arise at the bare mention of a dish *à la financière*! They were replaced, however, though slowly, by the inevitable consequences of the events that proved fatal to them. The upstart chiefs of the republic, the plundering marshals and *parvenus* nobles of Napoleon, proved no bad substitutes in this way for the financiers, though they tried in vain to ape the gallant bearing, as well as the arms and titles of the old feudal nobility. Amongst the most successful of this mushroom generation was Cambaceres, second consul under the republic and arch-chancellor under the empire, who never suffered the cares of government to distract his attention from "the great object of life." On one occasion, for example, being detained in consultation with Napoleon beyond the appointed hour of dinner,—it is said that the fate of the Duc d'Enghien was the topic under discussion,—he begged pardon for suspending the conference, but it was absolutely necessary for him to despatch a special messenger immediately; then seizing a pen, he wrote this billet to his cook: "*Savez les entremets—les entrées sont perdues.*" He risked, however, much less than may be supposed; for the well known anecdote of the Geneva trout goes far to show that his table was in reality an important state engine of Napoleon, to which all minor considerations were to succumb.

As some compensation, again, for the injurious influence of the revolution in its first stages upon cookery, it is right to mention that it contributed to emancipate the *cuisine* from prejudice, and added largely to its resources. *Pièces de résistance*, says Lady Morgan, on Carême's authority, came in with the national convention,—potatoes were dressed *au naturel* in the reign of terror,—and it was under the directory that tea-drinking commenced in France. But both her ladyship and Carême are clearly in error when they say that one house alone (*les Frères Robert*) preserved the sacred fire of the French kitchen through the shock. The error of this supposition will appear from the following sketch of far the most important change effected by the revolution,—a change bearing the strongest possible affinity to that which the spread of knowledge has effected in literature.

The time has been when a patron was almost as indispensable to an author as a publisher: Spenser waiting in Southampton's anteroom was a favourable illustration of the class; and so long as this state of things lasted, their inde-

pendence of character, their position in society, their capacity for exertion, their style of thinking, were broken, lowered, contracted, and cramped. Circumstances, which it is beside the present purpose to dwell upon, have widened the field of enterprise, and led literary men to depend almost exclusively on the public for patronage, to the great manifest advantage of all parties. Precisely the same sort of change was effected in the state and prospects of French cookery by the revolution; which rapidly accelerated, if it did not altogether originate, the establishment of what now constitute the most distinctive excellence of Paris, its *restaurants*.

Boswell represents Johnson as expatiating on the felicity of England in her "Mitres," "Turks' heads" &c., and triumphing over the French for not having the tavern life in any perfection. The English of the present day, who have been accustomed to consider domesticity as their national virtue, and the habit of living in public as the grand characteristic of the French, will read the parallel with astonishment; but it was perfectly well founded at the time. The first restaurateur in Paris was *Champ d'Oiseau*, *Rue des Poulies*, who commenced business in 1770. In 1789 the number of restaurateurs had increased to a hundred; in 1804 (the date of the first appearance of the *Almanach des Gourmands*) to five or six hundred; and it now considerably exceeds a thousand. Three distinct causes are mentioned in the *Almanach* as having co-operated in the production and multiplication of these establishments. First, the rage for English fashions which prevailed amongst the French during the ten or fifteen years immediately preceding the revolution; "for the English," said the writer, "as is well known, almost always take their meals in taverns." Secondly, "the sudden inundation of undomiciled legislators, who, finishing by giving the *ton*, drew by their example all Paris to the *cabaret*." We are all aware that a somewhat similar inundation has been brought upon London by the reform bill; but it is to be hoped that our new representatives will not also finish by "setting the *ton*," and drawing all London to such pothouses as are at present frequented by the English tag-rag and the Irish tail. Thirdly, the breaking up of the domestic establishments of the rich secular and clerical nobility, whose cooks were thus driven to the public for support. Robert, for instance, one of the earliest and best of the profession, was *ci-devant chef* of the *ci-devant* archbishop of Aix. A fourth cause has been suggested, on which we lay no particular stress: it has been thought that the new patriotic *millionnaires*, who had enriched themselves by the plunder of the church and the nobility, were fearful, in those ticklish times, of letting the full extent of their opulence be known; and thus, instead of setting up an establishment, preferred gratifying their epicurean inclinations at an eating house.* Be this as it may, at the com-

* It was not unusual amongst the English adventurers who enriched themselves by the plunder of India, in the golden days of Paul Benfield and Lord Clive, to make a mystery of their wealth. "What does ——— mean (said

mencement of the nineteenth century the culinary genius of France had become permanently fixed in the *restaurants*, and when the allied monarchs arrived in Paris in 1814, they were absolutely compelled to contract with a restaurateur (Véry) for the supply of their table, at the moderate sum of 3000 francs a day, exclusive of wine.

We despair of doing justice to a tithe of the distinguished personages who have grown rich and famous in the public practice of their art in France, but we must endeavour to signalise a few of them, and we shall excite no envy by mentioning such names as Rechaud, Merillon, Robert, Beauvilliers, Méot, Rose, Legacque, Lédar, Brigaut, Naudet, Tailleur, Véry, Henneveu, and Baleine, because all and each of them are now generally regarded as historical. Of these, the three first have been ingeniously characterised as the Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Rubens, of cookery; and Beauvilliers was placed by acclamation at the head of the classical school, so called by way of contradistinction to the romantic school, of which the famous Carême is considered as the chief. Here again the philosophic observer will not fail to mark a close analogy between cookery and literature.*

Beauvilliers was a remarkable man in many ways, and we are fortunately enabled to furnish a few materials for his future biographer. He commenced the practice of his profession about 1782, in the Rue Richelieu, No. 20, which we record for the instruction of those who love to trace the historic sites of a metropolis. His reputation grew slowly, and did not arrive at its full height until the beginning of the present century, but it was never known to retrograde, and in 1814 and 1815 he fairly rivalled Véry in the favour of "*nos amis les ennemis*." He made himself personally acquainted with all the marshals and generals of taste, without regard to country, and spoke so much of the language of each as was necessary for his own peculiar sort of intercourse. His memory, also, is reported to have been such, that, after a lapse of twenty years, he could remember and address by name persons who had

third, of which no one had thought, or send for wine from a cellar of which he only had the key; in a word, he assumed so amiable and engaging a tone, that all these extra articles had the air of being so many benefactions from himself. But this Amphitryon-like character lasted but a moment; he vanished after having supported it, and the arrival of the bill gave ample evidence of the party's having dined at a *restaurant*. "*Beauvilliers*," says the author of the *Physiologie du Goût*, "made, unmade, and remade his fortune several times, nor is it exactly known in which of these phases he was surprised by death; but he had so many means of getting rid of his money, that no great prize could have devolved upon his heirs." Shortly before his exit he discharged the debt which according to Lord Bacon every man owes to his profession, (though we should not be sorry if it were less frequently paid,) by the publication of his *L'Art du Cuisinier*, in two volumes octavo. He died a few months before Napoleon.

Carême, like his great rival, is an author; and an intrepid one, for in the preface to his *Maître d'Hôtel Français*, he says, "I have proved uncontestedly that all the books, down to the present time, on our *cuisine* are *mediocre* and full of errors; and he then proceeds to give evidence of his own superior breeding, with his natural and acquired qualifications for the art. We have to thank himself and Lady Morgan, who prides herself on a personal acquaintance with him, for most of the leading particulars of his life.

Carême is a lineal descendant of that celebrated chef of Leo X., who received the name of *Jean de Carême*, (*Jack of Lent*), for a soup-maigre which he invented for the pope. It is remarkable that the first decisive proof of genius given by our Carême himself was a sauce for fast-diners. He began his studies by attending a regular course of roasting under some of the leading roasters of the day; though it is a favourite belief amongst gastronomers that poets and roasters are in one and the same category;—*on se fait cuisinier, mais on est ne rôtiisseur*—poëta nascitur,

child of Paris, who nobly sustains the characteristic reputation of a *financier*.

Having spoken of Beauvilliers and Carême as chiefs of two rival schools of art, we may naturally enough be expected to distinguish them; yet how are we to fix by words such a Cynthia of the minute as the evanescent delicacy, the light, airy, volatile aroma of a dish?—*nequeo narrare, et sentio tantum*. But if compelled to draw distinctions between these two masters, we should say, that Beauvilliers was more remarkable for judgment, and Carême for invention,—that, if Beauvilliers exhausted the old world of art, Carême discovered a new one,—that Beauvilliers rigidly adhered to the unities, and Carême snatched a grace beyond them,—that there was more *à plomb* in the touch of Beauvilliers—more curious felicity in Carême's,—that Beauvilliers was great in an *entrée*, and Carême sublime in an *entremet*,—that we would bet Beauvilliers against the world for a *fricandeau*, but should wish Carême to prepare the sauce were we under the necessity of eating up an elephant.*

As example is always better than precept, we subjoin Lady Morgan's sketch of a dinner by Carême at the Baron Rothschild's villa:

"I did not hear the announcement of *Madame est servie* without emotion. We proceeded to the dining-room, not as in England by the printed orders of the red-book, but by the law of the courtesy of nations, whose only distinctions are made in favour of the greatest strangers. The evening was extremely sultry, and in spite of venetian blinds and open verandas, the apartments through which we passed were exceedingly close. A dinner in the largest of them threatened much inconvenience from the heat; but on this score there was no ground for apprehension. The dining-room stood apart from the house, in the midst of orange trees: it was an elegant oblong pavilion of Grecian marble, refreshed by fountains that shot in air through scintillating streams, and the table, covered with the beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitted no odour that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene and fervour of the season. No burnished gold reflected the glaring sunset, no brilliant silver dazzled the eyes; porcelain, beyond the price of all precious metals by its beauty and its fragility, every plate a picture, consorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the masters of the feast had consulted the genius of the place in all.

"To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it; its character, however, was, that it was in season,—that it was up to its time,—that it was in the spirit of the age,—that there was no *perruque* in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish,—no high-spiced sauces, no dark-brown gravies, no flavour of cayenne and alspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking of the good old times, fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in silver dews, with chemical precision—

* On tepid clouds of rising steam*—

formed the *fond* all. EVERY MEAT PRESENTED ITS OWN NATURAL AROMA—EVERY VEGETABLE ITS OWN SHADE OF VERDURE: the *mayonese* was fried in ice, (like Ninon's description of Sevigné's heart,) and the tempered chill of

* "Lorsque cette sauce est bien traitée, elle feroit manger un elephant."—*Almanach des Gourmands*.

the *plombière* (which held the place of the eternal *fondue* and *soufflets* of our English tables) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite *avalanche*, which, with the hue and odour of fresh-gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense and dissipated every coarser flavour.

"With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks, as to actors, the wreath of Pasta or Sontag (divine as they are) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilisation. Cruelty, violence, and barbarism, were the characteristics of the men who fed upon the tough fibres of half-dressed oxen; humanity, knowledge, and refinement belong to the living generation, whose tastes and temperance are regulated by the science of such philosophers as Carême, and such amphitryons as his employers!"—*France in 1829*—30, vol. ii. p. 414.

We have never denied Miladi's cleverness—and some parts of this description manifest no inconsiderable advance in taste since our last happy meeting in these pages. It was good taste in *M. le premier Baron Juif* to prefer porcelain; it was good taste in Lady Morgan to appreciate it; and the sentence which we have printed in capitals seems to indicate that she had some vague notions of the peculiar merit of Carême. But what means she by "no dark-brown gravies?" Does she really mean to say that Carême was guilty of that worst of modern heresies, a service made up of *entrées blondes*, a tasteless, soulless monotony of white? Then, "flavour of cayenne and alspice! tincture of catsup and walnut pickle!" To avoid such atrocities made a feature in the glory of a Carême!

In the course of the evening, Lady Morgan requested Madame Rothschild to present Carême to her. The illustrious *chef* joined the circle in the *salon* accordingly: and we are sorry we have not space for the affecting and instructive interview which ensued—

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The leading restaurants of Paris at present are the *Rocher de Cancale*, *Rue Mont Orgueil*; *Grignon's*, *Rue Neuve des Petits Champs*; *Café de Paris*, *Boulevards Italiens*; *Lointier's*, *Rue Richelieu*; *Les Trois Frères Provençaux*, *Perigord's*, and *Véry's*, all three in the *Palais Royal*.

We have a few historical particulars of most of them to set down, always subject to one preliminary remark. In the preface to his agricultural chemistry, Sir Humphry Davy describes science as "extending with such rapidity, that even while he was preparing his manuscript for the press, some alterations became necessary." Now, not only does cookery advance and vary upon the same principle, but its professors are subject to changes from which the professors of other sciences are happily exempt. The fame of a restaurateur is always, in some sort, dependent upon fashion,—for a *plat's* prosperity lies in the mouth of him who eats it; and the merit of a restaurateur is always in some sort dependent upon his fame;

"For they can conquer who believe they can;"

Confidence gives firmness, and a quick eye and

steady hand are no less necessary to seize the exact moment of projection, and infuse the last *soufflon* of piquancy, than to mark the changing fortunes of a battle, or execute a critical winning hazard at the billiard table. Besides, few will be public-spirited enough to keep a choice of rare things in readiness, unless the demand be both constant and discriminating. We must, therefore, be held blameless in case of any disappointment resulting from changes subsequently to the commencement of the present year, 1835.

The *Rocher de Cancale* first grew into reputation by its oysters, which, about the year 1804, M. Balaine, the founder of the establishment, contrived the means of bringing to Paris fresh and in the best possible order, at all seasons alike; thus giving a direct practical refutation of the prejudice, that oysters are good in those months only which include the canine letter.* He next applied himself with equal and well-merited success to fish and game; and at length taking courage to generalise his exertions, he aspired to, and attained the eminence, which the *Rocher* has ever since enjoyed without dispute. His fulness of reputation dates from November 28th, 1809, when he served a dinner of twenty-four covers in a style which made it the sole topic of conversation to gastronomic Paris for a month. The bill of fare, a most appetising document, preserved in the "Almanach," exhibits the harmonious and rich array of four *potages*, four *relevés*, twelve *entrées*, four *grosses pièces*, four *plats de rôti*, and eight *entremets*. To dine, indeed, in perfection at the *Rocher*, the student should order a dinner of ten covers, a week or ten days beforehand, at not less than forty francs a head, exclusive of wine; nor is this price by any means excessive, for three or four louis a head were ordinarily given at Tailleur's more than twenty years ago.† If you have not been able to make a party, or are compelled to improvise a dinner, you had better ask the *garçon* to specify the luxuries of the day; provided always you can converse with him with *connoissance de cause*, for otherwise he will hardly condescend to communicativeness. When he does

report had got about in the autumn of 1834, that the celebrated *chef* was dead, and a scientific friend of ours took the liberty to mention it to the *garçon*, avowing at the same time his own total incredulity. He left the room without a word, but within five minutes he hurriedly threw open the door, exclaiming, "*Messieurs, il vient se montrer*;" and sure enough the great artist in his own proper person presented himself, and our distinguished ally enjoyed the honour of a brief, but pregnant conversation with a man whose works are more frequently in the mouths of his most enlightened cotemporaries, than those of any other great artist that could be named. Fastidiousness itself has detected but a single fault in them, which it would be wrong, however—particularly as manifesting some distrust of the influence of his general character—to suppress. It has been thought, hypercritically, perhaps, that the *entrées* and *entremets* at the *Rocher*, have a shade too much of the appearance of elaboration, and that the classic adage, "*ars est celare artem*," has escaped the attention of the master. This fault, it is to be observed, is characteristic of the old régime, as may be collected from one of the best descriptions of a dinner on record, that of the Count de Bethune's in Lady Blessington's last and cleverest novel.*

We shall run counter to a great many judgments, by taking *Grignon's* next; but on the present subject, as indeed on most others, we may apply Dryden's character of Buckingham, with the change of a single syllable, to ourselves:

"Stiff in opinions, always in the right."

The time has been when *Grignon's* was the most popular house in Paris, though it must be owned, we fear, that its popularity was in some sort owing to an attraction a little alien from the proper purpose of a *restaurant*: two damsels of surpassing beauty presided at the comptoir. But it had and has other merits, of a kind that will be most particularly appreciated by an Englishman. All the simple dishes are exquisite, and the fish (the rarest of all things at Paris) is really fresh.

for mastery in his soul, but the struggle terminated in our friend's favour, for he suddenly stole back to the table, and with the most unqualified admission of the excellence of the *Clos de Vougeot*, which was very generally in request—still, if he might venture to hint a preference, he would recommend a trial of the *Richebourg* instead. Now, *Richebourg* is by no means in the first class of wines, and the wine in question was only five francs a bottle, whilst the *Clos de Vougeot* was twelve; but our correspondent found every reason to rejoice in the discovery. Remember, we do not vouch for the existence of this identical *Richebourg* at this present writing; for vintages are unfortunately not renewable like hogsheads; and in Paris, where even the best restaurateurs pay comparatively little attention to their cellars, a first rate wine of any sort may be described pretty nearly as a virtuous despot was by the late Emperor Alexander; who, when Madame de Staël was expatiating to him on the happiness of his subjects in the possession of such a czar, is said to have exclaimed pathetically: "Alas! Madam, I am nothing but a happy accident." When one of these happy accidents (the wine or the emperor) expires, it is seldom, very seldom, that the vacant place can be adequately supplied. It is therefore just as well to procrastinate the catastrophe, by making no imprudent disclosures which may accelerate it; and in the present instance our informant did not make up his mind to impart the secret, until fairly convinced that there was little prospect of his profiting by it again—pretty much as Jonathan Wild was once induced to be guilty of a good action, after fully satisfying himself, upon the maturest deliberation, that he could gain nothing by refraining from it. Grignon's sherry (sherry being only taken as a *vin de liqueur* in France) will probably last our time, and we therefore do not hesitate to say that it is excellent. Another delicacy peculiar to the place, is *brit-sauce* (not *sauce de pain*) which, though no doubt imitated from the English composition called bread-sauce, will be found to bear no greater resemblance, than one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of an old woman, to the original; all the harsher points being mellowed down, and an indescribable shading of seductive softness infused.

The early fame of the *Vérays* was gained by their judicious application of the *truffe*. Their *entrées truffées* were universally allowed to be inimitable from the first, and they gradually extended their reputation, till it embraced the whole known world of cookery. We have already mentioned a decisive indication of their greatness in 1814, when they were commissioned by the allied sovereigns to purvey for them during their stay; and so long as the establishment on the Tuileries was left standing, the name of Véry retained its talismanic powers of attraction, the delight and pride of gastronomy—

"Whilst stands the coliseum, Rome shall stand;
And whilst Rome stands the world—"

But when the house in question was removed to make way for the public buildings which now rest upon its site, the presiding genius of the

family deserted it—*ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri*—and we seek in vain in their establishment in the Palais Royal, the charm which hung about its predecessor of the Tuileries. Death, too, had intervened, and carried off the most distinguished of the brothers. A magnificent monument has been erected to his memory in *Père la Chaise*, with an inscription concluding thus:—*Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles*. The house was put under a new system of management at the beginning of the last year, and bids fair to be once again a favourite with the connoisseur; unless the ignorant English, attracted thither by its former notoriety, should persevere in ruining it.

The ignorance occasionally displayed there is enough to ruin any artist in the world. For example, a friend of ours, two or three summers ago, had forced on his attention the proceedings of some bank clerks, enjoying their fortnight's furlough in France, who were attempting to order a dinner without knowing a syllable of French. Their mode of indicating their wishes was by copying at random sundry items from the *carte*, to the no small astonishment of the *garçon*, who saw *entremets* taking precedence of *entrées*, and a *vol-au-vent* postponed to the game. At length they wrote down as follows: for our authority begged and retains their dinner-bill as one of the most Upcottian of autographs—"Fricandeau à l'oseille ou à la chicorée." This was a puzzler; the waiter begged for explanation, and was referred, as to an unimpugnable authority, to the *carte*, which had certainly been copied to the letter. "*Bien, Messieurs, mais qu'est-ce que vous voulez, à l'oseille ou à la chicorée?*" They stared by turns at one another, and at him, but the matter of delay was a mystery, and the waiter no doubt desired the *chef* to send up what he could do quickest and easiest for two *bêtes Anglois*.

We find we must hurry over the rest upon our list. The *Café de Paris* is a delightful place to dine in during fine weather, by day-light; the rooms are the most splendid in Paris; and though the price of every thing is nearly a third higher than the average rate, even in the best houses, the tables are almost always full; so we need hardly add that it is completely *à la mode*. We have heard the cookery doubted by competent judges, and it is certainly exceedingly unequal; but some few of their dishes, as their *salmis* of game and *soles en matelotte Normande*, are allowed to be inimitable.

If you pass in front of *Périgord's*, a few doors from Véry's, in the palais royal, about seven, you will see a succession of small tables, occupied each by a single gastronome eating with all the gravity and precision becoming one of the most arduous duties of life—an unequivocal symptom of a *cuisine recherchée*. But the rooms, consisting merely of a ground floor and an *entresol*, are so hot and close, that it is always with fear and trembling that any English *savant* can venture to dine in them; a pure air being, in his opinion, absolutely necessary to the full enjoyment of the aroma of a dish.

Lointier's is an excellent house for a *dîner commande*, but we would recommend him to be

less prodigal of his *truffles*; the excessive use of which is quite destructive of the variety required in a well ordered *menu*.

The *Café Anglais*, on the Italian Boulevards, we recommend merely as the nearest good house to the *Varietes*, *Gymnase*, and *Porte St. Martin*; our own attention was first attracted to it by seeing a party, of which M. Thiers was the centre, in the constant habit of dining there. Now, M. Thiers is an hereditary judge of such matters; at least he was once described to us by another member of Louis Philippe's present cabinet, as "le fils aîné d'une très-mauvaise cuisinière," and we are willing to reject the invidious part of the description as a pleasantry or a bit of malice most peculiarly and particularly French. Or it may have been added out of kindness, for it is told of a wit of other days, that when a friend asked him if he was really married to an actress, he replied, "Yes, my dear fellow, but she was a . . . bad one"—meaning, evidently, that her vocation was for better things.

Les Trois Frères Provençaux gained their fame by *brandades de merluche*, *morue à l'ail*, and Provençal *ragouts*, but the best thing now to be tasted there is a *vol-au-vent*.

Hardy and *Riche* have been condemned to a very critical kind of notoriety by a pun—"Pour dîner chez Hardy, il faut être riche; et pour dîner chez Riche, il faut être hardi." We never were hardy enough to try Riche, but those who are rich enough to try Hardy, will still find a breakfast fully justifying the commendation of Mr. Robert Fudge:—

"I strut to the old café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*;

Tortoni, however, the Gunter of Paris, is the favourite just at present, for a *déjeuner*; and *parfait-amour* is obsolete.

We have spoken of the important effects produced by the breaking out of the revolution. We now proceed to mention the no less important effects produced by the conclusion of it—or rather of one of its great stages—which are most dra-

merians, and Scythians, broke into France, they brought with them a rare voracity and stomachs of no ordinary calibre. They did not long remain satisfied with the official cheer which a forced hospitality supplied to them; they aspired to more refined enjoyments; and in a short time the queen city was little more than an immense refectory.

"The effect lasts still; foreigners flock from every quarter of Europe, to renew during peace the pleasing habits they contracted during the war; they *must* come to Paris; when there, they *must* eat and drink without regard to price; and if our funds obtain a preference, it is owing less to the higher interest they pay, than to the instinctive confidence it is impossible to help reposing in a people amongst whom gourmands are so happy!"—vol. i. p. 239.

To give an individual illustration of the principle—when the Russian army of invasion passed through Champagne, they took away six hundred thousand bottles from the cellars of M. Moët of Epernay; but he considers himself a gainer by the loss, his orders from the north having more than doubled since then. M. Moët's cellars, be it said in passing, are peculiarly deserving of attention, and he is always happy to do the honours to travellers. We ourselves visited them last autumn, and were presented, at parting, with a bottle of the choicest wine—a custom, we understand, invariably observed in this munificent establishment.

In Italy, whenever the thoughts of the amateur turn on eating, the object is pretty certain to be French. Thus there is a well known story in the Italian jest books about a bet between two cardinals. The bet was a *dinde aux truffes*. The loser postpones the payment till the very eve of the carnival, when the winner reminds him of the debt. He excuses himself on the ground that truffles were worth nothing that year. "Bah, bah," says the other, "that is a false report, originating with the turkeys." So very bad, indeed, is the native Italian cookery, that even the Germans ery shame on it. In the late work of Professor Nicolai, *Italien wie es wirklich ist*, a complaint of the dinner forms a regular item in the journal of the day. The old world is not behind

we request attention to the *menu* of the dinner given in May last to Lord Chesterfield, on his quitting the office of master of the buckhounds, at the Clarendon. The party consisted of thirty; the price was six guineas a head; and the dinner was ordered by Comte d'Orsay, who stands without a rival amongst connoisseurs in this department of art:—

"Premier Service.

"Potages.—Printannier; à la reine: turtle (*two turkeys*).

"Poissons.—Turbot (*lobster and Dutch sauces*): saumon à la Tartare: rougets à la cardinal: friture de morue: *white bait*.

"Relevés.—Filet de bœuf à la Napolitaine: dindon à la chipolata: timballe de macaroni: *haunch of venison*.

"Entrées.—Croquettes de volaille: petits pâtés aux huitres: côtelettes d'agneau: purée de champignons: côtelettes d'agneau aux pois d'asperge: fricandeau de veau à l'oseille: ris de veau piqué aux tomates: côtelettes de pigeons à la Dusselle: chartreuse de légumes aux faisans: filets de cannetons à la Bigarrade: boudins à la Richelieu: sauté de volaille aux truffes: pâté de mouton monté.

"Coté.—Bœuf rôti: jambon: salade.

"Second Service.

"Rots.—Chapons, quails, turkey poults, *green goose*.

"Entremets.—Asperges: haricot à la Française: mayonnaise d'homard: gelée Macedoine: aspices d'œufs de pluvier: Charlotte Russe: gelée au Marasquin: crème marbre: corbeille de pâtisserie: vol-au-vent de rhubarb: tourte d'abricots: corbeille des meringues: dressed crab: salade au gélatine.—Champignons aux fines herbes.

"Reliés.—Soufflée à la vanille: Nesselrode pudding: Adelaide sandwiches: fondus. Pièces montées, &c. &c.

The reader will not fail to observe how well the English dishes,—turtle, white bait, and venison,—relieve the French in this dinner; and what a breadth, depth, solidity, and dignity they add to it. Green goose, also, may rank as English, the goose being held in little honour, with the exception of its liver, by the French; but we think Comte d'Orsay did quite right in inserting it. The execution is said to have been pretty nearly on a par with the conception, and the whole entertainment was crowned with the most inspiring success. The moderation of the price must strike every one. A tradition has reached us of a dinner at *The Albion*, under the auspices of the late venerable Sir William Curtis, which cost the party between thirty and forty pounds a piece. We have also a vague recollection of a bet as to the comparative merits of the Albion and York house (Bath) dinners, which was formally decided by a dinner of unparalleled munificence, and nearly equal cost, at each; or rather not decided, for it became a drawn bet, the Albion beating in the first course, and the York house in the second. But these are reminiscences, on which, we frankly own, no great reliance is to be placed.

It is very far from our intention to attempt a *catalogue raisonnée* of the different hotels and club houses of London, similar to that which we have hazarded of the *restaurants* of France, nor can we pretend to balance the pretensions of the

when well done, is superior to that of any country in the world."—*Ude*, p. xliii.

artists of acknowledged reputation amongst us. We shall merely enumerate a few very distinguished names for the enlightenment of the rising generation and of posterity. Such are Ude, Lelevre, Bony, Martin, Hall, Crepin, Francatelli, Collins and Loyer,—all at present residing in London; with whom Boyer, ci-devant cook to the Marquis of Worcester, and now master of the Bell at Leicester, richly merits to be associated. The celebrated *chef* of the late Marquis of Abercorn, who refused to accompany the Duke of Richmond to Ireland, at a salary of 400*l.* a year, on hearing that there was no Italian opera at Dublin, was burnt to death in Lisle street some years ago, and we remember a fair friend of ours exultingly declaring that she had partaken of one of his *posthumous* pies. These great artists, with others whose names are not now present to our memory, have raised cookery in England to a state which really does honour to the age.

We are now arrived at the conclusion of our sketch of the history and present state of cookery, and have only a single cautionary observation to add. Without appliances and means to boot, it is madness to attempt *entrees* and *entremets*; and "better first in a village than second in Rome," is a maxim peculiarly applicable to cookery. "A good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings with green peas or chicken with asparagus, and an apricot tart, is a dinner for an emperor,—when he cannot get a better;" so said the late accomplished Earl of Dudley—and we agree with him: but let peculiar attention be given to the accessories. There was profound knowledge of character in the observation of the same statesman on a deceased baron of the exchequer,—“He was a good man, sir, an excellent man; he had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life.”

In Mercier's *Tableau de Paris*, there are some statistical results which may be found useful in the selection of cooks. By dint of a profound and disinterested study of the subject, he has been enabled to classify them by provinces. "The best," he says "are from Picardy; those from Orleans come next; then Flanders, Burgundy, Comtois, Lorraine; the Parisian last but one, and the Norman last of all." But it is not enough to choose your cook; it is your bounden duty, and (what is more) your interest, sedulously and unceasingly to watch over his health.

But we must now apply ourselves a little more critically to the literature most appropriately represented by the works named at the head of this article.

Mirabeau used to present Condorcet with *voilà ma théorie*, and the Abbé Maury with *voilà ma pratique*. We beg leave to present M. Brillat-Savarin as *our* theory, M. Ude as *our* practice; and we shall endeavour, by an account of their works, to justify the selection we have made. But we shall first give a short biographical sketch of the French author, whose life, conduct, and position in society did honour to gastronomy, and form an apt introduction to his work.

Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, judge of the court of cassation, member of the legion of honour, and of most of the scientific and literary societies of

France, was born in 1755 at Belley. He was bred up to his father's profession of the law, and was practising with some distinction as an advocate, when (in 1789) he was elected a member of the constituent assembly, where he joined the moderate party, and did his best to avert the ruin that ensued. At the termination of his legislative duties, he was appointed president of the civil tribunal of the department of *L'Ain*, and on the establishment of the court of cassation was made a judge of it. During the reign of terror he found himself amongst the proscribed, and fled for refuge to Switzerland, where he contrived to while away the time in scientific, literary, and gastronomical pursuits. He was afterwards compelled to emigrate to America, where also his attention seems rarely to have been diverted from the study in which he was destined to immortalise himself. It is related of him, that once, on his return from a shooting expedition, in the course of which he had the good fortune to kill a wild turkey, he fell into conversation with Jefferson, who began relating some interesting anecdotes about Washington and the war, when, observing the *air distrait* of M. Brillat-Savarin, he stopped, and was about to go away: "My dear sir," said our gastronome, recovering himself by a strong effort, "I beg a thousand pardons, but I was thinking how I should dress my wild turkey." He earned his subsistence by teaching French and music, an art in which he remarkably excelled. He returned to France in 1796, and after filling several employments of trust under the directory, was re-appointed to his old office of judge of the court of cassation, in which he continued until his death in 1826. The *Physiologie du Goût* was published some time in the year 1825, and ran rapidly through five or six editions, besides reprints in Belgium. Its great charm consists in the singular *melange* of wit, humour, learning, and knowledge of the world—*bons mots*, anecdotes, ingenious theories and instructive dissertations—which it presents; and if, as we are told and believe, Walton's Angler has made many of its readers turn fishermen, we should not be at all surprised to hear that the "Physiology of Taste" had converted a fair portion of the reading public into gastronomers.

The book consists of a collection of aphorisms, a dialogue between the author and a friend as to the expediency of publication, a biographical notice of the friend, thirty meditations, and a concluding miscellany of adventures, inventions, and anecdotes. The meditations (a term substituted for chapters) form the main body of the work, and relate to the following subjects:—1, *the senses*; 2, *the taste*; 3, *gastronomy*; definition, origin, and use; 4, *the appetite*, with illustrations of its capacity; 5, *alimentary substances in general*; 6, *specialities*, including game, fish, turkeys, truffles, sugar, coffee, chocolate, &c. &c.; 7, *frying*, its theory; 8, *thirst*; 9, *beverages*; 10, *episode on the end of the world*; 11, *gourmandise*, its power and consequences, particularly regards conjugal happiness; 12, *gourmands*, destination, education, profession, &c.; 13, *ouvettes gastronomiques*; 14, *on the* *s of the table*; 15, *the halts in sport-*

ing; 16, *digestion*; 17, *repose*; 18, *sleep*; 19, *dreams*; 20, *the influence of diet on repose, sleep, and dreams*; 21, *obesity*; 22, *treatment preventive or curative of obesity*; 23, *leanness*; 24, *fasts*; 25, *exhaustion*; 26, *death*; 27, *philosophical history of the kitchen*; 28, *restaurateurs*; 29, *classical gastronomy put in action*; 30, *gastronomic mythology*.

Such is the *menu* of this book, and we pity the man whose leading appetite is not excited by it. Amongst such a collection of dainties it is difficult to select, but we will do our best to extract some of the most characteristic passages. The following, on the pleasures of the table, may serve to dissipate some portion of the existing prejudice against *gourmands*, whose high vocation is too frequently associated in the minds of the unenlightened with gluttony and greediness.

"The pleasure of eating is common to us with animals; it merely supposes hunger, and that which is necessary to satisfy it. The pleasure of the table is peculiar to the human species; it supposes antecedent attention to the preparation of the repast, to the choice of place, and the assembling of the guests. The pleasure of eating requires, if not hunger, at least appetite; the pleasure of the table is most frequently independent of both.

"Some poets complained that the neck, by reason of its shortness, was opposed to the duration of the pleasure of tasting; others deplored the limited capacity of the stomach (which will not hold, upon the average, more than two quarts of pulp); and Roman dignitaries went the length of sparing it the trouble of digesting the first meal, to have the pleasure of swallowing a second. . . . The delicacy of our manners would not endure this practice; but we have done better, and we have arrived at the same end by means recognised by good taste. Dishes have been invented so attractive, that they unceasingly renew the appetite, and which are at the same time so light, that they flatter the palate without loading the stomach. Seneca would have called them *Nubes Esculentas*. We are, indeed, arrived at such a degree of alimentary progression, that if the calls of business did not compel us to rise from table, or if the want of sleep did not interpose, the duration of meals might be almost indefinite, and there would be no sure *data* for determining the time that might elapse between the first glass of Madeira* and the last glass of punch."

In this place it may not be deemed beside the purpose to state that M. Brillat-Savarin was naturally of a sober, moderate, easily satisfied disposition; so much so, indeed, that many have been misled into the supposition that his enthusiasm was unreal, and his book a piece of badinage written to amuse his leisure hours. He continues as follows:—

"But, the impatient reader will probably exclaim, how then is a meal to be regulated, in order to unite all things requisite to the highest pleasures of the table? I proceed to answer this question.

1. "Let not the number of the company exceed twelve, that the conversation may be constantly general.

2. "Let them be so selected that their occupations shall be varied, their tastes analogous, and with such points of contact that there shall be no necessity for the odious formality of presentations.

3. "Let the eating-room be luxuriously lighted, the

* The custom of taking parmesan *with*, and Madeira *after*, soup, was introduced into France by M. Talleyrand, who was an acquaintance of our excellent author.

markably clean (!), and the atmosphere at the table of from thirteen to sixteen degrees of Réau-

Let the men be *spirituels* without pretension—men pleasant without too much coquetry.* Let the dishes be exceedingly choice, but limited in number, and the wines of the first quality, each in its

Let the order of progression be, for the first, (the most substantial to the lightest; and for the wines,) from the simplest to the most per-

Let the act of consumption be deliberate, the dining the last business of the day; and let the guests themselves as travellers who are to arrive to the same place of destination.

Let the coffee be hot, and the liqueurs chosen by the

Let the saloon be large enough to admit of a game for those who cannot do without it, and so that, notwithstanding, remain space enough for a quiet colloquy.

Let the party be detained by the charms of sound animated by the hope that the evening will not without some ulterior enjoyment.

Let the tea be not too strong; let the toast be coolly buttered, and the punch carefully prepared. Let not the retreat commence before eleven, but let every body be in bed by twelve.

Any one has been present at a party uniting these requisites, he may boast of having been present at an apotheosis."—vol. i. pp. 297-302.

Brillat-Savarin has here omitted one very important requisite, which it may be as well to add without delay from another section of his

ORISM.—Of all the qualities of a cook, the most valuable is punctuality.

all support this grave maxim by the details of an incident made in a party of which I was one—*quorum pars fui*—and where the pleasure of observing the extremes of wretchedness.

As one day invited to dine with a high public authority; and at the appointed moment, half-past five, my lady had arrived, for it was known that he liked punctuality, and sometimes scolded the dilatory. I was on my arrival by the air of consternation that I saw in the assembly; they spoke aside, they looked at the court-yard; some faces announced stupefaction: an extraordinary had certainly come to pass. I introduced one of the party whom I judged most capable of satisfying my curiosity, and enquired what had happened. 'Alas!' replied he, with an accent of the sorrow, 'Monsieur has been sent for to the office of State; he has just set out, and who knows when he will return?' 'Is that all?' I answered, with indifference, which was alien from my heart; 'a matter of a quarter of an hour at the most; information which they require; it is known that in official dinner here to-day—they can have no objection to making us fast.' I spoke thus, but at the bottom my soul was not without inquietude, and I soon had been somewhere else. The first hour passed pretty well; the guests sat down by those with whom they had interests in common, exhausted the to-day, and amused themselves in conjecturing which had carried off our dear Amphitryon to the office. By the second hour, some symptoms of

write," says the author in a note, "between the royal and the Chausée d'Antin," doubt Cambacères.

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impatience began to be observable; we looked at one another with distrust; and the first to murmur were three or four of the party who, not having found room to sit down, were by no means in a convenient position for waiting. At the third hour, the discontent became general, and every body complained. 'When will he come back?' said one. 'What can he be thinking of?' said another. 'It is enough to give one one's death,' said a third. By the fourth hour, all the symptoms were aggravated; and I was not listened to when I ventured to say, that he whose absence rendered us so miserable was beyond a doubt the most miserable of all. Attention was distracted for a moment by an apparition. One of the party, better acquainted with the house than the others, penetrated to the kitchen; he returned quite overcome; his face announced the end of the world; and he exclaimed in a voice hardly articulate, and in that muffled tone which expresses at the same time the fear of making a noise and the desire of being heard: 'Monseigneur set out without giving orders; and, however long his absence, dinner will not be served till his return.' He spoke, and the alarm occasioned by his speech will not be surpassed by the effect of the trumpet on the day of judgment. Amongst all these martyrs, the most wretched was the good D'Aigrefeuille,* who is known to all Paris; his body was all over suffering, and the agony of Laocoon was in his face. Pale, distracted, seeing nothing, he sat crouched upon an easy chair, crossed his little hands upon his large belly, and closed his eyes, not to sleep, but to wait the approach of death. Death, however, came not. Towards ten, a carriage was heard rolling into the court; the whole party sprang spontaneously to their legs. Hilarity succeeded to sadness; and in five minutes we were at table. But, alas! the hour of appetite was past! All had the air of being surprised at beginning dinner at so late an hour; the jaws had not that isochronous (*isochrone*) movement which announces a regular work; and I know that many guests were seriously inconvenienced by the delay."—vol. i. pp. 93-96.

The meditation entitled *Gourmandise* is replete with instructive remark; but we must confine ourselves to that part of it which relates to the ladies, who, since Lord Byron's† silly prejudices upon the subject were made public, think it prettiest and most becoming to profess a total indifference as to what they eat. Let them hear our professor on this subject:—

"*Gourmandise* is by no means unbecoming in women; it agrees with the delicacy of their organs, and serves to compensate them for some pleasures from which they are obliged to abstain, and for some evils to which nature appears to have condemned them. Nothing is more pleasant than to see a pretty *gourmande* under arms: her napkin is nicely adjusted; one of her hands is rested on the table; the other conveys to her mouth little morsels elegantly carved, or the wing of a partridge which it is necessary to pick; her eyes are sparkling, her lips glossy, her conversation agreeable, all her movements graceful; she is not devoid of that spice of *coquetterie* which women infuse into every thing. With so many advantages she is irresistible; and Cato the Censor himself would yield to the influence.

"The penchant of the fair sex for *gourmandise* has in it somewhat of the nature of instinct, for *gourmandise* is favourable to beauty. A train of exact and rigid observations have demonstrated that a succulent, delicate, and careful regimen repels to a distance, and for a length

* The friend and principal gastronomic aide-de-camp of Cambacères.

† It is a strange coincidence that Goethe, in *Wilhelm Meister*, expresses a similar dislike to seeing women eat.

of time, the external appearances of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and as it is certain in physiology, that it is the depression of the muscles which causes wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, *ceteris paribus*, those who understand eating are comparatively ten years younger than those who are strangers to this science. The painters and sculptors are deeply penetrated with this truth, for they never represent those who practise abstinence by choice or duty, as misers and anchorites, without giving them the paleness of disease, the leanness of poverty, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

"Again, *gourmandise*, when partaken, has the most marked influence on the happiness of the conjugal state. A wedded pair endowed with this taste have once a day, at least, an agreeable cause of meeting. Music, no doubt, has powerful attractions for those who love it; but it is necessary to set about it,—it is an exertion. Moreover, one may have a cold, the music is not at hand, the instruments are out of tune, one has the blue devils, or it is a day of rest. In *gourmandise*, on the contrary, a common want summons the pair to table; the same inclination retains them there; they naturally practise towards one another those little attentions, which show a wish to oblige; and the manner in which their meals are conducted enters materially into the happiness of life. This observation, new enough in France, had not escaped the English novelist, Fielding; and he has developed it by painting in his novel of 'Pamela' the different manner in which two married couples finish their day.

"Does *gourmandise* become gluttony, voracity, intemperance, it loses its name, escapes from our jurisdiction, and falls within that of the moralist, who will deal with it by his precepts, or of the physician, who will cure it by his remedies. *Gourmandise*, characterised as in this article, has a name in French alone; it can be designated neither by the Latin *gula*, nor the English *gluttony*, nor the German *lüsternheit*; we, therefore, recommend to those who may be tempted to translate this instructive book, to preserve the substantive and simply change the article; it is what all nations have done for *coquetterie* and every thing relating to it."—vol. i. p. 244-251.

Considering the high privileges attached to the character of a *gourmand*, we are not surprised at finding that it is not to be assumed at will. The next meditation accordingly is headed *N'est pas gourmand qui veut*, and begins as follows:—

verted into decisive and influential victories by pushing his advantages as he was wont. On each of these occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, the German novelist Hoffman, who was present in the town, asserts that the emperor would have done much more than he did, but for the effects of a shoulder of mutton with onions—a dish only to be paralleled by the pork chops which Messrs. Thurtell and Co. regaled on after completing the murder of their friend Mr. Weare.

The gifted beings predestined to *gourmandise* are thus described:—

"They have broad faces, sparkling eyes, small foreheads, short noses, full lips, and round chins. The females are plump, rather pretty than handsome, with a tendency to *embonpoint*. It is under this exterior that the pleasantest guests are to be found; they accept all that is offered, eat slowly, and taste with reflection. They never hurry away from the places where they have been well treated; and you are sure of them for the evening, because they know all the games and pastimes which form the ordinary accessories of a gastronomic meeting.

"Those, on the contrary, to whom nature has refused an aptitude for the enjoyments of taste, have long faces, long noses, and large eyes: whatever their height, they have always in their *tournure* a character of elongation. They have black and straight hair, and are, above all, deficient in *embonpoint*: it is they who invented trousers. The women whom nature has afflicted with the same misfortune are angular, get tired at table, and live on tea and scandal."—vol. i. p. 254.

Out of the many modes proposed of testing this theory, we shall confine ourselves to one—the judicious employment of *eprouvettes*:—

"We understand, by *eprouvettes*, dishes of acknowledged flavour, of such undoubted excellence, that their bare appearance ought to excite in a human being, properly organised, all the faculties of taste; so that all those in whom, in such cases, we perceive neither the flush of desire nor the radiance of ecstasy, may be justly noted as unworthy of the honours of the sitting and the pleasures attached to it."

A distinguished gastronome, refining on this invention, proposes *eprouvettes* by negation. When, for example, a dish of high merit is sud-

them loses his equilibrium: the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight, the assembled cardinals became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the *conclave*—it was the moment of the *eprouvette négative*—but the maître d'hôtel suddenly turns to the attendant—"Bring another turbot," said he, with the most perfect coolness. The other appeared, and the *eprouvette positive* was gloriously renewed.

"You shall see what a book of cookery I shall make," said Dr. Johnson—"Women can spin very well, but they cannot write a good book of cookery.* I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written; it should be a book on philosophical principles." What the great moralist contemplated, Ude has done. "The French Cook" is founded on the purest principles of practical philosophy, and comprises almost every thing that could be desired in a publication of the sort.

Receipts are ill adapted for quotation, and we shall therefore merely call attention to one contained in the body of the work, and involving no less a subject than the skinning of eels:—

"Take one or two live eels; throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is the best, as it is the only method of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable and indigestible. Cut the eel in pieces without ripping the belly, then run your knife into the hollow part, and turn it round to take out the inside.

"Several reviewers (he adds in a note to this edition) have accused me of cruelty because I recommend in this work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of taste and the preservation of health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and oil which remain, when the eels are skinned, render them highly indigestible. If any of these reviewers would make trial of both methods, they would find that the burnt eels are much healthier; but it is, after all, left to their choice whether to burn or skin."—Ude, p. 242.

The *argumentum ad gulam* is here very happily applied, but M. Ude might have taken higher ground, and urged not merely that the eel was used to skinning, but gloried in it. It was only necessary for him to endow the eel with the same noble endurance that has been attributed to the goose. "To obtain these livers (the *foies gras* of Strasbourg) of the size required, it is necessary," says a writer in the Almanach, "to sacrifice the person of the animal. Crammed with food, deprived of drink, and fixed near a great fire, before which it is nailed by its feet upon a plank, this goose passes, it must be owned, an uncomfortable life. The torment would indeed be altogether intolerable if the idea of the lot which awaits him did not serve as a consolation. But this perspective makes him endure his sufferings with courage; and when he reflects that his liver, bigger than himself, larded with truffles, and clothed in a scientific paté, will, through the in-

strumentality of M. Corcellet, diffuse all over Europe the glory of his name, he resigns himself to his destiny, and suffers not a tear to flow."

Should it, notwithstanding, be thought that the conduct of M. Ude or M. Corcellet, as regards eels or geese, is indefensible, we may still say of them as Berchoux says of Nero,—

"Je sais qu'il fut cruel, assassin, suborneur,
Mais de son estomac je distingue son cœur."

M. Ude has committed a few errors in judgment, however, which we defy his greatest admirers (and we profess ourselves to be of the number) to palliate. He has recommended *purée aux truffes*, the inherent impropriety of which has been already demonstrated; and he has entrusted the task of translating (perhaps of editing) his book to some person or persons equally ignorant of the French language and of the culinary art. The following instances are extracted from his vocabulary of terms:—

"*Entremets*—is the second course which comes between the roast meat and the dessert.

"*Sautez*—is to mix or unite all the parts of a ragout by shaking it about.

"*Piqué*—is to lard, with a needle, game, fowls, and all sorts of meat.

"*Force*—This word is used in speaking of chopped meat, fish, or herbs, with which poultry and other things are stuffed before they are cooked."

This word, M. Ude may depend upon it, will be applied to something else, if he suffers such glaring ignorance to remain much longer a blot upon his book. Neither do we at all like the mode of translating the names of dishes, which are really untranslatable; as *Boudin à la Bourgeoise*, *Pudding Citizen's Wife's way*; *Matelotte à la Marinière*, *Sea wife's Matelot*; *à la Maître d'Hôtel*, with *Steward's Sauce*, &c. In the index also we found "*Soup, au Lait d'Amant* (the *Lover's Soup*)." Being somewhat puzzled to know what this could be, we turned to the recipe, (p. 55,) which is headed "*Potage au Lait d'Almond*—(the *Lover's Soup*)." Whether it stood *Amant* or *Almond* seems to have been a matter of indifference to the translator; but he was resolved at all events, that the soup should be dedicated to love.

[Since this article was written, we have been informed that a *general history of cookery*, in ten portly volumes, octavo, has just appeared at Leipsic; but we regret that we have not as yet been able to procure a copy.]

MARBLE.—A very considerable quantity of fine statuary marble has been discovered in Dauphiné, department of L'Isère, by M. Breton, captain of engineers. The Chamois hunters have long said, that in the torrent which passes through the Val Senétre lies a beautiful block, on which are written the following words:—"Si à Grenoble vous me portez, cent écus vous l'aurez." After several attempts to find this block, M. Breton, in the summer of 1834, reached it, and found it inscribed as above. The marble is very white and lustrous, and easily cut. The council for the department have voted funds for working quarries, and have given the superintendence of them to M. Gaymard.—*Athenæum*.

* See Croker's *Boswell*, vol. iv. p. 143.—Mrs. Glasse's book was written by Dr. Hunter; but we believe Mrs. Rundell's more recent *opus magnum* was entirely her own.

Literary Chit-Chat.

FROM ALL THE MAGAZINES, &c.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN REVIEW, No. I. (Ridgway's.)—Of a highly political character, this first No. of a new quarterly periodical has just appeared. It is said to owe its existence, and some of its parts, to Lord Brougham; but be that as it may, it is a production of much ability on the side it espouses. There are eleven papers; on Poland, Russia, Corporation Reform, the British Association, Taxes on Knowledge, Church Reform, Conservatism, &c. &c.; and whatever we may think of the general plot, we must acknowledge the talents displayed in getting up the performance.

We have heard a pleasant whisper, that Mary Howitt is engaged upon a prose work—fresh, natural, and full of talent, we are sure it will be. Mrs. Jameson, too, is said to be preparing a continuation of her delightful "Sketches of German Art."

The VIth volume of the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe's edition of the "Works of Cowper," will prove eminently acceptable to the admirers of the poet of Christianity, from its containing an "Essay on the Genius and Poetry of Cowper, by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, A. M., Vicar of Harrow." The writer of this essay modestly pretends to little merit beyond that of collecting into a focus, and presenting at once to the eye of the reader, the numerous criticisms which have been produced on the same subject. This task, however, he has accomplished in a most able and effective manner, introducing much valuable original information of his own. The present volume, in which the poetical works of Cowper are commenced, is enriched with a portrait of the author, engraved by E. Finden, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's well-known painting; and with a view of Cowper's summer-house, also engraved by E. Finden, from a design by Harding.

GEOLOGY.—M. Fournet has just published a geological work, entitled, "*Etudes sur les dépôts métallifères.*" He considers veins to have been generally produced by local dislocations, more or less violent, and then filled with metallic or other matters, either by sublimation or dissolution. He lays much stress on the successive modifications which mineral substances undergo in veins, modifications which have transformed the primitive matter even into a different species. M. Fournet throws great light on this obscure part of geology, and shows how important are these mineral decompositions

coming very seasonable; and therefore we hail the appearance of Mary Roberts's "Recollections of Marine Natural History," as a most pleasing and highly instructive performance. Amongst other subjects, it treats very lucidly of corallines, and fungi, and the migrations of the finny tribes, showing forth the wisdom and the beneficence of the Creator in these portions of his works. In a delightfully attractive style, Miss Roberts conveys much scientific and general information. Her volume is neat and compact in form, and beautifully illustrated by several of Baxter's engravings in wood.

A new and cheaper edition of that delightful companion to the sea-shore, or green-fields, Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Indicator and Companion," is nearly ready for publication. Be it known to the uninitiated, that this delightful work is entitled *The Indicator* after a little bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of fairy-land, were they not well authenticated. This little creature indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and, on finding itself recognised, flies, and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food. This is the Cuculus Indicator of Linnaeus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee-Cuckoo, or Honey-bird.

In the second volume of "The Poetical Works of Milton," edited by Sir E. Brydges, we find the first Six Books of Paradise Lost, with a copious selection of notes, and original introductory remarks on each book by Sir Egerton. In general, we consider those remarks to be just; but, occasionally, the editor seems to assume the office of an advocate rather than that of an impartial critic. The frontispiece to this volume is from Romney's well-known picture of Milton dictating to his daughters; in which, as it has always seemed to us, one of the poor girls looks half scared out of her wits, and the other almost fagged to death. One of Turner's "imaginative" designs constitutes the vignette title-page; subject—the expulsion from Paradise; and, so far as the landscape portion of the drawing is concerned, Eden, in all its loveliness, may indeed be said to smile upon our view; but, then, the regularly constructed, sculptured arch, and the metallic gates, and the cast-iron cannon pillars, or posts—such as we sometimes see at the entrance of a retired citizen's park of an acre—are any thing but

curious account of the ravages committed by the descendants of Jenghiz Khan, extracted from Georgian and Armenian writers.

M. Schmidt has just completed his Mongolian Dictionary, undertaken by desire of the Emperor of Russia; it will be published in the course of this year at St. Petersburg. The Mongolian language and literature are very diligently studied in Russia, not only on account of the Mongol tribes subject to that empire, but rather in consequence of the increased activity in the investigation of the ancient connection between the Slavonian and Asiatic tribes, mainly produced by Professor Charmoy's lectures and dissertations. Nor is the aid to be derived from other oriental sources in elucidating the obscure portions of Russian history neglected; Professor Charmoy is about to publish the text and translations of all the passages in which the Slavonian tribes are noticed by Arabic or Persian writers.

SKETCHES OF BERMUDA.—We rarely meet with a pleasanter or more gracefully written volume than that of "Sketches of Bermuda," by Lusette Harriet Lloyd. Besides a map of the Bermudas, or Summer's Islands, it contains some sweet views, in *aqua-tint*, from the pencil of the fair writer. Miss Lloyd, we observe, had the pleasure of being introduced to the family of Nea, celebrated in Moore's Odes. "Nea is no more, but she still lives in song, and in the fond recollection of her friends." We cannot refrain from transferring this very pretty little picture to one of our own columns:—"A wedding is quite a grand affair among the negroes, and the women are at infinite pains to dress themselves in the most becoming fashion. Poor Blanche, who, I must tell you, is as black as jet, was found by her mistress, on her bridal morning, standing before the glass, and reviewing the labours of her toilet with intense interest. She seemed pleased with the effect of a bunch of red coral flowers which were placed beneath her bonnet; and once more adjusting the folds of her long white veil, was about to retire, when, turning round, she exclaimed, with a desponding air—'Ah, how beautiful I should be if I were white!'"

THE BYRON BEAUTIES.—Had Finden's "Byron Beauties" been always as beautiful as they are this month, we should ever have been disposed to offer up our heart's incense at their shrine. Katinka (by Bostock), with her "great blue eyes," is, though not highly intellectual, very lovely; and Gulbeyaz, the favourite wife of the sultan, whose "very smile was haughty, though so sweet," is every inch a queen. This is by Meadows, and it evinces a surprising increase of power and of skill in that artist. Meadows, however, has still farther surpassed himself in Dudù, whom Byron described as "a kind of sleeping Venus"—

Yet very fit to murder sleep in those
Who gazed upon her cheeks' transcendent hue.

In this creature of loveliness, the very spirit of the bard is caught. Dudù is, beyond all comparison, the most fascinating of the Byron Beauties that have yet appeared.

The next two volumes of Colburn's Modern Novelists are to include Mr. Bulwer's novel, "The Disowned."

The following literary notices, respecting foreign works of interest to the English reader, are from the Foreign Quarterly Review.

The first tragedy ever written in the Finland language has been published by Fr. Lagerwall, by the title of "Bonulius Marche Kurwans." It is a decided imitation of "Macbeth," adapted to the manners and scenery of Finland.

The Finland Literary Society at Helsingfors intends publishing a very large collection of ancient Finland songs and ballads, made by Dr. Lourot, physician at Kajana, during many pedestrian excursions, which extended into the government of Archangel.

M. Deiters, of Munster, has announced the speedy publication of a History of the Anabaptists, from their Origin to their Suppression, by Mr. J. Hast, in an 8vo. volume.

Duncker and Humbolt, of Berlin, have announced a German translation of "Baines's History of the Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain."

Accounts from Portugal state that, with the books found in the suppressed convents, a library of 300,000 volumes had been formed in the convent of San Francisco.

The total number of periodical works in Sweden is 103; 16 of which commenced during the last year, and 6 in the present. Of these, 27 are published in Stockholm, 7 at Gottenburg, and 5 at Upsal. Among the new works published since June 1, 1835, are: Atterbom's Works, vol. i.; The Scandinavian Fauna, by S. Nilsson, 2 vols., with plates; Travels in North America, by Gosselman; and several pamphlets on the approaching comet.

A young architect, M. Texier, after finishing his studies in Italy, has been sent by the French government to Constantinople and Asia Minor, to examine the antique monuments of that nearly unknown country. He has lately written from Phrygia, and communicated an interesting account of the town of Azan; of the antique monuments of which we have hitherto had neither description nor drawing. He has discovered there a magnificent temple, surrounded by an Ionic colonnade, which, he says, surpasses every thing of the kind that either Greece or Italy can boast, in regard to purity of style and preservation. Upon the outer walls there are still eight Greek and Latin inscriptions, relating to Panhellenic festivals and magisterial ordinances. Almost all the other public buildings of this ancient town are still extant—marble bridges and sepulchral monuments, quays, the theatre, and the circus. The theatre is in the highest state of preservation. The stage is yet entire, but the Ionic columns have been overthrown by an earthquake, and the orchestra is covered with rubbish. In the proscenium is a frieze with reliefs, representing hunting scenes: among the animals may be distinguished the zebu, or humped ox (an animal now found nowhere but in India), torn by a lion; stags and boars caught by dogs, horse-races, &c. The doors are still standing, with all their decorations. Opposite to the theatre is the circus, built of white marble. Near the temple is seen a large portico, probably the gymnasium, with columns of the Grecian Doric order. Amidst these remains are scattered the houses of a small village. M. Texier has caused several excavations to be made, and taken measurements and drawings of the buildings.

In the Press.—Scenes and Characters Illustrating Christian Truth: No. I. Trial and Self-Discipline, by the author of "James Talbot," &c. A History of British India, from the Termination of the War with the Mahrattas in 1805, to the Renewal of the Company's Charter in 1833. By E. Thornton, Esq. A new and cheaper edition of "The Indicator and the Companion, a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside." By Leigh Hunt, accompanied by a portrait of the author.

FRENCH TRANSLATION OF ENGLISH POETS.—A magnificent project has been set on foot in Paris, by a Mr. O'Sullivan, who announces a Bibliothèque Anglo-Francaise, which is to contain translations of all our principal writers. According to the prospectus, the enterprise will be conducted by Mr. O'Sullivan himself, who is to make an analysis of several of the dramas of Shakspeare, and a translation of Macbeth; MM. Guizot, Jay, Mennechet, and Chasles, are to translate Othello, Julius Cæsar, and Romeo and Juliet; M. Paul Dupont undertakes an analysis of the dramas cotemporary with Shakspeare. M. Coquerel has Spenser and Chatterton allotted to him; M. de Pongerville undertakes the Paradise

Lost; M. Mennechet, Butler and Addison; M. Jay, Dryden and Prior; M. Raudot, Buckingham; M. Laurent de Jussieu, Gay; M. Lepelletier d'Aulnay, Swift; M. O'Sullivan, Pope, Gray, and Thompson; M. Dubois, Akenside; M. D. Montigny, Goldsmith; M. Charles Nodier, Burns; M. de Chatcaubriand, Beattie; M. Taillefer, Cowper; Mad. Belloc, MM. Paulin, Paris, and Panthier, Lord Byron; Mad. Belloc and M. Artaud, Walter Scott; M. de Maussion, Sheridan; M. Albert Montremont, Campbell and Rogers; M. Fontaney, Wordsworth; M. de Montalembert, Montgomery; Mad. Belloc, Thomas Moore; M. de Custines, Southey; M. Philarete Chasles, Crabbe; Mad. Constance Aubert, Miss Landon; Mad. Belloc, Miss Baillie; Mad. Pirey, Mrs. Robinson; Mad. Menessier, Mrs. Hemans! There are said to be already one thousand subscribers to this work, which, besides the above mentioned, is to contain a complete history of English literature. This part may doubtless be well executed, but we tremble for our immortal Shakespeare, who stands alone in the world of literature, after the satisfaction we have heard expressed at the literal translation of Othello. Burns, too—think of Tam O'Shanter and John Barleycorn in French! We would rather that other nations should remain in ignorance of our writers, than that those writers should be travestied.

Notabilia.

Chlorate of Sodium.—Dr. Munaret presented a manuscript to the Academy, on the treatment of intermittent fevers by chlorate of sodium. He says it is as prompt and certain a febrifuge as bark or quinine, and merits preference;—first, because the latter is apt, in some constitutions, to confirm or to cause disorders, while the chlorate of sodium may be given in more powerful doses, without any of these results; secondly, because it is cheaper; thirdly, it may be taken as a preventative to these fevers when they are endemic; and, fourthly, because it may be administered even when the patient shows symptoms of gastric irritation.

Paris Theatres.—(Extract from a private letter, dated 29th June)—*Apropos* of theatres, they have created a row in the chamber of deputies. These deputies, you must know, are most economical folk, and have taken it into their head, some of them, to be monstrous jealous and annoyed, at finding that Monsieur Veron, who farms the French opera, has made a large fortune

frances. Thus, the Parisian theatres and actors cost the government little short of 50,000*l.* sterling per annum.

Plate Glass.—A French paper states, that the largest piece of plate glass ever manufactured has just been finished at St. Gobin. It is 175 French inches high, by 125 wide. In 1789, the largest produced was from 110 to 115 inches in length, by from 72 to 75 in width; in 1815, from 125 to 130, by 75 to 80 wide: at the last exhibition at the Louvre, the largest was 155 inches, by 93; and now, by a great effort of skill, the size has been increased to 175 inches by 125.

Discovery of Antiquities.—Some interesting discoveries have recently been made in the commune of St. Remi-Chaussée near Rheims. Some workmen, while digging, came to a Roman tomb; it contained a number of vases in good preservation, and several antique medals. The most curious thing discovered, was a statue of Apollo, on one side of which was engraved the words "*Memento mei*," and, on the other, "*Si me amas, lasia me*."

Ancient Science.—M. Paravey, who eagerly pursues his researches on this subject, thinks he has found, among the ancients, a knowledge of the conducting rod in case of lightning, and iodine as a remedy for goitres.

Falling in of the Soil.—A falling in of the soil lately took place about eight miles distance from St. Jean Pied-du-Port, in the territory of St. Jean le Vieux, between the road and the river Lansbihar, 500 paces from each. The pit thus formed, is 200 feet in circumference, 25 to 30 feet deep, and mud and water lie at the bottom. This sudden event was accompanied by a great noise, which was taken for the report of a cannon, and was repeated several times.

Fossil Dogs.—The remains of dogs in a fossil state are rare, but a lower jaw has been taken out of the Rhine by some fishermen, together with other fossils. Professor Kaup states, that it in size resembles that of the *Canis familiaris Scoticus*, and in shape that of the bloodhound, and considers it as coming from the primitive stock of our sporting dogs. He names it *Canis propagator*. Professor Kaup has also discovered a new fossil lizard, which he calls *Pisoodon coleanus*.

Steam to India.—The *Forbes* steamer has at length arrived at Calcutta, after a very tedious voyage from Suez, which place she left on the 29th November, reached Juddah on the 5th of December, Mocha on the 16th, and Socotra on the 5th of January, where she experienced considerable difficulty in getting the coals on board, partly in consequence of the confusion which prevailed

of a sheet of the *Times* newspaper thus transferred, the impression of which was as clear as the original print. The universality of its application, to maps, surveys, book-prints, &c., will make this, in a few years, one of the most extensively employed of the arts: and, in the mean time, we are glad to be among the first to call the attention of the public to a discovery, which will rank among the most wonderful of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Salt's Collection.—We have been highly gratified by a visit to Mr. Salt's collection of Egyptian antiquities; the vases of the age of Psammethichus are among the most beautiful specimens of Egyptian workmanship in alabaster; several of the *Scarabæi*, especially one bearing the head of Isis, are more exquisitely finished than any we have yet seen in cabinets; the models of the boats for the dead explain more of the funeral ceremonies than a volume of dissertations, while the various articles of furniture, found in the tombs, supply curious illustrations of the domestic manners of the Egyptians. The mummies are really splendid; on one of them we observed a peculiarity, which, we believe, has not yet been noticed: the figures of some Asiatic enemies are painted manacled, and bound on the feet of one of the mummies, as a symbol of treading down the national foe. It is a pity that this collection should be dispersed; it will be a greater pity if it be allowed to go out of the country.—*Athenæum*.

Greece.—Several learned men, among whom are MM. Savigny and Von Hammer, have undertaken new travels in Greece, for the sake of historical and geographical discoveries. They are first to visit Eubœa, and those parts of Asia Minor which may be accessible to them, especially the shores of the Propontis.

Champollion.—The first number of the MSS. left by Champollion, the younger, has been published, under the superintendence of a committee. Sylvestre de Sacy, Letronne, Champollion-Figeac, Ch. Lenormand, Comte de Clarac, Biot, and Hergot, who form this committee, are names which vouch for the correct execution of the work.

King Otho.—This young sovereign, it appears, bestows much encouragement and protection on all those endeavours which tend to preserve the ancient monuments of Greece. M. Kleuze, appointed by him, has asked for and obtained guards for all those which are important, and the labours of this gentleman have been first directed towards the parthenon and propyleæ, which he is trying to free from the surrounding edifices, but the progress is necessarily slow where there is no machinery to assist.

Curious test of a preacher's talents.—Two friends in the north were, a short time since, disputing about the comparative talents of their respective ministers. Both at last waxed wondrous hot upon the subject, till at last one of them settled the question by exclaiming, with all the consciousness of victory in the dispute, at the same time addressing his opponent—"Your minister, sir, is a perfect driveller—a downright squeaker. When he speaks of a certain gentleman, the monarch of the nether world, he calls him, in a weak, tremulous voice, as if afraid to pronounce his name, 'the deevil'—but our minister calls him 'the devil,' at once; and more than that, sir, he speaks as if he did not care a — for him."

Fine Arts.—The House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Ewart, has appointed a select committee to enquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the arts, and other principles of design, among the people (especially among the manufacturing population) of the country; and also to enquire into the constitution of the Royal Academy, and the effects produced by it, i. e. the R. A.

The Monikins.—The London Literary Gazette says that it sent *The Monikins*, with a considerable fee, to one of the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens, in order to have it reviewed in an authentic manner; but the volumes

were returned, accompanied by the following laconic note:—"D—d dull nonsense. Yours faithfully, JACOPO!"

Ancient Astronomy.—In consequence of M. Paravey's assertion, that the ancients had observed some of the satellites of Jupiter, M. Arago tried to ascertain if it were possible for him to see them without a magnifying glass, using only one that was darkened, in order to obscure the radiations. The experiment failed, but is to be repeated, as the moon was at the time above the horizon. M. Ampère suggested that a peculiar organisation could alone enable an observer to see the satellites without a telescope.

New Comet.—The Journal of the Two Sicilies, of June 10th, states, that Sr. Bogalowski, director of the Royal Observatory at Breslaw, discovered a new telescopic comet on the 20th of April, in the constellation Patera; to which, if still visible, the attention of other astronomers is directed.

Tribute to the Landers.—The foundation stone of the column to commemorate the indefatigable exertions of the brothers, Richard and John Lander, and to record the untimely fate of the former, who was murdered by the natives in his recent expedition to the Quorra, was laid at Truro, with masonic honours, on Tuesday week. The ceremony was highly imposing.

Almack's Insulted.—An insult, sufficient to provoke a national war, has just been offered to our high and aristocratic association. The Paris journals contain an announcement, that a subscription ball will take place every fortnight at Ranelagh, in the Bois de Boulogne, near Passy; which "rendezvous of fashion is the Almack's of Paris, but in some respects superior;" and, oh, horror! "Tickets, two francs, to be had at the door!"

T. Campbell.—We see with gratification, from the Paris papers, that our valued poet has returned in safety from his African travels, and was being fêted by the Polish Literary Association in Paris. We have the pleasure of hoping, that these travels will furnish materials for his pen, both in prose and verse.

Forced Instruction: How to learn French!—A friend of ours, on a recent visit to Paris, thought it well to make a virtue of necessity; and, in order to practise only the language of the country, so as to acquire facility in speaking it, resolved to board in a house where no English resided. Being satisfied on his particular enquiries in this respect, he agreed for his "pension" for a month, sent in his luggage, and occupied his allotted apartment. The first day's dinner-hour arrived, and he had brushed up his French to meet the numerous party who sat down to it. Besides the head of the establishment, there were twenty-five at table, and they were—all Americans!!

Temperature.—M. Arago laid before the Academy the observations of Mr. Warden, on the remarkable fall of the thermometer during the last winter in the United States. It was the most rigorous season known there for fifty years.

M. Sudre's Musical Language.—M. Sudre, who has invented a system of communicating ideas by means of a series of musical expressions, gave a lecture, accompanied with the fullest illustrations of his system, at the great concert room of the King's Theatre, on Wednesday morning. The medium of communication made use of in the first instance was a violin, and in the second a French horn. A series of phrases, collected from among the audience, were translated by him into his musical tongue, and communicated to another person placed at a considerable distance from him. This individual, on hearing the communication, which was made solely by certain notes of either of the above-named instruments in various combinations, immediately transcribed it into letters. He also occasionally repeated them ver-

bally, and re-translated them in some instances from the written musical notation into the language in which they were originally made, or into musical phrases, which were re-interpreted by M. Sudre himself. Two reports, highly favourable to the invention, have already been made by commissions constituted to examine it, in reference to its utility in peace and war, by the French ministers of war and marine. One to the same effect to the Academy of Arts, by special reporters of its own, and one to the Royal Institute.

Lightning.—A curious instance of the effects of lightning occurred some time since at Grandvold; the electric fluid having struck and destroyed a church, and, at the same moment, a house six miles from it: a similar accident occurring several years afterwards to the new church and house that had been erected upon their sites.

Mexican Antiquities, &c.—We have inspected a very interesting collection of Mexican antiquities and drawings now in London, belonging to Mr. C. Nebel, (of whose exploration of Mexico Alexander Humboldt speaks in high terms of praise,) and beg to direct the notice of the curious to these specimens. Mr. Nebel proposes to publish an account of his travels in that country, where he seems to have employed his time so advantageously. Some of the articles are remarkable: such as monster-looking priests dressed in the skins of human victims, grotesque pipes, representations of various heads, African, European, Asiatic, &c. &c. The whole well worthy of attention.

The *Société d'Emulation* of Abbeville have opened the tumulus, called the Butte de St. Ouen, at Noyell-sur-Mer, near the mouth of the Somme. It was found to contain about 600 skulls, piled one upon another, in the form of a cone. The lower jaw remained attached to all; and, as there were no other parts of the body, it is evident that they were interred just as they were struck from the body. The tomb is probably Celtic, and the heads those of prisoners or slaves, sacrificed to the manes of some chief. The search is to be continued, in the hope of finding the remains of the chief, or the rest of the bones of the victims.

ERSKINE'S REJOINDER.

Once Erskine, famed for wit and law,
And good alike at pun or flaw,
Was stepping forth from out his coach,
Just at the Chancery Court's approach,
When his well-stored, close-mouthed, blue bag

wore, and which had got out of curl in the protracted engagement.

Calligraphy and Lithography.—We have, lying before us, a large and beautiful specimen of fine writing on stone, executed by Mr. Edward Clayton, and published by Ward and Co. It is a *Memorial*, intended as a tribute of respect to the late Dr. Morrison, "the first protestant missionary to China, and founder of the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca." The *Memorial* is dedicated to the London missionary society.

Artificial Light.—The chief difference between the artificial lights commonly in use, and the natural light of day, lies in the peculiar yellow colour of the former, compared with the perfect whiteness of that derived from the sun under ordinary circumstances. The yellow colour of the flame of lamps and candles is considerably diminished by those contrivances which render combustion more perfect, by increasing the current of air in contact with the flame, and the light of carburetted hydrogen gas is less coloured than any artificial light that can be produced, fit for the common purposes of illumination.

The first volume of Professor Popping's *Voyage to Chili, to Peru, and to the River of Amazons*, from 1827 to 1832, has been recently published at Leipzig, handsomely printed in 4to, with a folio atlas of lithographic views. The second volume, which will complete the work, is announced to appear almost immediately. This voyage was undertaken by Professor Popping entirely at his own expense. He resided more than ten years in America; and the present work contains the result of his observations during six years of that time, (excluding altogether what belongs to natural history,—his collections in that department, especially the botany and zoology of the western countries of America, being intended, as we collect, for separate publication,) on the inhabitants and character of the different countries where he resided.

Literary Intelligence.

The Laird of Logan; or Wit of the West. By John D. Carrick. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

How to observe Geology. By H. S. Delaboeche. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Plantagenet; a Novel. 3 vols. post 8mo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
Horse-Shoe Robinson. By J. P. Kennedy. 3 vols. post

THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

continue from Fraser's Magazine, the literary portraits, for which that journal has become celebrated, by causing the insertion of an outline of the French portrait of Beranger; others in preparation for November and December. The second article, on the Memoirs of James Mackintosh, (erroneously credited in part to Fraser,) from the London Quarterly Review, the reader, while he is gratified with the detail of the facts, cannot fail to observe a tinge of party politics casting a shade upon the character of Mackintosh, which is unworthy of the review we have published it as the best, on the subject, that has yet fallen under our notice; and, as life is a most interesting one, shall perhaps find occasion to select a review of an impartial and opposite character.

Miss Hemans occupies a prominent space in the list of the English periodicals: more than one will be found in our pages having that distinguished poetess for a theme: the "Recollections" of her, are highly pleasing: exhibiting her in the most amiable light. The "Long Engagement" from the London Metropolitan, may be recommended to the perusal of the ladies. In Maryat is as cheerful as usual: one of the most drunken scenes on record, will be found in the "continued" Diary of a Blasé. Blackstone's article on Willis's Poems shows too much spirit against Barry Cornwall; the same spirit exhibited against him as the author of the "Kean," leading us to fear that personal rather than literary justice, is the object; this article is just to Mr. Willis.

At the close of the present number we have put together a variety of interesting matters as our "table" accumulates every month, in which we rarely find sufficient space; we send them to the reader as affording a bird's-eye view of affairs not noticed generally in other literary journals.

The topic of greatest interest during August was the scientific and literary in England, the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held this year at Dublin, where hospitality and feasting have been so liberally dispensed to the visitors, that business with difficulty accomplished; every practical accommodation was afforded for lodging, eating, drinking, and amusing the strangers. All supposed to detract from the prospects of the association, and to retard its movements; notwithstanding which, the best feeling continues to pervade the meetings, and great confidence that benefits will result. The ensuing

meeting next year, will be held at Bristol, which was first in sending an invitation. Professor Hamilton was knighted by Lord Mulgrave, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on which occasion he delivered the following speech:

"Professor Hamilton.—This is an exercise of one of those prerogatives of royalty, of which I am here the representative, most grateful to myself: most in unison, I feel assured, with the wishes of that gracious sovereign, on whose behalf I act: most in accordance, I am equally persuaded, with the unanimous opinions of that enlightened people, for whose benefit all power is entrusted. This act does not so much confer distinction, as place the royal, and therefore national, stamp upon that distinction, which has already been acquired by personal qualifications and individual exertions. On all these grounds, it is with the highest pleasure I now announce to you my present intention, more particularly in connection with this occasion, where you fill a high official situation in that association, as members of which we are here now congregated; those foreigners by birth, strangers to each other in social ties, who are nevertheless drawn together by the irresistible attraction of mutual enlightenment: it is from this brotherhood of knowledge, that, as Ireland's viceroy, I step forward to claim you as her own, and to appropriate to the land of your birth your distinguished reputation; and this I do, sir, because apart from every other consideration, I recognise in the expansion of intellect and the development of science, the surest sources of the eternal triumph of truth."

The professor then knelt down; Lord Mulgrave took the sword, and placing it upon the professor's shoulder, said, "I Ireland's viceroy, bid you rise, Sir William John Hamilton."

At seven o'clock the company sat down to a splendid dinner. The toasting and speeches on the occasion were much after the established fashion, and to report them fully would occupy more space than the readers of a literary journal would willingly have so occupied.

It would be out of our power to follow the proceedings of the several sections or divisions into which the association was divided; in these, scientific papers were read by the members on various topics of greater or less interest; a few of the most interesting particulars, such as we have space for, may be appropriately here inserted.

Mr. Fritrick read an account of certain improvements in steam-engines, for rendering available the steam of high pressure boilers, which is below the pressure of the atmosphere, by permitting the high pressure steam to pass off into the atmosphere, and the steam of low pressure to pass off into a condenser by a secondary slide. He also gave a report of certain improvements in securing the seams of boilers, by longitudinal, instead of the present circular, clenches. He also described a machine for drilling boiler plates, as rapidly as they can be punched by the punching machine. He also gave an account of certain improvements

in the astronomical clock, which could well be explained without the aid of diagrams.

"Mr. Cheverton read a paper on mechanical sculpture, or the production of busts and other works of art by machinery, and illustrated the subject by specimens of busts, and a statue in ivory, which were laid on the table. They were beautifully executed, and excited universal admiration. The machine, like many others, produces its results through the medium of a model, to govern its movements, but it has this peculiarity, that the copy which it makes of the original may be of a size reduced in any proportion; and that it is enabled to effect this result, not merely in surfaces such as bas-reliefs, but in the round figure, such as busts and statues.

"Lieutenant Denham, R.N., made some observations on the vibratory effects of rail-roads; and a long discussion ensued between Dr. Lardner and Mr. Vignolles on the disadvantages arising from acclivities in rail-roads. The arguments on both sides were very strong, and the opinions of the section greatly divided; but the majority seemed to agree with Mr. Vignolles, that slight acclivities are not so injurious as has been commonly supposed. It is probable that the controversy will be renewed in another form.

"Professor Stevelly described a new self-registering barometer.

"Two of the subjects brought forward in the anatomy and medicine section (5), which section, by the by, was one of the most active and efficient of the meeting, possess much public interest. We allude to the exhibition by Mr. Snow Harris, of Plymouth, of the bones of the lame hip-joint of the late lamented Charles Mathews; and to the no less extraordinary disinterment, from St. Patrick's Cathedral, and exhibition of the skulls of Dean Swift and the celebrated Stella. (Mrs. Johnston.) How far science can be promoted by such spectacles we cannot tell; but, allowing for every apology made for them, we cannot but consider them to be repugnant to the best feelings of human nature. In ourselves, the bare mention of the exposure of the partial skeleton of our great comic favourite and friend, while yet "festering in his shroud," excited a degree of pain and distress which no settlement of a point of anatomical or medical curiosity could qualify. Whether the shortening of his limb was caused by fracture, or by the rare disease called *Morbus coxa serilis*, induced by the fall from his gig, might well have been left unexplored; and, at all events, if the enquiry had been made, it ought to have been made in private, and the result alone communicated to such of the profession as it could interest and guide. But to make a common show of poor Mathews's mutilated limb, whilst yet its living effect upon the laughing stage had departed from the general gaze only a few brief hours, was, we think, in very bad taste, and very inconsistent with the decent observance of respect for the dead.

"We have reason to believe that opinions concurred in attributing Mathews's sufferings for so long a period to the disease above mentioned; the thigh-bone having no appearance of broken and re-united.

"When regard to the pathological examination of the skulls of Swift and Mrs. Stella—the medical section, and again at a meeting of the general society held on Monday evening September 2nd—were the only time at present that in the Dean's skull the hemispheres were symmetrical.

"The disinterment was extraordinary, much at variance with the usual character; but the pathologist explained this, and proceeded to disinterment.

"It is worthy of remark, that at the twenty-five years, Swift and Stella, and Stella, when he attended, eating fruit which, at the post-mortem examination, proved to be water in the stomach.

"These skulls were found in alternating vaults; the coffins were situated several there in the vault; and the dean allowed Houston to take the Dean's skull and Stella examination, under an express pledge of being restored after the enquiry.

"We had almost forgotten poor Stella's disinterment. Her skull is rather large, but a fine one. The highest developments are benevolence, firmness, and conscientiousness; amateness is large; combativeness, large; structiveness, very large; cautiousness, love of approbation, very large; and wit, large."

In one of the speeches from the chair Harcourt gave a view of the finances of the association, which are in a very prosperous state, and said:—

"It had been resolved that abstracts of the papers read before the general sessions should be sent to the *Philosophical Magazine*, a monthly publication, and the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, a quarterly publication. Mr. Harcourt went on to read the names of the individual pointed as officers for the year. Treasurer John Taylor; General Secretaries, Mr. V. Harcourt and Mr. Bailey; Assistant General Secretaries, Professor Phillips; Secretaries, Dr. Turner and Mr. Yates.

"Mr. Taylor, the treasurer, next gave a statement of the funds of the society. With regard to the pecuniary affairs of the association would give the meeting the general result. the 30th of July last there was cash in the treasurer's hands to the amount of 5000, in the stock 2261, 3 per cents, and unsold copies of works about 500. In Dublin the treasurer had received from 1228 subscribers, in subscriptions and donations, 1750, together with an additional of 91, for books sold, making the total amount 5211. The expenses and sums due by the association were probably 1000, leaving a clear profit of 1211. It might be pleasing to audience to state, that the receipts of the preceding year in Edinburgh were 1626, while in Dublin they amounted to 1750. It was also gratifying to be able to state, that grants for advancement of science, of 1700, had been placed this year at the disposal of the committee."

THE MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1835.

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* In the text, this article is erroneously credited to Fraser's Magazine.—*Ed. Mus.*

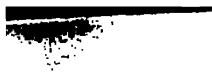
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*Je vous remercie de Francis May
Beranger*

Engraved by J. May

AUTHOR OF "LES SOUVENIRS DU PEUPLE"

From Fraser's Magazine.

PIERRE-JEAN DE BERANGER.

Beranger! How like him in attitude, mien, look! He is depicted just as he is. He not, on this occasion, say as he did of the spiee to an edition of his songs, in 1826:

"Non, non, tu n'es pas mon portrait!"

ther the next line,

"Jamais je ne me suis fait peindre,"

due to be true or not we cannot say: but *he has* been painted will not now be denied itself, when he sees the accompanying page. He sits, in the apartment of the prison to the absurd policy of the ministers of the ed Bourbons consigned him, while they looked the real traitors who were undermining throne; and he is shown in his usual e, unostentatious garb, divested equally of fectation of extreme plainness as of dandy.

He looks to be what he is—a man.

His life is written in his songs; his birth is [See REGINA, vol. xi. p. 93]

ce Paris, plein d'or et de misère,
in l'an du Christ mil sept cent quatre vingt,
z un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grand-père."

fairy, at his birth, gave him the gift divine of making—the gift which has never departed him; and then decided that his lot was to rough the various phases of

'Garçon d'auberge, imprimeur, et commis;"

Accordingly, in all these characters he figure before he took his station in the literary world. Whatever situation he was, it is unnecessary to at his talents for wit and good humour were ily developed. What he did at twenty we from himself: laughed and drank at Madame oire, made love to Lisette in a garret, and : songs.

J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,
De francs amis, et l'amour des chansons:
Bravant le monde, et les sotts, et les sages,
Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps.
Leste et joyeux, je montais six étages—
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'allegresse
Qu'à Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur!"

at cry has remained in his heart and soul since. It is the key-note of all his writings. ger zeal for the military glory of France, a and sorrow for the reverses of its arms, and o hatred of all who, either native or foreign, buted to the fall of Bonaparte, are remark- n his songs. Our heroes and ourselves, from d Villain-ton" and downwards, of course ed under this feeling. The name of Water- is so sad, that it was never to be allowed to shade of sorrow over his song, even by oning it. Our very hats were satirised, and ste and politeness vilified, without compas-

Our victories were chance, or the effect of ers; and, at all events, things to be deplored.

. xxvii.—OCTOBER, 1835—44

Many a song of this kind, and some of them extremely noble and heart-touching—not the less of either because they are dictated by passion, are to be found in his works. But the restored Bourbons and their ministers were the principal objects of his satires; which, in 1821, sent him to prison for three months, and, in 1828, for nine. His works were, however, profitable to him, and his independence was on many occasions remarkably exhibited. When Charles X. fell, he declared, that, in dethroning that prince, song had been dethroned. He has, we should think, since found, that all she complained of in the overthrown Bourbons, flourishes in stricter rigour under Louis Philippe; that the *censeur tyrannique* still exercises the same functions under the citizen-king, as when he wrote his song of *La Censure*; and that the "*infinitement petits*" are as much in power as in the days of the *Gerontocratie*. But, after all, why should our baldpated and bespectacled friend trouble himself about squabbling politics? Why should not he act like his hero, *L'Homme Gris*, and sing "*Moi, je m'en ris ?*"

From Fraser's Magazine.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by his Son, Robert James Mackintosh, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835.

The most remarkable feature, we think, in the literature of the present day, is the great and increasing proportion which biography, and particularly *autobiography*, appears to bear to the general mass of publications; and we cannot divest ourselves of a strong suspicion that this disproportion arises from circumstances which are indicative of some degree of deterioration in the public taste, and of abasement in the literary character of our times. Not that we deem lightly of the merit of a good biography—on the contrary, our doubts are founded on the very opposite opinion. Our readers need hardly be reminded how often we have characterised biography, when adequately executed, as one of the most delightful species of reading, and certainly not one of the least difficult styles of composition;—but *corruptio optimi pessima*—and there is nothing more easy and more worthless than a biography in the modern fashion. The eminence of the person—the splendour or utility of his or her life—the information it may convey, or the lesson it may inculcate, are by no means—as they used formerly to be—essential considerations in the choice of a subject. It would be extrajudicial (if we may use the expression) and therefore invidious, to mention particular instances—but our own library tables, and the shelves of every circulating library, are filled with the *lives* of second or third rate persons to whom the honours of a special biography have been voted, either by those who deem it the readiest field from which a little temporary harvest might be gathered, or by the more pardonable partiality of private affection or friendship. Panegyrics, which would formerly have occupied a few lapidary lines on a tablet in the parish church, are now expanded into the greater but we fear

less durable dignity of two or three volumes octavo.

"Each widow asks it for the best of men;"

it is claimed for promising boys deceased in their nonage, and interesting girls in their teens; and whenever a man of any kind of notoriety—actor, author, painter, parson—happens to die, the London publishers find that there are two or three candidate biographers running a race for precedence; and a man's life has, within these few years, been actually announced before his body was deposited in the grave. Indeed, what Arbuthnot so pleasantly said of *Curl's* avidity after the "Letters of Persons lately deceased," may, with equal truth, be said of modern biography,—"*It is a new terror of death.*"—for although these productions are generally meant to be very complimentary, the more frequent result is to leave their victim a smaller man—if the case be susceptible of diminution—than they found him. Some men—and these are not the most unreasonable class of biographers—cannot afford to leave themselves as a legacy to surviving pens, and, like convicts in Newgate, they sell their own bodies before death—very justly thinking that if an honest penny is to be made out of them, they have the best right to the profit. Sometimes this desire of profit is a little ennobled by the "brave thirst of praise," and in those cases cupidity and vanity, like Beaumont and Fletcher, produce works in which the separate shares of the joint contributors cannot be distinguished.

In many cases—*minima pars ipse sui*—the nominal hero is far from being the most important personage of the work. He may have been a worthy gentleman, who had twaddled through life without having said or done any one thing worth recording; but that shall not prevent his biography or even his autobiography from being announced as "a useful and instructive work, and a great acquisition to the historical literature of the age"—because, though he has done nothing, he has been related to or connected with those who have. The whole circle of his acquaintance is brought into play, and this immediately lets in the whole course of cotemporary history. We could instance one ingenious person who happened to be a member of parliament—where he never spoke—but he *heard* Pitt, Fox, Canning, and Castlereagh, and from his recollections of their speeches, (assisted by Woodfall's Debates,) and his criticisms on their manners and measures, (a little helped by the Annual Register,) we were favoured with a not unentertaining autobiographical "History of the Life and Times of Solomon Sapient, Esq., some time M. P. for the Borough of Boretown in the County of Slipslop." In short, what with increasing the quantity of the article and deteriorating the quality, we fear it must be confessed that at this moment biography is perhaps the very lowest of all the classes of literature; it has become a mere *manufacture*, which

in a great measure to have superseded that *els*—much to the damage of the *light* reader as the graver—the biographical *romance* for the most part, infinitely inferior in point and not very much superior in vera-

This, after all, may do no other harm than that of increasing the multitude of worthless books with which we are overloaded; but there are some still more serious objections to this system of *extemporaneous* and *cotemporaneous* biography, to which even the best works of the class are liable. The principal of these (with which, indeed, all the others are connected) is the almost inevitable sacrifice of historical truth to personal feelings.

Whether a man writes his own life or that of some dear friend lately deceased, it is evident that there must be such a favourable colour spread over the picture that its fidelity must be rather worse than dubious—for even in a court of law the evidence of a party can only be admitted in the rare case in which it shall be against himself: unfavourable or discreditable circumstances are generally passed over in silence, or if they should be of too much notoriety to be wholly unnoticed, they are so covered by the veil of partiality as hardly to be recognised. We have on our table *Memoirs of Robespierre*, said to have been written by his sister, (but really by a "*faiseur*" in her name,) in which the leading feature of his character is said to have been the most sensitive humanity and an almost morbid aversion to the shedding of blood. To crimes—at least to such as those of Robespierre—there is no great danger that the indignation of the reader should be mitigated by the partiality of a biographer; but there are many minor frailties of a man's character which ought *in justice* to be told, but which one would be unwilling to drag back to public notice while his better qualities are still fresh and fragrant in the memory and affection of his family and acquaintance.

But the grave has scarcely been closed over such a man, when the amiable partiality, or the calculating prudence, of his friends puts forth a life, in which these questionable topics are either altogether omitted or kindly misrepresented. If any one—roused by what he thinks undeserved praise—should be so fearless a lover of truth as to endeavour to set the matter in its true point of view, he would have against him not merely the clamours and complaints of the surviving family, but even the good-natured sympathy of the public—who would say, "*It is all very true—but it was long ago, 'tis now forgotten—why revive it?—and, after all, the rest of his life was so respectable and amiable!*" On the other hand, if no notice be taken of such circumstances, the uncontradicted panegyric will be hereafter taken for *undeniable* truth; and other persons, whose conduct towards the individual might have been guided by a knowledge of such circumstances, will pass down to posterity with the reproach of having been negligent, or ungrateful, or envious—when, if the truth were known, they would appear perhaps to have acted with indulgence, delicacy, and honour. The motto of our northern cotemporary truly says, *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*—but, not the judge alone—for, what is worse, the plaintiff and the witness suffer the punishment which the offender escapes.

Nor is it with regard to the principal subject that *cotemporaneous* biography, by a man's own or friendly hands, is unsatisfactory; many, and

in some instances almost all, of the secondary characters in the drama of his life are still upon the stage: if the writer should possess good nature and delicacy, these persons will probably be treated with insipid or exaggerated complaisance—justly enough in one respect, because being brought involuntarily before the public as mere subordinates to the principal figure, it would be cruel to treat them otherwise than civilly, and the *keeping* of the picture forbids their being treated with more than civility: but, on the other hand, if the pen happens to be caustic, and the hero of the book has had much dealings with mankind, it is almost impossible that there should not supervene a great deal of prejudice, and consequent misrepresentation; so that, what between cautious good breeding on the one hand, and rivalry and scandal on the other, the secondary characters of a cotemporaneous biography are in general still less justly delineated than the hero himself: and, upon the whole, we feel corroborated in our doubts whether the very best of *this* species of biography can be considered in any higher light than *a romance of real life*—a picture, of which the principal figure must be considerably *flattered*, and every thing else sacrificed to its prominence and effect.

These considerations—on a popular and thriving, but we think abused branch of literature—are suggested rather by the general nature than the individual details of the work whose title stands at the head of our article. Sir James Mackintosh was a very amiable and a very able man, and the book now before us is highly interesting in its matter, and, on the whole, highly respectable in its style and spirit. As a composition, it is as much superior to the common class of biographies to which we have alluded, as its subject was to theirs; but truth obliges us to state, that it is not (indeed, how could it be?) exempt from some of those drawbacks which we have noticed as incident to a publication of this cotemporaneous nature. It gives an—in some not trivial respects—imperfect account of Sir James himself—an unsatisfactory one of his political principles and associates—and it must be read, we think, rather, like any other gossiping diary, for amusement and literary instruction—than consulted as an adequate authority either as to the *life* of Sir James Mackintosh himself, or for the *history* of the times in which he lived. These more serious matters must, if wanted, be sought elsewhere: here, they are to be traced only in hints and allusions, tinged by the pious reverence and partiality of the accomplished editor.

The work is composed of three distinct classes of materials, woven together;—fragments of *journals* kept, and a few private letters written, by Sir James himself—a dozen long, we will not say tedious, *panegyrics*; *testimonia clarorum virorum*—in the shape of letters to the editor from some of Sir James's early friends and eminent cotemporaries, and a scanty connecting *narrative* and commentary by the editor himself. The much larger and most valuable part of these are the *journals*; though even they contain little more than memoranda of his literary and judicial *opinions* for a very few years. He evidently contem-

plated a regular autobiography, but had completed only the first twenty years of his life, 1765—1784, and this sketch occupies the first thirty pages of this work. From that period to 1800, is continued in a narrative by the editor, exceedingly meagre of facts, and which, though it comprises *sixteen years* in less than a hundred pages, is eked out by extracts from the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*." The history of the next five years, up to his arrival at Bombay, is very imperfectly told in half a dozen private letters. During the residence at Bombay, and up to the return to England in 1812, the journals and private letters are copious; but from that period, all the most distinguished and important part of Mackintosh's life, his whole senatorial and official existence, is slurred over in a few pages of the scantiest narrative, interspersed, however, with some fragments of *journal*. These latter fragments will be found exceedingly interesting—but they are few. "Mackintosh," says the editor, "wanted perseverance to complete his autobiography." Who, indeed, except Dangeau and Pepys, ever had the patience to journalise for a series of years? Mackintosh was naturally indolent, and it would really be surprising if he had succeeded in executing a species of task which we believe to be the very strongest test of dogged diligence. Indeed, the journal seems to have been prosecuted only when external circumstances left him little choice of occupation. When on board ship or in ill health, the journal thrives; but, unfortunately for us, this renders it copious in the *inverse ratio* of its interest. The incidents on board the good ship "*Caroline*," are given with accuracy and abundance, while the anecdotes of Holland House are rare and dry—the *no life* of a sultry and empty house at Bonihay is faithfully recorded, but we have no register of the still hotter atmosphere of Brookes's. There is, however, another reason for the irregularity of the journals, which it is but justice to the amiability of Sir James's private life to notice—the greater part, if not all, of these diaries were written for Lady Mackintosh's information after she had been obliged by ill health to return to England sooner than prudential and official reasons allowed her husband to do so—and after his return, during his occasional absences from her. The two years of the first separation occupy alone *one third* of the whole work:—and when we add that these were the two most listless and eventless years of Mackintosh's whole life, it will be safely concluded that there is left but little room and narrow verge to trace his busier and more important days. Nor can we with truth say that the journals kept for Lady Mackintosh's information are in all respects—at least, as they *now appear*—what might have been expected—there is little "*épanchement*," little of the natural overflow of familiar confidence; the greater portion consists of criticism and commentaries on the books he has happened to read, and though he is always kind and even affectionate, somehow the journal seems rather addressed to his correspondent's head than her heart. It is rather the kind of critical lecture which Cadenus might have prepared for the improvement of Vanessa's mind, than the full, fond, familiar, *all-telling* "Journal

to Stella." The editor's delicacy, no doubt, has induced him to suppress not only all such effusions of conjugal confidence, but also what constitutes the chief charm of a diary—all private anecdotes and personal history of individuals—and he is quite right in having done so. But this is only another reason against these premature publications—it would have been better to have waited till all could be told, and when the world might have seen Mackintosh as he really was. We think his memory would—we are sure the public must—have gained by it. A narrative, however honest and true, may by omissions and selections be so garbled as to produce all the effect of falsehood. We by no means wish to insinuate that this is the case in the present instance—but we have a strong impression, amounting indeed to *certainty*, that punctilious reverence for the writer, and cautious delicacy towards surviving friends, have rendered this work considerably different in tone and spirit from what it must have been, had Mackintosh been fearlessly allowed to have told *all* his own story, and in his own way. A life thus compiled and fashioned cannot command implicit confidence, and the good taste and moderation of the editor only serve to render his absolute fidelity more problematical.

We shall now endeavour to condense from these materials, such as they are, the principal events of Sir James Mackintosh's life, interspersed with some extracts from his own pen characteristic of his mind, principles, and manners. He was born, as we have said, in 1765. His father was "Captain John Mackintosh, who was the representative of an ancient family which had for two centuries possessed a small estate called Killachie, which Sir James inherited, but was obliged in after life to sell." His mother was Marjory McGillivray, who, though of a less eminent clan, appears to have had better immediate connections than her husband: to her personal merits Sir James bears affectionate testimony, while he passes over in suspicious silence the life, deeds, and death of his father. It is remarkable that all

ther, and of the respect which they involuntarily pay to a judicious father. Mackintosh accounts for the intensity of the reciprocal tenderness of his mother rather differently—the circumstances of the family were narrow, and "his mother loved him," he says, "with that fondness which we are naturally disposed to cherish for the companions of our poverty." We a little doubt that poverty quickens natural affection; and from a pregnant hint "that his mother was *not happy*," (p. 3) we should—if obliged to look beyond the instinct of maternal tenderness—rather suppose that a community in sufferings more poignant than mere poverty, might have concentrated in a peculiar degree the affection of the mother on her sympathising boy.

At ten years old he was sent to school, where, as every other autobiographer does, and, as we suppose, every one else is inclined to do, he complains of how little he acquired. A complaint so universal cannot apply to any particular school, or any individual boy, and those who, upon similar testimonies, decry our great public schools, ought in fairness to see whether every man, wherever educated, does not tell the same story. It was but the other day that we heard one of the greatest, the most gifted, and the most accomplished men of the age—a great statesman and an admirable scholar—lamenting over the *lost opportunities* of his education; yet he had been from his earliest youth remarkable for a combination of genius and diligence, which, in the opinion of every one but himself, has been crowned with the most brilliant results. The truth is, we are too apt to forget that the young mind can no more do the work of maturity than the young body; and a man of general acquirements—conscious of how little he knows compared with the wide range of knowledge, and how imperfectly, compared with those who follow a single pursuit—is apt to do injustice to himself and his instructors. The mind that learns little at school might have been broken down under an attempt to carry more; and we incline to concur in the spirit of

silence of the editor on this important topic—but, here as in many other points, we must not forget that, able and intelligent as he obviously is, he must be a *very young* man, and a *wholly inexperienced* author.

In 1799, Mrs. Mackintosh left her son to rejoin "his father, then in camp near Plymouth, and soon accompanied him to Gibraltar, where she died;" and where, thirty years afterwards, Sir James, with pious care, erected a monument to her memory.

He remained at school till October, 1780. He had, he says, been latterly deputed by the master to teach—

"what very little I knew to the younger boys. I went and came, read and lounged, as I pleased. I could very imperfectly construe a small part of Virgil, Horace, and Sallust. There my progress at school ended. Whatever I have done beyond, has been since added by my own irregular reading. But no subsequent circumstance could make up for that invaluable habit of vigorous and methodical industry which the indulgence and irregularity of my school life prevented me from acquiring, and of which I have painfully felt the want in every part of my life"—vol. i. pp. 7, 8.

The four years subsequent to 1780 were passed, the winters at the college of Aberdeen, the vacations with his grandmother; and as here, according to his own very probable account, his political and literary character received its first impulse, we shall make a copious extract:—

"I fell under the tuition of Dr. Dunbar, author of '*Essays on the History of Mankind*,' &c.; and under his care I remained till I left college. He taught mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, in succession. His *mathematical and physical knowledge was scanty*, which may perhaps have contributed to the scantiness of mine. In *moral and political speculation* he rather *declined* than communicated (as he ought) elementary instruction. He was, indeed, *totally wanting in the precision and calmness* necessary for this last office. But he felt, and in his declamation inspired an ardour which, perhaps, raised some of his pupils above the vulgar; and which might even be more important than positive knowledge. He was a worthy and liberal minded man and a *very active opponent of the American war*. In spring, 1782, when the news arrived of the dismissal of Lord North, he met me in the street, and told me, in his pompous way, 'Well. Mr. M., I congratulate you—the *Augean stable* is cleansed.' *I trace to his example some declamatory propensities* in myself, which I have taste enough in my sober moments to disapprove: but I shall ever be *grateful* to his memory for having contributed to breathe into my mind a *strong spirit of liberty*, which, of all moral sentiments, in my opinion, tends most to swell the heart with an animating and delightful consciousness of our own dignity; which again inspires moral heroism, and creates the exquisite enjoyments of self honour and self reverence."—vol. i. p. 12."

It is no slight proof of the strength of early prejudices that so acute a dialectician as Mackintosh should be found expatiating in such vague commonplaces about the *spirit of liberty*, when he had just before very justly characterised the person who had inoculated him with that enthusiasm, as an empty and pompous declaimer, with scanty knowledge of what he ought to have known, and who seems to have talked politics to his pupils because he was incapable of instructing them—that which it was his duty to teach.

"We had among us some English dissenters, who were educated for the ecclesiastical offices of their sect. Robert Hall, now a dissenting clergyman at Cambridge, was of this number. He then displayed the same acuteness and brilliancy, the same extraordinary vigour both of understanding and imagination, which have since distinguished him. His society and conversation had a great influence on my mind. Our controversies were almost unceasing. We lived in the same house, and we were both very disputatious. He led me to the perusal of Jonathan Edwards's book on free-will, which Dr. Priestley had pointed out before. I am sorry that I never yet read the other works of that most extraordinary man, who, in a metaphysical age or country, would certainly have been deemed as much the boast of America as his great countryman Franklin. We formed a little debating society, in which one of the subjects of dispute was, I remember, the duration of future punishments. Hall defended the rigid, and I the more lenient opinion. During one winter, we met at five o'clock in the morning to read Greek, in the apartments of Mr. Wynne, a nephew of Lord Newburgh, who had the good nature to rise at that unusual hour for the mere purpose of regaling us with coffee. Hall read Plato, and I went through Herodotus. Our academical instruction has left very few traces on my mind."—vol. i. p. 14.

But Mackintosh was now destined to take lessons from a tutor still more indiscreet than Dr. Dunbar. In 1782, he fell in love with a Miss S—, of I—, and, exchanging Herodotus for the ladies who give their names to his books, became a poet in her praise, and wooed her in prose and rhyme till she returned his passion; for three or four years this amour was the principal object of his thoughts, and all his anxiety was to obtain such a moderate competency as would justify matrimony. His first ambition did not soar beyond a *professorship at Aberdeen*—to which, encouraged, we suppose, by Dr. Dunbar's successful practice, he does not seem to have dreamt that ignorance and utter incapacity could be any obstacle: however, this design was gradually abandoned; and our readers will, we think, smile at the alternative which he was willing to embrace as a substitute for the *professorship*:—

"In spring, 1784, I finally quitted college, with little regular and exact knowledge, but with considerable activity of mind and boundless literary ambition.

'The world was all before me,'

and I had to choose my profession. My own inclination was towards the Scottish bar; but my father's fortune was thought too small for me to venture on so uncertain a pursuit. To a relation from London, then in the highlands, I expressed my wish to be a *bookseller in the capital*, conceiving that no paradise could surpass the life spent amongst books, and diversified by the society of men of genius. My cousin, 'a son of earth,' knew no difference between a bookseller and a tallow-chandler, except in the amount of annual profit. He astonished me by the information that a creditable bookseller, like any other considerable dealer, required a capital, which I had no means of commanding; and that he seldom was at leisure to peruse any book but his ledger. It is needless to say, that his account of the matter was pretty just; but I now think that a well-educated man, of moderate fortune, would probably find the life of a bookseller in London very agreeable. Our deliberations terminated in the choice of *physic*, and I set out for Edinburgh, to begin my studies, in October, 1784. In the mean time, I am ashamed to confess that my youthful passion had

insensibly declined, and during this last absence was nearly extinguished. The young lady afterwards married a physician at Inverness, and is now, I hope, the happy as well as respectable mother of a large family."—Vol. i. pp. 20, 21.

At Edinburgh he studied medicine, after the manner congenial to his indolent and speculative disposition. He seems to have pursued his *practical* and substantial studies very loosely, but to have embarked in the *polemics* of medical theories with great zeal. These led him to, first, a medical, and subsequently, a general, debating society, where he indulged, and probably, improved, his oratorical talents.

"In three months after my arrival in Edinburgh, before I could have distinguished bark from James's powder, or a pleurisy from a dropsy in the chamber of a sick patient, I discussed with the utmost fluency and confidence the most difficult questions in the science of medicine. We mimicked, or rather felt, all the passions of an administration and opposition; and we debated the cure of a dysentery with as much factious violence as if our subject had been the rights of a people or the fate of an empire. Any subject of division is, indeed, sufficient food for the sectarian and factious propensities of human nature."—p. 25.

The pleasantry, candour, and good sense of this confession is characteristic of Mackintosh; but not less characteristic is the inconsistency with which he in a moment forgets that the practice of such presumption and effrontery might have an injurious effect on the youthful mind, inadequately compensated by an increased fluency of words or a readier knack at disputation.

"These debates might, no doubt, be laughed at by a spectator; but if he could look through the ludicrous exterior, he might see that they led to serious and excellent consequences. The exercise of the understanding was the same, on whatever subjects, or in whatever manner it was employed. Such debates were the only public examinations in which favour could have no place, and which never could degenerate into mere formality; they must always be severe and always just."

At this period closes Sir James's own sketch of his early life, which we have the more copiously extracted because it is his own, and because we think it indicates the bent of his mind, and shows the vague and inconsiderate manner in which he originally imbibed those principles, which he professed, not without some injury to the community, in the early part of his *public* life, but which, much to his honour, he seems in his latter years to have very much modified, if not wholly abjured.

With such a knowledge of the medical art as this course of study might be supposed to give, he took his doctor's degree in the autumn of 1787; and "in the beginning of the spring of 1788" (p. 41), Doctor Mackintosh made his first appearance in London. And now occurred a circumstance, which, if we are correct in our developement of what appears to be the *studied* confusion of the editor's dates, is indicative of an inconceivable degree of precipitation—he married. We know not what the editor may consider as the "*beginning of spring*," when Mackintosh arrived in London and took up his abode at the house of a Mr. Fraser; but we find (p. 50) that he was married on the 18th of February, of the same year, to Miss Catharine Stuart, a young lady whom he first met in Mr. Fraser's society. Is it to conceal or palliate this extravagant haste that the editor's narrative interposes, between the *arrival* and the *marriage*, an ample account of Mackintosh's early London life, his too convivial dissipation, his discursive studies, his political excitements, and even an attempt to get out to Russia as a practising physician? This last event is dated in June, 1788; and we cannot guess, except on the supposition which we have hinted, why it, and all the other particulars we have quoted, should precede by several pages the statement of the marriage, which, if our reading of the dates be correct, must have preceded them all.

But though the marriage was hasty as to time, and imprudent in other circumstances, it was, as far as depended on the parties themselves, a happy

exertions that have been useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am—to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. * * I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, and the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days."—pp. 96, 97.

But we must return to an earlier period. Mrs. Mackintosh's brothers were both, we are told, connected with the press, and, we believe, on the side of opposition. It is probable that this may have been an additional incentive to Mackintosh's predisposition to whig politics, though we do not find any note of his having been employed by those gentlemen; nor, strange enough to say, is there any other information given of the means by which Mackintosh existed during the first years of his abode in London, than may be gathered from the following anecdote:

"The following autumn (1789) was occupied by a tour, in company with his wife, through the low countries to Brussels, and a residence there of some duration, during which, while he acquired an uncommon facility in the use of the French tongue—he at the same time obtained some insight into the causes and chances of success in the struggle which was then going on between the Emperor Joseph and his refractory subjects in the Netherlands. This knowledge he turned to account on his return to London, towards the end of the year, by contributing most of the articles on the affairs of Belgium and France to the 'Oracle' newspaper, conducted at that time by Mr. John Bell, with whom an engagement had been made by a mutual friend for 'Doctor' Mackintosh—a title which is said to have had some influence in the bargain, as conveying a favourable impression of the dignity of the new ally. This species of writing, not requiring continued application, appears to have fallen in with his desultory habits, and he laboured in his new vocation of 'superintending the foreign news,' with great industry. 'One week (we are told,) being paid in proportion to the quantity, his due was ten guineas;' at which John Bell, a liberal man, was rather confounded, exclaiming, 'no paper can stand this!' After this unfortunate explosion of industry, the exuberance of his sallies in the cause of Belgium and French freedom was repressed by a fixed salary, which he continued to enjoy till the increasing returns from his property, and augmented ease of his circumstances, allowed him more to consult his own inclination, as to the mode in which his talents and industry should be employed."—pp. 53, 54.

There is reason to fear (and it would have been no disgrace, but the contrary, if the editor had told it) that, at this period, Mackintosh must have suffered considerable pecuniary difficulty; and it is but justice to his literary character to state, that he seems never to have been, till his Indian appointment, sufficiently at ease in that respect, to be in any degree master of his studies and occupation.

It may even be doubted, indeed, whether the habits of the man as to matters of worldly business did not, among other, we will not say graver consequences, entail upon him even at much later periods something of the same interrupting or diverting inconvenience. His friend, Mr. Sidney Smith, thus writes to the editor of these memoirs:

"Curran, the master of the rolls, said to Mr. Grattan, 'You would be the greatest man of your age, Grattan,

if you would buy a few yards of red tape, and tie up your bills and papers.' This was the fault or the misfortune of your excellent father; he never knew the use of red tape, and was utterly unfit for the common business of life. That a guinea represented a quantity of shillings, and that it would barter for a quantity of cloth, he was well aware; but the accurate number of the baser coin, or the just measurement of the manufactured article, to which he was entitled for his gold, he could never learn, and it was impossible to teach him. Hence his life was often an example of the ancient and melancholy struggle of genius with the difficulties of existence."

But we must go back to *Doctor* Mackintosh. He made several ineffectual attempts to establish himself as a physician at Bath, at Salisbury, at Weymouth. The pupil of Dr. Dunbar, who knew more about Lord North than Boërhaave, and the debater on medical theories, who could not distinguish *bark* from *James's powders* or a *pleurisy* from a *dropsy*, was never, notwithstanding the incomprehensible chances of the medical profession, likely to attract much confidence.

At last, in 1790, came the tide in his affairs, which, when taken at the ebb, led on to reputation, and at last to fortune. Mr. Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" appeared: Mackintosh, probably predisposed by the principles of Dr. Dunbar—sharpened by poverty,* and incited by a just confidence in his own powers, and a natural desire of distinction, published, in reply (April, 1791), his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*. The literary merit of this work was very considerable in itself, and its reputation was from some auxiliary circumstances still greater. The splendid orb of Burke's genius illuminated the *opposition* of the satellite.

"Iste tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus,
Quo cùm victus crit, mecum certasse feretur."

The very contest was a distinction in the eyes of the world, while the Jacobin adversaries of Burke extolled and exaggerated the powers of their new champion with all the zeal of party.

As to the principles of the work we need only quote Mackintosh's own calmer judgment. When, very soon, the horrors of the French revolution had accomplished all the prophecies of Burke, and drowned in a deluge of fire and blood all the splendid hopes and eloquent sophistries of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*—Mackintosh, who we really believe was not, from the first, very sincere in the principles which his work appeared to advocate, abandoned them altogether with a mixture of personal disappointment and conscientious candour, which he describes very forcibly: and when in a few years more he undertook to deliver lectures on English law, he took that public occasion to confess that a considerable modification of his political principles had taken place. This avowal was received by

* The editor states—"That the price originally fixed was only 30*l.*, but when the demand became great, the publisher, George Robinson, repeated several times the original amount. The smallness of the price may be in part accounted for from the work having been sold before it was written."—p. 58. This last is a very important fact, and, if Mackintosh himself had not repudiated the principles of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, would have afforded an interesting topic for observation.

the Jacobin party with loud indignation; which was greatly inflamed by Mackintosh's subsequent acceptance of a place from a tory minister. The more violent branded him as an *apostate*—Parr, who on the appearance of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, had, with all the fervour of faction, adopted him as a kind of political godson, now turned short round and marked his indignation by the bitterest sarcasm. It is said that at their last meeting the conversation happened to turn on O'Quigley, an Irish priest, who was hanged for high treason; and Mackintosh having expressed a very unfavourable opinion of him, Parr said "*He might have been worse.*" "How so?" asked Mackintosh. "Why, Jemmy," rejoined Parr, "he was an Irishman,—he might have been a *Scotchman*; he was a *priest*,—he might have been a *lawyer*; he was a *traitor*,—he might have been an *apostate*." The editor might have recorded this clever sally without any disparagement to his father's memory,—for the two first charges, however witty in the speaker, were no imputation against their object, and the latter could only have been offensive if Mackintosh were insincere in his conversion—which no one can now believe. The silence of the editor gives more venom to this pleasantry, than it before possessed. It is certain, however, that Mackintosh became the object of the enmity of most of his former friends—and even the good-natured Fox himself was estranged from, and never, we believe, reconciled to his wavering disciple. Sore from these imputations, which, however unjust, are intolerable when envenomed by the rancour of party, Mackintosh addressed, in Dec. 1804, a long explanatory letter to the amiable and accomplished Mr. Richard Sharp (whose recent loss the literary world regrets), an old friend and a zealous whig, with the intention, no doubt, that he should use it as a means of reconciliation with the party. This letter, though it is substantially a sufficient vindication of Mackintosh's vacillations, is marked with the indecision of his mind, and we may add, the narrowness, in some respects, of his views. It is with him that

that the *fifth and sixth of October, 1789*, were the certain preludes to the *second and third of September, 1792*: Mackintosh may, we repeat, be censured for blindness and prejudice in having disregarded Mr. Burke's prophetic reasonings—but surely not for *apostacy*, when the face of things had changed to the very contrary of what he had wished, hoped, and promised. Of this letter (which our limits do not allow us to give *in extenso*), we shall condense a few passages. Of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and of the gradual change of his opinions, he says, with a truth and force which we think exceedingly *touching* as well as *convincing*:

"Filled with enthusiasm, in very early youth, by the promise of a better order of society, I most unwarily ventured on publication, when my judgment and taste were equally immature. . . . But in the changing state of human affairs, the man who is constant to his opinions will be sometimes thought inconstant to his politics. . . . Those only who had irrevocably attached their early hopes, their little reputation, which they might be pardoned for exaggerating, and even, as they conceived, their moral character, to the success or failure of the French revolution, can conceive the succession of feelings, most of them very painful, which agitated my mind during its progress. They alone knew my feelings from whom no sentiments of mine could be concealed. The witnesses of my emotion on the murder of General Dillon—on the 10th of August—on the massacre of the prisons—on the death of the king—are now no more. But the memory of what it is no hyperbole to call *my sufferings*, is at this instant fresh."—pp. 130, 131.

But in the midst of this apology, it is curious to see him confessing that he feels himself again wavering, and laying grounds for the future defence of future oscillation—

"At this moment, it is true, I suppose myself in a better position for impartiality. I therefore take it upon me to rejudge my past judgments. But can I be quite certain that the establishment of monarchical despotism in France, and the horrible effects of tyranny and imposture around me in this country, may not have driven my understanding once more to a point a little on the de-

Cantim, *anno salutis humanæ* 1798, latè tum flagrante, per Europæ felices quondam populos, misero fataliq; bello, in quo nefarii et scelestissimi latrones infando consilio, apertè et audacter, virtutem, libertatem, *Dei Immortalis cultum*, mores et instituta majorum, hunc denique pulcherrimè et sapientissimè constitutam rempublicam labefactare, et penitus evertere conantur."—p. 115.

"James Mackintosh, when about to study with greater diligence the law of nature and of nations, reperused all those parts of Bacon which relate to general jurisprudence, at Broadstairs in the Isle of Thanet—the year of *human salvation*, 1798—when the once happy nations of Europe are suffering under a wide wasting, miserable, and fatal war, in which the most nefarious rogues and villains are—advisedly—openly—and audaciously, endeavouring to shake, and eventually to entirely overthrow—virtue—liberty—the worship of God—the manners and institutions of our forefathers—and, in short, this, our most wisely and most beautifully constituted frame of government and society."—p. 115.

When copying these last words, in honour of Mackintosh's honest patriotism at the moment he wrote them, we cannot repress a feeling of wonder, and, we will confess, of sorrow and shame, that he who in this passage, and in many others more deliberate and most decisive in his lectures and other publications, had praised "the institutions of our forefathers, and this our most wisely and beautifully constituted frame of government and society," should have voted and spoken—however reluctantly and feebly—in favour of the *reform bill*.

But we must not anticipate. It is pleasing to reflect that even in the heat of controversy Mackintosh never forgot his respect and admiration for Mr. Burke—and, when the contest had subsided, Burke on some overture from Mackintosh invited him to Beaconsfield, where he passed the last Christmas (1797) of Burke's life; when, to use the happy phrase of Lord Sidmouth—the most disinterested and effective friend Mackintosh ever made—"he renounced his early errors and *reverted* *absolution*." There can be no doubt that his personal acquaintance with Mr. Burke tended still farther to reclaim Mackintosh from his first political principles, and to create additional distrust amidst the zealots of his party.

Having, as we have stated, failed to establish himself in medical practice, and being obliged to depend for a livelihood mainly on his literary abilities, Mackintosh resolved to abandon physic for law, and was called to the bar in 1795. He appears, from this account, to have had a greater share of success in his practice at the bar than we had before heard of. There is a long and very interesting letter (without a date, but written avowedly at the editor's request for this work) from Mr. Basil Montague, by whose advice Mackintosh removed from the Home to the Norfolk circuit, giving an account of the origin of their acquaintance, and some anecdotes of their circuit campaigns, which we wish we had room to insert, for it is not only amusing in itself but affords a very favourable and, we have no doubt, just view of Mackintosh's feelings and prospects at this period.

While he was creeping on in business and towards affluence, the prosecution of Peltier for a libel on Bonaparte gave him (Feb. 1802) the

double opportunity of publicly abjuring every thing like Jacobinism, and of exhibiting his forensic talents on a great stage and with distinguished success. Mackintosh had long entertained a wish to obtain an Indian judgeship,—his reputation now justified such an appointment; and although this celebrated speech had been made against a government prosecution, Lord Sidmouth (then Mr. Addington) with his characteristic liberality and good nature, took advantage of a vacancy in the recordership of Bombay to procure the appointment of Mackintosh to that office. The editor states, that for this ministerial favour his father was mainly indebted to the mediation of Mr. Canning and the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam. We fear the introduction of these two names had been suggested with some view of justifying Mackintosh's acceptance of even a judicial office from a tory minister; but this was unnecessary,—and the editor has been, we are satisfied, misinformed as to the fact. Canning we know was, and Adam we can well believe may have been, useful to Mackintosh on other occasions; but at this period they were both, and Canning particularly, in violent opposition to Mr. Addington—and we think we have the best authority for saying that in *this* matter neither Adam nor Canning had the slightest share,—the favour was asked by Mackintosh without intermediation, and granted by the minister without condition. That on accepting this favour Mackintosh did not derogate from any just claims that party could have on him is proved by a complimentary letter to him from Erskine, the whig leader of the bar, immediately after the Peltier speech, by which it appears that Mackintosh had, previous to that event, aspired to a colonial judgeship, to his acceptance of which Erskine saw no other objection than that it was now beneath his talents and deserts. To India, however, early in 1804, he proceeded, having first received the honour of knighthood, accompanied by his second wife (Miss Allen, of Cressly, in Pembrokeshire, whom he had married in 1798) and three daughters by his former and two by his latter marriage. It would be unjust to Mackintosh not to extract a passage from a letter which, about this time, Mr. Horner addressed to a common friend:—

"Give my respects to Sir James and Lady Mackintosh when you see them. I never pretended to express to either of them my sense of the great kindness they have shown me since I came to London, because I could not express it adequately. I shall ever feel it with gratitude, if I am good for any thing. To Mackintosh, indeed, my obligations are of a far higher order than those even of the kindest hospitality: he has been an intellectual master to me, and has enlarged my prospects into the wide regions of moral speculation, more than any other tutor I have ever had in the art of thinking; I cannot even except Dugald Stewart, to whom I once thought I owed more than I could ever receive from another. Had Mackintosh remained in England, I should have possessed, ten years hence, powers and views which now are beyond my reach. I never felt his conversation but I felt a mixed consciousness, as it were, of inferiority and capability; and I have now and then flattered myself with the feeling, as if it promised that I might make something of myself. I cannot think of

all this without being melancholy; 'ostendit tantum fata, neque ultra.'—vol. i. p. 199.

This extract is doubly pleasing,—it does equal credit to two highly gifted and amiable persons; and although Mr. Horner was at this period a very young man, his testimony is valuable as to the intellectual merits of Mackintosh's conversation, and the good nature with which he ever encouraged talents in others. The trite and inapplicable quotation with which Mr. Horner concludes was to be too soon less inappropriately repeated on his own untimely death.

Mackintosh's life, or rather his sickly vegetation at Bombay is, as we have said, very fully told in a series of private letters and journals, which, nevertheless, contain little more than some notes of tours made in the interior, and some remarks on the works which he happened to read, and on the new publications which the India ships conveyed to him from Europe. Many of the latter are highly interesting,—as specimens of a just and candid style of criticism—indeed they are more than enough to make this a book of solid and permanent value—but they have little relation to Mackintosh's own actual life. Mackintosh went to India—*multa et preclara minans*—of legal, philosophical, and historical works, which should occupy and fructify his official leisure; but an indolent man can never have leisure—and the climate of Bombay would have been enough to subdue a more active disposition than his; he seems to have done little more than read carelessly and ramblingly,—and his greatest exertions (of course out of his judicial duties) were commentaries on what he read. We are tempted to give our readers a few specimens—though the best of them are too long to be extracted *in extenso*, and too closely reasoned to allow of abridgment:—

"My works (we find him confessing to Mr. Sharp) are, alas! still projects. What shall I say for myself? My petty avocations, too minute for description, and too fugitive for recollection, are yet effectual interruptions of meditation. They are, I admit, partly the pretext. All I have to say is, that they are also partly the cause of my inactivity. I cannot say with Gray, that my time is spent in that kind of *learned* leisure which has self-improvement and self-gratification for its object. Learned he might justly call his leisure. To that epithet I have no pretensions; but I must add, that frequent compunction disturbs my gratification; and the same indolence, or the same business which prevents me from working for others, hinders me from improving myself."—pp. 288, 289.

"I read at Mr. Wood's Madame de Genlis's 'Maintenon,' and I think it, perhaps, her best work. Madame de Maintenon is a heroine after her own heart. She is as virtuous as the fear of shame and hell could make her. A prudent regard to interest can go no farther. She was the perfect model of a reasonable and respectable Christian epicurean; and she was by nature more amiable than her system would have made her. The observations on courts are, I think, quite unrivalled. They just reach the highest point of refinement compatible with solidity."—vol. ii. pp. 8, 9.

This idea he afterwards expanded very happily in an article in the Edinburgh Review, vol. xlv. p. 420.

"I perform my promise of giving you some account of what I have been reading in Hogarth. I do not think it quite justice to say that he was a great comic genius. It is more true that he was a great master of the tragedy and comedy of low life. His pictures have terrific and pathetic circumstances, and even scenes: he was a Lillo as well as a Fielding. His sphere, which was English low life, was contracted indeed, compared to that of Shakspeare, who ranged through human nature in all times, countries, ranks, and forms; but he resembled Shakspeare in the versatility of talent, which could be either tragic or comic; and in a propensity, natural to such a talent, to blend tragic with comic circumstances."—vol. ii. pp. 41, 42.

"The Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, during the war with Sweden, commanded the Hetman, or chief of the Cossacks, to come to court on his way to the army in Finland. 'If the emperor, your father,' said the Hetman, 'had taken my advice, your majesty would not now have been annoyed by the Swedes.' 'What was your advice?' answered the empress. 'To put the nobility to death, and transplant the people into Russia,' calmly replied the Cossack. 'But that,' the empress observed, 'would be rather barbarous.' 'I do not see that,' said he; 'they are all dead now, and they would only have been dead if my advice had been taken.' This is a sort of Cossack philosophy. It has a barbarous originality which strikes me."—*Ibid.* p. 51.

We must make room for Mackintosh's account (April 1808) of his impressions on the first perusal of "Corinne." The extract is long; but we wish to give at least one full and thoroughly characteristic specimen:—

"It is, as has been said, a tour in Italy, mixed with a novel. The tour is full of picture and feeling, and of observations on national character, so refined, that scarcely any one else could have made them, and not very many will comprehend or feel them. What an admirable French character is D'Erfeuil! so free from exaggeration, that the French critics say the author, notwithstanding her prejudices, has made him better than her favourite Oswald. Nothing could more strongly prove the fidelity of her picture, and the lowness of their moral standard. She paints Ancona, and, above all, Rome, in the liveliest colours. She alone seems to feel that she *inhabited* the eternal city. It must be owned that there is some repetition, or at least monotony, in her reflections on the monuments of antiquity. The sentiment inspired by one is so like that produced by another, that she ought to have contented herself with fewer strokes, and to have given specimens rather than an enumeration. The attempt to vary them must display more ingenuity than genius. It leads to a littleness of manner, destructive of gravity and tenderness.

"In the character of Corinne, Madame de Staël draws an imaginary self—what she is, what she had the power of being, and what she can easily imagine that she might have become. Purity, which her sentiments and principles teach her to love; talents and accomplishments, which her energetic genius might easily have acquired; uncommon scenes and incidents fitted for her extraordinary mind; and even beauty, which her fancy contemplates so constantly that she can scarcely suppose it to be foreign to herself, and which, in the enthusiasm of invention, she bestows on this adorned as well as improved self—these seem to be the materials out of which she has formed Corinne, and the mode in which she has reconciled it to her knowledge of her own character.

"13th.—Second and third volumes of Corinne. I swallow Corinne slowly, that I may taste every drop. I prolong my enjoyment, and really dread the termination. Other travellers had told us of the absence of public

amusements at Rome, and of the want of conversation among an indolent nobility; but, before Madame de Staël no one has considered this as the profound tranquillity and death-like silence, which the feelings require in a place, where we go to meditate on the great events of which it was once the scene, is a magnificent museum of the monuments of ancient times.

"How she ennobles the most common scenes!—a sermon on the quarter-deck of a ship of war!

"She admires the English, among whom she could not endure to live; and sighs for the society of Paris, whom she despises!

"15th.—Fourth and fifth volumes of *Corinne*. Farewell, *Corinne*! powerful and extraordinary book; full of faults so obvious as not to be worth enumerating; but of which a single sentence has excited more feeling, and exercised more reason, than the most faultless models of elegance.

"To animadvert on the defects of the story is lost labour. It is a slight vehicle of idea and sentiment. The whole object of an incident is obtained when it serves as a pretext for a reflection or an impassioned word. Yet even here there are scenes which show what she could have done if she had been at leisure from thought. The prayer of the two sisters at their father's tomb, the opposition of their characters, is capable of great interest if it had been well laboured. The grand defect is the want of repose—too much and too ingenious reflection—too uniform an ardour of feeling. The understanding is fatigued—the heart ceases to feel.

"The minute philosophy of passion and character has so much been the object of my pursuit that I love it even in excess. But I must own that it has one material inconvenience: the observations founded upon it may be true in some instances, without being generally so. Of the small and numerous springs which are the subject of observation, some may be most powerful at one time, others at another. There is constantly a disposition to generalise, which is always in danger of being wrong. It may be safe to assert that a subtle ramification of feeling is natural; but it is always unsafe to deny that an equally subtle ramification of the same feeling, in an opposite direction, may not be equally natural.

"There are, sometimes, as much truth and exactness in Madame de Staël's descriptions as in those of most cold observers. Her picture of stagnation, mediocrity, and dulness—of torpor, animated only by envy—of mental superiority, dreaded and hated without even being comprehended—and of intellect, gradually extinguished by the azotic atmosphere of stupidity—is so true! The unjust estimate of England, which this Northumbrian picture might have occasioned, how admirably is it corrected by the observation of Oswald, and even of poor *Corinne*, on their second journeys! and how, by a few reflections in the last journey to Italy, does this singular woman reduce to the level of truth the exaggerated praise bestowed by her first enthusiasm on Italians!

"How general is the tendency of these times towards religious sentiment! Madame de Staël may not, perhaps, ever be able calmly to believe the dogmas of any sect. She seems prepared, by turns, to adopt the feelings of all sects. Twenty years ago the state of opinion seemed to indicate an almost total destruction of religion in Europe. Ten years ago the state of political events appeared to show a more advanced stage in the progress towards such a destruction. The reaction has begun every where."—p. 405-409.

Elsewhere, on reading some journals of the missionaries, he says:—

"It is impossible, I think, to look into the interior of any religious sect, without thinking better of it. I ought, indeed, to confine myself to those of Christian Europe;

but, with that limitation, it seems to me that the remark is true—whether I look at the Jansenists of Port Royal, or the Quakers in Clarkson, or the Methodists in these journals. All these sects, which appear dangerous or ridiculous at a distance, assume a much more amiable character, on nearer inspection. They all inculcate pure virtue, and practise mutual kindness; and they exert great force of reason in rescuing their doctrines from the absurd or pernicious consequences which naturally flow from them. Much of this arises from the general nature of religious principle; much, also, from the genius of the gospel—morality, so meek and affectionate, that it can soften barbarians, and warm even sophists themselves."—pp. 54, 55.

This last is one of the many passages, to which we have before alluded, which, notwithstanding some looseness in the expression, give us the gratification of believing that Mackintosh was, even from what may be called an early period of his life, in conviction as well as feeling, a CHRISTIAN.

"Oct. 16, 1810.—The Eclipse brings news of the death of Windham. He was a man of very high order, spoiled by faults apparently small: he had acuteness, wit, variety of knowledge, and fertility of illustration, in a degree probably superior to any man now alive. He had not the least approach to meanness. On the contrary, he was distinguished by honour and loftiness of sentiment. But he was an indiscreet debater, who sacrificed his interest as a statesman to his momentary feelings as an orator. For the sake of a new subtlety or a forcible phrase, he was content to utter what loaded him with permanent unpopularity: his logical propensity led him always to extreme consequences; and he expressed his opinions so strongly, that they seemed to furnish the most striking examples of political inconsistency—though, if prudence had limited his logic and mitigated his expressions, they would have been acknowledged to be no more than those views of different sides of an object, which, in the changes of politics, must present themselves to the mind of a statesman. Singular as it may sound, he often opposed novelties from a love of paradox. . . . Had Windham possessed discretion in debate, or Sheridan in conduct, they might have ruled their age."—pp. 59, 60, 61.

This is only a *phrase*. The verbal indiscretions of Windham, and the moral indiscretions of Sheridan, were *essential* parts of their respective characters. Without them there could have been no Windham nor Sheridan; and it is a mere rhetorical flourish to say that either of them—least of all men poor Sheridan—could ever have *ruled the age*. It was Mackintosh's own indiscretion to mix too often *hyperbole with history*.

We must now extract what appears to us, as sensible and, in spite of a few too rhetorical turns, on the whole as beautiful a letter as ever was penned, on perhaps the most delicate of all possible subjects: it is one addressed by Sir James to his early friend Hall, on that extraordinary man's recovery from a first access of insanity. We shall not weaken it by any commentary:—

Bombay, 18th February, 1808.

"My dear Hall,—It is now some time since I received yours of the 20th of July, 1806, from Leicester, and I assure you that I do not think myself in the least entitled to that praise of disinterestedness which you bestow on me, for wishing to correspond with you. The strength of your genius would, in all common circumstances, have

made you a most desirable correspondent; and the circumstances which now limit your mental excursions give to your correspondence attractions of a very peculiar nature. Both the subject and the tone of our letters are probably almost unexampled. I have trusted enough to speak of what perhaps no friend ever dared to touch before; and you justify my confidence by contemplating, with calm superiority, that from which the firmest men have recoiled. That the mind of a good man may approach independence of external things, is a truth which no one ever doubted, who was worthy to understand; but you perhaps afford the first example of the moral nature looking on the understanding itself as something that is only the first of its instruments. I cannot think of this without a secret elevation of soul, not unattended, I hope, with improvement. You are perhaps the first who has reached this superiority. With so fine an understanding, you have the humility to consider its disturbance as a blessing, as far as it improves your moral system. The same principles, however, lead you to keep every instrument of duty and usefulness in repair; and the same habits of feeling will afford you the best chance of doing so.

"We are all accustomed to contemplate with pleasure the suspension of the ordinary operations of the understanding in sleep, and to be even amused by its nightly wanderings from its course in dreams. From the commanding eminence which you have gained, you will gradually familiarise your mind to consider its other aberrations as only more rare than sleep or dreams; and in process of time they will cease to appear to you much more horrible. You will thus be delivered from that constant dread which so often brings on the very evil dreaded; and which, as it clouds the whole of human life, is itself a greater calamity than any temporary disease. Some dread of this sort darkened the days of Johnson; and the fears of Rousseau seem to have constantly realised themselves. But whoever has brought himself to consider a disease of the brain as differing only in degree from a disease of the lungs, has robbed it of that mysterious horror which forms its chief malignity. If he were to do this by undervaluing intellect, he would indeed gain only a low quiet at the expense of mental dignity. But you do it by feeling the superiority of a moral nature over intellect itself. All your unhappiness has arisen from your love and pursuit of excellence. Disappointed in the pursuit of union with real or supposed excellence of a limited sort, you sought refuge in the contemplation of the Supreme excellence. But by the conflict of both, your mind was torn in pieces; and even your most powerful understanding was unable to resist the force of your still more powerful moral feelings.

"The remedy is prescribed by the plainest maxims of duty. You must: inactive contemplation is a dangerous condition for minds of profound moral sensibility. We are not to dream away our lives in the contemplation of distant or imaginary perfection. We are to act in an imperfect and corrupt world; and we must only contemplate perfection enough to ennoble our natures, but not to make us dissatisfied and disgusted with those faint approaches to that perfection which it would be the nature of a brute or a demon to despise. It is for this reason that I exhort you to literary activity. It is not as the road of ambition, but of duty, and as the means of usefulness and the resource against disease. It is an exercise necessary to your own health, and by which you directly serve others. If I were to advise any new study, it would be that of anatomy, physiology, and medicine; as, besides their useful occupation, they would naturally lead to that cool view of all diseases which disarms them of their blackest terrors. Though I should advise these studies and that of chemistry, I am so far from counselling an divorce from your ancient contemplations, that I

venture to recommend to you the spiritual Letters of Fenelon. I even entreat you to read and re-read them.

"I shall also take the liberty of earnestly recommending to you to consult Dr. Beddoes, in the most unreserved manner, on every part of your case, and to be implicitly guided by his counsels in every part of your ordinary conduct. I have more confidence in him than in all the other physicians in England; and I am not ignorant on the subject of medicine. Total abstinence from fermented liquor is obviously necessary; and I should think it best to relinquish coffee and tea, which liquors I think you sometimes drank to excess.

"May you, my dear friend, who have so much of the genius of Tasso and Cowper, in future escape their misfortunes—the calamities incident to tender sensibility, to grand enthusiasm, to sublime genius, and to intense exertion of intellect."—vol. i. p. 368-370.

We conclude with an extract which has some relation to Mackintosh personally, and contains a short defence of his change of opinion on the French Revolution—

"Finished at my leisure hours 'The Diary of a Lover of Literature,' by Green of Ipswich. It is a ramble among books and men, all of them so much my old acquaintances, that I almost feel as if I were reading a journal of my own. Returning back to 1798 and 1800, seems like coming back to a pre-existent state. Criticisms on my own books, pamphlets, on articles in reviews written by me, and accounts of conversations with me, must to myself be interesting. This diary has a singular mixture of good and bad judgments. It is most wonderful that a man capable of writing some parts of it should have seriously compared Dalrymple to Tacitus, and adopted Johnson's stupid prejudices against Gray. His style is too much 'made up'; it has no air of being thrown off at the moment. Here and there I am struck by one of Green's quaint felicities. The plan seems to have been suggested, and the manner much influenced by Gibbon's Journal, which had just appeared. I am more dissatisfied than flattered by his having recorded my conversations. He has by this means published one more proof of the various states of political feeling successively produced in my mind by the French revolution. This will be regarded as a new proof of my inconsistency in the judgment of the vulgar. A degree of wisdom is certainly conceivable, which would have reached principles and habits of feeling so comprehensive as to have adapted themselves to every succeeding convulsion without change, and of course without excess; but probably no man in Europe had attained this exalted perfection. . . . I am far indeed beneath the imaginary sage, but I humbly hope that I am just as far above the vaunted consistency of the unthinking and unfeeling vulgar."—vol. ii. pp. 147, 148.

Mackintosh's judgment on his friend Green's diary seems to us a not inaccurate description of, and criticism on, a considerable portion of his own journals,—though, as we need scarcely add, Mackintosh often intersperses passages of original thinking and metaphysical speculation, of a height to which honest Green never aspired.

In February, 1810, Lady Mackintosh's health obliged her to return to England. Mackintosh, though himself by no means well, remained, from considerations of pecuniary prudence, at Bombay, judging and journalizing. At last, on the 5th November, 1811, he himself embarked on his return to England, probably not sooner than was necessary for the preservation of his life. He amused the tedium of his voyage home by writing his

journal—this portion of which alone occupies one hundred pages, amusingly enough as literary gossip, but certainly very disproportionately on the life of Mackintosh,—and by writing the *characters* of some eminent men, clearly intended to be afterwards interwoven into his long projected, long postponed, and finally, in his very last year, imperfectly executed History of England. They are all well, and we must add, impartially written—some of them are brilliant by the turns of phrases and sentences, but there is little originality of judgment, and no novelty of anecdote—they may be admirable as academical theses—but they add no more to the history of the individuals or of their country, than his sketches of Hogarth or Madame de Maintenon;—they prove, what he himself hints somewhere in the course of his journal, and upon which we shall say a word hereafter, that his talent was rather declamatory than historical.

On his arrival in England, he found his early and useful friend, and his candid and able official antagonist, Mr. Perceval, prime minister. Mr. Perceval had, as is stated in a letter from Mr. Searlett (now Lord Abinger) to the editor, given Mackintosh at the very outset of his career some countenance and assistance.

"Mr. Mackintosh, being called to the bar, was proposed as a candidate in a debating society of which I was a member. The society was then confined to barristers and members of parliament, and reckoned amongst its members several individuals who have since figured in eminent stations.—Mr. Perceval, Lord Bexley, Mr. Richard Ryder, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Lord Tenterden, Lord Lyndhurst, and others who, if fortune had been equally favourable to their pretensions, might perhaps have been as conspicuous. . . . The majority of our little society consisted of the supporters of the war and of the government. I trembled for the fate of Mr. Mackintosh, till I found in Mr. Perceval an equal admiration of his work [the *Vindictæ*], and an equal desire with my own to receive him into our society. His influence was employed to canvass for him, and we had the satisfaction to carry his election, and shortly after to form an acquaintance with him."

And when, subsequently, Mackintosh solicited the use of Lincoln's-Inn hall to deliver his lectures, Lord Abinger states—

"There again he was encountered by political prejudice; difficulties were suggested, and objections urged, of a formal nature, against such an appropriation of the hall; but the real objection was, the apprehension of the doctrines he might teach. Mr. Perceval once more became his friend, and used his influence with such of the benchers as were known to him, to set them right, and subdue their scruples."

Mr. Perceval had conducted the prosecution against Peltier, as attorney general—but with that generous and high minded man Mackintosh's zeal for his client and the superior brilliancy of his appearance on that occasion, could only serve to increase his early regard; and on Mackintosh's return to England, Mr. Perceval lost no time in showing his value for Mackintosh's character, and his estimate of his abilities, for we are told that the latter had not been a fortnight in London before he received from Mr. Perceval the offer of a seat in parliament, and, by implication at least, of a share in the administration:—

"May 12th, 1812.—I was," says Sir James, in his journal, "at Richmond last week for three days, for quiet and the recovery of strength. I there received a note from Perceval desiring an interview, which took place at twelve o'clock on Friday, the 8th, at Downing street. He began in a very civil and rather kind manner, with saying that, besides his wish to see me, he had another object in the appointment, which was to offer me a seat in parliament, either vacated or about to be so, which ——— had placed at his disposal. He said that he did not wish to take me by surprise, and would allow me any time that I desired. He added all the usual compliments and insinuations of future advancement. I promised an answer in four or five days—not that I hesitated, for it had long been my fixed determination not to go into public life on any terms inconsistent with the principles of liberty, which are now higher in my mind than they were twenty years ago; but I wished to have an opportunity of sending a written answer, to prevent misconstructions."

"I was preparing to send it on Tuesday evening, 11th May, when, about seven o'clock, Josiah Wedgwood came into the parlour of our house, in New Norfolk street, with information that about five, Perceval had been shot through the heart by one Bellingham, a bankrupt ship-broker in Liverpool, who had formerly been confined for lunacy in Russia."—pp. 246, 247.

Mackintosh's letter of refusal, founded on his opinion of the necessity of an *immediate repeal* of the catholic disabilities, Mr. Perceval never received; and is, we must observe, a little inconsistent with his readiness to have joined Mr. Canning, who, *fifteen* years later, flatly refused to pledge himself to any thing like an *immediate repeal*; though it is equally fair to admit that having always supported—as Mr. Perceval had always opposed—the *principle* of ultimate concession, he was nearer Mackintosh's sentiments. In the negotiations which followed Mr. Perceval's death, the editor rather hints than states, that first by Lords Grey and Grenville, and subsequently by Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning, Sir James was designated for a seat at the board of control:—the first proposition naturally failed by the failure of Lords Grey and Grenville themselves; the second, we are given to *understand*, Mackintosh rejected at once, because none of the leaders of his *party* (though he at the same time disclaimed having any *party* connections) were to be in the cabinet. All these—to Mackintosh's personal character and prospects—most important transactions, are slurred over in one page of very indistinct narrative; and a further proposition from Lord Liverpool's administration is again rather hinted than stated in the following enigmatical passage—

"This determination [not to accept office] was tried by other tests shortly after the return of the old ministry to power, under the new leadership of Lord Liverpool. A presiding love of moderation in politics, and an inclination to consider principles rather than persons, had the effect, in their tendency to abstract him from party views, of suggesting offers and solicitations on the part of government, which a better knowledge of a character occasionally misrepresented by too facile manners, would have saved. Mentioning one of these latter occasions to his son-in-law, at Bagdad, he says, 'It would take too much time to state my reasons for this rejection of offers so advantageous; they are, at any rate, disinterested. I have chosen my part, with an assurance that it will never give me power or influence.'"—p. 250.

We know not to what the editor here alludes—we have never heard that Lord Liverpool had made any offer of political office to Mackintosh; and we could well have spared a few pages of Mackintosh's criticisms on the miscellaneous literature which his leisure loved to devour—to have made room for some more intelligent account of those really important incidents in Mackintosh's life. However, it seems that the refusal of Mr. Perceval's offer passed through the unsolicited mediation of a bar friend, (Lord Abinger,) the son of the county of Norfolk, who now lives in the West Indies, an influential influence, independent, so to speak, that another gentleman was not sent into the seat till he had performed some special duty in his Scottish county.

Of his success in the House of Commons, and of the style of his eloquence, we shall say nothing so highly as the editor, whose testimony we say:

"He soon took a leading part in the debates of the house of commons; and it is enough to say that he lost nothing of his reputation by his performances there. If, however, I may be allowed to express an opinion on that subject, I should say that the house of commons was not the theatre where the happiest efforts of his eloquence could either be made or appreciated. . . . The mildness of his temper, the correctness of his judgment, the abundance of his knowledge, and the perfection of his taste, all combined to make him averse to the pursuit of applause, either by inflicting pain upon others, or by sacrificing truth and good feeling to the coarse appetite of the vulgar. It cannot be denied that, whenever the nature of the subject and the disposition of the house were favourable to his qualities as a speaker, he exhibited specimens of eloquence that were of the highest order, and elicited the most unqualified applause."—pp. 288, 289.

Now we must say that we think Lord Abinger's friendly partiality carried him too far when he characterised any of Mackintosh's efforts in parliament as being of "the highest order of eloquence." They seem to us to have been ingenious, well arranged, well reasoned, with a general correctness and occasional felicity of expression; and the humane and philanthropical objects to which they were often devoted, inspired kindred minds with more respect than any displays of mere oratory could have done; but his speeches, as speeches, were not, in our humble judgment, of the highest order of any thing, and least of all of that elevating power, that mental magnetism, generally called eloquence. Mr. Sydney Smith's testimony is more precise, and we think nearer the mark:

"A high merit in Sir James was his real and unaffected philanthropy. He did not make the improvement of great masses of mankind an engine of popularity, a stepping-stone to power, but he had a genuine love of human happiness. Whatever might assuage the passions, and arrange the conflicting interests of nations—whatever could promote peace, increase knowledge, extend commerce, diminish crime, and encourage industry; whatever could exalt human character, and

could enlarge human understanding, struck at once at the heart of your father, and roused all his faculties. I have seen him in a moment when this spirit came upon him, like a great ship of war, his cable, and spread his enormous canvass, and launched into a wide sea of reasoning eloquence. . . .

"But still his style of speaking in parliament was certainly more academic than forensic; it was not sufficiently short and quick for a busy and impatient assembly. He spoke over the heads of his hearers—was too far in advance of feeling for their sympathies, and of logic for their comprehension. He began too much at the beginning, and went too much to the right and left of the question, making rather a lecture or a dissertation than a speech. His voice was bad and nasal; and nobody was in reality more sincere, he seemed not to feel, but hardly to think what he was

is not [unamusing to observe the distinctive of these two friends of Mackintosh, and how differently they differ in manner, eye and in substance on the same point. Lord Abinger, like an eulogist, eulogises his client in hyperbole; Mr. Sydney Smith, like a practised critic, balances "the good" as he calls it, with something like the ability of a judge. In all the editor's own volumes, and in all the testimonies and contributions which he has collected, there is not a single passage which gives the slightest idea of the individuality of Mackintosh's speaking, except these honest touches of Mr. Sydney Smith; yet who, not having heard him, could have had any adequate notion of Mackintosh's style, who had not been told of the harsh and nasal tone, and of the unimpressive and rhetorical manner?

And here we must enter our protest against the extension and abuse of this new fashion of biography, where an editor solicits eulogies from the surviving acquaintance of his hero, and under the shelter of their good-nature, publishes a series of puff-balls, that the fondest and foolishest son would never have dared to print on his own responsibility. We can forgive this practice in such cases as the recent life of Crabbe, and this of Mackintosh, where the inquiry of the editors was really a search after information concerning periods and circumstances to which they had no other access. But good cases make bad precedents; and even in the present instance the practice has been pushed too far. The anecdotes communicated by Mr. Montague, the facts recorded by Lord Abinger, and the manners sketched by Mr. Sydney Smith, are all illustrative of Mackintosh's life; yet even they lose something of their effect from the superabundant carving and gilding of the frame in which the portraits are exhibited. But what can be said for such vague generalities as have been drawn from the good-natured complaisance of Lord Jeffrey, without anecdotes, without facts, without features; a school thesis, a panegyric? "I nunc," we might say to poor Mackintosh,

—"I nunc, curra per Indos,
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias."

It may amuse others to find Lord Jeffrey so employed, to see that great wholesale dealer in oil of vitriol reduced to draw out pennyworths of trea-

etc. But it is an awful prospect for persons of our craft; and we therefore, while we are still, as we hope, in possession of our faculties, do enter our most strenuous protest against this system of soliciting from men that which they cannot decline without offence, and can hardly ever perform with credit.

But after all, the truest test of Mackintosh's parliamentary success, or, as he himself too modestly calls it, his *failure*—is the opinion not only of the house of commons and the country, but of his party themselves; who, although they praised, and perhaps not over-praised, particular orations, felt that he exhibited neither a ready knack of debate, nor those bursts of enthusiasm which decide hesitating minds, and, even when they fail to convince, elevate and awe a popular assembly. Accordingly, it on experience appeared to all, as it had long before done to his own modest good sense, that he wanted some of the most important qualities of a *practical* politician; and he accepted, in 1818, the professorship of law in the East India College at Haylebury; a situation which, if he had possessed any thing like the parliamentary talents attributed to him by Lord Abinger, or even as much as Mr. Smith's more moderate standard indicates, it would have been an insult to offer. This miscalculation of Mackintosh's real place in the house of commons has led his personal friends into some not entirely well-founded complaints of the neglect with which he was treated by his party. After a long night, a dawn of political power beamed on the whigs, by Mr. Canning's accession to the office of first minister in 1827. The refusal of the leading Tories to take part in his administration obliged him to have recourse to the more moderate of the opposition: both on that occasion, and on the subsequent and wider change which, fatally for the constitution of England, brought Lord Grey to the head of affairs, it is plain, from the whole tone of this work and from various innuendoes scattered throughout, that Mackintosh, or at least his personal friends for him, felt highly dissatisfied with the neglect with which he was treated by the heads of the whig party.

"It is no part," says Lord Abinger, "of the present subject to enter into a history of the negotiation that took place between Mr. Canning and some of the whig party at that time. But I can state, upon my own knowledge, the surprise and the concern Mr. Canning expressed, that the name of Sir James Mackintosh was not amongst the list of those who were proposed to form a coalition with him; he had certainly thought him, not in merit only, but in estimation, one of the foremost of his party, and he was aware of the sacrifices he had made to it. Shortly afterwards, his majesty was pleased to admit him of his privy council. Upon the last change of administration, when a new ministry was formed by a coalition of individuals of all the different parties in the state, but under the influence of Lord Grey, a subordinate place in the board of control was the reward of his long life of merit and exclusion. The difficulty of distributing office amongst so many expectants must be the consolation to his friends, for this apparently inadequate station for one so eminent, and who had lost so much by his adherence to party. To those who are not in the secret, it must be matter at least of surprise, that neither parliamentary experience, nor a well-earned reputation,

nor long-trying devotion, nor the habits of business [?], were so much in request as to find their way into any but a comparatively insignificant place at a board, at the head* of which, Sir James Mackintosh, rather than abandon his party, had in other times declined to preside. Such is the caprice of fortune, or the wantonness of power, in the distribution of favours! There is a certain degree of merit which is more convenient for reward than the highest. Caligula made his horse a consul, to show the absoluteness of his authority. Perhaps it is something of the same feeling which actuates persons and ministers in the honours they bestow."

This is, we think, a little too broadly stated. It may be true that neither in the arrangement with Mr. Canning, nor at the formation of the Grey ministry in 1830, was Sir James Mackintosh rated by the distributors of place quite so high as his personal friends, or even the public, might have expected; and it is very probable that some amiable points in Mackintosh's character may have contributed to this apparent injustice. It was not, we believe, his nature; it certainly was not his habit, to be a vehement party man. A party man should be, we fear, a *good hater*. Now Mackintosh was candid towards his opponents in public, and in private lived with them on easy terms of mutual civility, and, in some cases, of friendship. Party admits of no *divided allegiance*—and, although, as Lord Abinger and the editor assiduously inculcate, Mackintosh was true to his party in substantial, we can easily believe that his philosophical moderation did not satisfy the zealots, and his social tolerance offended the bigots of his party. It is, therefore, by no means surprising that he should not have been an object of their enthusiasm. And here we must again observe that Mr. Sydney Smith comes nearer to the true state of the case than the other panegyrists:

"Sufficient justice has not been done to his political integrity. He was not rich, was from the northern part of the island, possessed great facility of temper, and had therefore every excuse for political lubricity—which that vice (more common in those days than I hope it will ever be again) could possibly require. Invited by every party upon his arrival from India, he remained steadfast to his old friends, the whigs, whose admission to office, or enjoyment of political power, would at that period have been considered as the most visionary of all human speculations; yet, during his lifetime, every body seemed more ready to have forgiven the tergiversation of which he was not guilty, than to admire the actual firmness he had displayed. With all this, he never made the slightest efforts to advance his interests with his political friends, never mentioned his sacrifices nor his services, expressed no resentment at neglect, and was therefore pushed into such situations as fall to the lot of the feeble and delicate in a crowd.

"If he had been arrogant and grasping; if he had been faithless and false; if he had been always eager to strangle infant genius in its cradle; always ready to betray and to blacken those with whom he sat at meat; he would have passed many men, who, in the course of his long life, have passed him;—but, without selling his soul for pottage, if he only had had a little more prudence for the

* We are not aware of the authority on which Lord Abinger states that the *presidency* of the board of control was ever offered to Sir James Mackintosh. We do not recollect to have heard of it before.

promotion of his interests, and more of angry passions for the punishment of those detractors who envied his fame and presumed upon his sweetness; if he had been more aware of his powers, and of that space which nature intended him to occupy; he would have acted a great part in life, and remained a character in history."

Our readers will be at no loss to discover at least *one* of the persons whom Mr. Smith had in his eye when he was sketching the unamiable contrast to Mackintosh which we have distinguished by italics. "*Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*;" but as to Mackintosh, it is certain that, however loved, admired, and respected he may have been by his friends, he did not possess that kind of influence with them which can alone obtain a large share in the spoils of a political victory. But there is also another reason, which Mackintosh's personal friends have wholly overlooked, but which, even with whigs, when called to the practical administration of affairs, must have had some little weight; Mackintosh's talents were not of the official kind: *ex quo vis ligno non fit Mercurius*. Mercury filled the most ministerial office in the whole mythology; and the proverb seems to imply that the qualities necessary to make a good *practical minister* were rarer than some others of greater elevation and splendour. Mackintosh, too, let it be remembered, was *forty-seven* when he came into parliament, and up to that period knew little of business, and nothing of the practical management of public affairs. His parliamentary efforts were chiefly theoretic, and he took little pains to acquaint himself with the small but necessary details of public life; and when, at last, the opportunity of office arose, it found him in the *sixty-second* year of a life of indolent habits, speculative studies, and desultory and variable pursuits. Had he, in 1812, accepted Mr. Perceval's offer, he *might*, possibly, have become a man of business and debate, and have eventually been adequate for the highest offices of the state. In 1827, and, still more, in 1830, it was perhaps *too late*; and we cannot, therefore, *altogether* concur in the disappointment and vexations which his friends, his family, and himself seem to have felt at what they consider only in the light of ingratitude to great services and a neglect of great abilities. We say *altogether*; because, although we never expected that Mackintosh should be elevated *at once* to the great and guiding offices of the state, yet it will not be denied that his claims, his character, and his powers, fitted him for something better than the empty title of a privy councillor in Nov. 1827, or than the almost-sinecure salary of the India board in 1830. He should have been placed in one of those secondary, yet independent departments, commonly called *privy councillors' offices*—treasurer of the navy, paymaster, master of the mint, &c., which were bestowed, as Lord Abinger says Caligula made *his horse a consul*—on such "weak masters" as Mr. Poulett Thomson and Lord John Russell. Nay, when we look at the composition of Lord Grey's cabinet, we cannot but think that Mackintosh had superior claims in every way, but particularly in intellect and public reputation, to many who were admitted into that feeble but fatal conclave. Mackintosh's conduct *in the house of*

commons, on the reform bill, is, in our (perhaps not unprejudiced) opinion, a blot on his consistency and public character; but we cannot believe that *he* would, in the calm and conscientious consideration which, if he had been in the cabinet, he must have given to the subject, have brought himself to assent to a measure, which was in its principle diametrically opposite to all the views of the practical constitution which he had so often, so solemnly, and so publicly *avowed and taught*. With a generous and sensitive mind it is *one* thing to defend and make common cause with its friends and party when they are embarked in a violent contest, however imprudently or unjustly provoked; it is *another* to create and excite, by deliberate counsels, such a contest. Mackintosh, like many others, was induced by an erroneous sense of political and personal honour to take his part in the battle; but we sincerely doubt whether he would have originally consented to commence those fatal hostilities. If we be right in this supposition, we have additional reason, for his sake and ours, to lament that he was not of that cabinet.

Mackintosh's modest, moderate, and *hesitating* speech, delivered on the 4th of July, 1831, on the second reading (afterwards corrected and published by himself), is almost the only speech which attempted to reconcile the principle of reform with any period of that *practical constitution*, which the supporters of the bill affected to *admire*, and which, with astonishing effrontery, they professed only to *restore*. But Mackintosh was obliged by his position to play the sophist; and the greater part of his speech referred to matters *antecedent* to our revolution of 1688; and, therefore, as regarded the existing practice of the constitution, perfectly *antediluvian*. The only point of *present* weight and importance he touched, was rather the abuse, than the abstract demerit, of *nomination*—overlooking the fact, that the bill was to sweep away many practical advantages of *nomination*, for the purpose of remedying what he admitted to be in some respects only a speculative mischief; and while he spoke with great hesitation of the probable advantages of the measure, he expatiated on the danger which would then attend its rejection, forgetting, again, that it was his friends, as Lord John Russell distinctly *avowed*, who had created that danger, by provoking an excitement which did not previously exist. But our more substantial quarrel with the speech is, that, in its principles, it, by implication and inference, contradicted the no doubt sincere convictions of all Mackintosh's better days. Let us hear what he himself wrote and stated in his celebrated introductory lecture in 1797, and, in substance, often reiterated in his later works:

"The best security which human wisdom can devise seems to be the distribution of political authority among different individuals and bodies, with separate interests and separate characters, corresponding to the variety of classes of which civil society is composed, each interested to guard their own order from oppression by the rest; each also interested to prevent any of the others from seizing an exclusive, and therefore despotic power; and all having a common interest to co-operate in carrying on the ordinary and necessary administration of government. . . . Human wisdom cannot

ch a constitution by one act, for human wisdom create the materials of which it is composed. *empty, always ineffectual, to change by violence the habits of man, and the established order of society, fit them absolutely for a new scheme of government from the most presumptuous ignorance, the support of the most ferocious tyranny, and leads to consequences which its authors can never foresee; generally, to institutions the most opposite to those of which they profess to seek the establishment.* Such a constitution can only be formed by the wise imitation of a great innovator—time, which, indeed, innovateth but quietly, and by degrees scarcely to be perceived.

shall attempt to exhibit this most complicated machine [the old constitution] as our history and our laws are in action; and not as some celebrated writers have imperfectly represented it, who have torn out of its more simple springs, and putting them to-miscall them, the British constitution. Philosophers of great and merited reputation have told us that it is a mixture of certain portions of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; names which are, in truth, very little more than words, and which, if they were, would as little give of this government, as an account of the weight of flesh, and of blood, in the human body, would tell of the nature of a living man.

all labour, above all things, to avoid that which has been to me to have been the constant source of political error; I mean the attempt to give an air of system, of theory, and of rigorous demonstration, to subjects which do not admit it. The only means by which this has been done, was by referring to a few simple causes, in truth, arose from immense and intricate causes, and successions of causes. The consequence is obvious. The system of the theorist, disengaged from all regard to the real nature of things, assumed an air of speciousness. It required little labour to make his argument appear conclusive. But he agreed that it was utterly inapplicable to human nature.

The theorist railed at the folly of the world, in not confessing his own; and the men of practice blamed philosophy instead of condemning the politician.

The causes which the politician has to consider are all others, multiplied, mutable, minute, subtle, may so speak, evanescent; perpetually changing form, and varying their combinations; losing their name while they keep their name; exhibiting the most diverse consequences in the endless variety of men and on whom they operate; in one degree of strength giving the most signal benefit; and under a slight change of circumstances, the most tremendous mischiefs. I limit, indeed, of being reduced to theory; but to a system formed on the most extensive views, of the most extensive and flexible principles, to embrace all varieties, and to fit all their rapid transmutations; of which the most fundamental maxim is, *discrepancy, and deference for practical prudence.*"*

it be recollected that when that lecture was given, *parliamentary reform* was the g-horse of the revolutionists, and that it were directed all Sir James's unanswerable arguments for "the distribution of power among different individuals and" and against a sudden change in established institutions,—against a "recurrence to the principles of representation"—against any attempt to strike off at a heat "any new system" above all, against the "endeavour to re-

duce human affairs to a system of uniformity and abstract plausibility, which cannot fail to produce the most tremendous mischiefs." Every body who heard these lectures—every body who has read them—understood the whole tenor and force of such passages to be applied to projects of *parliamentary reform*, infinitely more sober, less systematic, and less destructive of existing institutions, than that which Mackintosh was, by mere party attachment, unhappily led to support. But it was not in generals merely that he professed his dislike to parliamentary reform. We find him in his journal (vol. ii. p. 22) pronouncing a panegyric on an article of the Edinburgh Review on this subject, in which, as if by a spirit of prophecy, the reform bill is denounced as "the greatest calamity that could be inflicted upon us":—

"It is perfectly obvious, that if the house of commons, with its absolute power over the supplies, and its connection with the physical force of the nation, were to be composed entirely of the representatives of the yeomanry of the counties and the tradesmen of the burghs, and were to be actuated solely by the feelings and interests which are peculiar to that class of men, IT WOULD INFALLIBLY CONVERT THE GOVERNMENT INTO A MERE DEMOCRACY, and speedily sweep away the incumbrance of lords and commons, who could not exist at all, therefore, if they had not an influence in this assembly. . . . We have no great indulgence for those notions of reform, which seem to be uppermost in the minds of some of its warmest supporters; and we should consider such a change in the constitution of that house, as Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Cobbett* appear to think essential to its purity, as by far the greatest calamity which could be inflicted upon us by our own hands."—(Edin. Rev. Vol. xiv., No. xxviii., p. 300-302)—

with a great deal more equally just, and, alas! equally prophetic.

It is impossible to believe that Mackintosh was sincere in his approbation of a bill which thus overthrew all his own views of the balance of the constitution:—and his silence, (except in, we believe, the single instance of the vague and irrelevant declamation of the 4th of July,) and his visible (and in private not concealed) uneasiness at the turn things were taking, satisfy us that though he had the honourable weakness of adhering to his political friends, his judgment was not deceived as to the danger, nor his feelings reconciled to the expediency of the tremendous experiments to which he had become an involuntary and we fairly believe reluctant party.

He closed his career on the 30th of May, 1832, expressing to the last his regret at having performed so little of what he thought he might have done for his own fame, but having, we hope and believe, no other reproach to make to a life not merely blameless, but exemplary in all moral respects.

In summing up Mackintosh's character, we have little more to do than to recapitulate the observations which the several circumstances of

* It is curious that the very two persons here denounced as advocating the extremities of alteration which had never before entered into the mind of man—Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Cobbett—are notoriously of opinion that the reform bill has gone, in its disturbance of the constitutional balance, farther than any one should have desired.

* Introductory Lecture was reprinted, in a small form, in 1828.

his life have already elicited. The first impression which he excited in society was generally, we have heard, unfavourable; his countenance, until age and illness had refined and softened its expression, was certainly not engaging; his voice was peculiarly harsh, guttural, and *grating*. When he first came to London, he was, it is said, exceedingly uncouth, and one of his early acquaintance in the debating society remembers that he accompanied an almost unintelligible dialect with the most ungainly gestures. These defects were of course much softened by time and good company, but were never wholly obliterated,* and it was well they were not; for—as many objects of taste which are disagreeable at first acquire by use a pleasant relish—so Mackintosh's peculiarities gave, on better acquaintance, a peculiar zest and originality to his conversation. His personal manners were, we thought, never very good; there was an odd mixture of the obsequious and abrupt, which we fancy to be almost peculiar to Scotsmen of talent who have not had early advantages of good company. It is, perhaps, compounded of the *national* caution and the *individual* spirit; but it always makes an annoying discord, in which the lower is certainly, in our ears, the more disagreeable tone.

We are not quite sure that his mind had not something of an analogous defect, something like alternate rashness and timidity—haste and indecision; his impulses were strong, but his reasoning powers were stronger; and we doubt whether he ever embraced, however warmly, any opinion, out of his confidence in which he did not very soon argue himself. His process was like what often happens on a water-party; he entered the boat with inconsiderate alacrity, but very soon became *qualmish*, and wished himself ashore again. This made him, in succession, the advocate and antagonist of Jacobinism—the adversary and admirer of Mr. Burke—the follower, but hardly the friend, of Mr. Fox. He himself states,

* In the "New Whig Guide," a collection of political *jeux d'esprit* published nearly twenty years ago, and,

without any sign of dissent, that Lord Castlereagh once said to him of his parliamentary conduct—"You think right, but you vote wrong."—(ii. 355.)

His practice shows that he rated the obligation of party attachment very high, but the principles on which it might be founded very low. He was, moreover, with all his talents and acquirements, one of the most naturally modest men we ever met, and modesty is one of the parents of moderation, and rarely allies itself with the family of fortune. We are convinced that this union in Mackintosh's mind and temper, of candour, *non-chalance* and humility, was one of the causes, perhaps the chief, which kept his political fortune and character in a corresponding state of mediocrity; had his impressions been more durable, and his self-confidence bolder—his reason less subtle, and his temper less philosophical—he would have been a more eminent, and what the world would have called, a greater man: but he would neither have been so amiable, nor, we believe, on the whole so happy. One half of the old precept he certainly adopted—he "lived with his enemies as if they were one day to become his friends;" but no one can suspect him of having practised the still more prudential, but less amiable, alternative. His heart was tender, and his disposition in the highest degree placable. Mr. Sydney Smith says, forcibly, and with more justice than forcible sayings usually have had, "the gall-bladder was omitted in his composition," and certainly never was there a party man a more acceptable member of general society—

"He steered through life with politics refined;
With Pulteney voted, and with Walpole dined."

Of such men, *conversation* is naturally the *forte*, and Mackintosh's was very delightful. If he had had a Boswell, we should have said of him what Burke said to him of Johnson, that "he was greater in Boswell's work than his own." Mr. Sydney Smith has, here again, set *down some traits, which every one that knew the man must recognise. He says of Sir James—

character. He was, in truth, with the appearance of distraction and of one occupied with other things, a very minute observer of human nature; and I have seen him analyse, to the very springs of the heart, men who had not the most distant suspicion of the sharpness of his vision, nor a belief that he could read any thing but books. . . .

"Sir James had not only humour, but he had wit also; at least, new and sudden relations of ideas flashed across his mind in reasoning, and produced the same effect as wit, and would have been called wit, if a sense of their utility and importance had not overpowered the admiration of novelty, and entitled them to the higher name of wisdom. Then the great thoughts and fine sayings of the great men of all ages were intimately present to his recollection, and came out, dazzling and delighting, in his conversation. Justness of thinking was a strong feature in his understanding: he had a head in which nonsense and error could hardly vegetate. . . .

"Though easily warmed by great schemes of benevolence and human improvement, his manner was cold to individuals. There was an apparent want of heartiness and cordiality. It seemed as if he had more affection for the species than for the ingredients of which it was composed. He was in reality very hospitable, and so fond of company that he was hardly happy out of it; but he did not receive his friends with that honest joy which warms more than dinner or wine."

Such are some of the observations of a bold and dexterous anatomiser of minds and manners. He has touched on points beyond the sphere of our own remark—but we presume we can offend no one by quoting what he has written. In general society, Mackintosh's conversation, though we will not call it "the most brilliant" or "the most instructive" we ever heard, was undoubtedly a splendid exhibition. It teemed with information and anecdote, with a sprinkling of that kind of dialectic wit which plays with *thoughts* rather than *images*, and now and then a good broad dash of natural and national humour. It had one slight drawback; it was, at least in mixed company, apt to have some appearance of preparation and effort; he seemed too much to remember that he had a *character* to maintain, and perhaps the literary subjects which employed so much of his studious hours in distinguishing and refining may have tended to give an air of elaboration, even to his table talk. This elaboration, however, was probably involuntary, because, although few men were more learned, his learning never overloaded his conversation—like the dignity of a high bred man, it was always present, but never obtrusive.

This appearance of elaboration, slightly observable in his conversation, was more prominent, and still more excusable, in his public speaking. No orator, we suppose, however naturally gifted, has ever sustained a high flight without taking preparatory pains; but of oratory, above all others, *ars est celare artem*. In Mackintosh, the preparation was too obvious. An appearance of effort is an insuperable bar to effect, and audiences are, very unjustly, disinclined to believe that a speaker feels what he says if they suspect him of having before thought of what he is to say. This, we believe, was the principal cause of that want of conviction—that air of insincerity to which Mr. Sydney Smith alludes, as derogating from the force of Mackintosh's oratory. Cer-

tainly no man ever spoke so well with so little weight. We know not whether or no it will support the foregoing theory, but we have heard that the two best speeches Mackintosh ever made were both short *impromptus*. One, on the purchase of the Burney Library, he himself mentions with a satisfaction which he seems to have rarely felt at any of his attempts; the other, of which we know not whether any trace is to be found, was on some subject connected with the architectural embellishments of London. Of both of these, high encomiums have reached us, as having been perfect in their little way; and it is probable; for they were subjects on which Mackintosh had, no doubt, thought much—his head was stored with the matter, while the suddenness of the occasion relieved him from the real trammels, as well as the injurious suspicion, of verbal preparation.

As a writer, he will ever be highly esteemed by a chosen few—but he is, we fear we must admit, not likely to sustain an *extensive* popularity with posterity; and such, indeed, must necessarily be the fate of every *ideological* writer, who, treating of human affairs, prefers to deal with *thoughts* rather than *things*. The most wearisome if not the most useless, in our opinion, of all God's creatures is what is now a days called a *philosophical historian*, the best of whose productions is like bad turtle soup, in which selected scraps of the real animal are sparingly dispersed in an ocean of home-made gravy—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. Yet such a dish it was for many years the monomania of Mackintosh to cook. He, we believe, saw in his latter days through that delusion, as he did through so many others; and modestly confesses that he found "his talent was rather declamatory than historical;" but we suspect that he did himself, in this instance, some injustice, and did not attribute the defect altogether to the right cause. It was the style of his studies rather, perhaps, than that of his pen that he found on revision too "declamatory." After dreaming all his life about a philosophical history of England, he, in his very last years, lowered his ambition, to the humble task of preparing an *abridgment* for *Lardner's Cyclopaedia*, in which he did not wholly discard the philosophical style of writing history, and frequently suspends his narrative to make sometimes profound, but more often, trivial observations, which Hume used to condense into a single epithet. But even this abridgment he brought down only to the reformation. He also left a few chapters of a history of the revolution of 1688, (which we noticed in a former number); but this, notwithstanding all that we hear of his diligence in seeking for information and of the large harvest produced by his search, contains, we believe, nothing new, and might, we think, be more truly called an attempt to reconcile the principles of the whigs of 1830 with those of 1688. We have, also, of his, a *Life of Sir Thomas More*, which is really such turtle soup as we have before described, where the facts of the old biographies float about in a tureen of Mackintosh;—the gravy, we admit, is well made, and on the whole it is very palatable; we, however, are of Sir William

Curtis's school, and still prefer what he used to call the turtle *dressed clean*.

We are inclined to rate as highly as any of his works, a short account of the writers on the philosophy of the human mind, with a summary of their various theories; which was prepared for, and, we suppose, appeared in a late supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. We have it, however, in a separate shape; it is small in volume, and has we believe attracted very little notice; but it appears, as far as it is lawful for us to judge of such mysteries, to be done with taste, discrimination, and, as far as the subject would admit, that ease and perspicuity which flow from the complete mastery of a congenial subject. The account of David Hume, in particular, struck us, not merely as excellent, but as *the best specimen* of Mackintosh's peculiar talents.

A reprint of this work, with some of Sir James's admirable articles in the "*Edinburgh Review*," and we must not omit to add his elegant and pathetic sketch of Mr. Canning's character, originally published in one of the annuals—will, ere long, we hope, be undertaken by the present editor.

The day will no doubt come when his *journals* may be published without mutilation or reserve; and we are inclined to believe—rather however from our knowledge of the man than from the cautious selections given in these volumes—that they will preserve some faint idea of Mackintosh's conversation and social qualities; which, after all, were his chief distinction among his contemporaries. It is to the journals of the London life, from 1812 downward, that we particularly allude. *We* shall never see them—for although we are convinced, as well from the specimens we have, as from the habitual shyness and reserve of the man, that even to his wife Mackintosh would rarely *speak out* with entire freedom, yet it is hardly possible but that there must be too much of personal observation to permit their unreserved publication till the existing generation shall have passed away. They will also have, we cannot doubt, the frequent fault of partiality, and occasionally of prejudice; because, though Mackintosh's

genius, he (*Lord Holland*) excels not only Brougham, but—*Canning*!"

We notice these prejudices and partialities thus *slightly*, because we could not go deeper without giving pain; we notice them *at all*, because if we did not thus enter our *caveat*, it might be alleged hereafter, when the journals shall come to be fully published, that *even we* had not ventured to breathe a doubt of their accuracy and impartiality. We, therefore, here register—not a doubt, but a *conviction*, (which even now we have abundant materials to justify,) that Mackintosh's judgment of the men, measures, and manners of his day, though probably in the main moderate and just, must still be read with those wholesome suspicions and that prudent scepticism, from whose scrutiny no man, and, above all, no man who has taken any share in the political parties of his time, ever has been or ought to be exempt.

In conclusion, we have no difficulty in saying, that this is, though not a good *life* of this eminent man, a most interesting and entertaining collection of *Mackintoshiana*; and that, amidst the necessary defects of a filial editor, it is impossible not to admire the modest but manly tone and spirit, and unaffected good taste of Mr. Robert Mackintosh's own connecting narrative.

The book includes two likenesses of Sir James—one from a portrait by Lawrence, painted in his thirty-eighth year; the other after a bust by Mr. Barlowe, done when he had reached the age of sixty-six; to the fidelity of this last representation of a mild and thoughtful good man we can bear witness.

From the London Athenæum.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE
MRS. HEMANS.—NO. III.

It now remains for me, having strung together such remembrances and memorials of the *woman*, as it is my present intention to offer, to add a few words concerning the *poetess*. And yet, in Mrs.

then (may the Iricism be forgiven?) she met it by running away from it. So also in the course of her reading, various and extensive as this had been, she only retained—she *would* only retain—that which was delicate and imaginative, and noble and refined. It may be, that she turned away too perseveringly from the homelier and harsher realities of life, and thus failed in obtaining the poet's highest attribute, a universal sympathy; that she confined herself too exclusively to such scenes and thoughts, and images, as struck the *peculiar* chords of her own mind; and yet, on the other hand, this habit, even if it somewhat narrowed the sphere of her enjoyment, assisted to give her writings that earnestness of tone, and individuality of colouring, which have raised her on high, as the founder of a school of lyric poetry, and will prevent her name from being forgotten with the names of many other pleasant singers of to-day.

Hence, too, it was, that the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, beautifully finished and perfect in its music as it always appeared, was produced with surprising ease; some of her lyrics, indeed, are little more than improvisations, and, if I recollect right, that "Song of a Greek Island,"

Where is the sea?—I languish here,

was literally *spoken* as it now appears in print. She was a thorough mistress of all the mechanism of her art, (in this her fine feeling for music helped her,) and managed all the graceful measures in which her verse is usually cast, with the utmost ease and dexterity. I have sometimes thought her poetry almost too richly-coloured to be set to music; not only the thoughts and the words, but the melody also is there ready found; this, however, may be but a fancy; and most of her songs, with her sister's music, obtained decided and immediate popularity—it will not be forgotten, that "The Captive Knight" was an especial favourite with Sir Walter Scott. As I am mentioning her songs, I cannot resist the pleasure of giving one specimen, which is less known (the music has been worthily supplied by Mr. J. Z. Herrmann,) than it deserves to be.

Far away! my soul is far away,
Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore;
In the woods I see my brothers play:
Midst the flowers my sister sings once more,

Far away!

Far away! my dreams are far away,
When at midnight stars and shadows reign;
"Gentle child!" my mother seems to say,
"Follow me, where home shall smile again,"

Far away!

Far away! my hope is far away,
Where Love's voice young Gladness may restore;
O thou dove! now soaring through the day,
Send me wings, to reach that brighter shore,

Far away!

Her taste for music, like every gift Mrs. Hemans possessed, was eminently characteristic of the peculiar bent of her mind—of her earnest love and reverence for the *spiritual*, as opposed, and superior to the *sensual*, whether in art or literature. She enjoyed it in proportion as it was suggestive; sometimes even, out of the abundance of

her own heart, she found in it a meaning which it hardly intrinsically possessed: for instance, Rossini's bright, bounding, joyous "Di piacer," suggested that fine lyric, "Triumphant music."

Wherefore and whither bear'st thou up my spirit,
On eagle-wings through every plume that thrill?
It hath no crown of victory to inherit,
Be still—triumphant harmony—be still!

With this prevailing tendency of mind, it will be readily understood, how and why Mrs. Hemans preferred the music of thought and feeling of Germany, to the more passionate and impulsive music of Italy. In the first of the two following letters will be found something of her own opinions on the question; the second, too, as treating of song-writing, may be appropriately given in this place.

"I hope the ghost stories made your hair stand on end satisfactorily, and that the wind moaned in the true supernatural tone, while you were reading, and that the lamp or taper (it ought to have been enshrined in a skull) threw the proper *blue* flickering light over the page, and gave every mysterious word a more unearthly character. I have been making research for a good Welsh ghost to introduce to your acquaintance, but have not met with one whom I consider sufficiently terrific. I suppose you know 'Hibbert's Theory of Apparitions;' it is a most provoking book, because the perverse author will *not* leave one in quiet possession of one's faith, and insists upon bringing those hateful engines, commonly called the 'reasoning powers,' into play against all the fabrics of imagination; there are, however, many interesting stories in it, and, by judicious management, one may contrive to escape the moral. You were right, and I was wrong—a great deal for a lady to admit; is it not? about the Count Oginski; his 'Song of the Swan' was a polonaise, and not a waltz as I had imagined. And it is, indeed, most beautiful; music with which one could fancy his spirit after death might have haunted her, 'the queenly, but too gentle for a queen.' My sister applauds to the skies your preference of Rossini to all others; for my part I think, that those who have felt and suffered much, will seek for a deeper tone in music, than they can find in him: something more spiritual and more profound, such as the soul which breathes through the strains of Mozart or Beethoven: but I speak from feeling alone, and, I doubt not, most unscientifically."

"I should have sent you the January number of *Blackwood* long since, but by some mischance it never reached me. Poor Ebony has, as I lately heard in a letter from Cyril Thornton, been dangerously ill, which, I suppose, is the reason of this irregularity in his proceedings. * * I shall be delighted to hear the Irish air you mention; I am very fond of Irish music: there breathes through it (or perhaps I imagine all this,) a mingling of exultation and despondence, 'like funeral strains with revelry;' a *something* unconquerable, yet mournful, which interests me deeply. But I really have nothing, and never shall, I believe, have any thing written in the *pastorale* measure your air seems to require: I must refer you to Shenstone:

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep,

would be very lulling and —ish, I think: but if it is a deep tone of pathos you want, I suppose nothing less will satisfy you than,

I have found out a gift for my fair.

And I should imagine a great deal of Irish energy, a *fortissimo* expression, might be bestowed upon the *barbarous deed* with which the verse concludes. My sister has sent me a lovely little song, to some very simple words of mine; I think it is more full of feeling than any thing she has ever composed.

"I am quite surprised at your liking the 'Storm-painter' so much, as an expression of strong and perturbed feeling. I could not satisfy myself with it in the least; it seemed all done in *pale water-colours*."

To return to Mrs. Hemans's poetry: though every line she wrote may truly be called spontaneous—the furthest possible from any thing like *head work*—there are, of course, some of her compositions (these chiefly lyrical) more than others, in which she *put her whole heart*; in particular, those wherein any aspiration after immortality is expressed, or the weary pining of home-sickness, or in which she speaks with passionate self-distrust of her own art. Perhaps there never was given to the world a more thoroughly genuine outburst of feeling, than is to be found in her "Mozart's Requiem," the composition of which so much excited her, (it was written during a period of ill-health,) as sensibly to retard her recovery. I may instance, in particular, the three following stanzas:

Yet I have known it long,
Too restless and too strong,
Within this clay hath been th' o'er-mastering flame;
Swift thoughts that came and went,
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken, as a reed, this thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,

and asks,

But what awak'st thou in the heart, O spring!
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs;
Thou, that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art,
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much! O there too much!—we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus—but, roused by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings from the soul's deep cell
Gush for the faces we no more shall see!
How are we haunted in the wind's low tone
By voices that are gone!

In addition to the above, I might cite passages from that passionate and noble adjuration, "To a departed Spirit,"

From the bright stars, and from the viewless air;

I might give the whole of "A Spirit's Return," (the principal poem of her "Songs of the Affections;") which had its origin in a fireside conversation with those to whom the foregoing letters are addressed; I might speak of the picturesque and heroic spirit of many of her martial lyrics, which breathes out (deepened by the devotedness of woman's nature) in that glorious character of *Ximena*, in her "Siege of Valencia," the same which made her love to wear, as an ornament, a cross of the legion of honour, taken (I think) on one of the peninsular battle-fields, did I not fear to become tedious to others, fascinating as this part of my task is to myself. I must, however, relate one anecdote, illustrative of the intensity of feeling Mrs. Hemans threw into her poetry. She had undertaken and made considerable progress in a legend, (the idea was, I believe, taken from some German tale or poem,) in which, to secure the love and constancy of a mortal suitor, a beautiful enchantress is represented as resigning one spell of power after another; last of all, her immortality; and is repaid by satiety, ingratitude, desertion. So strongly and painfully was Mrs. Hemans excited by the progress of the story, that her health and spirits began severely to suffer, and

a source of enjoyment to myself, I feel all the pleasure of a child who has found a companion to play with his flowers.

"Poor Grillparzer, and Klingemann, and Müller! The crying philosopher himself, in his most lachrymose of moods, *must* have laughed, could he have read that review. As for Klingemann and Müller and their Fate-tragedies, I can see them 'hung in chains' without the slightest suffering. Nothing, to be sure, can be more absurd than the 'Twenty-fourth of February,' and all its progeny. Only imagine, if our post-woman were to be turned into a Fate-heroine! if the Destinies were irresistibly to impel her, on a certain day every month, to open our important despatches, and read all the letters and steal the books! But I cannot give up Grillparzer, who seems to me to breathe as different an atmosphere from theirs, as the circle of a star (though but of the fourth or fifth magnitude) from that of a gas lamp.

"I have lived very little in that 'world of bright fancies' of which you speak, since I had lost the pleasure of seeing you; I have been administering draughts, and superintending embrocations, and I know not what, until I flatter myself that my talents for nursing have received the very highest cultivation. Now, however, I am very much enjoying myself in the society of certain 'Luft und Feuergeister,' 'Wasser und Waldgeister,' and 'Feen und Feldgeister,' introduced to me by the worthy Herr Dobeneck, in a book of 'Deutschen Volksglauben.' These 'Geister' of his, are, to be sure, a little wild and capricious in their modes of proceeding, but even this is a relief after the macadamised mortality with which one has to pass all the days of one's life. I will beg leave to keep the *Foreign Review* until next week, when, if the Destinies leave the post-woman untempted, you will see it return safely."

"Will you tell —, I regretted, after you and he had left me the other evening, that instead of Werner's 'Luther,' which I do not think will interest him much, I had not lent him one of my greatest favourites—Grillparzer's 'Sappho.' I, therefore, send it for him now. It is, in my opinion, full of beauty, which I am sure he will appreciate, and of truth developing itself clearly and *sorrowfully* (like almost *all* truth, I believe,) through the colouring mists of imagination."

"I owe you many thanks for so kindly introducing me to all those noble thoughts of Richter's. I think that vision in the church magnificent, both in purpose and conception, and it is scarcely possible to stop for the contemplation of occasional extravagances, when borne along so rapidly and triumphantly, as by 'a mighty, rushing wind.' Some of the detached thoughts, too, are exquisite. What a deep echo gives answer within the mind to the exclamation of the 'immortal old man' at the sound of music! 'Away, away! thou speakest of things which throughout my endless life I have found not, and shall not find!' All who have *felt* music, must, I think, at times have felt *this*, making its sweetness too piercing to be sustained. Now let me introduce you to a dear friend of mine, Tieck's Sternbald, in whose

'Wanderungen,' which I now send, if you know them not already, I cannot but hope that you will take almost as much delight as I have done amidst my own free hills and streams, where this favourite book has again and again been my companion.

"I have very great pleasure in thinking that you are now reduced to skating, as the old song saith, 'on dry ground.' After such an escape as yours, how well must you understand the feeling expressed in that line, which speaks of 'curdling a long life into one hour!'—nay, into one moment—a lightning moment, such as I should imagine must leave its tracks upon the mind indelibly graven. And I too feel as if I had been within the shadow of death since I saw you,—not that I believed myself to be in any danger, but I suppose it is impossible to be much alone during illness, without thinking often of all that is hidden from us by the veil of life. How very surprising is the *intense* life of the mind in some kinds of illness! I could not help often wondering if *any* of the thousand thoughts which swept like April lights and shadows over my spirit, would accompany me into the world that is unseen. Did you ever observe how strangely sounds and images of waters, rushing torrents, and troubled ocean waves, are mingled with the visionary distresses of dreams and delirium? To me there is no more perfect emblem of peace, than that expressed by the scriptural phrase—'There shall be no more sea.' My fever is now gone, but it has left me with a weight of languor, and an unutterable '*Heimweh*,' which I feel as if I could not shake off. *Au reste*, I am in a most penitential condition, obliged to wear a shawl and a cap, and to hear good advice, and put on a convinced countenance; all the while thinking grievously of gipsies and Indians, and all free creatures that live under the blue sky. I beg you will be pleased to pity me as much as possible, and not to marvel at the dulness of this epistle, from a person who is in little better than a chrysalis state of existence."

* "Dear —, I send the first volume of the 'Republiques Italiennes' for you and —, and also the book with the 'dernier chant de Corinne,' that you may compare it with the poem in the *New Monthly*: you will see that all the beauty and loftiness of the thoughts belong to Madame de Staël. That book, in particular towards its close, has a power over me which is quite indescribable; some passages seem to give me back my own thoughts and feelings—my whole inner being—with a mirror more true than ever friend could hold up."

"I ought to have acknowledged your kind notes ere now, and thanked you for the copy of Moore's lines,† which certainly are more witty than elegant: perhaps the very coarseness from which one cannot help rather shrinking, renders the satire more appropriate to its object. Do you remember that the other evening we were speaking of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and I thought

† Those caustic verses upon Leigh Hunt's 'Personal Reminiscences of Lord Byron.'

they resembled those shadowy images of flowers, which the alchemists of old believed they had the power of raising from the ashes of the plant? I send you a few lines which that conversation suggested, and which, in consequence, will perhaps interest you.*

I cannot, however, be content without recording, though less eloquently than the above extracts, the pleasure she showed in—not a few English writers; without calling to mind how she enjoyed the beauties of our own rare old dramatists, as well as the plays of Goethe and Schiller and Oehlenschlaeger, how she was carried out of herself by St. Leon, and Valerius, and the immortal works of the author of Waverley. In her taste, she was singularly intolerant of spurious sentiment, and the false magnificence of the *property* school of romancers. Her memory was exact and faithful: I remember her repeating nearly the whole of those last beautiful lines of Lord Byron's to his sister, first published in Moore's *Life*, after having only heard them read twice in manuscript. If one of her friends lent her a book which she *adopted*, it was sure to return graced and garnished with a thousand parallel passages and quotations, which had occurred to her in the course of reading. Many of her own books were thus most richly commented upon; in particular, I recollect a copy of Auldjo's *Ascent of Mont Blanc*, which (and by good fortune the margins of the leaves were wide) was absolutely crowded with illustrations, quoted and original. Her Wordsworth, too, (I almost think the favourite of all her modern books of poetry,) bore many traces of "where the faery foot had been." Above all, she had a genuine womanly sympathy for those of her own sex, whom she esteemed as authors, and not manufacturers of prose or rhyme; and among those in whom she took a warm interest, I may be permitted the pleasure of mentioning Miss Mitford, Miss Bailie, Mary Howitt, Miss Jewsbury, Miss Bowles. Her pleasure in the success of "*Rienzi*" was gladdening to see, especially when her own dramatic failure is remembered; nor am I wrong in stating, that the counsel and assistance she was ever ready to give in literary matters, have eminently contributed to, if not caused the production of, more than one charming and successful work of genius. I cannot but give two fragments which I find addressed to one of her friends, as a specimen of the soundness and elevation of her views on these subjects.

"Dear —, I really should give you a lecture, if I did not know, from intimate conviction, how very useless a thing *wisdom* is in this world. But I wish you *could* keep down that feverish excitement, as it is so hurtful even to the intellectual powers, that I am convinced we have not more than half command, even of our *imaginative* faculties, whilst under its influence. I want you to fix your heart and mind steadily on some point of excellence, and to go on pursuing it *soberly*, as Lady Grace says, and satisfying your-

* This was the poem—

"Twas a dream of olden days.

self with the deep internal consciousness, that you *are* making way. I know that this *may* be, because it was my own course, with feelings as excitable as you know mine are, and amidst all things that could most try and distract them."

"I scarcely know whether or not to congratulate you, on having at last so gallantly launched yourself upon the tumultuous, yet dazzling sea, which has so long been the arena of your hopes. I only fear that you may sometimes want some one like your old friend, to be near you, to 'babble of green fields and primroses,' and win you back occasionally to childhood and nature, and all fresh and simple thoughts, from those gorgeous images of many-coloured artificial life, by which you may be surrounded, and which may possibly at first seize upon your spirit with irresistible sway. But I am convinced, that nothing really *worthy* and permanent in literature, is ever built up except on the basis of simplicity, and I am sure that the widest reach of knowledge will always have the blessed tendency to make us more and more 'as little children' in this respect."

But I must draw to a close: my task, though a labour of love, has not been without its saddening thoughts, when I have looked over these memorials of a long and pleasant intercourse; when I have thought of the further progress which her mind had made in the path to excellence (and yet more towards inward peace and calmness,) after she left us;—and that now all is ended! There is comfort, however, in the reflection, that as she did not live unappreciated, so neither has she passed away brightly and serenely into eternal rest, unlamented. I can only wish, that the task of offering the first tribute of sincere regret at her tomb had fallen into worthier hands than mine.

H. F. C.

From the London Literary Gazette.

PNEUMATIC RAILWAY.

This affords another instance of the facility with which presumed impossibilities are effected—another case of the ease with which an egg may be made to stand on its small end! The whole secret of the pneumatic system of railway is in the means by which the power, obtainable within a close tube or tunnel by the rarefaction of the inclosed column of air, is communicated to a train of carriages on the outside throughout its longitudinal extent, and in the combination necessary to render it effective, the principal feature in which is a perpetually shifting valve.

It happens, fortunately, for the ready adoption of the pneumatic system of railway, that practical data are obtainable for determining the efficiency, economy, and extent of the means and materials it employs. The body of the railway is a cast-iron cylinder, with horizontal rails diametrically opposite to each other, and forming ledges on the sides of the cylinder. The quantity of iron in a given length, and the consequent cost of the cylinders are ascertainable to a fraction, and the cylinders may be cast in substance as light as

possible, since any required degree of strength may be given to the construction by ribs or rings upon the lower semi-circumference at long intervals. The maintenance of fixed steam engines, such as are to be used as prime movers, or to work the air-pumps, at stations along the line, is a matter of every-day experience; and the working of the blowing machines, used in blasting iron, furnishes data for the working of air-pumps. We learn too, that the important pneumatic problem regarding the inertia of air within an extended tube is most satisfactorily demonstrated by efficient practice to be no longer a problem, seeing that the presumed inertia does not exist. Many minor experiments and much relative practice had given fair grounds for abating the presumption; but latterly a system has been introduced, and is now extensively practised by an ingenious mechanical engineer, by which the power of any convenient agent, as a first mover, is communicated to machinery at several miles distant from it, through extended connecting tubes, merely by the rarefaction of the column of air contained. The difference between the connecting tubes used in this system and those of the pneumatic railway, is in favour of the latter,—if there were any thing in the presumption above referred to,—because of their greater calibre, and the consequent smaller proportion of rubbing surface in proportion to the column contained. That the tubes are in the former imperforate, and in the latter are perforated and mechanically closed, will not be deemed a difference against the railway system by those who know and can appreciate the secure and really beautiful arrangement by which its pneumatic valve is made efficient. A padded cord, formed upon an iron linked core, and otherwise made flexible, elastic, impervious to the atmosphere under a considerable pressure, and little liable to be acted upon by meteoric changes, is laid down in a trough over the extended longitudinal perforation or chase, through which the communication is effected from the internal apparatus called the Dynamic Traveller, upon which the power is obtained, to the external car called the Governor, to which is attached the train of carriages to be drawn, in the place of the locomotive engine in the common system. The cord, being laid down in the chase, renders the tube or cylindrical body of the railway close, and as nearly air-tight as possible, or certainly as can be necessary; for if the atmosphere be admitted to an extent which shall almost reach the capacity of the air-pumps to withdraw it, still the action of the pumps would, in a few strokes, make the valve perfectly air-tight, by inducing such a pressure of the atmosphere upon the upper quadrants of the cylinder, and upon the back of the cord itself, as to bring them into perfectly close contact. The lifting and laying down again of the valvular cord by the traveling apparatus, to allow of the communication from the internal to the external parts, and to permit, also, the access of the atmosphere to play upon the rear of the traveling piston and give the required impulse, are effected in a manner which is simple and certain.

To obviate the necessity of bringing the cylinder
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together with any great degree of accuracy, and that common castings may be sufficient for the purpose without the necessity of boring, the traveling piston is allowed to move freely and without packing, and the waste of air is very small; but, if necessary, an expanding piston may be found convenient in practice.

It is proposed to divide the line of pneumatic railway into sections of from three to five miles in length, according to the acclivities to be worked, since the steeper acclivity will require a higher degree of rarefaction to be obtained within the same time. High pressure steam engines, of sufficient power, at each of the stations which limit the sections, will work air-pumps of sufficient capacity to produce the required degree of rarefaction to overcome the resistance of the load to be drawn within a given time; and the resistance being overcome, the train will, of course, proceed with a velocity equal to that with which the pistons of the air-pumps are worked; aided, and indeed increased, by momentum—"vires acquirit eundo." We should not have thought it necessary to state that the prime movers would continue to work when the train had started—to keep it going after it had been induced to go—but that people do fall into misconceptions on the subject. We have seen it seriously stated as an objection, that if a fourteenth of an atmosphere be obtained, the train would run a fourteenth of the distance and then stop! In truth, however, if the case were as supposed, no such thing would occur; the tractive power, obtained by a certain degree of rarefaction, would fall off in the first yard the train advanced, if it were not kept up by the continued action of the air-pumps.

It is necessary to state, that the cylinder of the railway is intercepted internally at the stations, and so divided into sections, by a vertical valve. The presence of this directs the action of the engines upon that section over which a train has to be brought, whilst the engines at the station next in advance are preparing the following section to receive and bear it along. Hence the withdrawal of the vertical or station-valve allows the on-coming train to pass at once, and without losing its momentum, into the next section, and within the action of the next station of engines; whilst its return leaves the passed section free to be operated upon again for another train; since, as before intimated, the impelling column of air is admitted by the opening of the pneumatic valve immediately in the rear of the traveling piston, and has not to follow along through the cylinder from the extreme end behind it.

Besides the great economy with which tractive power can be obtained through this system, by the agency of fixed steam engines, and the certainty and safety with which it is applied, it must be obvious that the system possesses the means, also, of increasing the power as it may be required, if the ordinary working be not at a high degree of rarefaction. But rarefaction to the extent of one inch of mercury only, or about a thirtieth of an atmosphere, will give, upon the piston of a cylinder, thirty-six inches in diameter, an amount of tractive power equal to that of an ordinary locomotive engine. Let another inch of mercury

be allowed for waste, friction, and other contingencies, and the rarefaction will then amount to only about a fifteenth of an atmosphere; so that there is a range at command, only limited by the economical consideration, whether it be better to maintain, permanently, engines of sufficient power to obtain the higher degree of rarefaction, and the consequent large amount of tractive power, or to limit the acclivities.

A practical difficulty has been suggested in the application of the pneumatic railway, that it may not be crossed on the surface level, so that communication from one side to the other of a road formed upon this system, must be by bridges over, or tunnels under it. If this be a difficulty, it is possessed in common with the present system of railway, when due care is taken to prevent injury to it and accidents to the public; and we can state it as a fact, that no crossing on the surface level is contemplated along the whole line of the London and Birmingham railway. Moreover, the pneumatic railway really has an advantage in this difficulty over the common system, that the bridges over it need not be so lofty, as it has no high engine-chimneys to carry through.

We do not think it necessary to enter more particularly than we have done into questions regarding the comparative expense of constructing and working a railway upon the pneumatic system, and upon the common systems by the locomotion engine and by ropes worked by fixed engines. Dr. Lardner has done this with great candour and fairness, and we have seen estimates which appear to us to bear out the statements of the projectors of the pneumatic system of railway as to the real cost at which transit may be effected by means of it. Of its certainty and perfect safety none can entertain a doubt who have qualified themselves to judge of its pretensions; whilst the possession of means which obviate the necessity of boring through hills, and, to a great extent, of cutting and embanking, and the employment of steam as a first mover in its cheapest, instead

From the London Metropolitan.

THE LONG ENGAGEMENT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Learn to be wise from other's harm,
And you shall do full well."—*Old Ballad.*

I am going to write an account of ten years of my life. When I say that these ten years were passed in the neighbourhood of Brunswick Square, and among what our modern novelists denominate the "middling ranks of society," I suppose my sentimental and fashionable readers will at once decide that I can have nothing to relate worth hearing; but there are many people in the world who are neither sentimental nor fashionable, and my ambition will be quite satisfied by their attention and sympathy. I do not yet know whether I shall relate my trials in a lively or melancholy style. I have, as a celebrated songwriter says, "my harp of sighs and my harp of smiles;" most probably memory will be very impartial, and wake the strings of each in turn.

It was my one-and-twentieth birth-day; I was an orphan, and I came to my fortune. Let me not, however, delude my readers into the belief that they are perusing the "Memoirs of an Heiress." My fortune, alas! was one of those portions very common in "middling life." I had a thousand pounds in the three per cents., I had a house at Brixton with a green verandah, Venetian blinds, and a small neat front garden, presenting at the various seasons a due gradation of crocuses, wall-flowers, stocks, and Michaelmas daisies; this house all the world considered to be very much underlet at seventy pounds a year. I had also an annual twenty pounds arising from an improved ground-rent, which I beg to tell the unlearned in those matters, who may be imposed upon by "the magic of a name," means the worst sort of ground rent that you can possibly possess! This modicum of worldly goods, however, passed in the circles I frequented for a "pretty fortune," and then I had "great expectations!" Convenient form of speech: how many young ladies have

in the account I gave to my aunt of the good qualities of my beloved Edward Conway, and my hopes that our engagement would speedily terminate in a union. After I had talked for above a quarter of an hour, my aunt merely ejaculated the words, "Poor thing!" I thought at the time she could not have said any thing less to the purpose, I think now she could scarcely have said any thing more so.

The first year of my engagement passed pleasantly enough, every thing was *couleur de rose*. My lover had recently commenced business in the law, and was earning an income of about the same value as my own. He was tall, dark, pale, and interesting, had read a vast variety of elegant literature, wrote in the magazines, sung a very good second, and had a great deal to say on every subject that was started. It was the general opinion that he was a decidedly clever young man, and as such, quite sure to get on in his profession. This is a very plausible kind of reasoning, but from all I have since seen of the world, I am rather inclined to doubt that decidedly clever young men *do* get on in a profession. Genius allures ten out of the path of profit, where it guides one into it. I was then, however, certain that Conway's talent would speedily lead to fame and fortune, and my own property might increase, something might happen: the "something" of our maturer age rivals, in its convenient qualities, the "nobody" of our childhood! We were both, in short, satisfied with each other, with ourselves, and with our prospects. Love and prudence are generally thought to be at variance, but we had contrived to reconcile the rival factions. We were young, we had plenty of time before us, we should enjoy the delights of reciprocal and tender friendship for a certain period, and we should then exchange them for the still greater delights of connubial affection. How prettily and plausibly we talk when we wish to compliment our own sagacity, and to predict our own felicity. In society I found my consequence much increased by my known influence over a man so talented and popular as Conway. I had also a delightful sense of independence in being able to converse freely with other young men, without the dread of being suspected of matrimonial designs, and a pleasing feeling of superiority over the disengaged young ladies who had still "the world before them where to choose." At home, when Conway, as was his almost constant custom, passed the evenings with us, time fled still more rapidly and pleasantly. Lovers, it is said, ought to have some one pursuit in common; we had two, the love of music and the love of literature. Even indifferent persons, conversing together on such subjects, will have so much alternately to learn and to impart, that congeniality of taste must awaken in them a certain portion of interest towards each other. Judge the feelings with which we must have sung the sweetest melodies, and studied the most gifted poets, ever tracing up the song or poem to one source, that of our mutual and sincere affection. Yes, a long engagement is like opium-eating, the raptures are all at the beginning, and are dearly purchased by the feverish excitement and startling tremors which assail us

as we proceed. I have been told (although I can scarcely believe it) that the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" have induced many to tread in his steps, that they might taste the transports which he so vividly describes in the commencement of his career. I should be exceedingly sorry that my recital should tempt any one to tread in mine, and therefore I shall at once draw to a close the first year of my engagement.

Clouds began to make their appearance early in the second year. My uncle and aunt thought that Conway came too often to the house. Another offence, although it was not openly alleged "in the bond," was the style of his discourse. Lovers might be allowed, to a certain degree, to pay compliments and talk nonsense to each other; but to be always conversing about music and poetry, and never notice the carpet-work of the lady of the house, nor talk about the price of funds with the master of it, was an offence of the first magnitude. I felt very indignant when these complaints were hinted to me; few girls can bear to hear their lovers censured even for not talking well enough, and I thought it very hard that mine should involve himself in trouble by talking too well. I also remembered that my uncle had begged Conway to come to the house whenever he felt inclined, and surely none could judge so well of his inclination as himself. I made some very severe reflections on my uncle's hollowness and duplicity, although I had not felt the least shocked when I had seen him, after receiving a letter from a person who had begged some trifling service of him which he could very readily have granted, write an answer, refusing his request, and signing himself "your very obedient, humble servant." We are all wonderfully quick-sighted to inconsistency and insincerity when they happen to interfere with our own comforts and gratifications. I now also began most acutely to feel the loss of my parents; my uncle and aunt had hitherto well supplied their places to me, but now I thought, were my dear father and mother alive, *they* would not be so cold-hearted and selfish, *they* would be ready to make a few sacrifices of personal convenience for the sake of their daughter. Let me, in justice to my poor uncle and aunt, say, that I subsequently found, from further acquaintance with the world, that many engaged young women, with parents of their own, have received precisely the same hints about the frequent visits of their lovers, which irritated me so much, from them; but I was in a state of mind to imagine myself very ill-used, and felt peculiarly incensed that Conway, whose manners and talents might adorn the mansions of nobility, should be considered as an interloper in a dull parlour in Hunter street, Brunswick Square. Such, however, was the case; and I prepared myself to acquaint Conway of the fact with as much delicacy as possible. Happily, however, he saved me the trouble; he had so much quickness of tact, that he could "read at sight" an altered look or a clouded brow. His visits were shorter and less frequent, and the intervals of time appeared to me insufferably tedious. I no longer felt the same interest in the common employments of life. I was absent in company, and silent with my uncle and aunt.

Love is said to make fools of wise men, and wise men of fools; in the same way I think that it often cures selfishness where it exists, and causes it where it does not. I was not, I am sure, naturally selfish; but now all my thoughts, feelings, and hopes, were concentrated in Conway and myself. Our interviews were still a source of the greatest happiness to me; but that excitement passed, I returned to a state of dreamy lassitude, and my uncle and aunt both informed me that my engagement had not altered me for the better, a polite form of speech which of course implied that it had altered me for the worse.

The third year was still more trying than the former. Several of our intimate friends now thought fit to obtrude their advice and sympathy. I found from them that when a young lady enters into an engagement to be married, it is concluded by her friends, that her marriage will take place in two, or at the most, three years; and that if, at the end of that time, it appears as far from any prospect of completion as at the beginning, it is wise to put an end to it. Who originally laid down these rules I do not know, but I both knew and felt that it was not at all incumbent on me to act up to them. My aunt, however, was made a complete convert to these prudential arguments; she sent for me into her dressing-room, and after recapitulating them to me, (a perfectly needless task, since I had heard them at least twenty times before,) informed me that she and my uncle were of opinion that I had much better break off the engagement. Much better break off the engagement! How easily are those words spoken by an indifferent person, and with what a cold, leaden weight, do they fall upon the heart of the young and affectionate! I can only compare the sensation to that which an invalid would feel, who, when believing that he is progressing slowly and surely to a perfect recovery, is suddenly informed that it is deemed necessary for him to undergo a severe and painful operation. And yet such things are not only continually said, but are actually done and suffered. The operation is undergone, and the patient smiles in all the vigour of renewed health. The engagement is broken off, and the released parties speedily contract newer and more favourable ties; but each I believe will ever remember the pang of horror with which they first heard the trial proposed, and shrank from the certainty of present and immediate suffering, notwithstanding all the promises and inducements of ultimate good.

I mentioned these circumstances to Conway, he also had his kind advising friends, but like me, he was firm in constancy. Our attachment was warm and mutual, and could we have married at that time, I am persuaded no couple could have had a more favourable prospect of extreme happiness. Conway endeavoured to cheer my spirits under the melancholy prognostications of my friends and neighbours; he would redouble his exertions in his profession for my sake—he would not unremittingly for me, in the hope of pleasing me. Work for me! vain, useless boast; mechanic or the labourer may, indeed, work for a woman he loves, and gain a regular reward for his hours of extra toil, but what can

the man of talent, the man of feeling do, confined to the narrow circle of an up-hill profession? What but sit, and wait, and expect, and find all his hopes and expectations end in disappointment! This year began so tragically, that I am happy to remember a comic episode at the conclusion, which enlivened it. An old maid, who had earnestly advised us to break off the engagement, was so convinced that her counsel ought to be accepted, that she at last persuaded herself that it *had* been, and spread abroad the report that we were both free. This rumour obtained me an offer of marriage from an elderly gentleman, and Conway a declaration of love (made through the medium of an humble companion) from a middle aged lady, and my aunt and uncle, and about half a dozen respectable families in Hunter street, were overwhelmed with wonder at our folly in declining such unexceptionable overtures.

My suitor was a sleek, rubicund alderman, with a bald head, and a most apoplectic-looking neck, who took a quantity of snuff, and always slept after dinner. He touched occasionally upon literary subjects, thought that Haynes Bayley wrote the "Plays on the Passions," and that Anacreon Moore was the author of "Zeluco;" and he deemed all the glories and splendours of the Arabian Nights Entertainments a mere nothing compared to those of the Mansion House. Conway's enamoured dame was the plump buxom widow of a country squire; her person was large, but so was her jointure, and in respect to her feelings, no thread-paper beauty could be more tenderly sentimental. Like the alderman, she sometimes endeavoured to recommend herself by her literary conversation; she called the Waverley novels "sweet reading," decided that Pollok's "Course of Time" was "a pretty thing enough," and wondered that any body should engage a governess who did not undertake to teach her pupils to write verses. Miss Sheridan's sprightly little poem, "The Stout Lady," had not then made its appearance; but when I read it, my fancy instantly reverted to the ill success of the advances of the sensitive widow.

"What man of feeling can tell me he loves,
While my odious fat fingers are bursting my gloves!"

"Soft verses pathetic I often indite,
They say a fat woman can't love and can't write;
At music expressive my tears often steal,
They say a fat woman can't weep and can't feel!"

The affection of Conway and myself would have triumphed over far more dazzling temptations, and the widow and the alderman were both rejected. Several of my young friends mourned over my stupidity in refusing the prospective honours of shining as Lady Mayoress, and some young men of Conway's acquaintance remonstrated with him on his folly in declining the widow's advantageous offer, because, as they wisely observed, "marrying the woman need not oblige him to be much with her!" Divers highly sagacious persons in the meridian and decline of life, likewise lamented that we should each have lost so excellent an opportunity of "raising ourselves above the world." Strange expression! I cannot

for my part comprehend how any people can be said to raise themselves above the world, by conduct which tends rather to degrade them below it. The desponding couple soon found consolation; the widow married a half pay Irish ensign, and the alderman found a future lady mayoress in the person of a very pretty simpering young lady, our opposite neighbour in Hunter street, who had been the only one of my acquaintance who had strenuously advised me to refuse him. The new-married couples, either out of a spirit of forgiveness or defiance, (extremes often meet,) sent wedding cake to Conway and myself. I put the mystical piece, drawn nine times through the ring, under my pillow at night—dreamed that I stood at the altar in a delicate white satin dress, and transparent bonnet adorned with orange flowers; the ring was placed upon my finger, but its pressure startled me, “and I awoke, and lo, it was a dream.”

The fourth year opened despondingly. My property, as I have before mentioned, was small. I had hoped that something might occur to make it more, but if I had feared that something might occur to make it less, my anticipations would have been much nearer the truth. My “improved ground-rent,” which had been improved till it nearly equaled the rent of the little tenement to which it appertained, had been paid to me for some time in very uncertain proportions. At last my uncle suggested to me that I had better send to take possession of the house, which was then tenantless. A very high wind, however, had just settled the matter of possession: the house, which was old and dilapidated, sunk into ruins, and I was glad to dispose of the mass of rubbish for a very small sum.

Other mortifications awaited me in my prime property, the green verandahed house at Brixton. The tenant quitted without notice—a shameful breach of contract on his part, because it had been agreed on between us that there should be six months’ notice on either side. I am inclined however to think that he was troubled with a bad memory, for he forgot to pay many of his debts in the neighbourhood, and forgot to leave his new address behind him! I was immediately obliged to paint and paper the house; the green verandah and blinds assumed a more vivid hue, and the wall-flowers bloomed with redoubled fragrance; but, alas! the poor house seemed fated to be a wall-flower itself, as little singled out and cared for by the public, as if it had been one of the elderly young ladies, who go by that name in an assembly-room. No one was disposed to take it “for better for worse,” and my only consolation for the loss of my next half year’s five and thirty pounds, was in my aunt’s assurance that it would be a much worse thing for me if I were married to a man with nothing, and had half a dozen children! This year, which was so unpropitious to me, opened a bright prospect to Conway, not, however, in fortune, but in fame. The annuals were just then making their appearance, not as now, in a brilliant *corps de ballet*, bewildering from its numbers, but in the shape of three or four graceful modest strangers, who were eagerly welcomed in all companies, and whose “coming out” formed

the subject of general conversation. Conway had written an amusing tale and a pretty poem in one of them; they happened to please the taste of the public; one or two lionising ladies of quality favoured him with a card of invitation, and when it was discovered that he was a remarkably pleasing and gentlemanly young man, his fame as an author increased in tenfold proportion. I do not believe that his celebrity procured him one additional will to make, or deed to draw; but he obtained a variety of invitations, and certainly became introduced and admired in a very different class of society from that in which he had been accustomed to move. It is natural for the young to be pleased with praise, and dazzled with pomp. I do not think Conway felt conscious that his manner towards me was altered, but certainly it was far from gratifying to me, instead of hearing of my own attractions and his attachment, to listen to recitals of splendid galas and titled company. I could not, however, reproach him with neglecting me, for he still came to the house quite as often as my uncle and aunt gave him any encouragement to do. I could not charge him with neglecting his profession, for he had so little to do that his hours of leisure were abundant. I could not blame him for publishing in the annuals, for he had done so at my particular advice and solicitation—and I could not blame the world of fashion for inviting and admiring him, for I quite approved their taste. In short, I was in a most unfortunate predicament for a discontented person; I had nobody with whom I could reasonably find fault: in proportion, however, as I feared that Conway’s mind would become alienated from me, my wish increased for an immediate union, by which I felt I should regain all, and more than all, of my former influence; and I longed unceasingly and ardently for an increase of income on either side, which might make such a union consistent with prudence.

At the beginning of the fifth year my aunt became seriously ill, and her complaint was pronounced to be one which is rarely cured, and seldom of very tedious duration. The medical man who attended her, told me his opinion in confidence, that she could not live above a few months. Unlike invalids in general, she seemed perfectly conscious, without being told of it, that she had few hopes of recovery or prolonged life. “I fear I shall be a great trouble to you, dear Julia,” she said; “but you may rely upon it that the kindness and attention which I feel assured you will show me, shall not go unrewarded.” Not go unrewarded! How I wish my aunt had never uttered these words: had I not been engaged, or had I been in a situation to marry, I should immediately have concluded my reward to exist in the grateful thanks of my aunt, and in the pleasing reflection that it had been in my power to repay her for her general kindness to me. Now, however, my fancy immediately reverted to a circumstance which I had heard long ago, and heard then with great indifference, but at the present time, it appeared to me of the utmost importance. My aunt had five thousand pounds entirely at her own disposal, which it was in her power to bequeath just as she liked. My uncle was

rich, his income far exceeded his expenses. I was his only near relation, and she had none of her own; was it then, I reflected, very unreasonable to expect that if I devoted myself to her with unwearied assiduity for the remaining few months of her life, she might leave me the five thousand pounds, which she must know would be so valuable a gift to me? I blush while I write down this account of my mercenary feelings, but I deem it a fit penance for degrading myself by indulging them. How had I spurned the idea of marrying for money, and yet, for the sake of money, I was content to wheedle, flatter, resign most of my comforts, and all my independence of feeling. My aunt's temper became more and more irritable and exacting, as she perceived my systematic submission to the most unreasonable of her caprices.

Let it not be supposed that I wish for a moment to discourage the young from bearing and forbearing with their aged relatives in sickness and infirmity. If their sacrifices be made with a pure motive, from feelings of kindness, of duty, or of gratitude, they will be blessed to them; and although they may not be appreciated by the persons to whom they may be offered, they will prove a constant source of gratifying reflection and remembrance to themselves. Mine, however, all proceeded from an unhallowed motive, the love of mammon. Had I been affluent, I am persuaded that I should still have been kind and attentive to my aunt, but I should mildly and cheerfully have remonstrated with her on the unreasonableness of requiring me to injure my health and spirits by constant confinement, to perform menial offices which she had servants able and willing to undertake; and, worst of all, to submit to taunting and wounding expressions, which I well knew she would not have ventured to bestow on the meanest of those servants. I should have done this in a quiet and gentle manner, and my aunt would have respected me more for it, and would have had her remaining days rendered more comfortable by the necessity of exerting a little control over her selfish feelings, than she could have enjoyed from the unlimited indulgence of them. Indeed, the more I gave up for her sake, the less she seemed to like me; she could not bear to have me long away from her room, because she said nothing did her so much good as a little rational conversation; but I am afraid my conversation must have been any thing but rational, for I rarely uttered a sentiment which was not contradicted—a peculiarly hard thing in my opinion—for I am sure I had altered my sentiments on things in general, at least half a dozen times to please her.

Once I remember, when I ventured to say I thought differently from her on the merits of Sir Charles Grandison, I was peremptorily ordered to "think back again;" rather an unreasonable requisition I considered—but while I was hesitating whether or not I should comply with it, she settled the point, by reminding me that all her property was at her own disposal, and that she had remembered my attentions to her in her will. Of course I "thought back again" immediately! I never felt so unhappy at any period

of my life—first, because I thoroughly despised myself; and, secondly, because I felt I was appearing to the world in a false character; and obtaining its applause, when I ought rather to have received its scorn. Our friends are never very eager to join in the praises of our beauty, or genius, or wisdom, but they are particularly ready to give us their due tribute of admiration, when we are only commended for homely useful good qualities; and half the drawing-rooms in the neighbourhood of Brunswick square resounded with the praises of "that dear, kind-hearted girl, Julia Mansfield, who was so devoted to her peevish aunt, that she gave up society, air, and exercise, had lost almost all her fine colour, neglected to curl her hair, and wore her sleeves in the last year's fashion!" Often, too, was I held up as a model to some wilful high-spirited young lady. "See what poor Julia Mansfield bears from her aunt, and never returns a hasty answer to her!" Conway, too, commended me with earnestness and sincerity for my unwearied patience and attention. "So affectionate a niece," he said, "must have been a dutiful daughter, and will, I am sure, prove an admirable wife."

O how I disdained myself, when I received these encomiums, with downcast eyes, and an embarrassed manner, which added the charm of humility to my other apparent virtues. None of our acquaintance, not even Conway, were aware of the existence of the five thousand pounds; my aunt had no portion at the time of her marriage, her money was the after bequest of a distant relation, and it was of course supposed that she had nothing to leave. How often actions are praised, when, could we trace them up to their motives, they would be despised! A little anecdote of this description occurs to my memory; it is but a trifle, but trifles elucidate the character. I was once staying at a watering-place in the same house with a young man nothing remarkable in manners or disposition. One morning at breakfast a letter was delivered to him, which had been directed to him at the post-office, and sent on from thence to his address. He opened it, read aloud the beginning, "My beloved Henry," and immediately refolded it, saying that his name was not Henry—that it could not be for him, and that it ought to be returned to the post-office, for its proper owner to claim. Every one agreed to this; but a few young people were present, and they suggested that as he had got the letter, it could do no harm to its real owner to read it for the amusement of the company. He steadily refused, however, and to put an end to all solicitations, rang for a candle, and resealed the letter. I was much delighted with his honourable conduct—freedom from curiosity, and firmness in withstanding idle persuasions—it seemed to me conduct worthy of a hero of Miss Edgeworth's. After breakfast he said that he should walk to the post-office, and return the letter; and looking round on the company, added, "Mind, you must be all ready to bear witness, if required, that I have not read the letter; I should not be able to get back the eight-pence for postage, if I had read it." What a change took place in my opinion of him!

A celebrated novelist says, "there is a six-and-eight-penny feeling at the bottom of most of the concerns of life;" but here was a man who had a tender concern even for the odd eight-pence, and who was rather proud than ashamed of his eight-penny feeling! Had he kept his own counsel, I should have believed him to be as delicate minded and exemplary as the misjudging world believed me. We may deceive others, but we cannot deceive ourselves; and least of all can we deceive that eye which penetrates into our most hidden motives and feelings.

The sixth year began—my aunt's illness had already lasted ten months, and did not seem more likely to approach to a conclusion. My uncle, although sincerely attached to her, was not in any respect fitted for a sick chamber. "Nobody," he said, "can read and talk to her like dear Julia, and nobody can bear her little ways and humours with such equanimity." The servants unanimously agreed in this, and "dear Julia" was gradually permitted to sacrifice half her night's rest, in addition to all the comfort of her day. Conway now began to complain that I was carrying my devotion to my aunt too far, and that for his sake as well as my own, I ought to be allowed more leisure and liberty. My interviews with him were short, constrained, and unsatisfactory, and I felt conscious that I could not make myself so agreeable as I had formerly done. I had unavoidably neglected my dress, my readings, and my music in a great degree; but it cannot last long, I thought, and when I have the pleasure of presenting Conway with five thousand pounds, he will own that all has happened for the best, and I can easily repair my present trivial deficiencies. I will not trouble my readers with the tedious and painful details of this year, the last few months of which presented a trial beyond any I had previously undergone. My aunt had always since her first attack been captious and irritable toward me, but she had some intervals of right feeling and affection, and I was persuaded that she felt real regard for me. Now, however, there was something in her manner beyond peevishness, it expressed contempt for me—no other word can be so appropriate. I tasked my memory for any inadvertent offence, or hasty answer; no! I had become so accomplished a dissembler, that I had schooled every look and word into the most perfect subjection. All at once the truth flashed upon my mind. My aunt had found me out! she had seen through my motives, and well did I feel that, in that case, her bitterest contempt was no more than my due. How she found me out, I cannot profess to say, but it does not appear to me a mystery very difficult of solution: the powers of discrimination and observation of the sick, (in illnesses which do not weaken the intellect,) are certainly wonderfully quickened and improved, because their attention is not divided among a multitude of objects: when an idea is presented to them, they weigh it, they dissect it, they examine each particle with scrupulous attention, and they have nothing to do but to think over and analyse the result of their examination. I remember once, when I was slowly recovering from a violent fever, I read with clear compre-

hension and exceeding interest, a work on metaphysics, which I had thrown aside a few weeks before, when in high health, as being above my understanding. Several observations too, made by the friends who called on me, seemed to give me a deeper insight into their characters than I had ever obtained before—and why was this? because my attention was confined to a few points, and I considered and reconsidered them, till I had become mistress of them in all their bearings. By this simple moral machinery, I doubt not my aunt, who was naturally an acute woman, and whose intellect had not, like her temper, felt the effects of her long illness, had been enabled to discover the secret of my exceeding meekness and humility. To the world I was the devoted affectionate niece, but to her I was merely the scheming legacy-hunter, whose gentleness of temper might stand on a par with the temperance of the gamester, the virtues of each being a part of the stock in trade necessary for the exercise of their vocation! I felt more mortified and grieved than I can describe, at the conviction that I was discovered, but still I knew my aunt to be a woman of integrity and veracity, and she repeated, at least three times a day, "I have remembered you in my will!" Towards the close of the year her decease took place, like many a long expected event, at a time when nobody was thinking of it; her funeral was handsome, her virtues were duly talked over by her friends, and "last not least," her will was found and opened.

The five thousand pounds were left, without reservation, to my uncle! She bequeathed to "her dear niece, Julia Mansfield, in return for her unremitting attentions towards her," (so that I was not even to have the satisfaction of thinking that she had died in my debt,) "her wardrobe, plate, books, and jewels!"

I must not allow my readers to deceive themselves as to the value of my legacy. The wardrobe was of so very homely a description, my aunt never having excelled in the science of dress, that its possession would but poorly have repaid me for the evil looks and longing sighs of Mrs. Bridget Jenkins, my aunt's own maid, to whom accordingly I made it over without the formality of a deed of conveyance. The plate consisted of a silver coffee-pot and tea-pot, which my aunt's father had given to her on her marriage, and which being handsomer and more fashionable than those possessed by my uncle, were carefully locked up, (to be only produced on state occasions,) in a neat deal box, on the top of which was written in large characters, "Mrs. Mansfield's own plate!" The books were comprised in the Spectator and Tatler, Richardson's novels, Fordyce's sermons, and the works of Mesdames Barbauld, Talbot, and Chapone. The jewels consisted of half a dozen hoop rings of garnet, turquoise, and similar stones of the "middling class," a purple enameled watch, with works worn out, a large amber necklace, a steel buckle for the waist, a Scottish pebble brooch, a cornelian heart, and a smelling bottle in a clumsy silver case! When the actual amount of my legacy and that to my uncle was made known, all Hunter street was full of the wrongs of poor Julia

Mansfield. But Julia could not pity herself. I felt that I had my reward, and my full reward, and all the praise I could now lay claim to, was that I immediately silenced any one who blamed my aunt, by assuring them that she was the best judge of what was fit to be done, and that I was perfectly satisfied with her conduct towards me. And so I was, and so I am persuaded would the world be satisfied with the bequest of many a capricious invalid, could the real circumstances of their situation be made known. Much has been written about the folly and injustice of wills. Hazlitt humourously says, "It is the latest opportunity we have of indulging the natural perversity of the disposition, and we take care to make a good use of it; all that we seem to think of is to do as little good, and to plague and disappoint as many people as possible." How naturally do we agree in this observation, when we hear of a will in which the attentive relatives who have sacrificed their time, their health, and their spirits to the testator, are remembered by a ring or a bequest of nineteen guineas, while others are enriched with thousands, who had shown frequent instances of carelessness or contradiction towards them; yet this can well be accounted for, by supposing that such a testator had, like my aunt, penetrated the falseness of their unwearyed flatterers, and preferred the plain honesty of those independent spirits, who scorned to feign an affection that they did not feel. I am glad to conclude the account of this year, and I am more glad still to be able to add with sincerity, that I fully acquiesce in the justice of the mortifications and disappointments which it was the means of inflicting on me; and to legacy hunters in general, I beg to give this valuable piece of advice: it is at all times contemptible to assume feelings foreign to our own, but if you *must* act a part, take care you do not *over-act* it!

The seventh year was of a more cheerful description. My uncle's sensibility was so much blunted by age, and by my aunt's long illness, that he speedily recovered her death. To any one who condoled with him on it, he replied that it was "a great release," a phrase in constant use on these occasions, but a very ambiguous one in my opinion. Whenever I hear the death of an individual spoken of as a great release, I always feel tempted to ask the question, "To whom is the release, to the deceased or to the survivors?" No one, however, of course, presumed to ask such a question of my uncle, but all went away asserting that he bore his loss "wonderfully well," another very hackneyed and silly expression. A thing to be wonderful must be uncommon, and such scores of people even among my own acquaintance have borne the loss of friends "wonderfully well," that the wonder by this time, I think, must be pretty well worn out. My uncle spoke to me very kindly respecting my attentions to my aunt, and told me that her small and insufficient legacy to me was the source of much grief to him. I rather doubted the sincerity of his grief, for he had the immediate alleviation of within his power, by making over to me as much her property as he deemed fit, but I nevertheless thanked him for his condolence, and told him

that I thought my aunt did not feel me quite as much as I desired, which was perfectly true. All this now on exercise and society in my domestic affairs and spirits; the late Mrs. Brixton was let on lease at eighty pounds a year, to a maiden lady who lived much within her income; and Conway communicated to me the cheering fact, that his last year's receipts had amounted to nearly two hundred pounds. Another "cheering fact" also I heard, both from himself and others; he had for some months been gradually detaching himself from the fashionable parties, which he had been so fond of frequenting: nothing, he said, afforded such calm and rational gratification as a quiet domestic circle, and I took the whole compliment to myself, imagining that the only quiet domestic circle in London was to be found in Hunter street, Brunswick square. I also added much to my comfort by the acquisition of an intimate female friend. I took especial care not to incur the risk of a rival. Miss Jemima Blandford was several years older than myself; she was much poorer, being entirely dependent on some distant relations, with whom she had lately come to reside in our neighbourhood, and she was, moreover, freckled and red-haired. Her manners were particularly winning; she had a sweet toned voice, a caressing softness of address, and a habit of assentation which had in it nothing servile or insipid, but seemed rather the out-pouring of a spirit desirous of living in harmony with all the world. I felt that I appeared to advantage in her presence. When we were in company she drew me out, extolled my observations, and turned every thing I said to account; and in a *tête-à-tête*, she was still more delightful, she entered so warmly into my feelings and difficulties, and constantly concluded the conversation by predicting a speedy and happy union between Conway and myself, and assuring me that her predictions always came true. She soon passed much more time in our house than in that of her relations, my uncle designated her as "a civil-spoken nice young lady, who gave no trouble in a house, and always seemed pleased with every thing;" and Conway commended her as being "a good natured unaffected girl, although terribly plain!"

Giving such universal satisfaction, the increased frequency of her visits can excite no surprise. I was particularly pleased with her delicacy of tact when Conway spent the evenings with us. After tea, she always moved her seat to a table at the other end of the room covered with books and prints, and on some pretext or other soon attracted my uncle to join her, and engaged him either in a close conversation, or in a game of chess, till Conway took his departure. I did not quite approve of one part of her conduct. On the evenings when we were alone with my uncle, she devoted a great deal more attention to him than I thought necessary, and would read the newspaper to him, and converse about the city article, when I wanted her to be making wax flowers, or singing duets with me. I noticed this to her; but she immediately reminded me of a fact that I had formerly mentioned to her, that my uncle had grown tired of Conway's visits on account of the

little attention he paid to him, and that she thought it wise to sacrifice part of the evening to him, that she might secure uninterrupted communication with me during the mornings. I told her that I was quite convinced by her reasoning; she smiled, and pressed my hand, when all at once one of those sudden mental impressions, which I am certain occurred to my poor aunt in her illness, came over my mind. "Can it be," thought I, "that Miss Blandford has designs on my uncle?" It was the last week of the year, and the anniversary of my aunt's death had just passed. I knew that such matches had been, and might be again. I prepared to oppose the enemy's tactics, and resolved to begin the new year by cutting my dear friend either gradually or pointedly, as might seem most easy of execution.

On the second day of the eighth year, my uncle called me after breakfast into his own room, and told me he had some good news to relate to me. I put myself into a listening attitude, and smiled most bewitchingly, for I felt assured that good news could only relate to Conway and marriage. He told me that I must find the house very dull, that I had had a long and wearying attendance on my aunt, and that he wished to make me some recompense for it. I bowed my head in a meek, self-deprecating manner, and said nothing. I felt assured that he was going to offer me a marriage portion. My uncle's colour now rose, he stammered, looked down, and played with his watch chain! "This is real delicacy of mind," I thought; "it is more embarrassing to some natures to confer a favour than to receive one, and my uncle has all the disadvantages of a new beginner, for he never conferred any favour on me yet, beyond the occasional present of a work-box, or a pair of bracelets!" At last the good news was disclosed—considering that a young companion would much enliven my residence in his house, he had (principally for my sake) offered his hand to Miss Jemima Blandford, my valued and favourite friend, who had graciously accepted his overtures.

My "first and only appearance" in the character of a dissembler had been such a complete failure, that I was determined not to lower myself by a second trial of the part. I received the intelligence just as ungraciously, and looked just as cross as it was natural I should do, though my uncle repeatedly assured me that all the difference his marriage could make to me must be for the better.

Conway shared in my aggrieved and mortified feelings; but he counseled me to avoid any open testimony of them to the bridegroom or bride elect. Now or never was the time for a marriage portion; it was possible the young wife might dislike an inmate in her house, and might herself suggest that a present should be given to me, which might enable me to marry. The wedding took place at the end of January, and I had the mortification of officiating as bridesmaid, and seeing the wreath of orange flowers adorning the bonnet of Miss Blandford instead of my own. When we came home from church, my uncle, after a long and kind speech to me, begged that I would accept a little token of his regard, and put

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an oblong packet into my hand. "Perhaps," I thought, "it is a deed of settlement!" I could hardly find words to thank him, and hastily ran into my room to examine my treasure: it was a very delicate and nicely-wrought gold chain. Alas! it seemed to be the only chain that I was ever likely to wear, at least if I waited for a gold one. My uncle appeared as happy and well pleased with his choice, as an old man of sixty-five usually is when united to a very artful, shrewd young woman, who has policy enough to see that she can best ensure her own will by affected fondness and gentleness of demeanour. Her manner to me became greatly changed, and yet so crafty was she, that to persons in general that alteration would be quite imperceptible which to me was painfully evident. She still called me her dear Julia whenever she addressed me, and asked me twenty times a day how I felt, if I was indisposed with a cold or headache; but the talent which she formerly displayed for making me appear to advantage, was now devoted to the task of making me appear to disadvantage. When I spoke of books, she immediately related some sarcastic anecdote of blue stockings; when I sang, she asked me if I had a cold, for I sang very much out of tune; and if I showed myself annoyed by her observations, she told me that it was a pity a girl who had the best heart in the world should have such an irritable temper, and that persons of right feelings always considered those who told them of their faults as their best friends. Her manner towards Conway displayed more open war; she constantly misunderstood, contradicted, and confuted him; and at last Mrs. Bridget Jenkins assured me, in confidence, that she had heard her tell my uncle, that she "often passed half the night in tears, at the idea of dear Julia throwing herself away on such a vain, impertinent coxcomb!" I bore with her conduct for several months; she was never absolutely rude or unkind to me, but the concentration of little slights, annoyances, and vexations, made me so uncomfortable, that I did not consider it my duty, and certainly did not feel it my inclination, to bear with the trial any longer. Since I first came to reside in my uncle's family, I had, with the spirit of independence, which never but on one occasion forsook me, insisted on paying a yearly stipend for my accommodation. This offer was at first feebly refused, but at length accepted, and I had paid it regularly up to the present time. A widow lady of my acquaintance residing in the neighbourhood was willing, and indeed anxious, to receive me on the same terms, and I left my uncle's house in the autumn of the year.

My departure excited, on his part, an expression of wonder that I could give up the society of such a companion as his dear Jemima; and, on the part of his lady, a declaration that she thought me "very ungrateful," although what I had to be grateful for would, I think, have puzzled wiser heads than hers to point out. I enjoyed comparative comfort under the roof of Mrs. Parkins, who was a kind-hearted and well-meaning woman; but I was disappointed in one circumstance of great importance; I had felt assured that, when I was settled in a home where I could always have

the privilege of receiving Conway's visits, those visits would become much more frequent, but I grieve to say that such was not the case; and although I had almost lost my habit of quotation, I had reason feelingly to recall the lines of Shakespeare:—

"Oh! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly,
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited."

November appeared a particularly dark and dismal month to me this year; and to complete its unpleasant characteristics, a son and heir was born to my uncle, and I found, in answer to my enquiries, that the mother and son were both doing "remarkably well;" (the usual form of words "as well as can be expected" being altered, I presume, for my especial benefit;) and ascertained, when I paid my personal respects, that the aforesaid son and heir was a particularly fine child, and that his father seemed not to have an idea in the world independent of worked robes, laced cockades, and congratulatory visits!

The ninth year was opened by a vexatious communication from Mrs. Parkins. She was a good-natured woman, but had a marvelous faculty of finding out disagreeable rumours, and conveying them to the persons whom they concerned. She asked me if I had heard Conway mention the family of Sir James and Lady Lindsey as one in which he visited on terms of intimacy. I replied in the affirmative, and that he had told me that their family consisted of a son and daughter, with the former of whom he had contracted a warm friendship. She then, after placing her vinaigrette on the table, and asking me if I should like the window open, informed me that Alicia Lindsey, the daughter, was a beauty and an heiress, very accomplished, and just two-and-twenty; that Conway evidently regarded her with the highest admiration, and that all who knew them decided, that were he not betrothed to another, a union between them would be sure to take place. She wound up her communication, however, by assuring me that Mr. Conway was a man of strict honour, and would doubtless, some day or other, fulfil his engagement to me, however much he might repent of it. Now, then, a thousand little circumstances occurred to my mind, which convinced me that I had lost the first place in Conway's affections; he only quoted poetry now in praise of dark eyes, while formerly he had specified blue ones as an indispensable requisite in a wife; the songs he used once to admire seemed tasteless to him, he preferred music of a more scientific description; when conversing with me on general subjects, he had the air of "talking down to me," instead of treating me as an equal; and I had long entertained the feeling, although till now I had never arranged it in a definite form, that he was in the habit of mixing with females superior to myself. My curiosity was now excited in a painful degree respecting Alicia Lindsey, and Mrs. Parkins was only too happy to obtain information for me. I became possessed of the colour of her eyes and hair, her favourite authors and favourite composers: her riches also were mentioned as a great addition to her attractions.

I consoled myself with the idea that her fortune, like mine, at her father's death, might bequeath to her that her mother might dethrone her. Alas! for my good-forebodings; Alicia Lindsey's fortune was a solid, tangible good; a rich and godmother had bequeathed to her thirty thousand pounds in the funds, of which she had possession in the preceding year.

I seriously to reflect on my blighted prospects and blighted beauty. I have never said any thing of my person; but I will now devote a few lines to it. When Conway first paid his addresses to me, I was certainly very pretty. I was below the middle height, and rather plump. I had sparkling blue eyes, which were what the physicians call "well opened," a profusion of light hair, and a bright pink colour in my cheeks; my beauty was not of the highest order. It was too much the beauty of a wax-doll. I was generally admired. I was now of a style of beauty was not one calculated, under any circumstances, to wear well; and trouble, suspense, and irritation, had done their full work on me. My eyes had lost their lustre, had a drawn look round them, and the constant appearance of having been recently crying, an appearance, which, I grieve to say, was too often founded on reality; my fine hair had grown so extremely thin, that I was obliged, by way of keeping up any thing of a tolerable show, to coat it into the stiff frizzled curls which had long ago been banished from drawing-rooms, and only patronised by the young ladies officiating behind the counters of shops; my colour was not totally gone, but its freshness had departed, which was by far the worse misfortune of the two. Every body knows the effect of a faded pink bonnet, a faded pink cheek is not, in my opinion, very dissimilar. I had grown very thin, and my shrunk figure and anxious-looking face, gave me a thoroughly old-fashioned appearance, and seemed to add several years to my age. Now, for the first time, I began to think that even were all the gifts of fortune mine, Conway could never be happy with me; the nine years that had altered me so much in person, manner, and spirits, had greatly improved him. His fine figure had acquired more manliness, and his fine countenance more expression; he had mixed much with the circles of the aristocracy; part of his time had been passed in the saloons of fashion, part in the domestic retreats of quiet elegance, and such associations had polished his manners, as much as literary pursuits and companions had expanded his intellect. In the midst of my humbling reflections on myself, I was startled and shocked by an unexpected occurrence; my uncle suddenly expired in an apoplectic fit, while sitting at table in apparent health. I mourned his death, and should have felt deep repentance for my departure from his house, if he had in the slightest degree opposed it, or seemed to feel his comforts lessened by the loss of my society. I called upon his widow; she was as disconsolate in appearance as tears and crape could make her; she said she should never recover her loss, but should bury her sorrows in retire-

ment: Brighton had been suggested to her as a residence, but she could not bear the thought of so public a place, her inclination led her to Cheltenham. She wound up her information, by assuring me that my uncle had "remembered me in his will," a piece of news which, coming from such a quarter, gave me sincere concern; for I felt certain that if he had remembered me to any purpose, she would not have been so ready to tell me of it. Alas! the remembrance was even more trifling than my fears had foreboded. Fifty pounds and a ring were given to his "dear niece, Julia Mansfield;" and after a few more very inconsiderable legacies, his large property was divided between his wife and infant son, and in the event of the death of the latter, the whole was to be at the entire disposal of the former. I had not even a "right of survivorship!" Thus ended my "great expectations," the "something" had happened, which is, in the minds of all engaged couples, although they do not particularise it in definite words, the death of a rich relation, and it had happened to the advantage of nobody but that of the *ci-devant* Miss Jemima Blandford. I had plenty of condolence, pity, and sympathy, from my friends; but I will not inflict the sum total of it on my readers, merely mentioning for general edification the observation of a punster of my acquaintance, that "we are never so little likely to obtain our own will, as when it is at all dependent on the wills of other people."

The tenth year found me in deep mourning and low spirits; let me, however, do justice to Conway, his attention to me had decidedly increased since the death of my uncle. This circumstance, however, did not add to my happiness; kind sympathy and honourable feeling are but poor substitutes for admiration and affection. I had once, under the influence of irritability, taxed him with the report of his attentions to Alicia Lindsey; he earnestly assured me that he had never breathed a word to her beyond the expressions of common courtesy, that he visited at the house as the friend of her brother, and that the family were aware of his engagement, and would despise him if he could appear for an instant forgetful of it. I was imprudent enough to enquire of him whether, if he were released from his engagement, Alicia Lindsey would be the woman of his choice, and he seemed so hurt and embarrassed at the question, that I felt assured I had touched a tender chord. Had he been able to have answered my enquiry in the negative, I was well aware that he would have been glad to have relieved my mind by doing so. The months wore on, September arrived, that dreary month in London, my uncle's widow was ruralising in the Well-Walks at Cheltenham, and most of my neighbours were inhaling the sea breezes of Brighton or Ramsgate; but I was confined to pace round the tread-mill of Brunswick Square, gaze on the brown grass and dusty trees, and feel that they were emblematic of my own withered hopes and freshness! About this time I received a visit from an elderly widow lady of the name of Walters, who had been intimate with my parents, but whom I had not seen for many years: she was a resident in a country town, about seventy miles

from London, and ten years ago had earnestly pressed me to come and pay her a long visit; but my acquaintance with Conway had just then reached so interesting a point, that I declined her kindness, and the "long engagement" caused the "long visit" to be postponed *sine die*.

She was now in London on legal business, which, like most legal business, did not promise a speedy termination; she seemed delighted to renew her acquaintance with me, cautiously refrained from all observations on the change in my personal appearance in the course of thirteen years, and concluded her visit by warmly urging me to stay with her in the house that she had engaged during her abode in London. Change of air and scene was a delightful prospect to me, even although it was only from the vicinity of Brunswick Square to that of the Regent's Park, and I gladly complied with her wish. I soon got intimate with her; what an indefinite phrase is "getting intimate" with a person: some whom we have known from infancy seem constantly to repel our confidence and affections, and with others, a few days, or even hours, will place us entirely at our ease. Mrs. Walters was soon in possession of my "simple story," not forgetting the distressing episode of my unknown rival, the all-conquering Alicia Lindsey. She gave me kind sympathy, and good advice, as she called it, although it was not very original: her good advice principally consisted in telling me "not to let myself be cast down"—excellent counsel, certainly, in all the troubles of life, if we could only manage to follow it. She had, however, something more scarce to bestow upon me, an important piece of information. She had known the Lindseys many years ago, had just renewed her acquaintance with them, had seen Alicia, had even received an invitation to pass a week with the family at their country house at Richmond. I looked upon her with as much awe and wonder as if she had professed to "call up spirits from the vasty deep;" it appeared to me so incomprehensible, that any one of my acquaintance should be on speaking terms with Alicia Lindsey. "I cannot deceive you, Julia," she said, "she is a charming creature; but you shall judge for yourself. I will write to Lady Lindsey, saying that I will accept their invitation, if it is convenient to them to receive a young friend with me."

At first I started with consternation at the plan, but I speedily became reconciled to it, and indeed desirous to put it into execution. I had ascertained from Conway that the Lindseys were not acquainted with the name of the lady to whom he was engaged. Conway, himself, also, was at this time absent from London on legal business, therefore I had no fear of encountering him at their house. Mrs. Walters wrote her letter with promptness, a polite invitation arrived for her young friend, and the next day but one saw me domesticated under the roof of the Lindseys. Strange event! Few women, I observed to Mrs. Walters, would have taken such a step. She kindly observed, that few women had my strength of mind and decision of character—and I thought her observation remarkably judicious. Well however as I might be disposed to think of myself,

my vanity was completely humbled when I attempted to draw a comparison between my own powers and attractions, and those of Alicia Lindsey. She was not very beautiful, but essentially quiet, lady-like, and graceful; the tone of her voice, the wave of her hand, the inclination of her head, all spoke the manners of one accustomed to move in that which is, in the truest sense, the best society, not the insipid, exclusive circle usually honoured by that denomination. Her father was kind-hearted and hospitable, her mother gentle and pleasing, her brother frank and spirited; they presented an admirable model of a polished and domestic English family in the upper walks of life. The talented Alicia received every advantage from surrounding associations. I have called Alicia Lindsey "talented;" why is that phrase so much objected to? some people say it is not good English, but I am sure it is good sense. No other word so well expresses my meaning. An "accomplished" woman conveys the idea of a fashionable automaton just emancipated from a finishing school; an "intellectual" woman, sounds too commanding to be agreeable; she would inspire you with a nervous anxiety to be thought very intellectual by her in return, and you would be afraid to touch on any subjects of conversation less profound than scientific lectures, and treatises on political economy. A "clever" woman is an epithet that I have so often heard applied to shrews, to cunning schemers, and to notable domestic managers, that I have rather a horror of it—a "sensible" woman is some degrees worse. Miss Jackey Douglas, in "Marriage," is a complete specimen of a sensible woman; and if any of my readers have not yet been introduced to that inimitable spinster, I hope they will lose no time in making her acquaintance, and judging of her character for themselves. A "fascinating" woman speaks of show-off and display, and manners perhaps not "quite correct." A "well-informed" woman has a very pedantic chilling sound; you immediately think of your first school-mistress, whom you undoubtedly at one time considered the best informed woman in the world, and whom you consequently venerated and disliked in exactly equal proportions. "Talented," however, seems to me to express precisely that union of natural genius and acquired information, which it is delightful to possess ourselves, if we can, and almost equally delightful to be able to appreciate in others; for

"Next to genius is the power
Of knowing where true genius lies."

Alicia Lindsey behaved to me with much good breeding and kindness, but she did not show any disposition to take particular notice of me. I could not wonder at this. I was not qualified to converse with her on equal terms. Ten years ago I considered myself, and was considered by my friends, as very literary, and very musical; but during the last few years, from troubles of mind, and perpetual uncertainty and vexation, I had sadly gone back, or rather, I had not gone on, which is much the same thing. Modern London circles feel a continual craving for novelty; if you cannot sing the last new air, and converse on the last new publication, they are disposed to rate

your acquirements as mere old fashioned lumber. It requires a great deal of money, and a great deal of leisure, to keep up a reputation for music and literature. The house was full of staying company, most of them brilliant and highly educated people; their conversation had all the gloss and freshness of novelty, and I became fully convinced of what I had before suspected, that I had been for some time living on the capital of my information—a most unwise thing for any body to do: we should not only constantly draw dividends from it, but we should make a point of buying the greater part of our dividends in again, as an addition to our original capital.

I do not know whether I express myself clearly, but I know that I perfectly comprehend my own meaning, which is no small thing for a writer to be able to say! Among this refined circle, I found that Conway was in very high repute; they frequently mentioned his name, quoted his opinions, and spoke in warm terms of his talents. I sat silent and unnoticed. "What would they think," I said in my own mind, "if they knew that I was the contracted bride of Conway?" And a feverish blush arose on my cheek at the very idea—not the blush of modesty or of satisfaction, but of shame. "Yet what occasion have I to feel shame?" I continued; "it is my misfortune to have lost, in a great measure, my beauty and my talents—it will only be my fault if I bind Conway to fulfil his engagement." I stayed a week with the Lindseys, and completely made up my mind as to the course of conduct I should pursue; and I must venture to say, that I think I did it in a right spirit, without any bitterness or evil feeling. The day after my arrival, I had certainly taken down the "Chapters on Churchyards," began to read the "Grave of the Broken Heart," and tried to fancy myself, my lover, and my rival, into the three principal characters—but it would not do: I was as unlike the dignified and superior Millicent, as Alicia Lindsey was to the heartless, flirting, frivolous Lady Octavia, and Conway to the veering and easily duped Horace.

Every body had behaved honourably and well, and I determined that I would behave honourably and well also, and told Mrs. Walters of my resolution as soon as we were on the road homewards. "And are you then quite determined to break off the engagement?" she said, after a pause. Break off the engagement! how those words had thrilled to my very heart when pronounced by my aunt, seven years ago; but now the circumstances had altered, I did not believe that the fulfilment of the engagement, even if compatible with prudence, would bring happiness to Conway or myself. I employed myself the day after my return in writing a long letter to Conway, explanatory of the change in my opinions, and relating the particulars of my visit to Richmond. I will not tell the reader how many tears I shed over it, but it was at last completed, sealed, and sent off, and I received information in return, that Conway was not expected home for several days. Three days elapsed, Mrs. Walters was very kind, she let me alone, permitted me to be silent when I pleased, laid books in my way, and never made an observation on my want of spirits; the officious sym-

pathy of Mrs. Parkins would have irritated my nerves almost beyond endurance. The fourth day came; I was told a gentleman desired to see me alone, on particular business. I hastened down stairs: alas! my visiter was not Conway, but a grave, fallow man of business, with green spectacles, and bearing under his arm several packets tied with red tape. He quickly opened his communication—ill news is proverbially soon told.

My father, it appeared, had purchased the land on which he built the house at Brixton a great bargain, and several of his friends had bought parcels of land in the vicinity from the same person, and actually felt tempted to build houses, because they got the land on which to build them for next to nothing. Truly does Poor Richard say, "At a great pennyworth pause awhile!" Old deeds and papers had lately come to light, by which it appeared that this man had never a right to sell the land; the parties who had purchased it stoutly maintained that he had, and it was agreed to throw the matter into Chancery for an adjustment, the rents being paid into the Court of Chancery till the decision. Delightful prospect!—a Chancery suit may certainly be placed on an equality in comfort with a long engagement! Again did my tears flow fast, and again did I require the kind consolation of Mrs. Walters: do not let the romantic and refined blame me for weeping over such a homely trial as the loss of a house, when I had already made up my mind to the loss of a lover; but let them recollect, that this eighty pounds a year was my great source of independence. I had recently been lamenting that I had lived on the capital of my intellect, but I now found it would be still more unpleasant to be compelled to live on the capital of my three per cents. Conway soon visited me: had he received my letter without hearing any previous information respecting me, I am of opinion that he would not have deemed it otherwise than an acceptable release; but immediately on his return, he was informed, by a friend who knew the circumstances, of my loss of income; and so honourable was his spirit, so kind his feelings, that he could not bear the idea of deserting in her poverty the woman whom he had sought when she was in comparative prosperity. A long and painful interview succeeded; he blamed himself, he blamed the society that had occasioned him even to seem indifferent to me; he denied that I was altered, he pressed me to consent to a speedy marriage. I felt sure that he believed himself sincere, but he spoke under the influence of excited feeling, not of sober reason. We cannot easily detach our hearts from those whom we have once fervently loved; although the tree may be leveled with the ground, many spreading fibres remain, which it is difficult and tedious to uproot. How I felt I need not describe, but I acted calmly and firmly; I acted as one who values the happiness of him whom she loves more than her own. I had given him back his liberty, and I insisted on his receiving the gift. Several letters passed between us, and Mrs. Walters was a kind and confidential friend, in bringing about not a reconciliation, but a separation. We parted; he thanking,

(yes, it came to thanks at last!) and commending me for my exemplary and admirable conduct, and I feeling more resigned than I could have expected, and a little triumphant, for I had achieved the greatest of victories, a victory over myself. The year was nearly at a close before the dissolution of my engagement was made known to the world. Ten years ago how different were my hopes and feelings!—where now were my redundant locks, my dazzling complexion, my "pretty fortune," my "great expectations," and my enthusiastic spirit? All gone, never to return; but I still had an active mind, a cheerful disposition, and a reliance on the directing hand of Providence. I did not remain in London to receive the kind condolences of my Hunter street friends, and their assurances that they "had guessed all along how my engagement would turn out!" Mrs. Walters kindly and urgently pressed me to accompany her to her home; my independent spirit at first revolted, but she so earnestly assured me that the recent marriage of a niece who resided with her had made her dependent upon the kindness of her friends for society, that I could not refuse her request. I quitted the scene of my youthful joys and mature sorrows—I quitted it with tears; the ten years of my engagement had withered many brilliant hopes, and crushed many sweet feelings in my heart, but amidst all my causes of complaint, I was not unhappy, for the termination of my engagement gave me one delightful feeling, the consciousness that I had been obeying the call of duty.

Two years have elapsed since the conclusion of my "long engagement," and, as I hope my readers feel some interest in my fate, I will briefly satisfy their curiosity as to the occurrences that took place during that time. I found myself much happier with Mrs. Walters than I ever expected to be again; a country town was exactly the proper place for me. London would have been full of distressing associations, and a secluded situation would have afforded me too much encouragement and opportunity to brood over the past. The inhabitants of the town in question were cheerful, kind, and social, and not too refined and fastidious to welcome as an acquisition a new comer like myself. There were no elegant highly gifted Alicia Lindseys to outshine and overawe me. My beauty and talents, although a little the worse for wear, still made a very respectable show in a circle where the generality of the ladies had never boasted either the one or the other. I was requested to play and sing the Irish melodies; and asked whether I preferred Sir Walter Scott's poetry or his prose, and I soon found the refreshing and beneficial effects of being able to live creditably and handsomely within my intellectual funds. When conversing with Conway of late years, my faculties had been kept on a continual stretch. I was anxious to read and to talk up to him, and had a constant nervous horror of failure, which gave, I am convinced, an unpleasant air of effort and labour to my manner. Now I was at my ease, secure that I pleased, and quite indifferent whether or not I dazzled and delighted, and I was called very clever, and very agreeable; and Mrs. Walters was repeatedly

complimented and thanked for having introduced such a pleasant acquisition to their society. Another person, whose will was almost a law in the town, and who was an intimate friend of Mrs. Walters, distinguished me by his notice and approbation. Dr. Herbert was the leading medical man in the place, about five-and-forty years of age, had a good professional income, and genteel private fortune. He was a widower and childless; fifteen years had elapsed since the loss of his wife, and many and various had been the schemes practised to console him by the gift of another, but he refused to have consolation forced upon him; medicine, as he justly observed, being the only thing that people ought to be obliged to take against their inclinations. He was a sensible and pleasant man, moderately well read, and of a particularly shrewd and discerning character; he was also a man of firm and sound religious principles: he contrived that the claims of an extensive practice should scarcely ever interfere with his regular attendance on divine worship, and his cheerful conversation was continually mingled with instructive and profitable remarks. He seldom devoted much of his attention to single ladies, having contracted rather a distaste to their society during the first years of his widowhood: he soon, however, made me an exception to his rule; but so decidedly was his character established as not being a marrying man, that no jealousies were excited by his distinction of me, and it merely furnished additional confirmation of my exceeding cleverness and superiority.

"So Dr. Herbert has at last lost his heart," said Mrs. Walters to me one morning, as we sat together in her pleasant little drawing room.

I suppose she expected me to start, and blot the music I was copying; but my starting and blotting days were over. I thought there was nothing very surprising in her intelligence, knowing the world to be often mistaken in their conjectures as to marrying men, and quietly asked, "Does she live in this town?"

"She does, Julia," said Mrs. Walters, eyeing me with scrutinising attention, "and I think she will be a happy woman."

"She will, indeed," said I, my unromantic fancy immediately reverting to my own vexations; "there will be no necessity for a long engagement!"

"Very right," said Mrs. Walters, smiling; "you ought to beware, Julia, of entering into such a labyrinth of perplexity a second time."

"Most probably, however," I rejoined, "the lady of Dr. Herbert's choice has never been concerned in a long engagement, and therefore does not know the troubles she escapes." I was mending a pen as I spoke, and began to copy the words of "Come dwell with me," so composedly, that it was quite evident I never expected them to be addressed to myself. And I was sincere in my humility: if I had ever possessed much vanity, it had been completely quelled by circumstances. I had no hope or idea of making another conquest, and my ambition was quite satisfied in being acknowledged as the very agreeable, intelligent young lady of a country coterie.

"I never thought you guilty of affectation be-

fore," said Mrs. Walters, with surprise; "but surely, Julia, you cannot be ignorant of Dr. Herbert's preference for yourself."

Now I was, indeed, becomingly and appropriately agitated, the pen fell from my hand, my cheeks flushed with astonishment, and visions of future comfort, honour, and independence, swam before my fancy; but a change soon came over my feelings. "When he knows the particulars of my long engagement," said I, sorrowfully, "he will never think of uniting himself with a woman whose spirits have been wasted, and hopes blighted, by such a succession of mortifications."

"I have spared you the pain of disclosure my love," said Mrs. Walters; "I knew you would think it honourable that Dr. Herbert should be made acquainted with every circumstance connected with you, and I have done it myself."

"Impossible!" exclaimed I, "you could never have recollected the whole chain of events, they were only fully detailed in the paper I once read to you, drawn up by myself, and giving a regular account of the ten years of my engagement."

"I took that very paper from your portfolio last week," said she, "and lent it to Dr. Herbert to read."

I crimsoned with indignation; no authoress ever felt so vehemently angry at the violation of her private stores. "Then all is over," said I; "he knows, by my own confession, what I was, and what I am, altered in person, in mind, in—"

"Stop! Julia," interrupted Mrs. Walters, "it is never permitted to authors to review their own works. I will tell you what Dr. Herbert said after he had finished your manuscript. 'The woman who could write this of herself,' he observed, 'must have many valuable qualities; she has natveté, good sense, good principle, and a sprightliness of spirit, which no vexation and trouble have been able entirely to subdue. She has also moral courage, she is not afraid (if I may use the expression) of looking her own character in the face, and noting down the defects of it; she is not a heroine of romance, but she is worthy of being the rational companion for life of a sensible man.'"

"Dear Mrs. Walters," I replied, "I forgive you for having plundered my portfolio!"

Just then Dr. Herbert was announced, and Mrs. Walters suddenly recollected that a near neighbour was expecting a morning visit from her.

The courtship of a man of forty-five and a woman turned of thirty-one, cannot be very interesting to the generality of readers. I had been acquainted with Dr. Herbert for six months, our engagement occupied two more. At the end of that time, I exchanged my romantic delusions and "single blessedness," for an amiable and affectionate husband, a comfortable establishment, a neat olive-green chariot, and a settlement of ten thousand pounds. It is rather an extraordinary coincidence, that the week before our union took place, the papers announced the marriage of Edward Conway, Esq., to Alicia, only daughter of Sir James Lindsey. They preceded us in matrimony, and they precede us of course in station in the world, in riches, distinction and popularity; but I do not think they can exceed us in quiet

ppiness and respectability. One reflection sometimes dispirits me. I have mentioned that at before I came of age, Mrs. Walters was anxious that I should pass some time with her. Dr. Herbert had at that period been five years a widower; had I then been introduced to him, the same events would doubtless have taken place which followed our subsequent introduction; I could have been saved from the succession of trials, which I cannot help thinking has, in a great degree, injured my mind, and impaired my constitution, and I could have presented to my husband the first bloom of my beauty, the first freshness of my talents, and, more than all, the first envelopement of my affections. As he seems perfectly satisfied, however, I should be in the wrong to feel much otherwise; in fact, I ought not to allow a single repining sentiment to mingle with my gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of events, for the gracious manner in which he has been pleased to guide my footsteps through an entangled maze of trouble, and to place me in the enjoyment of every earthly blessing. I have now been married sixteen months, and the last three months have given me an additional source of felicity in the appearance of a sweet little girl, who is pronounced by universal consent to be the prettiest baby ever seen in the town! She will probably grow up prettier than I ever was in my best days, and I shall earnestly endeavour to make her wiser and better. One resolution, concerning her, I am determined to adhere to—I shall never suffer her to enter into a "Long Engagement!"

From the London Court Journal.

THE LAST LAY OF "THE SEASON."

BY MISS AGNES ALICIA * * * * *

The season—the season—
It's nearly all over;
And, spite of my schemings,
I can't get a lover.
I've tried ev'ry method
A husband to catch;
But at Hymen's bright flambeau
I can't light a match.
I have sung to a thousand,
And danced with no fewer;
And sighed in the hearing
Of hundreds, I'm sure.
But my sighs and my songs
Have all failed most outrageously;
Nor have my poor toes
Turned out more advantageously:
And the season—the season—
It's nearly all over;
And, spite of my schemings,
I can't get a lover.

To archery meetings
In green I have gone,
And a dozen gold arrows
Successively won.
But, believe, 'tis not
For such honours I pant;
No, 'tis not of bull's-eyes
That I am in want.

To Jenkins's grounds
Fancy-fairing I've been;

And stood to be stared at
From morning till e'en.
One man ask'd my name,
And to whom I was daughter?
How I felt!—but he proved
A newspaper reporter.
Oh! the season—the season—
It's nearly all over;
And, spite of my schemings,
I can't get a lover.

In Kensington gardens
I've walked myself lame;
In Hyde Park, St. James's,
And Green Park the same.
But the gardens for me
Are all fruitless, that's clear;
And in none of the parks
Can I find me a dear.

With the colonel to Epsom
Through dust now I whiz;
My thoughts upon Gretna,
On "Derby" all his;
Where, if I prate of Cupid,
Of Mundig he croaks;
And when I speak of myrtles,
He talks of "the oaks."
Oh! the season—the season—
It's nearly all over;
And, spite of my schemings,
I can't get a lover.

Pic-nicking to Norwood
I've been with mamma,
And wandered by moonlight
In famed Beulah Spa.
"Fair lady, your hand?"
Once I heard—and, quite tipsy
With joy, I turned round—
But 't was only a gipsy.

I've been up to Richmond,
And down to Herne bay—
To ball, masquerade,
Fête, champêtre, and play;
For the deaf and the dumb
I have worked myself blind.
To the *enfants trouvés*
I have been very kind:
But the season—the season—
It's nearly all over;
And, spite of my schemings,
I can't get a lover.

I've entered all clubs
In which ladies may mingle—
Provided directors
Were young men and single.
I've charities joined,
Of whatever descriptions,
That take ladies' money—
And print their subscriptions.

Then the reason—the reason
My beaux are all flown?
This is but the seventh season
I've been up to town.
Pa says the reform bill
Has done all the wrong:
Ma says things were different
When she was young.
But the season—the season—
It's nearly all over;
And, spite of my schemings,
I can't get a lover.

the manufacture of bulky and heavy articles, the conveyance of which to a distance unavoidably occasions a large expense, unless she have supplies of the raw material within herself. Our superiority in manufactures depends more at this moment on our superior machines than on any thing else; and had we been obliged to import the iron, brass, and steel, of which they are principally made, it is exceedingly doubtful whether we should have succeeded in bringing them to any thing like their present pitch of improvement.

2. But of all the physical circumstances that have contributed to our wonderful progress in manufacturing industry, none has had nearly so much influence as our possession of the most valuable coal mines. These have conferred advantages on us not enjoyed in an equal degree by any other people. Even though we had possessed the most abundant supply of the ores of iron and other useful metals, they would have been of little or no use, but for our almost inexhaustible coal mines. Our country is of too limited extent to produce wood sufficient to smelt and prepare any considerable quantity of iron, or other metal; and though no duty were laid on timber when imported, its cost abroad, and the heavy expense attending the conveyance of so bulky an article, would have been insuperable obstacles to our making any considerable progress in the working of metals, had we been forced to depend on home or foreign timber. We, therefore, are disposed to regard Lord Dudley's discovery of the mode of smelting and manufacturing iron by means of coal only, without the aid of wood, as one of the most important ever made in the arts. We do not know that it is surpassed even by the steam engine or the spinning frame. At all events, we are quite sure that we owe as much to it as to either of these great inventions. But for it, we should always have been importers of iron; in other words, of the materials of machinery. The elements, if we may so speak, out of which steam engines and spinning mills are made, would have been dearer here than in most other countries. The fair presumption consequently is, that the machines themselves would have been dearer; and such a circumstance would have counteracted, to a certain extent, even if it did not neutralise or overbalance, the other circumstances favourable to our ascendancy. But now we have the ores and the means of working them in greater abundance than any other people; so that our superiority in the most important of all departments—that of machine making—seems to rest on a pretty sure foundation.

It is farther clear, that without a cheap and abundant supply of fuel, the steam engine, as now constructed, would be of comparatively little use. It is, as it were, the hands; but coal is the muscles by which they are set in motion, and without which their dexterity cannot be called into action, and they would be idle and powerless. Our coal mines may be regarded as vast magazines of hoarded or warehoused power; and unless some such radical change be made on the steam engine as should very decidedly lessen the quantity of fuel required to keep it in motion,

or some equally powerful machine, but moved by different means, be introduced, it is not at all likely that any nation should come into successful competition with us, in those departments in which steam engines, or machinery moved by steam, may be most advantageously employed.

Since the introduction of steam engines, waterfalls, unless under very peculiar circumstances, have lost almost all their value. Steam may be supplied with greater regularity, and being more under command than water, is therefore a more desirable agent. This, however, is but a small part of its superiority. Any number of steam engines may be constructed in the immediate vicinity of each other, so that all the departments of manufacturing industry may be brought together and carried on in the same town, and almost in the same factory. A combination and adaptation of employments to each other, and a consequent saving of labour, is thus effected, that would have been quite impracticable, had it been necessary to construct factories in different parts of the country, and often in inconvenient situations, merely for the sake of waterfalls.

It may be supposed, perhaps, that a difficulty of this sort might have been obviated by the employment of horse power instead of steam; but the following statement, which we extract from Dr. Ure's work, shows conclusively that this could not have been the case:—

"The value of steam-impelled labour may be inferred from the following facts, communicated to me by an eminent engineer, educated in the school of Boulton and Watt:—A manufacturer in Manchester works a 60 horse Boulton and Watt's steam engine, at a power of 120 horses during the day, and 60 horses during the night; thus extorting from it an impelling force three times greater than he contracted or paid for. One steam horse power is equivalent to 33,000 pounds avoirdupois, raised one foot high per minute; but an animal horse power is equivalent to only 22,000 pounds raised one foot high per minute, or, in other terms, to drag a canal boat 220 feet per minute, with a force of 100 pounds acting on a spring; therefore, a steam horse power is equivalent in working efficiency to one living horse, and one half the labour of another. But a horse can work at its full efficiency only eight hours out of the twenty-four, whereas a steam engine needs no period of repose; and, therefore, to make the animal power equal to the physical power, a relay of one and a half fresh horses must be found three times in the twenty-four hours, which amounts to four and a half of horses daily. Hence, a common 60 horse steam engine does the work of four and a half times 60 horses, or of 270 horses. But the above 60 horse steam engine does one half more work in twenty-four hours, or that of 405 living horses! The keep of a horse cannot be estimated at less than 1s. 2d. per day; and, therefore, that of 405 horses would be about 24*l.* daily, or 7500*l.* sterling in a year of 313 days. As 80 pounds of coals, or one bushel, will produce steam equivalent to the power of one horse in a steam engine during eight hours' work, sixty bushels, worth about 30*s.* at Manchester, will maintain a 60 horse engine in fuel during eight effective hours,—and 200 bushels, worth 100*s.*, the above hard-worked engine during twenty-four hours. Hence, the expense per annum is 1565*l.* sterling, being little more than one fifth of that of living horses. As to prime cost and superintendence, the animal power would be greatly more expensive than the steam power. There are many engines made by Boulton and Watt, forty years ago, which have continued in constant work

all that time with very slight repairs. What a multitude of valuable horses would have been worn out in doing the service of these machines; and what a vast quantity of grain would they have consumed! Had British industry not been aided by Watt's invention, it must have gone on with a retarding pace, in consequence of the increasing cost of motive power, and would, long ere now, have experienced, in the price of horses, and scarcity of waterfalls, an unsurmountable barrier to further advancement: could horses, even at the low prices to which their rival, steam, has kept them, be employed to drive a cotton mill at the present day, they would devour all the profits of the manufacturer.

"Steam engines furnish the means not only of their support but of their multiplication. They create a vast demand for fuel; and, while they lend their powerful arms to drain the pits and to raise the coals, they call into employment multitudes of miners, engineers, ship-builders, and sailors, and cause the construction of canals and railways; and, while they enable these rich fields of industry to be cultivated to the utmost, they leave thousands of fine arable fields free for the production of food to man, which must have been otherwise allotted to the food of horses. Steam engines, moreover, by the cheapness and steadiness of their action, fabricate cheap goods, and procure in their exchange a liberal supply of the necessities and comforts of life, produced in foreign lands."—pp. 28, 29.

Any one who takes up a map of England, having the coal fields marked, may at once point out the great seats of British industry. While the towns in the southern counties, such as Canterbury, Winchester, Exeter, Salisbury, &c. have remained nearly stationary, or increased but by slow degrees, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, Paisley, and many other towns, some of them of but recent origin, and all of them at no distant period inferior to those in the south, have risen to be immense cities, having more than quadrupled or quintupled their population and wealth since 1770. The progress of Lancashire has been extraordinary. In 1700 its population amounted to about 166,000. In 1750 it had increased to 297,000. During the next half century, the steam engine and the cotton spinning frame were invented, and, in consequence, the population rose in 1800 to 672,565 persons. It might have been supposed that the impulse would now have been pretty well exhausted; but so far from this it seems to have acquired additional vigour, the population of the county having amounted, in 1831, to 1,336,851 persons. This shows that the population of Lancashire is, at present, about *eight* times as great as at the commencement of last century; and that, notwithstanding its previous increase, it had about doubled itself during the 30 years ending with 1830! No such astonishing increase has occurred any where else in Europe. If it be equalled in any part of the world it is only in Kentucky or Illinois.

It would be wrong to say that Lancashire is indebted for this wonderful progress exclusively to her coal mines. It is the grand result of many conspiring causes; but had all the others existed, and the coal been wanting, how widely different would have been the actual state of things!

There is not the shadow of a reason for supposing that, under such circumstances, it would have happened Kent or Sussex in the career of in-

3. The advantageous situation of the country for commerce, and the nature of its soil and climate, have also powerfully contributed to our superiority in manufacturing industry. Owing to the facilities afforded by our insular situation for maintaining an intercourse with all parts of the world, our manufacturers have been able to obtain supplies of foreign raw materials on the easiest terms, and to forward their own products wherever there was a demand for them. Had we occupied a central internal situation in any quarter of the world, our facilities for dealing with foreigners being so much the less, our progress, though our condition had been otherwise in all respects the same, would have been comparatively slow. But being surrounded on all sides by the sea, that is, by the great highway of nations, we have been able to deal with the most distant as well as with the nearest people, and to profit by all the peculiar capacities of production enjoyed by each. With such advantages on our side, it would have been singular had we not shot a-head of most of our competitors in the race of improvement.

Our soil and climate are both highly favourable to industry, and to the production of those qualities that fit a nation to excel in manufactures. Though abundantly fertile, our soil produces few articles suitable for the support of man without laborious exertion. Our climate, too, without being immoderately severe, is sufficiently so to render comfortable lodging and clothing indispensable; and, consequently, gives rise to wants that are either wholly unknown, or less sensibly felt, in more genial regions. We thus seem to be placed under those very circumstances that Sir William Temple, Mr. Hume, and other sagacious enquirers into the progress of society, consider most suitable for the full developement of the industrious capacities. The difficulties naturally incident to our situation serve to call forth and stimulate our powers, at the same time that they are insufficient sensibly to diminish their results.

II. The moral causes conducive to prosperity in manufactures are so numerous, and would require so many details to set them in an intelligible point of view, that we can only glance at them here. We may, however, observe that that security of property and that freedom of industry, without which manufactures can hardly exist, and can make no considerable progress, have been enjoyed in a higher degree in this than in any other European country, not even excepting Holland. Since the accession of the house of Hanover, when the revolutionary government may be said to have been firmly established in opinion as well as in fact, we have had, with a few transient exceptions, the most perfect security. We have heard the roaring of the thunder at a distance, and have witnessed the overthrow of kingdoms and dynasties, but the storm has never burst on our own heads. We have enjoyed all the advantages of a free form of government without any material alloy of popular licentiousness; while the inviolable good faith with which the public engagements have been maintained, and the respect uniformly manifested by the legislature for the rights of individuals, have

impressed on all our institutions respecting property, a character of sacredness and of permanency of the utmost importance. No British capitalist has ever hesitated about engaging in any undertaking, from an idea that the property to be employed in it would not be adequately protected. No such idea ever crossed his mind. The capital vested in a cotton mill in Manchester, has always been reckoned as secure as if it had been laid out on an estate in Devonshire or Wales. Had it been otherwise, our iron mines, our coal mines, our insular situation, and all our other advantages would have been bestowed in vain. Without security they would have been of no more use to us than to the people of Kamshatka. The moment that any circumstance occurs to excite a well-founded suspicion that property, however laid out, is insecure, that moment is our career at an end. Were insecurity to prevail amongst us, our fall would be a thousand times more rapid than our rise; and we should exhibit a mass of pauperism and of misery unexampled in the annals of mankind.

Though we have not enjoyed perfect freedom of industry, the natural order of things has been less disturbed in Great Britain, for a very long period, than in any other country. Since the famous act of 1624, for the abolition of monopolies, industry, with some trifling exceptions, has been quite free. We have not always been allowed to purchase foreign commodities in the cheapest, nor to sell our own in the dearest market; but the most intense competition has always existed among the producers at home. While France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and other countries, have groaned under the weight of feudal and corporation privileges, in England the highest offices of the state have been accessible to every deserving individual, and every man has been allowed to exert his own energies in his own way. The powerful incentives thus held out to successful enterprise and industry, on the one hand, and the risk of being outstripped, undersold, or superseded, on the other, have made every power of the mind and the body be brought into the field, and have produced results that must appear all but incredible to persons placed under less exciting circumstances.

The influence of taxation on manufactures ought not, one should think, to have been passed over, without notice, in a work on their "philosophy." It is generally believed to be exceedingly injurious; and those who propose the modification or repeal of protecting duties on foreign imported articles, are always met by statements of the difficulties the domestic producers labour under, in consequence of the heavy pressure of taxation in this country, the high rate of wages, and so forth; and those who anticipate the approaching decline and fall of the English manufacturing system, uniformly lay a great deal of stress on the greater weight of taxation in this country. We doubt, however, whether there be any real ground for these statements and apprehensions. On the contrary, we believe that taxation, though in a few instances it may have been injurious, has hitherto, in this country at least, operated as an incentive to industry; and that the stimulus it

has given has powerfully contributed to impel us forward. Like other classes of individuals, manufacturers are actuated by double motives—by the fear of falling, as well as by the desire of rising, in the world. Now, a moderate increase of taxation, without in any degree impairing the latter, gives additional strength to the former principle; and, consequently, occasions a greater degree of exertion, or economy, or both. Were taxation carried to an oppressive height, or were it imposed on erroneous principles, it would operate differently, and instead of producing increased displays of skill and ingenuity, would, most likely, produce dejection and despair. But, so long as taxation is confined within reasonable limits, and is judiciously assessed, it undoubtedly operates as a spur to individuals; and the increased exertions they make to meet the burden it imposes, usually occasion the production of a greater amount of wealth than is abstracted by the tax. Were any one acquainted with manufactures asked, what has been the immediate cause of the greater part of the inventions and discoveries that every now and then are made, he would certainly say, a rise of wages, or the efforts of the masters to defeat the demands of the workmen for increased wages. Could we suppose that from the era of the discovery of the spinning frame and the steam engine, down to the present day, wages had remained stationary, and strikes and combinations among the workmen been unknown, we believe we shall not be accused of exaggerating, when we state that under such circumstances manufactures would not have made half the progress they have done. But an increase of taxation is one of the most prominent causes of an increase of wages; and, independent of this, its direct influence on the manufacturer is precisely similar to an increase of wages. Whether he has to pay an additional sum to his work-people, or to the tax-gatherer is, as respects himself, not very material. In either case he will endeavour to meet the increased burden without allowing it to diminish his capital or profits; and will thus be led to contrive and economise in a way, and to a degree, he would not otherwise have thought of.

The system of remitting, or drawing back the duties laid on manufactured articles, when they are about to be exported, hinders them from injuring their sale abroad. And it has yet to be proved that wages, meaning by wages the payments on account of the work done, are really higher here than on the continent.

Taxes ought always, if possible, to be imposed either on the materials used in a manufacture, or on its produce when finished. When their assessment is made, in any degree, to depend on the processes followed in the manufacture, and still more, when they interfere with and regulate these processes, they can hardly fail of being highly injurious. In such cases they fetter the manufacturer, bind him to a routine system, and frequently prevent him from adopting those devices by which, had the duty been differently assessed, he might have more than defrayed it. Indeed, we feel quite satisfied, that those who investigate the history of taxation will find, that

nine tenths of its injurious influence has resulted, not from its having been oppressive in its amount, but from the vicious mode in which it has been assessed,—from its inequality and interference with the processes and details of industry. We certainly have suffered less from this interference than any other country; but the history of the glass and malt duties, and of some others, shows that we have not altogether escaped its injurious influence, though, luckily, it has not affected any great department of industry.

These, with the intelligence so widely diffused, and the manly adventurous spirit inspired by our free institutions, seem to be the main causes of our manufacturing prosperity. It is difficult, in treating of these causes, not to lay an undue stress on some of them to the neglect of others. But our eminence in manufactures is not really the effect of any one in particular, or of a few, but of the whole combined; and till we lose some of these advantages, or other nations come much more nearly to a level with us in these respects than they have hitherto done, our ascendancy, as a manufacturing and commercial people, seems to be pretty well secured.

III. The powerful influence of manufactures in increasing the population and wealth of the nation, is too certain and obvious to admit of doubt. They not only afford direct subsistence, and the means of attaining to affluence, to an immense number of individuals; but they act powerfully and beneficially on the agricultural and other classes; supplying them with an infinite variety of useful and necessary accommodations, at a low price, at the same time that they create an almost boundless market for their peculiar products. A flourishing agriculture depends, in fact, on flourishing manufactures; and it would be as unreasonable to expect that the extraordinary extension and improvement of agriculture we have witnessed in this country since 1770, should have taken place without the constantly increasing demand of the manufacturers, as it would be to suppose that our crops should come to maturity without the genial influences of the sun and showers.

But, however beneficial to the public, it has been said that these advantages are not obtained except at a heavy cost. Children, that is, young persons between the ages of nine and fourteen years, as well as adults, are largely employed in factories; and while the health and morals of the latter are said to suffer severely, the former have been described as being stunted in their growth, and rendered decrepid and miserable for life, by the prolonged confinement, drudgery, and ill treatment to which they are exposed. These representations of the ruinous effects of what has been called *white slavery*, after being circulated in speeches, tracts, petitions, and dissertations, were at length embodied in Mr. Sadler's famous factory report, which, we believe, contains more false statements, and exaggerated and fallacious representations, than any other document of the kind ever laid before the legislature. The discussions to which this report, and the proposal that grew out of it, for limiting factory labour to ten hours a day, gave rise, induced government to appoint a commission to enquire on the spot

into the actual condition of the labourers, and especially the children employed in factories. This commission collected a great deal of valuable and authentic information; and much light has since been thrown on the question of factory labour. We do not say, as Dr. Ure does, that the statements and representations as to its pernicious influence, have been proved to be *wholly destitute* of foundation; but we believe, with Mr. Baines, that they have been grossly exaggerated. That abuses have existed in some factories, is certain; but these have been rare instances; and, speaking generally, factory work-people, including non-adults, are as healthy and contented as any class of the community obliged to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow.

We do not, however, know that we should object to the total exclusion of children, from nine to thirteen years of age, from factories, provided we had any reasonable security that they would be moderately well attended to and instructed at home. But no such security is to be looked for. The parents of such children frequently want the ability, oftener the opportunity, and sometimes the wish, to keep them at home in any thing like a decent condition;—to provide them with instruction, or to impress on them the importance of habits of cleanliness, sobriety, and industry. Were they turned out of the factories, few would either go to the country or to school. Four fifths of them would be thrown loose upon the streets, to acquire a taste for idleness, and to be early initiated in the vicious practices prevalent amongst the dregs of the populace, in Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, and other great towns. Whatever may be the state of society in these towns, we hesitate not to say, that *it would have been ten times worse but for the factories*. They have been their best and most important academies. Besides taking the children out of harm's way, they have imbued them with regular, orderly, and industrious habits. Their earnings are considerable, and are a material assistance to their parents; at the same time that they make them perform their tasks with a zeal and alacrity that is rarely manifested by apprentices serving without pay, merely that they may learn some art, trade, or mystery. Many factories have also day schools, or Sunday schools, or both, attached to them, which the children attend. But, independently of this, the training they undergo in factories is of inestimable value, and is not more conducive to their own interests than to those of the public.

We subjoin some conclusive extracts as to the state of the adult and non-adult work-people employed in factories, from the valuable report of Mr. Tufnell, one of the commissioners who traveled in Lancashire.

"Of all the common prejudices that exist with respect to factory labour, there is none more unfounded than that which ascribes to it excessive tedium and irksomeness above other occupations, owing to its being carried on in conjunction with the 'unceasing motion of the steam-engine.' In an establishment for spinning or weaving cotton, all the hard work is performed by the steam-engine, which leaves for the attendant no manual labour at all, and literally nothing to do in general, but at intervals to perform some delicate operation, such as join-

ing the threads that break, taking the cops off the spindles, &c. And it is so far from being true that the labour in a factory is incessant, because the motion of the steam-engine is incessant, that the fact is, that the labour is not incessant on that very account, because it is performed in conjunction with the steam-engine. Of all manufacturing employments, those are by far the most irksome and incessant in which steam-engines are not employed; and the way to prevent an employment being incessant is to introduce a steam-engine into it. And these remarks, strange as it may appear, apply peculiarly to the labour of children in cotton factories. Three-fourths of the children so employed are engaged in piecing at the mules, which, when they have receded a foot and a half or two feet from the frame, leave nothing to be done,—not even attention is required either from spinner or piecer, but both stand idle for a time, which, if the spinning is fine, lasts in general three-fourths of a minute or more. Consequently, in these establishments, if a child remains twelve hours a day, for nine hours he performs no actual labour. A spinner told me that during these intervals he had read through several books. The scavengers, who have been said to be 'constantly in a state of grief, always in terror, and every moment they have to spare stretched all their length upon the floor in a state of perspiration,' I have seen idle for four minutes at a time, and certainly could not find that they ever displayed any symptoms of the condition described in this extract from the report of the factory committee.

"The objections urged against the factory system, from its collecting a large number of persons together under one roof, are equally unfounded. In truth, so completely erroneous is this notion, that the complaint ought to be just the reverse, that there are not enough large factories, and too many small ones. I invariably found, that the large factories were those in which the health, general comfort, and convenience of the workmen were most attended to, and where they were the best off in every respect. And it would be an extraordinary circumstance if it were not so. When a large body of workmen are collected together under one employer, he is enabled to allow them many indulgences, at a comparatively small expense, but which would cause a serious outlay to the proprietor of a small establishment. It is the interest of a master manufacturer to do all that lies in his power to accommodate his men, as he thereby is enabled to attract the best workmen into his employ, owing to the good repute which his factory will bear among them; therefore, a large establishment is certain to be best regulated, as it can be most cheaply well regulated. Accordingly, the greatest mills I always found to be the cleanest, the machinery most securely fenced off, and the hands of the neatest and most respectable appearance. In Messrs. Birley and Kirk's mill, the largest in Manchester, the workmen are allowed as much hot water as they please, at tea time, without charge, and persons are employed to take it to them. In Messrs. Strutt's mill, at Belper, each hand is allowed a pint of good tea or coffee, with sugar and milk, for one half penny, and medical assistance gratis; a dancing room is also found for them in this establishment. It could never answer to put up a copper to heat water for twenty or thirty persons, nor could tea or coffee be sold at this price unless a large number were supplied with it. Mr. Ashton can afford to pay for all the surgical assistance that is yearly required by his 1173 workmen, as he can contract for it at six guineas a year; did he employ only a twelfth part of that number he assuredly could not get a surgeon to take the contract at a twelfth part of six guineas. Mr. Bott undertakes to attend to all the ailments of the operatives in Messrs. Lichfield's mills, on payment of a half penny each weekly; he certainly would refuse to attend twenty persons for eighteen pence a week."

The notion so generally entertained that factory labour is unfavourable to health and longevity, has been completely disproved. Mr. Rickards, the well informed inspector for the Lancashire district, states the result of his enquiries, and of those of the surgeons having the charge of factories, to be, that "*factory labour is decidedly not injurious to health or longevity, compared with other employments.*"

The stories as to the vicious morals and profligacy of the persons employed in factories, have also been shown to be without any real foundation whatever. The rectors of St. John's and St. Paul's, Manchester, the chaplain of the Manchester jail, and various dissenting clergymen intimately acquainted with the factory population, were closely examined by Mr. Tufnell as to this point; and their evidence goes to show, that the morals of the persons engaged in mills are quite as good as those of any other class of people, and that they have been materially improved—by means of Sunday schools and otherwise—during the last twelve years.

But, notwithstanding what has now been stated, we incline to think that the legislature did right in prohibiting altogether the employment of children in mills under nine years of age. The limitation of the hours of work in factories, is, however, a matter of great nicety and difficulty; and, perhaps, it would be better to arm the inspectors with powers for the prevention of abuse, than to interfere in any other way. It has in most instances been found quite impracticable to act on the clauses in the late act as to education; and the plan for having relays of children has also, for the most part, failed. The less, generally speaking, the cotton trade is tampered with, the better. It is not indebted for any part of its rise to legislative encouragement or protection, and we hope no one may ever be able truly to affirm, that when the legislature did interfere, its progress was retarded.

The wages of the adults engaged in factories are in general high, many of them earning from 3s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. a day, and some more. Employment in factories is also remarkably steady, not depending, like work carried on out of doors, on the state of the weather or other uncertain contingences, but is carried on almost without interruption. Hence the superior condition of factory work people. Such of them as are provident are in decidedly comfortable circumstances. Their money wages have somewhat declined since the peace; but they have not declined to any thing like the degree that the prices of bread, beef, clothes, and almost every necessary and desirable article, have fallen; so that the manufacturing part of the population possess at this moment a greater command over the necessities and conveniences of life, and are in decidedly more comfortable circumstances, than they have ever been at any former period of our history.

Perhaps the most important and valuable, as well as original, information, contained in the reports of the factory commissioners, is embodied in that furnished by Mr. Cowell, and in the tables which accompany it. Every one at all familiar with the history of our factory system

aware, that every now and then statements are put forth of the injury done the work-people by the introduction of improved machinery: and statements without number have been published, contrasting the nearly stationary amount of their wages with the vast increase in the quantity of work they have to perform. Mr. Cowell has shown the fallacy of these representations; and has proved, by a careful and elaborate deduction, that neither has been nor can be impeached, that *improvements in machinery invariably increase, at one and the same time, the profits of the mill owner and the wages of the workmen.* This might have been established on general grounds, but Mr. Cowell, whose diligence cannot be too highly commended, has proved, by comparing and carefully digesting returns, obtained from 151 mills, employing 48,645 work-people, that such is in *all cases* the immediate effect of improvements.

Spinners are paid according to a fixed scale of prices, depending on the work done, and which decreases when the quantity of yarn they produce in equal spaces of time is increased. But the ratio of the decrease of price is less than that of the increase of work; so that when a workman is able, by the assistance of improved machinery, to produce, in a given time, a third or a half more yarn than previously, his wages do not fall a third or a half, but in some less proportion; so that he, as well as his master, reaps a direct and immediate advantage from the improvement of the machinery; while, owing to the fall that takes place in the price of the manufactured article, the demand for it is extended, and the manufacture kept on the increase. We shall give an example of this.

In 1833, Mr. Cowell tells us, a spinner could produce in two fine spinning mills in Manchester 16 pounds of yarn of the fineness of 200 hanks to the pound, from *mules* carrying from 300 to 324 spindles, working 69 hours a week—the quantity that he turned off in 69 hours more frequently exceeding 16 pounds than falling short of it. Now, according to the list of prices, the spinner who produces 16 pounds of yarn of No. 200 on *mules* of the power of from 300 to 324 spindles, is paid 3s. 6d. per pound. This gives 54s. for his *gross* receipts, out of which he had to pay 13s. for assistants, leaving 41s. for his net earnings. But the power of the *mules* has since been doubled—that is, they now carry 618 spindles instead of from 300 to 324, and the same spinner produces 32 pounds of yarn of the fineness of 200 hanks to the pound in 69 hours: for this he is paid at the rate of 2s. 5d. per pound (instead of 3s. 6d.) His gross receipts are, therefore, immediately raised to 77s. 4d. ($32 \times 2s. 5d.$) He now, however, requires five assistants to help him, and averaging their cost at 5s. each, their labour will cost him 25s., or, to avoid all cavil, say 27s., which, being deducted from his gross receipts, leaves 50s. 4d. his nett wages—that is, 9s. 4d. more than he received when he only produced half the yarn. (*Supplemental Factory Report*, D. 1.)

It may be said, perhaps, that even in this instance the spinner “*does more work, for less wages, than before the improvement.*” But such

is not the fact. The machine he is employed to superintend does more work, in the same time, than it did before; while the labour of the spinner remains the same, or is perhaps lessened. And yet, merely because he is employed to attend a more powerful and efficient machine, he gets 9s. 4d. a week, or nearly 1s. 7d. a day, of additional wages. Now, this principle holds universally,—and Mr. Cowell was, therefore, justified in affirming, that “a spinner earns a shilling, a pound, or a hundred pounds, in less time at present, than he could have done ten years ago, and with the same or less labour; that this enhancement of his earnings has been owing to improvements of machinery; that the progress of improvements will progressively advance his earnings still higher, and at the same time enable a greater number of individuals to profit by the enhanced rate, than actually profit by the present rate. I assert that every improvement of cotton machinery, in every department of cotton working, has hitherto had the effect of enabling ‘an operative’ (speaking generally of every one, in every department whatever) to earn a greater net amount of money, in any given time, than he would have done had the improvement not taken place.”

Mr. Cowell successfully employs this important principle to explain the extraordinary discrepancies that occur in the average rate of earnings in different mills in Manchester and its vicinity. It is obvious, indeed, that without knowing the quantity of work done, or of yarn turned off in different mills, the earnings of those engaged in them cannot be compared—in mills, too, where the finest and best machinery is employed, the proportion of non-adults, or of unskilled labour, is the largest.

In the same way, Mr. Cowell has shown the nugatory nature of the statements laid before the factory commissioners, as to the cheapness of foreign compared with English labour. It may be true that a workman earns 30s. or 40s. in a given time, in a mill in Manchester, and only 15s. or 20s. in the same time in a mill in France or Prussia. But what has this to do with the cost of labour? Arthur Young said that a labourer in Essex was cheaper at 2s. 6d. a day, than a labourer in Tipperary at 5d. Without knowing the *quantity of work done* in the mills of which we know the earnings of the workmen, we have no ground whatever for affirming that the labour performed by the one who gets the least money is really the cheapest.

But, if we knew this, we have not the slightest doubt that the stories about the greater cheapness of labour on the continent would be found to be about as authentic as fairy tales. Mr. Edwin Rose, who had been practically employed as an operative engineer in different factories in France and Germany, on being examined by Mr. Cowell, stated distinctly, that it took twice the number of hands to perform most kinds of factory work in France, Switzerland, &c., that it did in England; and that wages there, if estimated by the only standard good for any thing,—that is, by the *work done*,—were higher than in England! We have no doubt that this is the truth, and nothing more.

As few of the circumstances to which we are indebted for our superiority in manufactures seem

as yet to be enjoyed in any thing like an equal extent, by any other nation, it may be fairly presumed, that we shall long preserve our ascendancy in them. The rapid progress of population and civilisation in the new world, and the free access now afforded to the various markets of Asia and of the eastern islands, warrant the belief, that the demand for manufactured goods is destined to be, in the course of a few years, very greatly augmented; and that it will go on increasing for an indefinite period. Provided, therefore, that nothing occur to interrupt the public tranquillity at home, to impair the feeling of security, or to interfere with that credit system so essential to our prosperity, it is difficult to see, having so decidedly the start of other nations, why we should not preserve our vantage ground, or shoot still farther ahead. The combinations, and, in several instances, the dictatorial and violent proceedings of the workmen, have been the most serious evil with which the manufacturers have had recently to contend. Happily, however, the ingenuity of our machine makers has done much to obviate this inconvenience; many important processes that could not, a few years ago, be carried on, except by the agency of skilled workmen, being now performed by machines, that may be waited on by non-adults and unskilled persons. Combinations are, in fact, one of the most powerful incentives to invention. The self-acting *mule* of Messrs. Sharpe and Roberts, of Manchester,—one of the most ingenious and useful pieces of mechanism ever contrived—may be said to owe its existence wholly to the “turn outs” and combinations of the spinners. It may, indeed, be safely affirmed, that *all* combinations, without so much as a single exception, have terminated unfavourably for those engaged in them; though they have frequently been beneficial to others. It is in fact hardly possible that it should be otherwise. Even if the workmen engaged in a combination succeeded, in the first instance, in carrying their point, their success, owing to the sense of insecurity, and the consequent indisposition to vest fresh capital in the business, it would be sure to generate, would be most destructive of their real interests. It is folly to suppose that these can be advanced separately from the interests of the masters. The prosperity of the workmen must, it is obvious, always depend upon, and be identified with the prosperity of those by whom they are employed. Experience, we believe, has already done a good deal to satisfy the workmen of the correctness of what has now been stated; and as they become better aware of their real interests, the pernicious influence of combinations may be expected to decline.

Mr. Baines's work discovers much laborious research, and is both interesting and valuable. With the exception of Smith's “Memoirs of Wool,” published so far back as 1747, it is the only work that gives a clear and copious account of the rise, progress, and actual condition of any of the great branches of industry carried on in the kingdom. Besides being of much interest in an economical point of view, the history of the British cotton manufacture exhibits a combination of invention, sagacity, and enterprise, unequalled in

the history of industry. Owing to the difficulty of acquiring accurate information, it is possible that Mr. Baines may be mistaken on some points, and imperfectly informed as to others; but, speaking generally, the work appears to be worthy of the subject.

We have on different occasions (No. 91, Art. 1st; No. 117, Art. 3d, &c.), given our readers a sketch of the more important steps in the progress of the British cotton manufacture. We were not, however, aware, till the publication by Mr. Baines, of a sketch of the present work in the history of Lancashire, that spinning by *rollers revolving with different degrees of velocity*, had been attempted previously to the period when the discovery was promulgated by Sir Richard Arkwright, in 1769. But in the sketch referred to, and in the present work, Mr. Baines has shown that the merit of this great invention is incontestibly due to Mr. John Wyatt, who took out, in the name of Mr. Lewis Paul, a patent, in which the process of spinning by rollers is distinctly described; so early as 1738, or thirty-one years before Arkwright's patent. It appears from the reference in the case printed by Sir Richard Arkwright, in 1782, that he was aware that attempts had been made in the reign of George II. to spin by machinery; but it is uncertain whether he was acquainted with their nature, or had seen the patent in question. Undoubtedly, however, the presumption is, that he had seen it; and if so, he cannot be regarded as the inventor of the spinning-frame. But, notwithstanding this deduction from his extraordinary merits, enough will still remain to justify the claims of Arkwright to the respect and gratitude of mankind. In the hands of Wyatt, the invention, how ingenious soever, was of no use, and all traces of it seem to have been lost. If Arkwright did not invent it a second time, he did what was equally important,—he made it available in practice, and showed how it might be rendered the most prolific source of individual and public wealth.

We subjoin from Mr. Baines's work an estimate of the extent and value of the British cotton manufacture in 1833.

Cotton wool imported, - - -	lbs.	303,656,837
Consumed in the manufacture, - - -	lbs.	282,675,200
Yarn spun (deducting 1½ oz. per lb. for loss), - - -	lbs.	256,174,400
Number of hanks spun (averaging 40 to the lb.), - - -	hanks,	10,246,976,000
Length of yarn spun (840 yards to the hank), - - -	miles,	4,890,602,182
Value of the cotton wool consumed, at 7d. per lb. - - -		L.8,244,693
Value of the cotton exports—		
Goods, - - -		L.13,754,992
Yarn, - - -		4,704,008
		L.18,459,000
Value of cotton manufactures consumed at home, - - -		12,879,603
Total value of the manufacture, - - -		31,338,603
Capital employed in the manufacture, - - -		3

Quantity of cotton goods exported (in 1832)—		
White or plain cottons,	yards, 259,493,096	
Printed or dyed cottons,	201,552,407	
		yds. 461,045,503
Number of persons sup- ported by the manufac- ture,		1,500,000
Number of operatives in the spinning and weav- ing factories,	In England, 200,000 In Scotland, 32,000 In Ireland, 5,000	
		237,000
Wages earned by the fac- tory operatives,		L.6,044,000
Power moving the fac- tories	Steam, 33,000 horses Water, 11,000	
		Horse pr. 44,000
Number of spindles,		9,333,000
Number of power-loom,		100,000
Number of hand-loom weavers,		250,000
Wages earned by do.		L.4,375,000

We believe this statement is nearly accurate; but though it should be a little exaggerated in some points, it will soon be the other way, as the manufacture is at present increasing, with an almost unexampled rapidity. Altogether, it is an all but miraculous creation; and, as Mr. Baines has justly remarked, what enhances our astonishment is, that so vast a manufacture should owe its rise to the transcendent genius and sagacity of a few obscure mechanics, and have attained its present perfection and extension in little more than half a century.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.
AN ATTEMPT TO ASCEND CHIMBORAZO,
MADE ON THE 16TH DECEMBER 1831. BY J. B. BOUS-
SINGAULT.

(IN A LETTER ADDRESSED TO ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.)

After ten years' uninterrupted labour, I realised the project of my youth which led me to the New World. The height of the barometer at the level of the sea between the tropics was ascertained in the harbour of Guayra, the geographical positions of the capitals of Venezuela and New Grenada were determined, and numerous measurements had afforded us information in regard to the heights of the Cordilleras. I had collected the most accurate information regarding the geological positions of the gold and platinum of Antioquia and Choco, I had established my laboratory successively on the various craters of the equatorial regions, and had been so fortunate as to carry my investigation of the degrees of temperature in the intertropical Andes, to the immense height of 5500 metres.

I was at Rio-Bamba recruiting myself, after my first expedition to Cotopaxi and Tunguragua. I wished to give up my investigations, and, as it were, satiate myself with the contemplation of those majestic glories which had so often inspired me with a zeal for science, and to which I was now about to bid an eternal farewell.

Rio-Bamba is perhaps the most extraordinary diorama in the world. The town presents no objects of interest; it is placed on one of those arid plateaus which are so common in the Andes; and all of which, on account of their great elevation, have a peculiarly wintry aspect,

that awakens in the traveller a certain feeling of sadness, owing doubtless to the circumstance that, in order to reach them, the most picturesque scenes are traversed, and also to regret at exchanging the climate of the tropics for that of the north.

From my dwelling I looked out on Capac-uru, Tunguragua, Cubille, Carguairazo, and finally towards the north on Chimborazo; I saw also several other celebrated mountains of the Paramos, and which, though not covered with perpetual snow, are not the less interesting to the geologist.

The mighty amphitheatre of snow which bounds on all sides the horizon of Rio-Bamba, presents incessantly subjects for observations of the most varied description. It is singular to watch the varying aspect of these glaciers at different hours of the day, to see how their apparent height is, by the action of atmospheric refraction, perpetually changing. With what interest does not one contemplate the display, in so small a space, of all the chief meteorological phenomena. Here one of those immense broad clouds, which were by Saussure so well named parasitical clouds (*Schmarotzerwolken*), begins to attach itself to the middle portion of a trachyte cone; it adheres firmly to it, and is not at all affected by the wind, however strong it may be. Soon a flash of lightning darts from the centre of this mass of vapour; hail, mixed with rain, descends on the foot of the mountain, while its snowy summit, which the storm cannot reach, is brilliantly illuminated by the sun. At a greater distance, rises a summit of bright shining ice; its outline is delineated with sharpness on the blue heaven, and all the peculiarities of its form are distinctly visible. The atmosphere is of remarkable purity, nevertheless the snowy summit becomes covered by a cloud. The cloud seems to come from the interior of the mountain,—one could almost believe he sees smoke ascending; a little later this cloud is nothing more than a thin vapour, and then is entirely dissipated. But not long afterwards it again appears, merely once more to vanish. This intermitting formation of clouds is a very frequent occurrence on the summits of snowy mountains. It is to be seen more particularly in fine weather, and always some hours after the culmination of the sun. Under such circumstances, the glaciers may be compared to condensers which project upwards into higher regions of the atmosphere, in order by cooling to dry the atmosphere, and restore to the surface of the earth the water which the atmosphere contained in the form of vapour.

The plateaus, surrounded by glaciers, present a melancholy appearance, when a continued wind carries thither moist air from warm regions. The mountains are obscured from view; and a bank of clouds, which seems to touch the earth, covers the horizon. The day is cold and moist, for this mass of vapour is almost impenetrable to the rays of the sun. A long twilight takes place, the only one known under the tropics; for in the equatorial zone the night follows the day so suddenly that one would be inclined to believe that the sun was extinguished at its setting.

I could not better terminate my investigations on the trachyte of the Cordilleras than by a particular examination of Chimborazo. To pursue this object, it was only necessary, it is true, to approach the foot of the mountain; but the hope of obtaining the mean temperature of a very high station, induced me to attempt the ascent, and though my hope was not fulfilled, yet I trust the expedition will not be without its use for science. I mention here the causes which led me to ascend Chimborazo, because I must severely blame the perilous

attempt when it is not undertaken in the cause of science. Thus to me it appears that Saussure is the only one who has reached the summit of Mont Blanc, notwithstanding that since the time of that distinguished traveller the mountain has been more than once ascended. To his imitators we have no thanks to render, for they have taught us nothing worth the risk of such a journey.

My friend Colonel Hall, who had already accompanied me to Antisana and Cotapaxi, wished to join me on my present journey, in order to complete the extensive information he possessed regarding the province of Quito, and to prosecute his investigations on the geography of plants.

From Rio-Bamba are seen two extremities of Chimborazo of very different inclinations. One, towards Arenal, is very steep, and presents pinnacles of trachyte projecting from the ice. The other, which is directed to the district called Chillapullu, not far from Mocha, is, on the contrary, by no means steep, but of considerable extent. After we had examined the mountain from all sides, we determined to attempt the ascent by the last mentioned acclivity.

On the 14th December, 1831, we took up our quarters for the night at the farm of Chimborazo; we were so fortunate as to find some straw for a bed, and a sheep's skin as a protection against the cold. The farm stands at a height of 3800 metres; the nights are cool, and the place rendered more disagreeable by the scarcity of wood. We were already in the region of the grasses, (*pajonales*), which is traversed before the limit of perpetual snow is reached. Here trees cease.

On the 15th, at seven o'clock A.M., we commenced our journey, guided by an Indian from the farm. In general the Indians of the plateaus are very bad guides, for, as they seldom ascend beyond the snow limit, they know very imperfectly the routes which lead to the ridges of the glaciers. We ascended along a stream which, enclosed between two walls of trachyte, receives its water from the glacier. But we soon left this ravine in order to direct our steps towards Mocha, along the foot of Chimborazo. We ascended very gradually. Our mules had a fatiguing difficult march amongst the heaps of blocks at the foot of the mountain. The acclivity became very steep, the ground insecure, and the mules paused for some time at almost every step; they no longer obeyed the spur; they breathed quicker and kicked. We were then exactly at the height of Mont Blanc, for the barometer indicated a height of 4808 above the sea.*

After we had covered our faces with a mask of gauze to protect us from the misfortunes we suffered in Antisana, we clambered up a ridge which terminated in a very high point of the glacier. It was mid-day. We ascended slowly, and in proportion as we got deeper in the snow, the difficulty of breathing while walking became more sensible. We recovered ourselves easily, however, by standing still every eight or ten paces, but never sitting down. I think that I have remarked that at the same height the breathing is more impeded on the snow than on the rocks. I shall afterwards endeavour to explain this.

We soon reached a black rock, which was elevated above the ridge upon which we advanced. We still continued to ascend for a time, but not without great fatigue, caused by the slight consistence of the snow, which continually gave way under us, and in which we often sank to the knees. Notwithstanding all our ex-

ertions, we were soon convinced of the impossibility of advancing farther; for beyond the black rock the moveable mass had a depth of more than four feet. We placed ourselves on a block of trachyte, which resembled an island in the midst of a sea of snow. We were at a height of 5115 metres. The temperature of the air was 2° 9 cent. It was half past twelve o'clock. After all our fatigues, we had only attained a height of 307 metres above where we commenced our first journey. At this point I filled a flask with snow, in order to examine chemically the air contained in its pores, and of this I shall afterwards speak.

In a few minutes we had returned to the place where we had left our mules. I employed a few minutes in examining geologically this part of the mountain, and collecting a series of the rocks. At half past three o'clock we commenced our journey downward, and arrived at our farm at six o'clock.

The weather had been delightful. Chimborazo had never appeared to us so majestic; and after our fruitless journey we could not contemplate it without regret. We now resolved to attempt the ascent from the steepest side, that is, the side towards Arenal. We knew that it was on that side that Humboldt had ascended. The limit had been pointed out to us from Rio-Bamba to which he had reached; but we found it impossible to obtain exact information as to the route he had pursued. The Indians who had accompanied this intrepid traveller were dead.

Next morning at seven o'clock we proceeded towards Arenal. The sky was remarkably clear. To the east we saw the celebrated volcano of Sangay, which lies in the province of Macas, and which La Condamine had seen in a state of constant eruption. As we advanced, the ground became distinctly more elevated. In general, the trachytic plateaus at the foot of the isolated peaks, with which the Andes are as it were sown, rise gradually to the foot of these mountains. Numerous and deep clefts, which furrow these plateaus, seem all to be directed to one common point, and they become narrow in proportion as they are more distant from this centre. One cannot describe them better than by comparing them to a cracked glass (*verre étoilé*).

At two o'clock we halted, in order to breakfast, under the shadow of an enormous block of trachyte, to which we gave the name of *Pedro del Almuerzo*. Here I made a barometrical observation, as I hoped to make another at four o'clock, and so learn the daily barometrical variation. This station is at a height of 4325 metres. We passed the snow limit, sitting on our mules. When we dismounted, we were at a height of 4945 metres. The surface was now quite impassable for mules. Besides, these animals endeavoured to make us sensible of their fatigue with a truly remarkable instinct; the ears, which are generally erect, were now turned downwards, and during the numerous pauses they made for the purpose of breathing, they did not cease looking on the plain beneath. Probably few riders have reached so great a height, but several years' instructions in riding on the Andes are necessary, in order to enable one to arrive at the insecure surface beyond the snow limits.

After an examination of the locality in which we were, we saw that in order to ascend to the ridge which leads to the summit of Chimborazo, it would be necessary to clamber up an unusually steep acclivity before us. It consisted chiefly of blocks of rock of all dimensions, heaped on one another. Here and there these fragments of trachyte were covered with more or less extensive surfaces of ice, and at several points it could be perceived

* Mont Blanc is 15,666 English feet high.

that the rocky debris rested on hardened snow. These masses, therefore, owed their origin to recent fallings down of the rock which had taken place in the upper part of the mountain. These descents of rocky masses occur frequently, and take place in the midst of the glaciers of the Cordilleras, so that one might almost doubt whether the avalanches consisted more of stone or of snow.

It was a quarter from eleven when we dismounted from our mules. So long as we walked over rocks, we experienced no great difficulty. We ascended as if it were on a bad ladder; and the most troublesome part of our labour was the continued care with which it was necessary to select the stones upon which we could with safety place our feet. Every six or eight paces we paused to breathe, without, however, sitting down. Sometimes I employed the time afforded by the delay in collecting rocks for my geognostical collection. But whenever we reached the snow, the heat of the sun became oppressive, breathing difficult, and, consequently, resting more frequently necessary.

At a quarter before twelve we traversed obliquely an extensive field of ice, in which, for the sake of security, it was necessary to make steps. This portion of our journey was not without danger; a slide would have cost us our lives. We now once more stepped on fragments of trachyte—hard ground for us—and on which we ascended somewhat more rapidly. We walked one behind the other, first myself, then Colonel Hall, and last my negro, who followed exactly in our footsteps, so that the instruments entrusted to his care might run no risk. We preserved perfect silence during our march, for experience had taught me that at such a height nothing is more hurtful than a continued conversation; and when we exchanged a few words during a halt, it was in a low tone of voice. It is chiefly to this foresight that I attribute the good health which I have invariably enjoyed during all my ascents to volcanos. I impressed, in a despotic manner, this salutary precaution on my companions. An Indian who neglected this advice on Antisana, by calling with all his force to Colonel Hall, who had lost the proper path while passing through a cloud, was in consequence attacked by giddiness and hemorrhage.

We soon attained the ridge along which we were to ascend. It was not the same we had seen from a distance. There was indeed little snow on it, but it presented acclivities which were ascended with great difficulty. Great exertions were necessary, and leaping is difficult in these regions.

We at length reached the foot of a steep wall of trachyte, several hundred metres in height. It was a moment of discouragement when the barometer informed us that we had only attained the height of 5680 metres. This was little for us, for it was not even the height to which we had arrived on Cotopaxi. Besides, Humboldt had ascended to a greater elevation, and we wished at least to reach the station where that learned traveller stopped. Those who ascend mountains are always much inclined to sit down after meeting with discouragement, and we placed ourselves on the station of the *Peña colorada* (the red rock). It was the first repose we had enjoyed. We all suffered from excessive thirst, and in order to satisfy it, our first occupation was to suck fragments of ice.

It was a quarter from one, and we experienced considerable cold. The thermometer had fallen to 0°4 cent. We were enveloped in a cloud. The hair-hygrometer indicated 91°5; and, after the cloud was dispersed, it

remained at 84°. Such a degree of moisture, at so great a height, might appear remarkable; but I have often remarked the same thing on the Andes, and it seems to be quite capable of explanation.

During the day, the surface of the snow is generally moist; the rock of *Peña Colorada*, for example, was quite wet; the air immediately round the glacier might therefore be saturated with moisture. On Mont Blanc, Saussure saw his hygrometer stand at between 50° and 51°, while the temperature varied from 0°5 to 2°3 R. It is not rare, even at the surface of the sea, to meet with a similar hygrometrical condition of the air. In the Cordilleras, there are great drynesses on the plateaus of 2000 or 3500 metres in height. At Quito and Santa Fé de Bagota, as I have mentioned in another memoir,* the hygrometer has been observed to fall to 26°.

The misfortunes which have befallen people who visited glaciers, and especially the frequent deep cracks of the skin of the face, cannot, therefore, in my opinion, be produced by the extreme dryness of the air. These injuries seem to me, at least chiefly, caused by the too strong light; since, in order to preserve the face from all rents, it is merely necessary to cover it with a simple piece of coloured crape,—a substance so open in its texture cannot, it is evident, protect the skin from the air, but it is sufficient to moderate the intensity of the light to which one is exposed when the sun shines on the surface of the snow. I have been assured that it is sufficient to blacken the face, in order to prevent the disagreeable effect of the light. I am so much the more inclined to believe this, as the negro who accompanied me to Antisana suffered, it is true, like myself, a violent inflammation of the eyes, from neglecting to wear a veil, but his face was not at all affected, while mine was quite disfigured.

When the cloud by which we were surrounded disappeared, we examined our halting-place. Looking towards the red rock, we had on our right hand a frightful precipice, and on our left, towards Arenal, we observed a projecting rock, which resembled a "*Belvedere*." It was important to go there, in order to ascertain if it were possible to go round the red rock, and, at the same time, if we could ascend higher. The approach to this "*Belvedere*" was dangerous, but I reached it with my two companions. I now perceived that if we were able to climb up a very steep surface of snow, which was on one side of the red rock, in the opposite direction from the point at which we first arrived, we should be able to attain a much more considerable elevation. In order to form a somewhat correct idea of the topography of Chimborazo, let the reader imagine an enormous mass of rock supported on all sides by buttresses. These buttresses are the ridges which seem to extend from the plain to the immense block, in order to support it.

Before commencing this dangerous expedition, I ordered the negro to examine the snow. It was of suitable consistence. Hall and the negro advanced—I followed, when they stood firmly enough to be able to receive me; for, in order to join them again, it was necessary to slide down twenty-five feet on the ice. At the moment when we again commenced our march, a stone descended from the mountain above, and fell close to Colonel Hall. He stumbled and fell. I thought he was wounded, and was not satisfied till I saw him rise, and had looked with the glass at a fragment of the stone which had arrived so opportunely for examination. This unlucky fragment

* Recherches sur la Cause qui produit le Goitre, &c. Annal. de Chim. et de Phys. v. xlviii. p. 41.

of trachyte was identical with that on which we had been walking.

We advanced cautiously. To the right, we could halt at the rock; to the left, the abyss was frightful. Before proceeding further, we endeavoured to make ourselves acquainted with the precipice. This is a precautionary measure amongst mountains, which should never be neglected when we arrive at a dangerous position. Saussure said this long ago, but it cannot be too often repeated. During my excursions in the Andes, I have always kept this rule in view.

We now began, more than had previously been the case, to experience the effects of the rarefaction of the air. We were compelled to stand still every two or three steps, and often even to sit down for some seconds. But so soon as we had sat down we again rose up, for our suffering only lasted while we were in motion. Soon the snow assumed a character which rendered our progress, however slow, dangerous. The snow was soft, and was hardly three or four inches thick; under it there was a very hard and very smooth ice. We were obliged to cut steps, in order to have a secure footing. The negro went before to perform this work, but it exhausted him. As I was endeavouring to pass him, in order to relieve him, I slipped, but, fortunately, was vigorously supported by Hall and my negro. For an instant we three all stood in the greatest danger. This accident rendered us, for a short time, undecided; but we soon acquired fresh courage, and resolved to advance. The snow became more favourable, we exerted all our energies, and at a quarter before four we arrived at the longed-for ridge. We found ourselves at the foot of a trachyte prism, whose upper surface, covered by a dome of snow, formed the summit of Chimborazo.

The ridge, upon which we had ascended, was only a few feet in breadth. On all sides we were surrounded by precipices; round about us the most singular neighbourhood presented itself. The dark colour of the rock was contrasted, in the most remarkable manner, with the dazzling whiteness of the snow. Long icicles seemed to be suspended over our heads. One might have said that a splendid waterfall had been frozen. The weather was delightful; only in the west a few small clouds appeared. The air was perfectly still—the view boundless. Our situation was new, and afforded us the most lively satisfaction.

We were at an absolute height of 6004 metres—the greatest elevation to which, I believe, man has hitherto attained on mountains.

At two o'clock, the barometer stood at 371.1 lines (13 inches 8.5 Lin. Fr.), the mercury being at 7°.8 cent. In the shade of a rock, the unattached thermometer stood also at 7°.8 cent. I sought, but in vain, for a corner in which I might be able to ascertain the mean temperature of the station. One foot under the snow, the thermometer stood at 0° cent.; but this snow was in a melting state, so that it could not afford any other result.

After a few instants' repose, we had entirely recovered from our fatigues. None of us experienced the sufferings of which most persons complain during the ascent of mountains. Three quarters of an hour after our arrival, Colonel Hall's pulse beat 106 times in a minute. We were thirsty; we were evidently in a state of slight fever; but this was not at all troublesome. My friend was extravagantly lively, and his humour inexhaustible, while he was occupied in sketching our ice-hell, as he termed our neighbourhood.

The voice of my companion was so much altered, that, under all other circumstances, it would have been

impossible to recognise it. The feeble sound which the strokes of my hammer made, even when I struck the rocks with redoubled strength, astonished us exceedingly.

The rarity of the air generally produces remarkable effects on persons who ascend high mountains. Saussure was indisposed at the summit of Mont Blanc, and had an inclination to faintishness; his guides, who were all natives of the Valley of Chamouny, were affected in the same manner. This indisposition increased when he moved, or when, while observing his instruments, he directed his attention to a particular object. The first Spaniards who attempted the ascent of the high mountains of America were, as D'Acosta reports, attacked by sickness and pain in the bowels. Bonguer had several hemorrhages, on the Cordilleras of Quito, and Zumstein suffered from the same cause on Monte Rosa. Humboldt and Bonpland, during their ascent of Chimborazo, on the 23d June, 1802, felt a tendency to vomit, and the blood rushed from the lips and gums. In regard to ourselves, we experienced, it is true, so long as we ascended, a difficulty of breathing and unusual weakness; but we got free of this evil when we ceased moving. And when we sat down, we believed that we were in our usual state of health. Perhaps our insensibility to the action of rarefied air is to be ascribed to our long residence in the high-lying towns of the Andes. When we have seen the activity exhibited in towns like Bogota, Micuipampa, Potosi, &c., which stand at a height of 2600 to 4000 metres; when we have witnessed the strength and wonderful activity of the Torcaadores, in bull-fights at Quito, which is at an elevation of 3000 metres; when we have seen young and delicate females dance the whole night in places nearly as high as Mont Blanc, where the celebrated Saussure hardly retained strength enough to observe his instruments, and where his robust mountaineers fainted when they attempted to dig a hole in the snow; and, finally, when we remember that a celebrated battle, that of Pichincha, was fought nearly at the height of Monte Rosa,—it will, I believe, be agreed that man can become accustomed to breathe the rarefied air of the highest mountains.

During all the excursions which I made in the Cordilleras, the ascent to the same height over snow has been more oppressive than when it has been on naked rock. We suffered much more, when climbing up Cotopaxi, than during our ascent of Chimborazo. On Cotopaxi, we were constantly on snow. The Indians also of Antisana assured us that they experienced an oppression (*ahogo*), when they marched for a long time on surfaces of snow; and I confess that I am much inclined to attribute, at least partly, to this still unknown action of the snow, the disagreeable feelings experienced by Saussure and his companions, during their bivouac on Mont Blanc, at the moderate height of 3888 metres. Bivouacs, even at the height of the towns of Calamarca and Potosi, are not attended by any disagreeable consequences.* On the mountains of Peru, in the Andes of Quito, travellers, and also the mules on which they ride, experience occasionally, and very suddenly, great difficulty in breathing; it has been asserted, that mules have been seen to fall down in a state of asphyxia. This does not always take place; and, in many instances, the occurrence of these symptoms seems unconnected with the effects of rarefied air. They have been remarked chiefly when there has been much snow on the mountains, and when

* According to Mr. Pentland, Calamarca is placed at a height of 4141 metres, and the highest part of Potosi at 4166 metres.

the weather was tranquil. This, perhaps, is the proper place to remark, that Saussure felt himself relieved from his uncomfortable sensations, when a gentle northeast wind began to blow. In America, the meteorological condition, which attacks the respiratory organs so severely, is termed *Soroche*. In the language of the American miner, *Soroche* means iron-pyrites—an indication that the cause of this phenomenon has been sought in subterranean exhalations. This is not an impossible cause, but it is more natural to consider the *soroche* as an effect produced by the snow.

The feelings of difficulty of breathing, which I myself have several times suffered on snow when the sun was shining on it, have suggested the conjecture that an impure air is evolved by the action of the heat of the sun on the snow. This singular idea was confirmed by an old experiment mentioned by Saussure, according to which he believed he had discovered that the air evolved from the pores in the snow contained less oxygen than the atmosphere. The air used for the examination was taken from the pores of the snow collected on the Col du Géant. The analysis was made by Sennebie, by means of nitrous oxide gas, and compared with that of the air of Geneva. The results, as reported to us by Saussure, were the following:—

“In Geneva, a mixture of equal portions of atmospheric air and nitrous oxide gas yielded, on two trials, 1.00 residue. The air from the snow yielded one time 1.85, and a second 1.86 residue. These trials, which seem to indicate great impurity of the air, would require further experiments to ascertain the nature of the gas which, in this air, occupied the place of the oxygen.”*

For a long time I had cherished the desire to repeat the experiment of Sennebie; for, if it were actually true that the air of mountain snow contains less oxygen than common air does, we should be able to understand how the impure air evolved by the action of the heat of the sun, by being dispersed through the atmosphere, could oppress those persons who were obliged to breathe it. With this view I filled a flask with snow at the station of *Chillapullu*. When we returned to the farm of Chimborazo, the snow was entirely melted, and the water so produced occupied about an eighth of the flask; a space of seven-eighths, therefore, was filled with air which was chiefly derived from the snow. I say chiefly, because a considerable portion of atmospheric air must have entered during the filling of the flask with snow.

I decomposed the air from the snow of *Chillapullu* very carefully, by means of a phosphorus eudiometer.

Eighty-two parts of the snow air left a residue of sixty-eight parts nitrogen. Fourteen parts oxygen were therefore absorbed, and consequently the air contained 0.17 oxygen.

When we consider that the flask must, besides the air of the snow, have also contained atmospheric air, we are inclined to regard this analysis as a confirmation of the results obtained by Saussure; and the difficulty of the breathing on the glaciers on which the sun is shining, the *soroche* of the high mountains of Peru, would be to a certain extent explained, if we admit that the air surrounding a glacier is in the immediate vicinity of that glacier less pure than that of the atmosphere.

The eudiometrical result which I obtained is doubtless free from objections, but nevertheless further experiments are necessary to prove distinctly that the air which I analysed was exactly the same as that obtained from the pores of the melted snow. In fact, in order to procure

this air, it was necessary for me to wait for the melting of the snow. The air in the flask was therefore in contact with that water containing more or less air, which resulted from the melting. But it is known that, under such circumstances, the water absorbs more oxygen than nitrogen, and that consequently the air with which the water is saturated always contains more oxygen than atmospheric air does. The air which remained in the flask, and which was that examined by me, might therefore contain less oxygen, notwithstanding that, in fact, the air contained in the snow might have the usual composition. This is the objection which, in strictness, may be made to my result. In order to judge of Saussure's result, it would, above all, be necessary to know what method that celebrated traveller pursued, in order to obtain from the snow the air examined by Sennebie.

The philosophers who have visited high mountains, agree in stating that the blue colour of the sky appears darker the greater the height attained. On Mont Blanc, Saussure saw the sky having the deepest king's blue tint;* and at night, during a bivouac on the same mountain, the moon, as he himself expressed it, shone with great brilliancy in a heaven as black as ebony.

On the Col du Géant the intensity of the colour was even more striking. Saussure invented an instrument in order to make comparisons of such observations. At our station at Chimborazo, the heaven, which on our arrival was of remarkable purity, seemed to us to present no darker tint than that of the sky at Quito. But as I had an opportunity of seeing the sky of almost a black colour at a much lower elevation, I now report the facts as I have observed them.

When I was on Tolima, the sky had its usual colour, although I was at a height of 4686 metres, therefore little under the snow line.

On the Volcano of Cumbal the sky seemed to me of a remarkably deep indigo-blue colour. I was then surrounded by snow, for the dome of the volcano is crowned with a glacier. During the whole of my ascent to the Cumbal, so long as I had not reached the snow boundary, the colour seemed much less dark. This blackness alarmed the negro who carried my barometer. In the evening we both were attacked by inflammation of the eyes, which rendered us blind for several days.

When I ascended Cotopaxi, I provided myself and my companion with coloured glasses. After we had wandered for five hours on snow, we halted at an elevation of 5716 metres. The heaven, as seen by the naked eye, did not seem to us darker than it did from the plain, just as we found on Chimborazo, the sky of Rio-Bamba and Quito. I will not, however, deny that, in reality, the sky, as seen from high mountains, is darker than when seen from the surface of the sea; I did not possess a cyanometer, and am, besides, quite inclined to admit the correctness of the general results attained by Saussure with this instrument. I merely assert that this difference of colours is only to be remarked by comparison, and that the blackness of the sky which has been sometimes observed on glaciers, has been occasioned by a dulness in the organs of vision, and also, perhaps, by the operation of an easily understood contrast.

The mountaineers who accompanied Saussure in his memorable ascent to Mont Blanc, asserted, that they had seen stars in clear day; this it was, which on the ascent guided them to the top of the mountain. Saussure himself did not witness this phenomenon, his attention was at that time directed to other objects; but he intimated

Saussure, *Voyage dans les Alpes*, vol. vii. p. 472.

* Saussure's *Voyage*, vol. vii. p. 321.

no doubt of the truth of the unanimous testimony of his guides. Neither on Chimborazo, nor, I can add, on any other mountain of the Andes, on which range I have attained elevations much greater than those to which Saussure ever reached on the Alps, have I seen stars during the day; and yet I was often in the most favourable situations for the purpose; as for example, on the Peña Colorado, where I was in the shade, at the foot of a very thick wall of trachyte.

While we were occupied with our observations on Chimborazo, we had uninterrupted fine weather, and the sun was so hot as even to annoy us a little. About three o'clock we saw some clouds forming in the plain; soon the thunder rolled under our feet, and we believed at first it was a *bramido*, or subterranean sound. Not long after, encircling the foot of the mountain, the clouds began to ascend towards us; we had no time to lose, for it was necessary to pass the dangerous part of our journey before they should overtake us, or else be exposed to great danger. A greater fall of snow or a frost, which would have made our route slippery, would have been sufficient to delay our return, and we had no provisions to enable us to spend the night on the glaciers.

The descent was difficult. After descending 300 to 400 metres, we encountered a cloud. A little lower down it began to hail, and the air was thus considerably cooled. At the moment we again found the Indians, who took charge of our mules, the cloud poured down upon us a hail of such size, that we experienced from it rain both on our hands and faces.

At a quarter from five I opened my barometer at the Pedro del Almuero; there, in the morning, at nine o'clock, it had stood at 457^{m.m.} 6; the mercury indicating 10° cent.; the air 5° 6 cent. I found it at 4½ o'clock at 458^{m.m.}, 2; the mercury being 4° 8 cent., and the air 3° 9 cent.; the difference, therefore, 000^{m.m.}, 6.

It is singular enough, that at this height, the daily variation should be the reverse of what it generally is under the tropics; that is, that the barometer, from nine o'clock in the morning to four o'clock in the afternoon, had risen instead of falling. This irregularity arose probably from an accidental circumstance; I am so much the more inclined to believe this, as I found that there was the usual variation at the farm of Antisana, though it was less considerable than in the plain.

As we descended, an icy rain became mixed with the hail. The night surprised us on our route; it was eight o'clock when we arrived at the farm of Chimborazo.

The geological observations which I was able to make during this expedition, all tend to confirm the ideas which I have in another place expressed on the nature of the trachyte, which forms the ridge of the Andes; for on Chimborazo all the facts were again presented to me which I have adduced in my description of the equatorial volcanos. This is evidently an extinct volcano like Cotopaxi, Antisana, Tunguragua, and, in general, all the mountains standing on the plateaus of the Andes. Chimborazo consists of an assemblage of irregularly piled up masses of trachyte. There, frequently, enormous blocks of trachyte have been sent up from the volcano in a hard condition; their edges are sharp; nothing indicates that they have once been in a melted or soft state. There is no where to be seen, on any of the volcanos, an approach to a stream of lava. Nothing is ejected from these craters but masses of mud, elastic fluids, and red-hot fragments of trachyte, which have more or less the character of scoriæ, and are often thrown to very considerable distances.

A plateau forms the foot of Chimborazo, which may be studied in detail in the rivulets near the farm. There I ascertained that the trachyte is not at all arranged in strata, but is traversed by fissures in all directions. This rock consists chiefly of felspar, which is generally of a gray colour, and includes crystals of augite and a glassy felspar.

The trachyte rises towards Chimborazo, and often presents considerable rents, which become deeper and broader as they approach the mountain. One might say that Chimborazo, as it rose, had burst the plateau which serves as its basis.

The trachytic rock, which constitutes the greater part of the province of Quito, presents few variations. The confused heaped blocks, which form the volcanic cones, are of the same mineralogical nature as the rock which is their foundation. These cones and steep mountains were doubtless elevated by elastic fluids, at the points where there was the least resistance. The trachytic rock, which is shattered into innumerable fragments, has, as it was brought to the surface, been elevated by the vapours which were evolved. After the eruption, the shattered rock must have acquired a larger volume, as all the masses could not return to the place whence they came; they, therefore, were heaped over the opening through which the evolution of the gas had taken place.

It is precisely what would happen if we were to dig a well in a hard and compact rock, and then wished to throw in the masses of stone thus obtained; the well would soon be filled, and if we were to continue heaping up the stones in the same direction, a cone would be formed over the mouth of the well, which would be higher the deeper the excavation. In this manner, I think, Cotopaxi, Tunguragua, Chimborazo, &c. have been formed.

The elastic fluids, which, after they had broken up the trachytic crust, opened through it a passage for themselves, might on the surface of the ground unite into more or less considerable cavities, hollows already in existence; and we can thus conceive that the masses of rock, which were at first raised, might afterwards sink and occupy these hollows. Thus a cavity must have been formed on the surface, in place of a cone elevated on the point of eruption. I can thus understand the wonderful sinkings presented by the crater of Rucupichincha, and also the green lake of the solfatara of Tuqueres, of which I have given, in another memoir, a full description.

I consider, then, the formation of the trachytic cones of the Cordilleras as posterior to the elevation of the mass of the Andes. But these cones are not the newest elevations which occur in these mountains. In the neighbourhood of the highest peaks, namely, those of Cayambé, Antisana, and Chimborazo, small mountains are to be observed, consisting of masses of rock of a newer description, and differing distinctly from the usual trachyte. It is black, porphyritic, and its basis, which includes crystals of glassy felspar, is coloured by augite; the crystals of felspar are rather rare, and the mass has often the air of a basalt; but I have never seen olivine in it. Sometimes this rock is compact and arranged in prisms; sometimes filled with holes like scoria. One would then be inclined to regard it as lava, if it covered considerable spaces; but it occurs always in fragments, which rarely have the size of a fist. This rock is evidently of very recent origin. At Chorrera de Pisque, near Ibarra, there is a beautiful colonnade, reposing on alluvium; on the estate of Lysco, this substance, in the

condition of fragments, has formed a passage for itself through the trachyte, which has been elevated by its agency. It is there where Humboldt believed he saw a stream of lava, (*coulée*), which had issued from Antisana. In another memoir I have explained the reasons which have induced me to differ from the opinion of my illustrious friend. The extinct volcano of Calpi, placed at the foot of Chimborazo, also consists of this kind of basalt.* We visited it on our return from Rio-Bamba.

In the midst of the sand which covers the whole plain of Rio-Bamba, there is a hill of a dark colour, called the Jana-urcu (the black mountain).

At the lower part of this hill trachyte projects through the sand; it is of the same nature as that on which, at some distance, Chimborazo rests. This trachyte seems to have been thoroughly shattered; it is full of clefts and fissures in all directions. The acclivity of the Jana-urcu, towards Calpi, consists of small fragments of the black rock, whose heaping together completely reminds one of the stone-eruption of Lysco. It appears, indeed, that this eruption of the Jana-urcu, took place after the deposition of the sand which covers the plain; for in the vicinity of the volcano the ground is covered with black scoriaceous stones.

Our guides, Indians from Calpi, conducted us to a cleft, where the sound of a subterranean waterfall was distinctly heard; and, judging from the loudness of the noise, the mass of water must be considerable.

The unproductiveness of the soil, from Latacunga to Rio-Bamba, has often surprised me.

I asked myself why the glaciers of the high mountains, which tower above this district, do not give rise to numerous streams. However, the dryness of this plateau is merely superficial; it is certain that the water of these mountains penetrates the loose earth, and then circulates to a greater or less depth in the interior. The subterranean waterfall of Jana-urcu is a proof of this, and further proofs are afforded by the wells, often very abundant, which are to be seen when descending the deep ravines which furrow the alluvial district of this plateau.

Close to Latacunga, between that town and Cotopaxi, there is a well, which was found a few metres under the surface, during an excavation made in the pumice-conglomerates. It was called Timbo-pollo by the Indians. In reality it is not a well, but a subterranean river; but the water is constantly renewed, and even the direction of the stream can be distinctly observed. The temperature of this stream is 18°·8 cent.; the mean temperature of Latacunga is 15°·5 cent.

On the 21st December we returned to Rio-Bamba, where I remained a day, in order to finish the observations I had projected.

On the afternoon of the 23d I left Rio-Bamba, following the route to Guayaquil, where I joined the ship which conveyed me to the coast of Peru.

In sight of Chimborazo I parted from Colonel Hall, whose confidence and friendship I enjoyed during the whole of my residence in the province of Quito. His accurate knowledge of the localities was of the greatest consequence to me, and I found in him an excellent and indefatigable traveling companion. We had both for a long time served the cause of independence. Our taking leave was affecting: there was something which seemed to say we should never meet again; and unhappily this mournful presentiment was too well founded. A few months afterwards my unfortunate friend was murdered in the streets of Quito.—*Poggendorf's Annalen der Physik und Chemie*, 1835, No. 2.

From the London Metropolitan.

VESPER HYMN.

BY L. M. J. M.

Creator of th' eternal soul!
Lord of those countless worlds that roll
Through boundless ether, spreading light!
We bless thee for the gift of night.

When calm, (as airs of evening play
O'er shutting flowers,) we sink away,
O'ercome by death-resembling sleep,
Do thou, O God! "the city keep."

God of our fathers! night by night
Adored, in darkness as in light!
Thy praise shall come, a welcome guest,
And sanctify our bed of rest.

From the London Examiner.

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare. With Notes. By Charles Lamb. A new edition. In 2 vols. Moxon. Elia. A new edition. Moxon.

These are two of the most delightful books in the world. They have been out of print for many years, and we welcome their republication with pleasure and gratitude.

The Dramatic Specimens, however, is more than a republication. The extracts which Mr. Lamb made from the Garrick Plays in later life, are now for the first time added to them, with notes which are in every way worthy of this profoundest critic of our time. He was wont to call these mere after gleanings to his original work, but they indicate a harvest as rich as the first he gathered in.

When Mr. Lamb published his Dramatic Specimens, nearly thirty years ago, they came upon the world as a discovery. No one had the remotest notion that such a mine of wealth could have existed so long—unsuspected or forgotten! One or two might be found, indeed, before that time, who, in the way of literary courtesy or largement of taste, would deal forth an occasional word of patronage to the "vein of thought," somewhat "fantastical, but striking," that existed among writers who lived when Shakspeare lived. But that was all. Their writings had passed into oblivion, and their names were not worth recovery. "How loved, how honoured once, availed them not!" But Mr. Lamb's Specimens appeared—and the names of Marlow, Dekker, Middleton, Chapman, Heywood, Webster, Marston, Rowley, and Ford, at once sprang up into a glorious constellation in the highest heaven of poetry! They took their positions at once, as when they lived, near Shakspeare—they closed him round at once, and have ever since moved, a mighty phalanx of kindred spirits, in the same glorious orbit with him of Avon.

This, we say, was emphatically Mr. Lamb's doing. We have all been very busy since with our offerings of admiration and love, and editions have been multiplied upon editions, but to him alone belongs the credit of the discovery, and his name will be found along with theirs in remote time. Charles Lamb belongs to the Elizabethan era as much as Heywood or Ford.

It is a striking illustration of what we have been saying, that most of the writers whose plays are quoted in the more recent additions to the specimens (now collected for the first time), are yet almost unknown! What has been doing at Mr. Lamb's instance for the last twenty years with Webster, Ford, Marlow, and others—must now be done again, and again under his instruction, for Davenport, Day, Fountain, Porter, and others! This it is, indeed, to be a discoverer in poetry. Nothing can be conceived finer than the extracts from these latter men, who take place with the greatest among our older ac-

ance. They are of the same race of demigods! same faults and the same excellences are theirs—same strength, truth, and richness—the same passion, imagination, and thought! The reality of things, as it exists, was present to their fancy when they wrote, same face of nature was open which is so glorious—the same movements of the human heart which they "passioned as we." This is the secret of power, and has made it universal.

Lamb's criticisms to his new extracts are worthy of unequalled fame in that department of letters. As a critic, so in criticism, he is a discoverer. He tells a number of things of which you had no previous notion. Through such wonders and beauties as these ones contain, he is the most delightful of guides. He disturbs their influence by officious interference, or trained invitations. His more intimate knowledge adds to the simplicity of his zeal.

He shall give a specimen or two of these new criticisms. The following is highly characteristic. It is the note to Henry Porter's "Two Angry Women of London." The spirit of it is surely the very reverse of detracting. Our admiration of his contemporaries increases and confirms our sense of the genius of Shakespeare, who can overlook, and still command position, from among such a brood of intellectual giants.

The pleasant comedy, from which these extracts are taken, is cotemporary with some of the earliest of Shakespeare's, and is no whit inferior to either the *Comedies*, or the *Taming of the Shrew*, for instance.

full of business, humour, and merry malice. Its scenes are peculiarly sprightly and wakeful. The action unencumbered, and rich with compound elements.

Why do we go on with ever new editions of Massinger, and the thrice reprinted selections of Massinger? what we want is as many volumes more, as the latter consist of, filled with plays (such as this), of which we know comparatively nothing. Not a third of measures of old English dramatic literature has been studied.

Are we afraid that the genius of Shakespeare will suffer in our estimate by the disclosure? He will indeed be somewhat lessened as a miracle and a mystery. But he would lose no height by the confession.

If a giant is shown to us, does it detract from the city to be told that he has at home a gigantic brood of brethren, less only than himself? Along with him, not him, sprang up the race of mighty dramatists who, armed with the Otways and Rowses that followed, as Miltons to a Young or an Akenside. That he is their elder brother, not their parent, is evident from the fact of the very few direct imitations of him to be found in their writings. Webster, Decker, Heywood, the rest of his great contemporaries, went on their own ways, and followed their individual impulses, not by prescribing to themselves his tract.

Marlowe, (though imperfect) father of our *tragedy*, preceded him. The *comedy* of Fletcher is essentially unlike to that of his. 'Tis out of no detracting spirit that I speak for the plays of Shakespeare have been the strongest and the sweetest food of my mind from infancy; but I am at the comparative obscurity in which some of his valuable co-operators remain, who were his dear intimates, his stage and his chamber-fellows while he lived, to whom his gentle spirit doubtlessly then awarded all portion of their genius, as from them toward himself appears to have been no grudging of his acknowledged excellence."

It is naturally characteristic of Mr. Lamb's fine nature to give the following mention of Heywood:—

"If I were to be consulted as to a reprint of our old English dramatists, I should advise to begin with the coldest plays of Heywood. He was a fellow actor, and a dramatist, with Shakespeare. He possessed not the nation of the latter; but in all those qualities which

gained for Shakspeare the attribute of *gentle*, he was not inferior to him. Generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of passion; sweetness, in a word, and gentleness; Christianism; and true hearty Anglicism of feelings, shaping that Christianism; shine throughout his beautiful writings in a manner more conspicuous than in those of Shakspeare, but only more conspicuous, inasmuch as in Heywood these qualities are primary, in the other subordinate to poetry. I love them both equally, but Shakspeare has most of my wonder. Heywood should be known to his countrymen, as he deserves. His plots are almost invariably English. I am sometimes jealous that Shakspeare laid so few of his scenes at home. I laud Ben Jonson, for that in one instance having framed the first draught of his *Every Man in his Humour* in Italy, he changed the scene, and Anglicised his characters."

We need not again recommend these books to the lovers of literature.

From the London Metropolitan.

LE ROI D'YVETOT.

FROM DE BERANGER.

At Yvetot there lived a king,
In history little known,
Who thought that glory (useless thing)
Would not become his throne.
A cotton night-cap graced his brows,
Which Jeannette, mistress of his house
Gave him as crown. O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

He breakfasted, he dined, he slept,
As other sovereigns do;
And on a donkey which he kept
Traveled his kingdom through.
Plain, honest, unsuspecting, free,
No other body-guard had he
But a poor dog. O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

This sovereign had but one caprice,
He loved a jovial cup,
But kings who wish to live in peace,
Must keep their spirits up.
He never let the flagon pass
Without his tribute of a glass.
This was his tax. O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

Him would the village girls admire,
All hailed him with delight,
Whilst his young subjects called him "sire"—
And well indeed they might.
'Twas only every now and then
He drilled his little troop of men,
But fired no ball.* O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

He never clipped a neighbouring state
To aggrandise his own,
This pattern for a potentate
Made peace support his throne.
And when this best of monarchs died
His subjects buried him, and cried,
They cried, O dear! O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

The portrait of this best of kings,
So loved in days of yore,
Is now a well-known sign, and swings
Above an ale-house door.
And country folks on holidays
Will stop and drink, and as they gaze
Will cry, O dear! O dear!
Oh! what a funny king was here.

J. WARING.

* Tirer au blanc.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WILLIS'S POEMS.

"Melanie, and other Poems, by N. P. Willis—edited by Barry Cornwall!" Alas! thought we, on reading this title-page, is Willis dead! Then America has lost one of the most promising of her young poets. We had seen him not many months before in high health and spirits, and had much enjoyed his various and vivacious conversation, which we felt, we knew not well wherefore, to be more unexceptionably agreeable than that of any one of our many other friends—Wycliffe excepted—

"Who sees the Atlantic wave their morn restore."

Cut off by cholera or consumption? We remembered his lines to his mother, and our hearts were sad. But why weep for him—the accomplished "acquaintance" of an hour! "Peace to his ashes!" we sighed; and laying down the volume—posthumous as we supposed—poor Willis's Remains, we walked out into the sunshine, and began humming an old song. Meeting an admirer of his genius, we lugubriously croaked—"N. P. Willis is dead!" "Alive and kicking," was the shocking reply. "We saw his Remains—quarter past meridian—edited by Mr. Undertaker-General—Barry Cornwall!" "Buried *they* may be, but the 'man alive,' the day before yesterday, was sitting as fresh as a four-year-old in the Athenæum club. Here's a letter from him with that date—franked MAHON." We smote the *parée* thrice with the crutch in the vocative case, each dint emitting fire—exclaiming, "that boy (meaning Barry) will be the death of us." It was quite a dramatic scene, and the catastrophe was a dinner at the British, where we discussed the merits of the brilliant American over half a dozen of champagne—the sparkling alternating with the still—emblematical of his poetry—one bottle having been sent away—after each of us had attempted in a glass of it the health of the Undertaker—for, over and above being rapid, it had that unaccountable taste—cyleped of cork.

To be serious as a chamber poet. Heard ye ever of any thing half so droll? Mr. Willis tells us that "he came to England merely in the course of travel, without the most distant idea of publishing a volume of poems. The appearance in different periodicals of some of his early verses, (the kindly meant office of some of the literary friends he had the happiness to meet,) induced him, on the principle of a choice in evils, to take his poetical reputation into his own hands." All right. But what follows is all wrong. "While he has the *parole* (affectations!) perhaps he may be permitted to express his sense of the manner most gratifying with respect to his country, in which his humble volume is introduced to the English reader. Love of England (he speaks not alone for himself) would be a difficult lesson to unlearn on the other side of the water, whatever party critics of either nation may say, and however readers of little thought and less liberality may feel. In this particular case, he is content to sink or swim, as the eloquent and generous sentiments of his preface find, or not, a grate-

ful response in the best hearts of his country. If he could have read his horoscope before leaving its shores, the honour of seeing his name associated in any way with that of Barry Cornwall, would have satisfied him with the potency of his star. It could not be in more fortunate conjunction either for friendship or fame." This is sad nonsense; and had we not *seen* Mr. Willis, it must have made him ridiculous, or worse, in the eyes of our imagination, even like unto a Cockney.

Two or three years ago, a London edition of Bryant's poems was published, edited by Washington Irving, and dedicated to Samuel Rogers. Bryant, the first of the American poets, was on the other side of the Atlantic; and Washington Irving, the first of American prose writers, was fortunately on this side of that ocean. The duty he performed to his far distant friend was appropriate; and such a conjunction of names was felt to be ennobling to both countries. But how stands the case here? In ludicrous contrast. Who is Willis? We have already told you. Who is Barry Cornwall? We have already told you too—Mr. Undertaker-General. What business has he—bred within sound of Bow bells—thus to usher in a young gentleman from Columbia—not into Little—mind ye—but absolutely into Great Britain?

Mr. Cornwall says, "I have been invited to introduce the following poems to the English public; and it gives me pleasure to do so, partly for the sake of the author, (a man of high talent and sensibility,) and partly because it is incumbent upon every member of literature, however unimportant he may be, to do his best to diminish the space that separates America from England." "I have been invited." Did Mr. Willis give that invitation by word of mouth—in a bland whisper—or by letter? Did he allow some slight, but unequivocal symptoms of desire to attract the eyes of the knowing Barry—or at once pop—plump—the question? We cannot, for the life of us, believe that the first advances were on the part of the American. To the Little Briton, the unimportant "member of literature" (an odd expression) he must have

"Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

We beg, on behalf of all the unimportant members of that body, to dissent from the doctrine that it is incumbent on one and all of them "to do his best to diminish the space that separates America from England." Under no such onerous duty need bend their backs or knees—for, wide as the space is, the distance is performed by the American clippers on an average of twenty days—instances of sixteen being not unfrequent between Liverpool and New York—and we observe that it is proposed to steam it in *nine*! What member of literature, however unimportant he may be, can have the presumption to attempt doing it within the week? The Atlantic is, in fact, already little wider than the Thames at Gravesend; and if we keep diminishing at this rate the space that separates America from England, it will dwindle into a mere horse-pond. What then will become of the back settlements?

But the unimportant member of literature may appear to have been speaking figuratively, and, therefore, if possible, still more foolishly; for only think for a moment of cementing in indissoluble amity America, with her twelve million of white inhabitants—to say nothing of the red and black—and Britain, with her fifteen—to which must be added seven, of the finest pisantry on earth—by Melanie and other Poems, by N. P. Willis—edited by Barry Cornwall!

"This is not the place to speak of the author, even as he deserves. He would object to my eulogiums as flagrant and unmerited; and I should not be satisfied with administering any thing short of the praise due to him." Surely that is silly. This is precisely the place "to speak of the author as he deserves." And had Mr. Cornwall done so, then he might perhaps have seen that he had not "administered any thing short of the praise due to him;" and that he does not understand an antithesis, but conceives it to be a repetition. Why would his eulogiums have been thought "flagrant and unmerited," if he had merely spoken of the author "even as he deserves?" What does he deserve more than he has got? Barry calls him "a man of high talent and sensibility," and "entertains a due sense of the genius of Mr. Willis." What more could he have said, had he continued to wire-draw on wire-wove for a week?

"Mr. Willis," quoth his invited patron, "although an American, does not exist upon panegyric—he can afford to render admiration to others, and to think modestly of himself." Mr. Hamilton's account of an American *table d'hôte*, must be a cruel fiction, if our "transatlantic brethren" do really "exist upon panegyric." No man thinks modestly of himself; did the long race or run of authors do so, the crowded streets would blush. It may be true that Mr. Willis "can afford to render admiration to others," but he ought not to be so lavish of it, lest he exhaust his stock in trade. He says "he is content to sink or swim as the eloquent and generous sentiments of his preface find or not a grateful response in the best hearts of his country." That has very much the look of "a flagrant and unmerited eulogium," but on whom we cannot say; and should all that about "his horoscope" and "the potency of his star," and "the fortunate conjunction for friendship or fame," "diminish the space that separates America from England," there will be heard in replication one mutual wide horse-laugh from shore to shore.

Another bit of Barry. "It is clear that we have, until lately, done injustice to American writers. We have tested them by an unfair rule, and have measured them by their weakness only, and not by their strength. And this has been done, not in sincere error or in an honest attempt to arrive at their real merits, but evidently for the sake of exalting ourselves in depressing them. A system like this cannot be too much discountenanced by men of letters. And how foolish and injudicious is it, to be perpetually boasting of this or that thing achieved by the separate countries! as though every good deed, whether in America or England, were not done for the credit

of our common literature. If every individual scribbler were to stand up solely for his own little transitory distinction, and cavil at all other writers who contributed their share to the general stock of amusement, should we not hoot him down with contempt? Why do the liberal English people, then, allow the spleen or ill blood of any man or set of men to vitiate their taste? to blind their understandings? to widen the breach between them and their American friends? Such dishonesty is a betrayal of the cause of literature, a calumny on the English character, and should be reprobated and punished accordingly, like any corresponding private slander." In all this wishy-washy rhodomontade there is not one word of common sense. It is not "clear that we have, until lately, done injustice to American writers." But it is clear that, until lately, there were no American writers to do injustice to; for if we go back to the time of Franklin and his contemporaries, justice, most ample, was done to them all; and since then, to many an able political writer.

But it is of "our common literature" that Mr. Cornwall speaks; and pray, "until lately," where was it to be found—native to America—in the woods of Kentucky? Brockden Brown, indeed, has been dead many years, and was not his genius recognised in Britain long before it was cared for in the land of his birth? Had Washington Irving to wait in "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," before he heard the voice of England declare her award? Were we ever unjust to Cooper? Why, people call him the American Scott. Bryant was admired the day he was known; Percival, Paulding, Pierpont, Dana, Halleck, Sprague, and many others, have all found favour in our eyes, and so now will N. P. Willis, in spite of his having been edited by Barry Cornwall. The sentence about "every individual scribbler," supposes an absurdity not only beyond the bounds of nature, but of Cockneydom itself; and stands helplessly, "with its hands in its breeches pockets," conscious it has no business there, and that not a syllable is intelligible that comes out of its mouth; while we defy even Barry himself to take another look, "with his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," at what follows it, without perceiving that the man, or set of men, supposed to be labouring under a fit of the spleen in addition to the chronic disease of ill-blood, are phantoms that disappear in the hole in the wall at the lifting up of his little finger. His fancy is clouded with the fumes of saloop. The practical conclusion at the close of his sermon is not orthodox. Let them correspond as they will, a public slander cannot be reprobated and punished like a private one. "The betrayal of the cause of literature" is a very black offence, involving as it does "a calumny on the English character," yet it falls not under any punishment provided either by the civil or the canon law; and you may call old Mother England by the naughtiest monosyllable in our vocabulary, without being made to do penance in a white sheet. But even a Parrot must be cautious how he so affronts the most maculate of her daughters.

Hear again the great champion of Columbia.

"If we possess an advantage in some respects over America, by reason of our having had more opportunities of *cultivating the mere elegancies of letters* (!) yet in others, our superiority is by no means evident." Prepare yourselves for an explosion. He is going to fire off MONS MEG. "THE PUBLIC WORKS OF THE UNITED STATES (THE RESULTS OF GREAT ACTIVITY OF MIND AND MATCHLESS PERSEVERANCE OF CHARACTER) PUT OUR OWN TO SHAME. AND IN MECHANICS, AND ALL THAT RELATES TO PRACTICAL SCIENCE, THE MEN OF AMERICA ARE FULLY AS WELL EDUCATED AS OURSELVES. WHAT MORE IS WANTED TO ENTITLE THEM TO RESPECT?"! We see you are stunned, but let not the report be lost upon you; and should you ever be conscious of a disparaging thought of American literature rising in your soul, think of the Erie canal.

America having roused her spirits at those trumpet tones, and having been farther assured by Barry Cornwall that she "has already done all that a young nation could be expected to accomplish, and time will bring the rest," will she have the goodness to peruse the catalogue of excellent things which Time has in store for her, and sworn by his scythe, before Mr. Procter and all the stars, to bestow ere the lapse of many centuries? Time "will bring them essayists, novelists, historians, as good and numerous as ours; and poets also as lofty (with one unapproachable exception) as any that we have been accustomed to deify. The great and free land of America must of necessity produce great poets and eminent men. With the deeds of their bold fathers before them—with their boundless forests and savannahs, swarming with anecdotes of solitary adventure—with Niagara thundering in their ears, and the spirit of freedom hovering above them, it is clear that they do not lack materials for song. Shakspeare, indeed, will probably reign for ever without an equal; and some time may elapse before an American Milton shall rise in that majestic country; but the period will come at last—and, in the mean time, there will be many who may fairly lay claim to the leaves and branches of the true laurel, who will earn for themselves the love and respect of their countrymen, and deservedly occupy all the other gradations."

This is not philosophical disquisition—it is prophecy. The inspired writer despises the gown, and glories in the mantle. It would be beneath his calling to give the reasons, for the faith that is in him—he is visited by intuitions. He opened his mouth and spake. The Eidolons of unborn essayists—novelists and historians—of the highest order, and in numbers without number numberless, "as good and numerous as ours," deploy before him in the clouds. He signifies nor shadows out any of their peculiar attributes—employing neither type nor symbol—so that no interpreter need seek to throw any light on the prophecies of Barrymiah. In the fulness of time they will all be fulfilled, but there is no conjecturing under what president. But may not the sceptic ask why, since "the great and free land of America must of necessity produce great poets and eminent men," are they to be only "as good and numerous as ours?" He will admit that

k are the decrees of Providence, yet still he

will ask, and pause in vain we fear for a reply, why must not America of necessity produce ten times the number of ten times greater poets and eminent men, than Britain, as of necessity her population will be ten times greater in a very few hundred years? How the Yankees breed! The men are bold as lions, and the women prolific as rabbits. The population doubles itself, we are afraid and ashamed, lest we should be supposed indecently romancing, to say how often, every dozen years! "Some time may elapse," says the prophet, "before an American Milton shall rise in that majestic country." Some time—how long? As soon as they have had a line of kings—a great rebellion—regicides—a commonwealth, and a protector—and a restoration. Then "an American Milton shall arise in that majestic country;" and we should not wonder were he, too, blind. "Shakspeare, indeed, will *probably* reign for ever without a rival." Oh! what a falling off is there from the true prophetic strain! The fever of his inspiration is intermittent—and, like a common man, he prates of probabilities. If America does not in good time produce a Shakspeare, England will twit her with the want till there is a declaration of war. She must have a Shakspeare—and his precursors—resembling our Marlow—and an accompanying host, like our elder dramatists. Whatever England has had, she must have, of necessity; that is the principle on which we, the uninspired, believe—the inspired speaks; with this difference—that in America will first arise "many who will earn for themselves the love and respect of their countrymen, and deservedly occupy all the other gradations of renown,"—whereas, in England, Shakspeare preceded Sheridan Knowles, and Milton had the start of Barry Cornwall.

The prophet, leaving his mantle in mid-air, and yielding to the law of gravitation, comes to the ground with dangerous rapidity, far faster than a cat in a parachute, "Brockden Brown, Washington Irving, Paulding, and Miss Sedgwick, are all writers of high and unquestioned talent; and Mr. Bryant, Mr. Halleck, and Mr. Willis, stand out from the ranks of common poets. What precise station on the two forked hill those latter gentlemen have a right to occupy, it is not for us, their cotemporaries, to decide. We are ourselves in a state of sufficient uncertainty as to our position. We cannot, in short, determine, without much hazard and presumption, on the exact quantity of fame which belongs to our American brothers." He has been frightened by his flight, and is now as timid as a snail with sore horns. What could hinder a cotemporary from at least making a shrewd guess as to the station of these latter gentlemen on the two-forked hill? No occasion for being so very precise. Let us have the respective altitudes within a few thousand yards or so, and so with the measure of their fame. The uncertainty of his own position can be no reason in the world for any uncertainty about theirs—unless he be so far down that he cannot see them—in which case let him stand aloof—and having taken a base-place his theodolite, and with half the scientific acquirements of a Yankee, he may make such an approximation to their whereabouts as may satisfy

Almanac. "An exact quantity of fame," it
ld be absurd to seek to determine—for fame
at a fixed quantity—like a sack of flour. So
h for the preface—now for the poems.

Melanie," is very elegantly and gracefully
ten—and has many pathetic touches—but
who may read it alone, can know little of
merits of Mr. Willis. It is not original.
style is that of Byron in his more subdued
s of feeling; and that impression accompa-
you from beginning to end of the composi-

There is no direct—perhaps no conscious
ation; but it is insensibly moulded by the
ght Byron's poetry has inspired—especially
sina. Mr. Willis may not be able to bring
self to believe this; but not a single one of
is readers will be able to disbelieve it; and
y a sweet voice will say, "How melancholy!

like dear Lord Byron!" So is the story.
impassioned girl discovers at the altar that
lover is her brother, and dies. The catastro-
is striking—but like most violent and unex-
ed catastrophes—it loses its power over us al-
t as soon as it has happened; the only effect
remains is pain—but true tragic genius
kes the joy of grief—or a divine calm of
ow. The soul, however troubled it may have
n, is satisfied at last—and yields submissively
obeying a decree. Had Melanie not given
ame to the volume, we might have commended
more; but from its place it challenges, if
admiration, judgment; and we pronounce it
autiful failure.

Lord Ivon and his daughter"—the only other
itious effort in the volume—is liable to the
e objection—it is manifestly—we had almost
—looking at the motto—avowedly an imita-
of Barry Cornwall. It is, however, a drama-
cene equal to the best of his—and that would
igh praise—had it emanated, unprompted and
ggested, from the author's own genius. As
it is delightful reading—and though the sub-
is in itself somewhat repulsive, and on the
re of the unnatural, it is treated with so much
delicacy, and power, that it is brought fairly
in the reach of our sympathies—no mean
nph. But you must read it for yourself—for
e would be no use in telling you what it is
it—and indeed, without the fine poetry in
ch it is enveloped, a statement of the nature
ord Ivon's confession to his daughter, Isidore,
ld give you no idea whatever of its tragic
ion.

et us turn, then, from compositions which,
as in many respects they are, are constructed
a model, and see what Mr. Willis is when
wing the impulses of his own genius. We
ot mean to say that there is any thing very
inal in the stanzas we are now about to quote,
er in matter or manner; but they flow freely
his own fount, and 'tis the movement of his
heart that stirs the waters. The feeling is
inuous and well-sustained; and they seem to
worthy of all admiration.

THE CONFESSORIAL.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
On ocean—many a weary night—

When heaved the long and sullen sea,
With only waves and stars in sight.
We stole along by isles of balm,
We furled before the coming gale,
We slept amid the breathless calm,
We flew beneath the straining sail—
But thou wert lost for years to me,
And, day and night, I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
In France—amid the gay saloon,
Where eyes as dark as eyes may be
Are many as the leaves in June—
Where life is love, and ev'n the air
Is pregnant with impassion'd thought,
And song and dance and music are
With one warm meaning only fraught;
My half-snar'd heart broke lightly free,
And, with a blush, I thought of thee!

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
In Florence,—where the fiery hearts
Of Italy are breathed away
In wonders of the deathless arts;
Where strays the Contadina down
Val d'Arno with a song of old;
Where clime and woman seldom frown,
And life runs over sands of gold;
I stray'd to lone Fiesolè
On many an eve, and thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
In Rome,—when on the Palatine
Night left the Cæsar's palace free
To Time's forgetful foot and mine;
Or, on the Coliseum's wall,
When moonlight touch'd the ivied stone,
Reclining, with a thought of all
That o'er this scene has come and gone—
The shades of Rome would start and flee
Unconsciously—I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
In Vallombrosa's holy shade,
Where nobles born the friars be,
By life's rude changes humbler made.
Here Milton framed his Paradise;
I slept within his very cell;
And, as I closed my weary eyes,
I thought the cowl would fit me well—
The cloisters breath'd it seemed to me,
Of heart's-ease—but I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
In Venice,—on a night in June;
When, through the city of the sea,
Like dust of silver slept the moon,
Slow turn'd his oar the gondolier,
And, as the black barks glided by,
The water to my leaning ear
Bore back the lover's passing sigh—
It was no place alone to be—
I thought of thee—I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
In the Ionian isles—when straying
With wise Ulysses by the sea—
Old Homer's songs around me playing;
Or, watching the bewitched caique,
That o'er the star-lit waters flew,
I listened to the helmsman Greek
Who sung the song that Sappho knew—
The poet's spell, the bark, the sea,
All vanished—as I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
In Greece—when rose the Parthenon

Majestic o'er the Egean sea,
And heroes with it, one by one;
When, in the grove of Academe,
Where Lais and Leontium stray'd
Discussing Plato's mystic theme,
I lay at noontide in the shade—
The Egean wind, the whispering tree,
Had voices and I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
In Asia—on the Dardanelles;
Where, swiftly as the waters flee,
Each wave some sweet old story tells;
And, seated by the marble tank
Which sleeps by Ilium's ruins old,
(The fount where peerless Helen drank,
And Venus lav'd her locks of gold,)
I thrill'd such classic haunts to see,
Yet even here—I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
Where glide the Bosphor's lovely waters,
All palace-lined, from sea to sea;
And ever on its shores the daughters
Of the delicious East are seen,
Printing the brink with slipper'd feet,
And oh, those snowy folds between,
What eyes of heaven your glances meet!
Peris of light no fairer be—
Yet—in Stamboul—I thought of thee.

"I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee,
Through change that teaches to forget;
Thy face looks up from every sea,
In every star thine eyes are set,
Though roving beneath Orient skies,
Whose golden beauty breathes of rest,
I envy every bird that flies
Into the far and clouded West;
I think of thee—I think of thee!
Oh, dearest! hast thou thought of me?"

The "Wife's Appeal" is still better—but it is too long for quotation—and to mutilate would be to murder it. It reminds us of no other writer—and shows that Mr. Willis can sustain himself by his own strength without the aid of any one—and that too in a troubled flood.

Some of the shorter poems are ingenious and fanciful, and at the same time simple and natural—qualities not easily or often combined—and among them we mention, as especially excellent—"To a City Pigeon"—"The Belfry Pigeon"—"on the Picture of a Child tired of Play"—and best of all—

ON THE PICTURE OF A GIRL LEADING HER BLIND MOTHER
THROUGH THE WOOD.

"The green leaves as we pass
Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,
And the low forest grass
Grows green and silken where the wood-paths wind—
Alas! for thee, sweet mother! thou art blind!

And nature is all bright;
And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn;
And evening's purple light
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
Alas! sweet mother! for thy clouded eye!

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up,
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencil'd passing well,

And the swift birds on glorious pinions flee—
Alas! sweet mother! that thou canst not see!

And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expression in thy face,
And the child stops amid his bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear with duty unforget—
Alas! sweet mother! that thou seest them not!

But thou canst hear! and love
May richly on a human tone be pour'd
And the least cadence of a whispered word
A daughter's love may prove—
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit thou canst not see my face the while!

Yes, thou canst hear! and He
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harp, hath strung
Heaven and earth and sea?
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know,
With but one sense the soul may overflow."

These lines to our mind are worth the whole of "Melanie" were it twice as good as it is; for in them a holy feeling is at once "law and impulse," and Mr. Willis has only to compose often in that strain—suitable to so many affections, and by them sure to be inspired—and he will not fail to please on all sides of the Atlantic.

We are somewhat doubtful about the following picture—yet we know not why we should be—unless it be that it reminds us of one who is inimitable—dear S. T. Coleridge.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

"She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. She stood alone
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half-smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
'Father, dear father, God has made a star!'"

Mr. Willis has arranged his poems in three parts, "rather ambitiously it may seem," he says; "but the interval of four years which has occurred since he last meddled with rhyme, extends also between the dates of the second and third parts of the volume—a difference in the ages at which they were severally written, which he thought it as well to mark by a formal division, and upon which he claims a corresponding indulgence." He does right to please himself, but he is still a very young man—and we shall be much mistaken in him if he do not yet far surpass his most successful efforts—even those which "date from the

corner of a club in the ungenial month of January 1835." There is nothing ungenial in the month of January—and the corner of a club is a cozy nook in which a young poet may dally very effectively with that invisible girl the muse. We see no inferiority in his earlier to his later verses—nor do we think the worse of him for that—for only in the prime of mental manhood—which he may bless his stars he has not yet reached (it seldom comes before the age of forty)—do poets in general write much better than in the prime of youth. There is one composition, classed under "Early Poems," equal to any other in the volume—except perhaps in the versification, which is somewhat monotonous—but what boy ever wrote good blank verse? We mean "The Widow of Nain."

Sacred poetry—as it is impiously called—has of late years in this Christian country been for the most part absolutely blasphemous—and we have refrained from it in horror. It is something too shocking too hear needy dunces for sake of lucre versifying the Almighty—and to see others skipping in their vanity, and without any neckcloth, on the brink of the bottomless pit. The blockheads handle their Bibles as if they were so many literary albums—and intermeddle with the most awful mysteries—even those of our salvation—with the same non-chalance they sit down with to write an answer to a charade. No imbecility is any excuse for profanity—the mother chastises even her idiot son for taking the name of God in vain. But those we allude to are not "Innocents." They buzz under the dominion of Beelzebub—for is he not the God of flies?

We think of James Montgomery—and what strains of heavenly melody arise!

Soothed and elevated by the music of our dream, we turn to the Sacred Poetry of this excellent young American—and we feel at once that his piety is sincere—for it is reverential—and his sense of the beauty of the miracles he ventures to record in verse is burthened with awe. He sees the light, and knows it is from heaven. The shadow that darkens it he feels to be thrown by his own fallen spirit. He has read aright the New Testament—He is a believer.

The "Healing of the Daughter of Jarius" is in the same spirit—and so is the Leper. There are likewise three pictures of subjects from the Old Testament—"The Shunamite,"—"Absalom"—and "Hagar in the Wilderness." They are very good—but not sufficiently Hebrew. How could they be? We shall leave Mr. Willis to the esteem of all the good.

There is nothing haughty in the Americans; and wherever you meet them, they appear to be quite at home. This is exactly what it ought to be, and very much in favour of the foreigner who journeys among them. The immense number of highly polished females who go in the stages to visit the different places of amusement, and see the stupendous natural curiosities of this extensive country, incontestably proves that safety and convenience are insured to them, and that the most distant attempt at rudeness would, by common consent, be immediately put down.—*Watertown.*

From the London Quarterly Review.

THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA.

LONDON. 12mo. 1833.

A melancholy title for a living man to affix to a work;—and how soon was the implied presage made good in death! The last enemy has been dealing wrathfully with the great authors of our day; they have been shot at like marks,—cut off like over-topping flowers,—till the two or three that survive seem solitary and deserted,—their fellows strown around them,—themselves memorials at once and specimens of a by-gone or a fast receding age. Long may those remain to us that do remain! We have sore need of them all to stem the muddy current of vulgar authorship that sets so strongly upon us,—and to vindicate literature from the mountebank sciolism of science in caricature. We forgive all differences of opinion, overlook all animosities of party,—*Tros Tyriusve*, we regard it not,—may we but find in a writer a due sense of the dignity and lofty uses of his vocation, and the manliness to abate no jot of its rightful claims to superiority over the penny-diffused quackery of these our times.

Charles Lamb was not the greatest, nor equal to the greatest, among his famous cotemporaries, either in splendour or in depth; but he was, perhaps, the most singular and individual. He was one of nature's curiosities, and amongst her richest and rarest. Other men act by their faculties, and you can easily distinguish the predominance of one faculty over another: A's genius is greater than his talent, though that is considerable: B's talent is beyond his genius, though that be respectable;—we dissect the author, take so much of him as we like, and throw the rest away. But you could not so deal with Lamb. He was all compact—inner and outer man in perfect fusion,—all the powers of the mind,—the sensations of the body, interpenetrating each other. His genius was talent, and his talent genius; his imagination and fancy one and indivisible; the finest scalpel of the metaphysician could not have separated them. His poems, his criticisms, his essays—call them his *Elias*, to distinguish them from anything else in the world,—these were not merely written by Lamb,—they were and are Lamb,—just the gentle, fantastic, subtle creature himself printed off. In a library of a thousand volumes you shall not find two that will give you such a bright and living impress of the author's own very soul. Austin's, Rousseau's,—all the confessions on record, are false and hollow in comparison. There he is, as he was, the working or the superannuated clerk,—very grave and very wild,—tender and fierce at a flash, learned enough, and more so than you thought,—yet ignorant, may be, of school boy points, and glorious in his ignorance,—seeming to halt behind all, and then with one fling overleaping the most approved doctor of the room; witty and humorous. But Lamb's wit requires a word or two of analysis for itself. Wit is not humour, nor is humour wit. Punning is neither, and the grotesque is a fourth power, different from all. Lamb had all these, not separately each as such, but massed together into the strangest intellectual compound ever seen in

man. And even besides these he had an indefinable something,—a *Lambism*,—about him, which defied naming or description. He stammered,—the stammer went for something in producing the effect; he would adjure a small piece for the nonce,—it gave weight;—perhaps he drank a glass of punch; believe us, it all told. It follows that Lamb's good things cannot be repeated.

But a small part,—and that not the best,—of Lamb's writings, will ever be genially received out of England. If we were to confine him even to London,—the olden, playgoing London,—we should not do him wrong in respect of some of his happiest efforts.

He was born in Crown Office Row, in the temple, and he loved London to his heart;—not the West End, understand;—he cared little for Pall-Mall; May Fair was nothing to him. Give him the kindly temple with its fair garden, and its church and cloisters, before they were lightened of their proper gloominess. He sorely grudged the whitewashing spirit of the modern masters of the bench. Why gothicise the entrance to the Inner Temple hall, and the library front? "What is become," he says, "of the winged horse that stood over the former?—a stately arms! And who has removed those frescoes of the Virtues, which Italianised the end of Paper Buildings?—my first hint of allegory! *They must account to me for these things which I miss so greatly.*"

Lamb loved the town as well as Johnson—but he had a keen eye, and loved the country too; yet not absolutely the country at large; but so it were suburban, within dim sight of St. Paul's—transcending a stone's throw the short coach and the omnibus. He had seen Cumberland and Westmoreland; but Hornsey satisfied his soul. And who may not—if his spirit be but tuned aright—take his full measure of delight in the quietude and natural imagery of the humblest rural district? If ambition or depraved appetite pervert him not, trees and fields, flowers and streams—the most ordinary of their kind—may waken all the sensibilities of his deepest life, and steep them in Paradise. No man ever had a livelier apprehension of the charms of this our earthly existence than Lamb; he clung to upper air; he could not bring himself to contemplate death with that calm expectancy of soul which he venerated in his friend Coleridge. The most deeply pathetic, the most singularly characteristic of all Charles Lamb's effusions, is the essay on New Year's Eve in the first volume of *Elia*. Take this passage, which we dare say will be new to thousands of our readers:—

"The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the old year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to rouse hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it, indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any

more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away like a weaver's shuttle. Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draft of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. *I am in love with this green earth, the face of town and country, the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets.* I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived,—I and my friends; to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age, or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave. Any alteration on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

"Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and irony itself—do these things go out with life?"

"Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?"

"And you, my midnight darlings, my folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?"

"Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognisable face—the sweet assurance of a look?"

"In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then are we as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the unsubstantial wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances, that cold ghost of the sun, or Phæbus's

* "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills,
That look eternal; of the flowing streams,
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish:—we *shall* meet
Again, Clemathe!"

We venture to quote from "*Ion, a Tragedy*," a work of very great beauty and power, by an intimate friend of Lamb's—Mr. Sergeant Talfourd. Why is not this drama published in the usual way? We cannot imagine what the accomplished author can mean by wishing to preclude the supposition that he would henceforth employ his leisure in the composition of works like "*Ion*." Should literature ever be so treated;—and in the present instance, in comparison with what?

sickly sister, like that innutritious one denounced in the Canticles :—I am none of her minions—I hold with the Persian.

"Whatsoever thwarts or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humours, run into that capital plague-sore. I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou fool, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and evil spoken of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation* or more frightful and confounding *Positive*!"

"Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man that he shall 'lie down with kings and emperors in death,' who in his lifetime never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows?—or, forsooth, that 'so shall the fairest face appear?'—why, to comfort me, must Alice W———n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that 'such as he now is, I must shortly be.' Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the mean time, I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy new year's days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine—and while that turncoat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1820 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton—

'Hark, the cock crows,' &c.

"How say you, reader; do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial—enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood and generous spirits in the concoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected?—Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon, your only Spa for these hypochondries. And now another cup of the generous! and a merry new year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!"—*Elia*, p. 71.

Here are themes for thought; but we touch them not. There are, however, peculiarities of manner which require a moment's attention. The readers even of this passage—much more those who peruse the writings of Lamb generally, and his *Essays* in particular—must be struck with a certain air and trick of the antique phrase, unlike any thing in the style of any cotemporary writer. This manner has been called affected; many think it forced, quaint, unnatural. They suppose it all done *on purpose*. Now nothing can be farther from the fact. That the cast of language distinguishing almost all Lamb's works is not the style of the present day is very true; but it was *his* style nevertheless. It is altogether a curious matter—one strongly illustrating the assimilative power of genius—that a man, very humbly born, humbly educated, and from boyhood till past middle life nailed, as a clerk, to a desk in the South Sea or India Houses, should so perfectly appropriate to himself, to the expression of his own most

intimate emotions and thoughts, the tone and turn of phrase of the writers, pre-eminently the dramatic writers, of the time of James and Charles I. Their style was as natural to him as the air he breathed. It was a part of his intellect; it entered into and modified his views of all things—it was the necessary dialect of his genius.

"Crude they are, I grant you," says he (as the friend of the late Elia) of these essays, "a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique words and phrases. They had not been *his* if they had been other than such; and better it is that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him."

Very early in life, Lamb had been directed, by his senior school-fellow, Coleridge, to the perusal of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and the other great cotemporary dramatists of that marvellous age; and he studied them page by page, as we believe they have never been studied from their first publication to the present day. In the essay entitled "Old China," in the second *Elia*, there is the following graphic reminiscence put into the mouth of his most excellent and highly gifted sister*—the Cousin Bridget of the *Elia*—with whom he lived out his life. The reader must remember that by this time Lamb had retired with honours and a pension from the service "of his kind and munificent masters, Messieurs Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy, of Mincing Lane"—that is, the East India company. (By the bye, the whole conduct of Messieurs Boldero and Co. to Elia, and since his death to Bridget, has been delicate and generous in the highest degree, deserving all praise; and we give it with good will.)

"Do you remember," says Bridget, with an air of remonstrance, "do you remember the brown suit which you made to hang upon you till all your friends cried shame upon you—it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off for Islington, fearing you should be too late; and when the old bookseller, with some grumbling, opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings, was it?—a great affair, we

* We owe to Miss Lamb some of the most exquisite poems included in her brother's "Works" of 1818—in particular the splendid lines on *Salome*—those on *David in the Cave of Adullam*—and the *Dialogue between a Mother and a Child*.

thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you; but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.”—*Last Essays, &c.* p. 219.

In his dedication of the two volumes of his works published in 1818, Lamb speaks of his having “dwindled” into criticism. It was doing himself very great injustice. Nor is it enough to say, that the various critical essays contained in his works are beautiful in themselves—they are little text-books of sound principles in the judgment of works of literature and general art; equally profound, discriminating, and original. It is to these essays, and his judicious selection of specimens, published in 1808,* that we are pre-eminently indebted for the exhuming of the old dramatic writers of the Shakspearian age, and the restoration of the worthiest of them at least to their most deserved station in our literature. The “Retrospective Review,” which did so much good service in its day in this line, took the leading hint from what Lamb and Coleridge had written and spoken concerning the then almost unexplored or forgotten treasures of thought and imagination, produced in England in the first half of the seventeenth century. Sundry lively sketches also, in Mr. Southey’s “Omniana,” concurred in creating the impulse; and by a coincidence, equally singular and fortunate, Mr. Gifford, about the same time, brought out his admirable editions of Ben Jonson, Ford, Massinger, &c.; works, the merit of which, in the cause of sound English literature, those only can duly appreciate who have perused any of the prior editions of these great authors. What a foul mass of stupid prejudice and half-witted criticism did he for ever discharge from the pages and the name of Jonson, in particular! Nor did an occasional narrowness and ungeniality of spirit in some parts of his general criticism—as, for example, in the comparison of Shakspeare with his contemporaries, in the preface to Massinger—materially obstruct the beneficial influence of Gifford’s learning, taste, and accomplishments, as a dramatic editor. He has given us a highly corrected text and annotations, the least merit of which—and that not an inconsiderable one—is, that they rarely or never mislead. Lamb’s essays and Gifford’s editions have each most powerfully contributed to strengthen the other’s influence in producing a reviviscence of works of genius without parallel in our literary history. Massinger’s exquisite dramas, in particular, were scarcely more known to the public, thirty years ago, than a chapter in Thomas Aquinas. These are great benefits, and ought not to be lightly forgotten.

Lamb’s criticism partook largely of the spirit of Coleridge—not, indeed, troubling itself with any special psychological definitions, nor caring to reconcile all the varying appearances upon some common ground of moral or intellectual action—the everlasting struggle and devotion of Coleridge’s mind—but entering, with a most learned spirit of human dealing, into the dramatic being

of the characters of the play, and bringing out, with an incomparable delicacy and accuracy of touch, their places of contact and mutual repulsion. The true point—Lamb always seized with unerring precision—a high praise for a critic of any sort—and this led him, with equal success, to detect the real centre, whether a character or an event, round which the orb of the drama revolved. Hence he was one of the most original of critics, and threw more and newer light upon the genuine meaning of some of the great masterpieces of the theatre, than any other man; and yet we do not remember a single instance in which any of his positions have been gainsaid. Like all critics who have a real insight into their subject, Lamb helps you, in a few words, to a principle—a key—by which you may work out the details of the investigation yourself. You are not only amused with a brilliant description of a character or passage, but become a discerning judge in the light of your own perceptions and reflections. Take, for example, the beautiful “On the tragedies of Shakspeare, considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation; in which he puts the reader in possession of principles, which, if constantly borne in mind and well reasoned out, might be of inestimable service to poets, painters, actors, and managers—every one, in short, concerned in knowing and observing the limits which separate mental and visual sublimity—the conditions under which, and the extent to which, the creations of poetry can be embodied or actualised on the stage or by the pencil; and more especially the applicability of these distinctions to the characters in the Shakspearian drama, and generally to works of the highest range of imagination.

“It is common,” he says, “for people to talk of Shakspeare’s plays being *so natural*,—that every body can understand them. They are natural indeed—they are grounded deep in nature, so deep, that the depth of them lies out of the reach of most of us. You shall hear the same persons say, that George Barnwell is very natural, and Othello is very natural, that they are both very deep; and to them they are the same kind of thing. At the one, they sit and shed tears, because a good sort of young man is tempted by a naughty woman to commit a trifling peccadillo—the murder of an uncle or so—that is all, and so comes to an untimely end—which is *so moving*; and at the other, because a blackamoor, in a fit of jealousy, kills his innocent white wife: and the odds are, that ninety-nine out of a hundred would willingly behold the same catastrophe happen to both the heroes, and have thought the rope more due to Othello than to Barnwell. For of the texture of Othello’s mind—the inward construction marvellously laid open with all its strengths and weaknesses, its heroic confidences, and its human misgivings, its agonies of hate springing from the depths of love—they see no more than the spectators at a cheaper rate, who pay their pennies apiece to look through the man’s telescope in Leicester Fields, see into the inward plot and topography of the moon. Some dim thing or other they see; they see an actor personating a passion—of grief or anger, for instance—and they recognise it as a copy of the usual external effects of such passions; or at least, as being true to that symbol of the emotion which passes current at the theatre for it—for it is often no more than that: but of the grounds of the passion, its correspondence to a great or heroic nature, which is the only worthy object of tragedy—that common auditors

* A very elegant reprint of Lamb’s *Dramatic Specimens*. 2 vols. 12mo., has just been published by Mr.

know any thing of this, or can have any such notions dinned into to them by the mere strength of an actor's lungs—that apprehensions foreign to them should be thus infused into them by storm—I can neither believe, nor understand how it can be possible.

"We talk of Shakspeare's admirable observation of life, when we should feel, that not from a petty inquisition into those cheap and every-day characters which surrounded him, as they surround us, but from his own mind—which was, to borrow a phrase of Ben Jonson's, the very 'sphere of humanity'—he fetched those images of virtue and of knowledge, of which every one of us, recognising a part, think we comprehend in our natures the whole; and oftentimes mistake the powers which he positively creates in us, for nothing more than indigenous faculties of our own minds, which only waited the application of corresponding virtues in him to return a full and clear echo of the same.

"I mean no disrespect to any actor; but the sort of pleasure which Shakspeare's plays give in the acting seems to me not at all to differ from that which the audience receive from those of other writers; and, *they being in themselves essentially so different from all others*, I must conclude that there is something in the nature of acting which levels all distinctions. And, in fact, who does not speak indifferently of the Gamster and of Macbeth, as fine stage performances; and praise the Mrs. Beyerly in the same way as the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons? Belvidera, and Calista, and Isabella, and Euphrasia, are they less liked than Imogen, or than Juliet, or than Desdemona? Are they not spoken of and remembered in the same way? Is not the female performer as great (as they call it) in one as in the other? Did not Garrick shine, and was he not ambitious of shining, in every drawling tragedy that his wretched day produced—the productions of the Hills, the Murphys, and the Browns?—and shall he have that honour to dwell in our minds for ever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakspeare?—A kindred mind!

"The truth is, the characters of Shakspeare are so much the objects of meditation rather than of interest or curiosity, as to their actions, that while we are reading any of his great criminal characters—Macbeth, Richard, even Iago—we think not so much of the crimes which they commit, as of the ambition, the aspiring spirit, the intellectual activity, which prompts them to overleap those moral fences. Barnwell is a wretched murderer; there is a certain fitness between his neck and the rope—he is the legitimate heir to the gallows; nobody who thinks at all can think of any alleviating circumstances in his case to make him a fit object of mercy. Or, to take an instance from the higher tragedy, what else but a mere assassin is Glenalvon? Do we think of any thing but of the crime which he commits, and the rack which he deserves? That is all which we really think about him. Whereas, in corresponding characters in Shakspeare, so little do the actions comparatively affect us, that while the impulses, the inner mind, in all its perverted greatness, solely seems real and is exclusively attended to, the crime is comparatively nothing. But when we see these things represented, the acts which they do are comparatively every thing, their impulses nothing. The state of sublime emotion into which we are elevated by those images of fright and horror which Macbeth is made to utter; that solemn prelude with which he entertains the time till the bell shall strike which is to call him to murder Duncan; when we no longer read it in a book—when we have given up that vantage-ground of abstraction which reading possesses over seeing, and come to see a man, in his bodily shape before our eyes, actually preparing to commit a murder—if the acting be true and impressive, as I have witnessed it in Mr. Kemble's performance of that part—the

painful anxiety about the act, the natural longing to prevent it while it yet seems unperpetrated, the too close pressing semblance of reality, gives a pain and an uneasiness which totally destroy all the delight which the words in the book convey, where the deed-doing never presses upon us with the painful sense of presence; it rather seems to belong to history—to something past and inevitable—if it has any thing to do with time at all. The sublime images, the poetry alone, is that which is present to our minds in the reading.

"So, to see Lear acted—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters, in a rainy night—has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter, and relieve him—that is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me: but the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporeal dimensions, but in intellectual; the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano—they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on—even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporeal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear—we are in his mind—we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that "they themselves are old?" What gestures shall we appropriate to this?—what has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show; it is too hard and stony—it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through—the flaying of his feelings alive—did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after—if he could sustain this world's burden after—why all this pudder and preparation?—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy?—as if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station—as if, at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die."—*Works* (1818,) vol. ii. p. 13.

The whole of this essay, and that "On the Artificial Comedy of the last Century," in the first *Elia*, cannot be surpassed. Like the essay on the genius of Hogarth, which is now, we believe, in part at least, a constant accompaniment to every collection of Hogarth's prints, its practical excellence is such, that, when you have once read it, you are inclined to wonder how you could ever have methodised your feelings and taste upon the subject without the light which it has imparted. It sets you right at once and

for ever. One consequence of its pregnant brevity was that a swarm of imitators fastened upon it, sullyng its purity and caricaturing its manner,—writers who added nothing to what Lamb had shortly yet adequately done, but who materially injured his fame by being vulgarly associated with him; and whose showy, disproportioned, rhapsodical essays upon Shakspeare and the contemporary dramatists, disgusted all persons of sound judgment, and went very far to bury again under a prejudice what their discriminating leader had but newly recovered from oblivion. We have been more earnest in bringing forward, in the prominent light which they deserve, Lamb's merits as a critic and restorer of much of our most valuable old literature, not only to vindicate them from a derogatory association, but because they have been greatly overlooked in the more general popularity which attended, and will, we predict, constantly attend the miscellaneous essays of Elia. From the same cause, and in more than an equal degree, his poetry, exquisite as much of it is, is really almost entirely forgotten; in fact, *nocuit sibi*,—just as the transcendent popularity of Waverley, Guy Mannering, and Old Mortality made the world almost lose sight for a time of the splendid chivalry, the minstrel ease, the *Homeric* liveliness of the Lady of the Lake, the Lay, and of Marmion. Lamb's poems are comparatively few in number and inconsiderable in length; but in our deliberate judgment there are amongst them some pieces as near perfection in their kinds as any thing in our literature,—specimens of exceeding artifice and felicity in rhythm, metre, and diction. His poetic vein was, we think, scanty, and perhaps he exhausted it; he was not what is called *great*, yet he was, if we may make such a distinction, eminent. He has a small, well-situated parterre on Parnassus, belonging exclusively to himself. He is not amongst the highest, but then he is alone and aloof from all others. We cite the following piece, though it may perchance not please all palates, as an instance of the very peculiar power of which the seven-syllable line,—so well used by George Wither, and sometimes by Ambrose Philips, though branded as *namby-pamby* by Pope and Swift,—is capable. It is, we conceive, the metre in which the most *continuity* of thought and feeling can be expressed in our language:—

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,—
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT;
Or in any terms relate
Half my love or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, which ever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much, too, in the female way,
Whilst thou suck'st the lab'rinth breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, thro' thy height'ning ste
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us;
And for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first lov'd a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the veins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of thee meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alenbic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell;
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.
Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags for foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you!
'T was but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee;

Irony all and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplex'd lovers use,
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies does so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And instead of dearest miss,
Jewel, honey, sweetheart, bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her cockatrice, and siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, hyena, mermaid, devil,
Ethiop, wench, and blackamoor,
Monkey, ape, and twenty more;
Friendly trait'ress, loving foe,—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow 's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee,
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do any thing but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.

But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,—
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Catherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest tobacco boys;

Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite."

Works, vol. i. p. 32.

To pass to things in a very different strain—his sonnet "On the Family Name," is another favourite of ours:—

"What reason first imposed thee, gentle name,—
Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
Without reproach? we trace our stream no higher;
And I, a childless man may end the same.
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first amid the merry mocks
And arch allusions of his fellow swains.

Perchance from Salem's holier fields return'd,
With glory gotten on the heads abhor'd
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took his meek title, in whose zeal he burn'd.
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name."

Works—p. 65

We are sensible how largely we have filled our pages with quotations; but our object is to do justice to Lamb, and to put those of our readers, —and we fear there are many,—to whom Lamb's writings generally are unknown, in possession of specimens of his genius which may speak for themselves. The following beautiful lines must please every one:—

THE SABBATH BELLS.

The cheerful sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall sudden on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him thus engaged, the sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Years after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind."

Ibid. p. 74.

Of equal or even greater beauty are the lines "On an Infant Dying as soon as Born;" but we can only venture to place before our readers two sonnets pre-eminently characteristic of Charles Lamb, and condensing in little the feelings and aspirations scattered throughout almost all his works, and especially his most charming essays in Elia. We commend the perusal, with our best wishes, to the Utilitarians of England and America:—

WORK.

"Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of business, in the green fields, and the town—
To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh! most sad,
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
Who but the being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel,
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel
In that red realm from which are no returnings;
Where toiling, and turmoiling, ever and aye,
He, and his thoughts, keep pensive working-day."

LEISURE.

"They talk of time, and of time's galling yoke,
That like a mill-stone on man's mind doth press,
Which only works and business can redress:
Of divine leisure such foul lies are spoke,
Wounding her fair gifts with calumnious stroke.
But might I, fed with silent meditation,
Assailed live from that fiend Occupation:

*Improbis labor, which hath my spirit broke :
I'd drink of time's rich cup, and never surfeit ;
Fling in more days than went to make the gem
That crown'd the white top of Methusalem ;
Yea, on my weak neck take, and never forfeit,
Like Atlas bearing up the dainty sky,
The heaven-sweet burthen of eternity."*

"Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,"—he adds, after he had retired from his labours in the India-house.

Now let the reader, curious in the characteristics of oddity and genius, turn to the essay "On the Superannuated Man" in the second Elia. Hear a little of the old clerk's account of himself shortly after his liberation ;—

"A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly, by some revolution, returned upon the world. I am now, as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond-street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in a morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish-street Hill? Where is Fenchurch-street? Stones of old Mincing-lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall-Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post-days; in its distance from or propinquity to the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday night's sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, &c. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sat as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Æthiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself, that unfortunate failure of a holiday as it too often proved, what with my sense of fugitiveness, and over care to get the greatest quantity out of it, is melted down into a week day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge candle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have time for every thing. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busied. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round: and what is it all for? A man can never have too much time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him Nothing-to-do; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton-

mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

"As low as to the fiends."

I am no longer * * * * *, clerk to the firm of &c. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the Opera. *Opus operatum est.* I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself."

Last Essays, p. 101.

Lamb excelled in drawing what he himself delighted in contemplating—and indeed partly in *being*—a veritable Ben Jonsonian humour. The extreme delicacy of his touch in such sketches is particularly admirable; he very seldom, indeed, slips into caricature; it is rather by bringing out the otherwise evanescent lines of the character than by charging the strong ones, that he contrives to present such beautifully quaint excerpts from the common mass of humanity. His "Captain Jackson," in the second Elia, is a masterpiece; you have no sense or suspicion of any exaggeration; the touches are so slight in themselves, and each laid on so quietly and unconcernedly, that you are scarcely conscious, as you go on, how the result is growing upon you. Just before you come to the end of the essay, the entire creation stands up alive before you, true in every trick to the life, the life of the fancy. You may not have met exactly such a personage in society, but you see no reason why you should not meet him. You cannot doubt Lamb's own intimate acquaintance with him. Indeed, you perceive he was a relation. Poor Elliston was another of Elia's happiest subjects. Elliston was of the true blood of the humorous, and Lamb has him in enamel, alive and dead.

"Oh, it was a rich scene that I was witness to, in the tarnished room (that had once been green) of that same little Olympic. There, after his deposition from Imperial Drury, he substituted a throne. The Olympic Hill was "his highest heaven;" himself "Jove in his chair." There he sat in state, while before him, on complaint of prompter, was brought for judgment: how shall I describe her? one of those little tawdry things that flirt at the tails of choruses: a probationer for the town, in either of its senses, the pertest little drab, a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamps' smoke; who, it seems, on some disapprobation expressed by a "highly respectable" audience, had precipitately quitted her station on the boards, and withdrawn her small talents in disgust.

"And how dare you," said her manager, assuming a censorial severity which would have crushed the confidence of a Vestris, and disarmed that beautiful rebel herself of her professional caprices; I verily believe he thought her standing before him: "how dare you, madam, withdraw yourself without a notice from your theatrical duties?" "I was hissed, sir." "And you have the presumption to decide upon the taste of the town?" "I don't know that, sir, but I will never stand to be hissed;" was the subjoinder of young confidence: when, gathering up his features into one significant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation, (in a lesson never to have been lost upon a creature less for-

ward than she who stood before him; his words were these, "They have hissed me."

"Quite an Opera pit," he said to me, as he was courteously conducting me over the benches of his Surry Theatre, the last retreat and recess of his every-day waning grandeur. . . .

"In green rooms, impervious to mortal eye, the muse beholds thee wielding posthumous empire.

"Thin ghosts of figurantes (never plump on earth) circle thee endlessly, and still their song is *Fye on silent phantasy*.

"Magnificent were thy capriccios on this globe of earth, ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON! for as yet we know not thy new name in heaven.

"It irks me to think that, stript of thy regalities, thou shouldst ferry over, a poor forked shade, in crazy Stygian wherry. Methinks I hear the old boatman, paddling by the weedy wharf, with raucous voice, bawling "SCULLS! SCULLS!"—to which, with waving hand and majestic action, thou deignest no reply, other than two curt monosyllables, 'No; OARS!'"

The essay "On some of the Old Actors," is even still richer and fuller of theatrical recollections of upwards of thirty years ago. Mrs. Jordan, Bensley (with the criticism on Malvolio), Dicky Suett, the Palmers, Jack Bannister, above all, Dodd and his Aguecheek—how racily! how tenderly drawn!

"In expressing slowness of apprehension, Dodd surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.

"I am ill at dates, but I think it is now better than five and twenty years ago that, walking in the gardens of Gray's Inn—they were then far finer than they are now—the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green crinkles, and shouldering away one or two of the stately alcoves of the terrace—the survivor stands gaping and relationless, as if it remembered its brother; they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing. Bacon has left the impress of his foot on their gravel walks. Taking my afternoon solace on a summer-day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely sad personage came towards me, whom, from his grave air and deportment, I judged to be one of the benchers of the Inn. He had a serious, thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old benchers, I was passing him with that sort of subindicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate towards a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him, than any positive motion of the body to that effect, a species of humility and will-worship which, I observe, nine times out of ten, rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to—when the face, turning full upon me, strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Upon close inspection I was not mistaken. But could this sad, thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had hailed so often under circumstances of gaiety; which I had never seen without

a smile, or recognised but as the usher of mirth; that looked cut so formally flat in Foppington, so frothily pert in Tattle, so impotently busy in Backbite, so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in Acres, in Fribble, and a thousand agreeable impertinences? Was this the face, full of thought and carefulness, that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either, to give me diversion, to clear my cloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows? Was this the face—manly, sober, intelligent, which I had so often despised, made mocks at, made merry with? The remembrance of the freedoms which I had taken with it came upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors, your pleasant fellows particularly, subjected to and suffering the common lot—their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine actor took place shortly after this meeting. He had quitted the stage some months; and, as I learned afterwards, had been in the habit of resorting daily to these gardens almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks, probably, he was divesting himself of many scenic and some real vanities, weaning himself from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater theatre, doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible fooleries, taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long, and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part. Dying 'he put on the weeds of Dominic.'"*—*Elia*, p. 314.

Let us conclude with a few just and graceful words about an actor of a very different order:—

"No man could deliver brilliant dialogue, the dialogue of Congreve or of Wycherley, because none understood it, half so well as John Kemble. His Valentine, in *Love for Love*, was, to my recollection, faultless. He flagged sometimes in the intervals of tragic passion. He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His *Macbeth* has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue. The relaxing levities of tragedy have not been touched by any since him, the playful court-bred spirit in which he condescended to the players in *Hamlet*, the sportive relief which he threw into the darker shades of *Richard*, disappeared with him. He had his sluggish moods, his torpors; but they were the halting-stones and resting-place of his tragedy; politic savings, and fetches of the breath; husbandry of the lungs, where nature pointed him to be an economist; rather, I think, than errors of the judgment. They were, at worst, less painful than the eternal tormenting unappeasable vigilance, the 'lidless dragon eyes,' of present fashionable tragedy."—*Elia*, p. 336.

Many of Lamb's best essays were worked up from letters written by him to his friends. The *Superannuated Man* was a letter, if we mistake

*"Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of old English literature. I should judge him to have been a man of wit. I know one instance of an impromptu which no length of study could have bettered. My merry friend, Jem White, had seen him one evening in *Aguecheek*, and recognising Dodd the next day in Fleet street, was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat, and salute him as the identical knight of the preceding evening with a 'Save you, Sir *Andrew*!' Dodd, not at all disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a courteous half-rebuking wave of the hand, put him off with an 'Away, fool!'"

not, to Mr. Wordsworth. The Two Races of Men, the Dissertation on Roast Pig, and one or two others, were letters. Sometimes he bettered the original thought—sometimes a little overlaid it (as in the essay on Munden's acting)—and sometimes his letters, not otherwise used by him, are as good as his printed efforts. We heartily hope that the enterprising publisher of his later works, and who has a peculiar interest in Lamb's fame, will give us as good a collection of these letters as can with propriety be made known to the world: they would constitute, at least, one charming additional volume to his friend's writings.

One word more. We have no vocation to speak beyond an *author's* merits; but there are passages in Lamb's works which may cause surmises which would be most unjust as well as injurious to his memory. No man knew Lamb so thoroughly well as his schoolfellow and life-long friend, Coleridge; and it is of Lamb no question, that Mr. C. was speaking, when he said * that "that gentle creature looked upon the degraded men and things around him like moonshine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution." Elia himself confesses that some of his *intimados* were a ragged regiment. We can add, that, upon another occasion, when Mr. C. entered into an eloquent and affectionate analysis of Lamb's mind and character, he said,—

"Believe me, no one is competent to judge of poor dear Charles, who has not known him long and well as I have done. His heart is as whole as his head. The wild words which sometimes come from him on religious subjects might startle you from the mouth of any other man; but in him they are mere flashes of firework. If an argument seems to him not fully true, he will burst out in that odd way; yet his will, the inward man, is, I well know, profoundly religious and devout. Catch him when alone, and the great odds are, you will find him with a bible or an old divine before him, or may be, and that is next door in excellence, an old English poet: in such is his pleasure."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SABBATH SONNET.

COMPOSED BY MRS. HEMANS A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH,
AND DEDICATED TO HER BROTHER.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow paths their way
Toward spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day.
The halls from old heroic ages gray
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blossoms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound;—yet, oh my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
 ed heart, and all its throbbings stilled
 p calm of lowliest thankfulness.

* Table Talk.

From the London Metropo DIARY OF A BLASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "JACOB FAIR"
"THE ADVENTURES OF JAPHET," &c.

(Continued from p. 312.)

CHAPTER VII.

Antw
Every one has heard of the cathedral at Antwerp the fine pictures by Rubens—every one has heard of the siege of Antwerp and General Chassé, and how the French marched an army of non-intervention to the citadel and took it from the Dutch—and every one has heard how Lord Palmerston protocolled while shal Gerard bombard.ed—and how it was all bo and bombast. The name of Lord Palmerston reminds me that conversing after dinner with some Belgian topic introduced was the great dearth of diplomatic in a country like England, where talent was in other department so extremely prominent. It was the first time that this subject had been canvassed presence by foreigners. Naturally envious of our g superiority, it is with them a favourite mode of s and they are right, as it certainly is our weakest they cannot disparage our army, or our navy, or ot stitution; but they can our climate, which is not or but our misfortune; and our diplomacy, which fault, and has too often proved our misfortune also

It certainly is the fact, that our diplomatic co very inferior, and this can arise but from one cau emoluments which have been attached to it havir dered admission into it an advantage eagerly sou the higher classes as a provision for the junior br of their families. Of course, this provision ha granted to those to whom government have felt m debted for support, without the least regard to t important point as to whether those who were ad were qualified or not; so that the mere providin, younger son of an adherent to the government ma proved in the end to have cost the country million his incompetence when placed in a situation req tact and discrimination. This evil is increased system of filling up the vacant appointments acc to seniority—the exploded and absurd custom of second being true unto the first." Should any ma proved, upon an emergency, that he was possessed highest talent of diplomacy, it will avail him not he never, under the present system, will be emple he cannot be admitted into the corps without havi tered as a private secretary or attaché. It wo monstrous, unheard of; and the very idea would Lord Aberdeen on the one side, or Lord Palmers the other, into convulsions. Is it therefore to b dered at our being so disgraced by the majority diplomatic corps? Surely if any point more than a requires revision and reform it is this—and the has a right to insist upon it. Ambassadors, and, possible, the whole of the corps diplomatique, shc under the control and the choice of the parliament

It may be asked, what are the most peculiar q necessary in a diplomatist, taking it for granted t has talents, education, and a thorough knowledge routine of business? The only term which we ca to this desideratum is presence of mind—not th sence of mind required in danger, but that pres MIND which enables him, when a proposition is at once to seize all its bearings, the direction to w tends, and the ultimate object (for that will alw concealed at first) which the proposer may have in Diplomatsists, when they enter the field, are much situation of two parties, one defending and the ot tacking a stronghold. Admissions are highly dan

as they enable the adversary to throw up his first parallels; and too often, when you imagine that the enemy is not one jot advanced, you find that he has worked through a covered way, and you are summoned to surrender. It is strange that, at the very time that they assert that it would be impossible to employ those as diplomatists who have not been regularly trained to the service, captains in the navy are continually so employed, and often under circumstances of vital importance. Now it would be supposed that of all people they must be the most unfit; as, generally speaking, they are sent to sea, *as unfit for any thing else*. But it appears that once commanding a frigate, they are supposed to be fit for every thing. A vessel is ordered for "particular service," why so called I know not, except that there may be an elision, and it means "particularly disagreeable service." The captain is directed by the admiralty to consider himself under the orders of the foreign office, and he receives a huge pile of documents, numbered, scheduled, and red-taped, (as Bulwer says in his pamphlet,) the contents of which he is informed are to serve as a guide for his proceedings. He reads them over with all their verbiage and technicalities, sighs for Cobbett's pure Saxon, and when he has finished, feels not a little puzzled. Document No. 4 contradicting document No. 12, and document No. 1 opposed to No. 56; that is, as he reads and understands English. Determined to understand them if possible, he takes a dose of protocol every morning, until he has nearly learnt them by heart, and then acts to the best of his knowledge and belief. And it is undeniable that, with very few exceptions, the navy have invariably given satisfaction to the foreign office when they have been so employed, and often under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. I have heard, from the best authority, that military men have been equally successful, although they have not so often been called into "particular service." By the by, particular service is all done at the same price as general service in his majesty's navy, which is rather unfair, as we are obliged to find our own red tape, pens, ink, and stationery.

As I was walking on the glacis with a friend, he pointed out to me at a window an enormous fat man smoking his pipe, and told me that he had been in the Dutch service under William of Orange; but not being a very good hand at a forced march, he had been reduced with others to half pay. He had not been many months in retirement when he went to the palace and requested an audience of his majesty, and, when admitted, stated that he had come to request that his majesty would be pleased to put him again upon full pay. His majesty raised many objections, and stated his inability to comply with the request; upon which the corpulent officer exclaimed, embracing with his arms as far as he could his enormous paunch, "My God! your majesty, how can you imagine that I can fill this big belly of mine with only my half pay?" This *argumentum ad ventrem* so tickled King William, that he was put on full pay unattached, and has continued so ever since. The first instance I ever heard of a man successfully pleading his belly.

The *chef-d'œuvre* of Rubens I had seen before; I was, however, very much pleased with the works of a modern painter, a Mr. Wappers. The first picture which established his reputation was the Burgomaster of Leyden—it is certainly a fine piece of colouring; but it is far eclipsed by the one he has nearly finished—the 30th of August at Brussels. It is an enormous piece of canvass, I think twenty-six feet by eighteen; and it is, in my opinion, the very finest historical painting which has been produced in modern times. Had I seen nothing else I should have been quite satisfied with my journey to Antwerp.

It is so hard for a Blase like me to find out any thing new or interesting. I have travelled too much and have seen too much—I seldom now admire. I draw compar-

isons, and the comparison drawn between the object before my eyes, and that in my mind's eye, is unfortunately usually in favour of the latter. He who hath visited so many climes, mingled with so many nations, attempted so many languages, and who has hardly any thing left but the North Pole or the crater of Vesuvius to choose between; if he still longs for something new, may well cavil at the pleasures of memory as a mere song. In proportion as the memory is retentive, so is decreased one of the greatest charms of existence—novelty. To him who hath seen much, there is little left but comparison, and are not comparisons universally odious? Not that I complain, for I have a resource—I can fly to imagination—quit this every-day world, and in the region of fiction create new scenes and changes, and people these with new beings.

Moreover, there is still endless variety, endless amusement, and food for study and contemplation, in human nature. In all countries still the same, yet ever varying.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

From which, I presume, we are to infer that it is time thrown away to attempt to study woman.

At the same party in which the conversation was raised relative to diplomacy, a person with whom I was, until that day, wholly unacquainted, was sitting by me, and as it happened, the name of one with whom I had long been on terms of intimacy was mentioned. "Do you know him?" said my neighbour, with a very peculiar expression. I replied that I had occasionally met him, for I thought there was something coming forward.

"Well, all I can say is, that he is rather a strange person."

"Indeed," replied I; "how do you mean?"

"Why, they say, that he is of a very uncertain temper."

"Indeed," continued I with the same look of enquiry, as if demanding more information.

"Yes, yes, rather a dangerous man."

"Do you know him?" enquired I, in return.

"Yes; that is to say—not very intimately—the fact is, that I have avoided it. I grant that he is a very clever man—but I hear that he quarrels with every body."

"Who told you so?" replied I.

O! he was not authorised to give the name of the person. Indeed, if he did name, it must—

"Then," replied I, "allow me to say that you have been misinformed. I have been on intimate terms with that person for nearly twenty years, during which he never quarrelled with me or any one that I know of; although, I grant, he is not over civil to those whom he may despise. The only part of your communication which is correct is, that he is a very clever man, and our government are of the same opinion."

My neighbour was discomfited, and said no more, and I joined the general conversation. What may have been his cause of dislike I know not—but I have frequently remarked, that if a man has made himself enemies either from neglect of that sophistry and humbug so necessary to enable him to roll down the stream of time with his fellows without attrition, if they can find no point in his character to assail, their last resort is, to assert that he is an uncertain tempered man, and not to be trusted.

This is the last, and although not the most empoisoned, still the surest shaft in the whole quiver of calumny. It does not exactly injure the character, but it induces others to avoid the acquaintance of the party so misrepresented.

It is rather singular, and perhaps I may have been fortunate, but in more than half a dozen instances I have found the very parties to whom this character has been given, although high-minded and high-spirited, the very antithesis to the character which has been assigned them. That some do deserve the character is undoubted—but there is no species of calumny to be received with such

peculiar caution. It may be right to be on your guard, but it never should be the ground for a positive avoidance of the party accused. Indeed, in some degree, it argues in his favour, for it is clear that the whole charge they can bring against his character is an infirmity to which we are all more or less subjected; and he who looks for perfection in his acquaintance or his friends, will inevitably meet with disappointment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Brussels.

I have lost all my memoranda! I cannot find them any where. Well—children are a great blessing when they are kept in the nursery—but they certainly do interfere a little with a papa who has the misfortune to be an author. I little thought, when my youngest little girl brought me up a whole string of paper dolls hanging together by the arms, that they had been cut out of my memoranda. But so it was; and when I had satisfactorily established the fact, and insisted upon an *inquisition* to recover my invaluable, I found that they had had an *auto-da-fé*, and that the whole string of dolls, which contained on their petticoats my whole string of bewitching ideas, had been burnt like so many witches. But as the man said in the packet—"Is that all?" Oh, no!—they come rushing in like a torrent, bounding, skipping, laughing, and screaming, till I fancied myself like another Orpheus, about to be torn to pieces by Bacchanals, (they are all girls,) and I laid down my pen, for they drive all my ideas out of my head. May your shadows never grow less, *mes enfans*, but I wish you would not make such a cursed row.

The author and the author of existence do not amalgamate.

Their joyous countenances are answered by a look of despair—their boiling-water heat drives my thermometer down to zero—their confounded merriment gives me a confounded headach—their animal spirits drive me to vegetable spirits—their cup of bliss running over makes me also require a bumper—brandy restores the equilibrium, and I contrive to get rid of them and my headach about one and the same time.

Talking about brandy—one morning at two o'clock, about the witching time that ghosts do glide about in church-yards, as I was thinking whether it would not be better to go to bed instead of writing nonsense, in which opinion most of my readers may coincide with me, in stalked three young men who were considerably the worse for potation. There is a great deal of character in inebriety—at the same time that no estimate of character can be made from its effects; for we often find the most quiet men when sober to be the most choleric in their cups—but still there is character, and much that is curious in witnessing its variety of effects. Now these young men were each drunk in a very different way—the first, in a way quite novel; for although he could preserve his equilibrium, and stare immensely, he had lost the power of speech; you saw his lips move, but no articulation or sound succeeded—the second was laughing drunk, every thing that was said, either by himself or by any one else, was magnified into a pun or a *bon-mot*—the third, with whom I had no previous acquaintance, was politely drunk. I presume the idea of intruding himself upon a stranger, at such an unseasonable hour, had produced that effect—but let me describe the scene.

"Ha, ha, ha! we come to you—ha, ha! capital. We want some brandy and water; and, ha, ha! we know you always keep a stock," says the second, seating himself in an arm-chair.

The first also took a chair, moved his lips for a few

seconds, and then sat bolt upright, staring at the two candles; how many he counted I cannot pretend to say.

"Really," said No. 3, "we are—I'm afraid—taking a great liberty—a very great liberty; but—an apology is certainly due—if you will allow me to offer an apology for my two friends—will you allow me to introduce them?"

"Many thanks, but I have the pleasure of knowing them already."

"I really beg your pardon—it was quite unintentional on my part. I trust you are not offended? Will you allow me to introduce myself? I am Captain C—, of the ——. Will you permit me to present my card, and to say how happy I shall be to make your acquaintance?" So saying, the third gentleman presented me with his card, and returned the card-case into his pocket.

"Capital!" cried No. 2. "Ha, ha, ha! what an excellent joke, ha, ha, ha! Now for the brandy and water."

This was soon produced, and although No. 1 had lost all articulation, he had still the power of deglutition; he filled his glass, sat up more erect, stared at the candles, and drank his grog; the other did the same, when No. 3, again spoke.

"My dear sir, I hope you will excuse the liberty, but my name is Captain C—, of the ——. Will you allow me the honour of presenting my card, and of saying how proud I shall be to make your acquaintance?" So saying, he presented me another card, which I put aside with the first.

"Ha, ha, ha! what a good joke, to find you up. I said we should get brandy and water here; wasn't that capital—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

I could not exactly see the joke of being kept up for perhaps two more hours, but I begged they would refill their glasses, as the sitting would be sooner ended one way or the other—either by the bottle being empty, or their falling under the table—I did not care which—when I was again addressed by No. 3.

"I really beg your pardon, but—I'm afraid I have been very remiss—will you allow me to introduce myself? I am Captain C—, of the ——. Here is my card, and I cannot say how happy I shall be if I may have the honour of your acquaintance."

I bowed a third time, and received a third card.

"By heavens, I've finished my tumbler! Ain't that capital! Ha, ha, ha! famous fun;—and so has Alfred."

"Famous fun, indeed," thought I, as the contents of the bottle disappeared.

"And Alfred is going to help himself again; well, that is capital, ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Alfred, who was No. 1, moved his lips, but like the frozen horn of Munchausen, sounds would not come out; he did, however, follow up the joke, by refilling the tumbler for the third time.

"Upon my honour, I've been very rude, I ought to apologise," said No. 3, again drawing out his card-case; "but will you allow me to offer my card? I am Captain C—, of the —, and I shall be most happy to make your acquaintance."

I bowed again, and received the fourth card.

Thus were the changes rung by numbers one, two, and three, until I was tired out, two bottles more drank out, and I had received fifteen cards from my very polite friend, whom I had never seen before.

At four o'clock they all rose to depart.

"Upon my soul, I do believe I'm drunk," said No. 2; "capital joke—ha, ha, ha!"

No. 1 continued dumb, brandy had not thawed him; but he stared very hard at me, as much as to say, I would speak if I could,

No. 3 put into my hand the sixteenth card, and made a rash attempt at a bow.

Having seen them fairly outside my door, I bolted it, saying with Shakespeare—

"O! that a man
Should put an enemy in his mouth
'To steal away his brains!"

I cannot say that German sounds well, except from the lips of a pretty woman, and in Belgium the pretty women are all English. I wonder if there is speech in the next world, and what may be the language. It may be that we shall keep to that we are taught to pray in here below. It might be useful to be a linguist even there. Suppose, for instance, some melancholy shade, with its arms folded like the witch of Endor, as she appeared to Saul, having lost its way in space, and taking no heed of eternity, were to be obliged to accost some other vagrant spirit, some deeply meditating disciple of Kant, to enquire his way home again, and were to receive a shake of the head, with a *nicht verstecken*, how excessively awkward! I am afraid that on our last travels, we shall most of us be excessively unprepared.

I have been this morning to visit an establishment founded by two brothers of the name Van der Maelen. It comprehends natural history, botany, geography, and statistics, and they have, moreover, a lithographic press for maps and plates. It is a very curious, and very spirited undertaking. As yet, the whole has been effected by their own means, which are extensive, and without any assistance from government. How few people in this world employ their money so usefully! This establishment is but yet in its infancy, and the collections are not very valuable, although rapidly increasing, from the interest felt by every one in its welfare.

Of all collections of natural history, the fossil department is, to me, the most interesting; there is room for speculation and reflection, till the mind is lost in its own wanderings, which I consider one of the greatest delights of existence. We are indebted to the vast comprehensive mind, and indefatigable labour of Cuvier, for the gleams of light which have lately burst upon us, and which have rendered what was before mere speculative supposition, now a source of interesting and anxious investigation, attended with results that are as satisfactory as they are undeniable.

That there was a period when the surface of the earth was almost entirely covered with water—a state between chaos and order, when man was not yet created, (for that then the world had not yet been rendered by the Almighty a fit receptacle for man,) appears to be undoubted. Yet the principle of life had been thrown forth by the Almighty hand, and monsters had been endowed with vitality and with attributes necessary for their existence upon an intermediate world.

These were the many varieties of the Ichthyosauri and the Plesiosauri, of whose remains we have now such abundant specimens—all animals of the lizard species; some supposed to have been supplied with wings, like the flying fish of the present day.

But imagine an animal of the lizard species, one hundred and twenty feet long—imagine such a monster—the existence of which is now proved beyond a cavil, by the remains, deeply imbedded in the hard blue lias rocks, and which are now in our possession. What a terrific monster it must have been! We look with horror at an alligator of twenty or thirty feet, but imagine an animal of that species extending his huge bulk to one hundred and twenty feet. Were they all destroyed when the waters were separated from the land, or did they gradually become extinct when the earth was no longer a suitable habitation for them, and no longer congenial to those properties with which they had been endowed when ordered into existence by the Almighty power? The description of the behemoth, by Job, has long been a puzzle to the learned; we have no animal of the present time which will answer to it; but, in many points, this description will answer to what may be supposed

would be the appearance, the muscular power, and the habits, of this huge denizen of a former world.

"His force is in the navel of his belly.

He moveth his tail like a cedar.

His bones are as strong pieces of brass.

His bones are like bars of iron.

He lieth under the shady trees in the covert of the reeds and fens.

The shady trees cover him with their shadow.

The willows of the brook compass him about."

It may be a matter of deep surmise, whether all animals were created as we now find them, and whether the first creation was final—how far the unerring Hand will permit a change to take place in the forms and properties of animals, so as to adapt them to their peculiar situations. I would say, whether the Almighty may not have allowed the principle of vitality and life to assume, at various epochs, the form and attributes most congenial to the situation, either by new formation or by change.

May not the monster of former worlds have dwindled down to the alligator of this—the leviathan to the whale? Let us examine whether we have any proofs in existing creation to support this supposition. We all know that the hair of the goat and sheep in the torrid zones will be changed into wool when they are taken to the colder climes, and that the reverse will also take place—we know that the hare and weazel tribes, whose security is increased from their colour so nearly approaching to that of the earth in temperate latitudes, have the protection afforded to them when they are found in the regions of snow, by their changing to white—and we know that the *rete mucosum* of the African, enables him to bear the exposure to a tropical sun, which would destroy an European. But this is not sufficient, we must examine further. Sir Humphrey Davy has given us a very interesting account of a small animal, found in the pools of water in the caves in Carniola; this animal is called the *Proteus Anguinus*; it is a species of eel, with two feet; it is only to be found in these caves; it lives in darkness, and exposure to the light destroys it. Now, here is an animal which we must either suppose to have been created at the universal creation—and that is to suppose that these caves and pools of water have also existed from the time of the creation—or that the principle of vitality has been permitted, at a later date, to take that form and those attributes congenial to its situation: it is a curious problem. Again, it is well known that in the continent of New Holland there are animals who have a property peculiar to that continent alone*—that of a pouch or false stomach, to contain their young after their birth; it has been surmised that at one time the major part of that continent was under water, and that this pouch was supplied to them for the safety of their young; nor is this conjecture without strong grounds; if only the kangaroo and opossum tribes, which are animals peculiarly indigenous to that continent, were supplied with this peculiar formation, the conjecture would fall to the ground, as it might fairly be said that this property was only another proof of the endless variety in creation: but the most remarkable fact is, that not only the kangaroo and opossum, animals indigenous and peculiar to that portion of the globe, but that every variety of squirrel, rat, and mouse, which, in every other respect, are of the same species as those found in the other continents, are all of them provided with this peculiar false pouch to contain their young. Why, therefore, should all these have been supplied with it, if not for a cause? And the question now arises, whether at the first creation they had that

* The captain is out in his natural history; opossums are found elsewhere.—Ed. Mus.

pouch, or were permitted so far to change their formation, when the pouch became necessary for the preservation and continuation of the species. That these changes are the changes of centuries, I grant, and therefore are not likely to be observed by man, whose records or whose knowledge are not permitted to be handed down beyond a certain extent. Knowledge is not happiness; and when the accumulation has arrived to that height so as to render it dangerous, it is swept away by the all-wise and benevolent Creator, and we are permitted to begin again *de novo*. After all, what we term posterity is but a drop of water in the ocean of time.

CHAPTER IX.

Brussels.

There are few people in Brussels, indeed in Belgium, who do not complain of the revolution; all that goes wrong is at once ascribed to this cause—indeed I was rather staggered by one gentleman, at Ghent, telling me very gravely that they had had no fat oxen since the revolution; but this he explained by stating that the oxen were fattened from the refuse of several manufactories, all of which had been broken up, the proprietors having quitted for Holland. The revolution has certainly been, up to the present time, injurious to both countries; but it is easy to foretell that, eventually, Belgium will flourish, and Holland, in all probability, be bankrupt. The expenses of the latter even now are greater than her revenue; and when the rail-roads of Belgium have been completed, as proposed, to Vienna, the revenue of Holland will be proportionably decreased, from her loss of the carrying trade. It may be urged that Holland can also have her rail-roads—but she cannot: so large a proportion of her population find their support at present on the canals, that a rail-road would be productive of the most injurious effects. It is true that she can lower her rates of carriage, but the merchant will save ten days of transport by the rail-roads, and this rapidity of communication will always obtain the preference.

The causes of the Belgian revolution have been but imperfectly known in England: it has generally been supposed that there were no grounds for the separation; but this was not the case. If ever a nation were justified in throwing off their forced allegiance, it was Belgium.

Although twice as large in territory, and double in population, to his previous dominions, Belgium was treated by William of Nassau like a subjugated country, unfairly taxed, unfairly represented, and in every way sacrificed to his favourite United Provinces.

Never was a finer country lost by such obstinate folly and infatuation. Any one desirous to have a fair and impartial account of what took place, should read the work, in two volumes, published by Mr. White.

It was a great error on the part of the allied powers making over Belgium to Holland. It should have been incorporated with Prussia, and there, then, would have been formed a continued and strong chain to have confined France within her legitimate boundaries; and this was due to Prussia, in recompense for her valour, her constancy, and her sufferings.

But whatever may be the future prospects of Belgium, it is certain that, from the heavy expenses attending the support of so large an army, the retirement into Holland of most of the influential and wealthy commercial men, and the defection of almost all the nobility, at present she is suffering. Brussels, her capital, has perhaps been most injured, and is no longer the gay and lively town which it was under the dynasty of King William of Nassau. When the two countries were united, it was the custom of the Dutch court to divide the year between Brussels and the Hague: and as there was not only the establishment of the king, but also those of Princes

William and Frederick, (in fact, three courts,) as well as all the nobility of Holland and Belgium, there was an overflow of wealth, of company, and of amusement, which rendered Brussels one of the most delightful winter residences on the continent: but this has now all passed away. The court of Leopold is but a shadow, as he has been deserted by nearly all the Belgian nobility. The few who reside in town will not visit at the palace, and live in seclusion, receiving no company, and spending no money; the majority, however, have either retired to their country seats, or have left the kingdom, to spend their revenue amongst foreigners.

The following has been stated as the cause of this disgust. After the accession of Leopold, the horses of the Prince of Orange were ordered to be sold by public auction; amongst others, was the old white charger which had carried his highness on the memorable field of Waterloo. Out of respect to the prince, it was proposed that a subscription should be made to purchase this horse, and send it to him as a present. The intelligence of this subscription got wind, the parties were denounced as Orangists, and an *émée* was the consequence. In this *émée*, the houses of many of the nobility were plundered, and, to the astonishment of every body, there was no interference or check to this outrage on the part of the government. It is said, that had one or two companies been called out, it might immediately have been stopped; and King Leopold is accused of having winked at, if he did not abet, this commotion. How far this accusation is true it is impossible to say, but this charge is the ground upon which all the Belgian nobility have deserted the court. It is generally believed, that the revolutionists, perceiving that King Leopold was fast securing the good-will of the Orangists, got up this *émée* to separate him from them; fearful that a junction with them would destroy their own influence, and deprive them of their situations, the salaries attached to which are equally agreeable to revolutionists and radicals, as to whig or tory.

King Leopold's present position, strange to say, has a strong similarity to that of King William of England—a protestant himself, in the hands of a catholic party, a tory in heart, he has thrown himself into the arms of radicals, whose company he detests, and who have driven from his court all the superior and important aristocracy.

At present there are but few English at Brussels, it being no longer the scene of gaiety, and there are other reasons which gradually decrease the number. The fact is, that Brussels is not a very cheap residence. The duties on every thing are now enormous, and the shopkeepers prey upon the English as much as they can, having avowedly two prices, one for them and the other for the Belgians. There are very few amusements; and the people, since the revolution, are rude and bearish, imagining that by incivility they prove their liberty and independence. The other towns of Belgium are very dull and very cheap; Brussels is very dull and very dear. In another point, Brussels presents a contradiction to all the other capitals of Europe, in which you generally find the most polished manners, and the greatest beauty in the female sex, concentrated. At Brussels it is directly the reverse—the men are bears, and the women frights; whereas, in the Belgian provinces you will meet with civility and respect; and at Antwerp, Ostend, and most other provincial towns, fall in with many fine countenances, reminding you of the Spanish blood which has been for centuries mingled with that of the Low Provinces.

Nevertheless there are many advantages in Brussels; the communication with England is so rapid, and its situation is so central, that it may be considered as the point from which travellers diverge on their various routes.

About the end of May the arrivals and departures from Brussels are constant; this stream continues to pour through the city for three months, after which, as the Belgians do not mix with the foreign residents, the latter are left entirely to their own resources for amusement. But the greatest objection to Brussels is, that the English have brought with them the *English feeling*. I hardly know how else to term it, but it certainly is a feeling peculiarly English, which has taken deep root within this last half century, and which has already produced much evil, and may eventually be productive of more serious results. I refer to the system of spending more money than you can afford, to enable you to hold a certain position in the scale of society.

For these last forty years, during which immense fortunes have been made in England, there has been a continued struggle of wealth against rank. Parvenus, as the aristocracy have been pleased to call them, have started up in every direction, vying with, and even eclipsing, the nobility in lavish expenditure—in some instances, driving the aristocracy to spend more money than they can afford, and thereby impoverishing them; in others, forcing admittance in their circles. Wealth and public opinion have latterly gained the ascendancy, and the aristocracy are now more looked up to on account of their large possessions, than of their high birth. Now this has been nothing more than a demand for greater liberty, and more extended rights on the part of the commoners of England, in proportion as they found themselves a more important body in the state. It has not been a case of Magna Charta, but it is still analogous, for they have demanded that the barrier raised between them and the aristocracy should be thrown down, as soon as they possessed all the advantages, with the exception of that nominal rank, conferred indiscriminately according to the caprice of a mortal as erring as themselves.

As soon as a partial breach had been made in this barrier, every one rushed for admittance, displaying wealth as their ticket of admission, and the consequence has been, that wealth has now become the passport into society; but another consequence has also ensued, which is, that almost every body has been living and keeping up an appearance, which has not been warranted by their means. Many have exceeded their incomes, and then sunk down into poverty; others have perhaps only lived up to their incomes, but in so doing, have disappointed those who, induced by the appearance of so much wealth, have married into families, and discovered that they have obtained wives with expensive ideas, without a fortune to enable them to indulge them. Many have, by appearance of wealth, in a worldly way, provided for a numerous and expensive family. But there have been other reasons which have induced some to live beyond their means—they have done it in the pure spirit of gambling. In England, credit, next to money, is of most value, and according to their supposed wealth so did the parties obtain credit; an expenditure beyond their means was, therefore, with commercial men, nothing more than a speculation, which very often succeeded, and eventually procured to the parties the means of expenditure. It is well known that the income tax, in many cases, was paid double; commercial men preferring to give in their income at twice its real value, and pay the tax to that amount, that they might be supposed to possess more than they really had; indeed, as it was supposed that a man would evade so heavy an impost as much as possible, he was generally considered to be worth even more than what he himself had stated. It is from these causes that has arisen what I have called the *English feeling*, for display beyond the means, and which makes them look down upon those who cannot compete with them in expense. Let a married couple be ever so well connected—let them have

talent, and every other advantage—it will avail them nothing, if they have not money, sufficient, at least, to keep a carriage, and not shock the mistress of a house by the sound of the rattling steps of a hackney-coach at her door; besides which, in our commercial country, the principle of barter, of *quid pro quo*, is extended even to dinner and evening parties—and the reason is obvious—when people live to the full extent, or even beyond their incomes, a little management is required. A dinner party is so arranged, that the dinners received from others are returned to them, and they cannot afford to ask a couple who cannot give them a dinner in return, as they would fill up the places of others to whom a dinner is due, and who, if not asked then, must be at another time; and an extra dinner is an extra expense to be avoided. The English party, therefore, who have only moderate incomes, have the choice, either to live beyond their means, and leave their children unprovided for, or of being shut out from that society, to which, in every other but the adventitious claim of wealth, they are entitled. The consequence has been, that since the peace, thousands and thousands have settled on the continent, that they may make more display with a small income, and thousands more, with a much better feeling, to avoid expense, and lay by a provision for their children. Of course, all these remarks are made with reservation, but with reservation, it may be said, that in England we have, or soon shall have, only two classes left, the extreme rich and the extreme poor, for the intermediate classes are gradually retiring to the continent, emigrating to Canada and America, or sinking down into the latter. This is a most dangerous state of society, and, if carried to the extreme, has always proved ruinous to the state.

Although the immense extent of the Roman Empire may be asserted as the ultimate cause of its downfall, still that downfall was most certainly accelerated by the rottenness at the core, the system of patrons and clients having thrown all the wealth into the hands of a few. Are we not rapidly advancing to this state in England? The landowners are almost at the mercy of the fundholders, who, in fifty years time, will probably have possession of the land as well as of the money. And should there be no check put to this disintegration of society, then must come what the radicals are now so anxious to obtain, the equitable adjustment—and in that case, it is a problem how far that may not be really *equitable*, for society may, by degrees, arrive to a state so anomalous as to warrant that the few should be sacrificed for the benefit of the community at large.

(To be continued.)

From the London Court Journal.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE CHARLES MATHEWS.

I cannot help thinking that the cotemporaries of a truly distinguished man, like the late Charles Mathews, owe it no less to posterity than to themselves to put on record their impressions and opinions concerning him, as early after his decease as propriety will admit; because then, and then only, can they perform the pleasingly painful task under the direct influence of that personal regret for his loss which invariably renders our feelings respecting the powers and pretensions that we are to estimate, in a fitting condition, as to warmth and intensity, to form our estimate broadly and justly:—for it may be given as a critical *axiom*, that no just and enlightened verdict can be obtained on the general character of a

truly great and original artist in any department of art, unless the enquiry be instituted and executed in a spirit of admiring regard, rather than of petty and peddling investigation. In a great individual work of art, whether it be a poem, a picture, a statue, a musical composition, or a dramatic performance, a critic may be able to see, and not unwilling to point out, the minutest features of error or defect in its details, without impeaching or impairing his powers of duly appreciating its greatness or its beauty as a whole. But, in estimating the general character and pretensions of a great artist it is different. Those to whom the trifling faults and failures of such a man are present topics of actual memory and feeling, when the actual occasions of that feeling are *not* present to call it forth, must not pretend to offer a large and liberal estimate of his general powers and their general results. A shrewd observer of the bad parts of our nature has said, that "there is something not absolutely displeasing to us in the misfortunes even of our dearest friends:"—and in a certain sense and to a certain degree, the axiom is true. How much more true is it, then, if applied to the errors and deficiencies of those who, without the redeeming qualities of being our personal friends, are so immeasurably above us in certain intellectual qualities and acquirements, that we should be almost tempted to look upon them as belonging to a superior grade of being, if we were not able to reduce them, in certain particulars, even below our own level! The truth is, that the

"Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,"

are any thing but themes of regret to the mass of fools and cowards who make up the majority of those on whom cotemporary fame depends. This is the reason why no really great man was ever duly and fairly appreciated during his life-time. He is as much over lauded by his friends and partisans, as he is depreciated by his enemies and enviers; and, between the two, his real powers and pretensions escape record altogether, and are left to be either painfully worked out as a literary problem by those who cannot if they would take a personal interest in the matter, or suffered to remain a moot point for ever.

But there is one favourable moment at which the cotemporaries of a great man may, if they will, do him a degree of justice that shall endure while he is remembered;—as relates to the late Charles Mathews, that moment is the present. That his recent death has "eclipsed the gaiety of nations," is even more true than it was of the still greater genius of whom it was first said: for Garrick belonged to England exclusively—almost to London; whereas Mathews (thanks to the modern improvements in locomotion) was as well known and as highly appreciated in every considerable town from the Orkneys to the Land's End, as he was in the metropolis; and as much "at home" in the new world as in the old. And while our regret for the loss of such a man as this, at a time of life too when his powers and faculties were in their fullest vigour, is still fresh upon us, it is not in human nature to feel the presence of those deteriorating errors and deficiencies which,

while we *do* feel them, deprive us of the faculty (even where it may otherwise exist) of doing full justice to his real greatness.

It must not be supposed, from the foregoing remarks, that I am about to attempt a general estimate of Mathews's powers and pretensions as a great original artist. Nothing can be further from my purpose—which is merely that of offering a few of those *materials* for such an estimate as in the present case could be obtained only through a lengthened intercourse and personal intimacy in private life; and also a few of those desultory and merely *personal* recollections which cannot be expected to include any other merit and attraction than that of relating to a man about whom all the world—at any rate all the world speaking the same tongue—must at one time or other have felt an anxious interest. Before proceeding to do this, however, I must be allowed to say a few words as to the station which the subject of my recollections held, and was entitled to hold, in the eyes of his cotemporaries and of posterity.

It may be confidently stated (though certainly not "without the fear of contradiction," for the assertion will meet with as many denials as it may happen to number actors among its readers) that of all the dramatic artists of our own day, that is, of the last five and twenty years, not a single name will go down to posterity as that of an original genius and a great artist united, except those of Edmund Kean in one department of their art, and of Charles Mathews in the other. The period in question has been more than the Augustan era of our literature and art, in every individual department of them, only excepting the drama. But in *that*, both acted and written, it has been a blank, beautified by one spot of brightness only in each department of its acted portion; and in the written portion of it, by *not* one.

It is of course to be understood, that I refer John Kemble, and his illustrious sister, to the period which is past. Looking therefore, at our own day exclusively, Macready is a splendid artist, who occasionally produces results that have never been and cannot be surpassed. But he is a great artist only, not a man of genius; and his reputation will not survive his death in any thing like its present fulness. Nor has he any right to complain of this, even if he should put faith in the prophecy;—which I hope he will not. His reputation is not a jot disproportioned to his merits. He is not merely the best, beyond comparison, of living tragedians, but he is the only living actor who deserves to be so designated, or can be so designated without a feeling almost amounting to the ridiculous, in the eyes of those who entertain an adequate notion of the phrase; for a tragedian is one who *does* embody and sustain the great and noble conceptions of his art, as set forth by the poet, not one who merely seeks or pretends to do so. But Macready owes his just and well deserved fame, to having embodied and beautified the conceptions of a man inferior to himself, Mr. Sheridan Knowles; whereas, Sarah Siddons, John Kemble, and Kean, did this for *Shakspeare!* When Macready can do for Shakspeare what he has done for Sheridan Knowles, he may claim to rank with the noble actors just named; but not

before. He *may* do this, and, in doing it, defeat my prophecy—for he is still in the prime of life—and none will be more delighted than I shall to see it defeated.

As a comic actor, Farren holds precisely the same position that Macready does as a tragedian. As an *artist*, it is impossible to over-rate him; it is even difficult to do him common justice as such, without using terms that must have the appearance of being too unconfined and unqualified in their commendation to be consistent with the restriction by which we must accompany them. For my own part, I do not believe that so accomplished, exquisite, and complete an artist ever before illustrated the stage, *among those of its ornaments* (and they have been many and distinguished) *who have wanted that genius for their art which can as little be imitated as it can be attained.* All that art can do without the aid of genius—in other words, without a direct endowment, and, as it were, an injunction from nature, to avouch what is done—Farren does; and an infinity that genius could never do without the aid and companionship of art. But he never performs a single character deserving to be so called, that a keen observer of the mysterious limits of demarcation between the two kingdoms of nature and of art, may not in every scene perceive the innumerable and apparently Lilliputian lines that bind him inextricably to the latter.

Among the other dramatic artists of our day, I do not know that the general pretensions of any one of them claim even a passing mention, in the point of view in which I am now glancing at them, except Young, Charles Kemble, Miss O'Neil, and Miss Fanny Kemble. Of Young, we retain an impression like that which you receive from the *outline* of a beautiful picture, or the *echo* of a noble sound: it is *vox, et preterea nihil*. He was to a really great actor what a mere popular declaimer is to a great orator. His acting was the very ideal of common-place; and his great success was not *in spite* of this, but *because* of it.—Charles Kemble was, and is, much more and much better than this. He is a man of quick intelligence and cultivated taste, who sees and appreciates the powers and qualities of his art, and the beautiful and noble results that may be educed from it; but he himself can produce imitations of those results merely, not the living and breathing reality. The consequence is, that his performance of any great character, that of Hamlet for example, bears the same sort of relation to the performance of his late brother, that the plaster cast of an antique statue does to the original marble. It is so *like* the thing you require, that it is difficult indeed to point out in what the difference consists. But, if you are familiar with the original, you *feel* that difference in every point and at every look. Charles Kemble's performances of Shakspeare may be compared with the snow-formed Florizel in Spenser, which was very beautiful to look at, and had very much the air of actual life; but when the real Florizel came into presence, it melted away and disappeared.

Miss O'Neil may expect her name to be remembered only by those who saw and wept with her.

The exquisite and unequalled beauties of her acting were of so delicate and evanescent a nature, that they faded, and as it were evaporated, like the tears of which they were chiefly compounded. In short, she was a creature made up of smiles and tears; not an actress or an artist, but a living and loving woman. In that her secret consisted; in that her power and her attraction began, and in that they ended. As an ideal and an emanation of the feminine character, in its fairest and most affecting point of view, she has never been equaled on the stage. But in the recesses of private life, every one of us is acquainted with such a woman. The wonder, the miracle, in Miss O'Neil's case was, that she could wear such qualities, unimpaired and unpolluted, on a public stage.

Of Miss Fanny Kemble I am loth to speak. Not that Mrs. Butler is a lady with whom there is any occasion to mince matters. But I have a feeling about Miss Kemble's first performance of Juliet, that even the ill-fitting wig and the missing dagger of her friend, Mr. Keppell, have not been able to divest me of.* I confess I have *tried* to get rid of the weakness; for one does not like to be cajoled out of one's sympathy, and then laughed at and scorned for feeling and expressing it. I was, it is true, at the time I speak of, one of those unhappy persons of whom Mrs. Butler has, as I understand, taken so many occasions of expressing, in her apparently† clever and amusing Journal, so lively an aversion, "a newspaper critic." Nay, to make a clear conscience of it at once, I will confess to the "*hard* impeachment" of being one among those few of that vituperated fraternity, whom Mrs. Butler must be supposed to hold in especial "abhorrence," as having been "asked to dinner" by her father. But I cannot think that this accident disentitles me to speak of her (late) name as a matter of dramatic history, which it has now unhappily become. I must say, then, that whatever Miss Kemble *might have been*, she *is* and *will be*, a blot upon the annals of her noble and beautiful art; since she exhibits, in the person of a woman too, the discordant (not to call it the disgusting) picture, of one of the most promising and successful of its professors, and one bearing, upon the whole, the brightest name in the English branch of its annals, treating of that art as if it were the lowest and most sordid of mechanical trades; holding up its members (herself and family by implication alone excepted) to public ridicule and contempt, as if she really knew them to be the "rogues and vagabonds" which the law proclaims them; and (worst of all!) disclosing its secrets to the gaze of vulgar wonder and merriment,—"*plucking out the very heart of its mystery*,"—as if for the sole purpose of proclaiming to "an enlightened public," that the whole thing is a paltry puppet-show trick, fit only to draw money from the pockets of stage-stricken shopmen, and tears from the eyes of sentimental waiting-maids. It is to be hoped, for the sake of all parties, that a similar vicissitude of worldly

* See Mrs. Butler's Journal.

† If I speak doubtfully, it is because I have only seen extracts from it.

fortune to that which brought Mrs. Butler on the stage, may never happen to call her back to it. For if it should, of this I can assure her, that when, in the last death-struggle of the heart-stricken Juliet, she flings herself despairingly upon the body of her dead lover, the recollection of Miss Fanny Kemble's "*where the devil is your dagger, sir?*"* will mingle (most unmusically) with the swan-like song of Shakspeare's favourite heroine; and the curtain will fall upon her shame rather than her triumph.

I repeat then—of all the dramatic artists of our own times, the only two whose names will be handed down to posterity as men of really original genius—whose performances were actual creations, which, but for them, would never have existed—are Edmund Kean and Charles Mathews.

To those who agree in this opinion, no excuse will be required for offering such personal recollections (however slight and desultory) of one of those distinguished men, as a very defective memory in details, and a total absence of all notes or memoranda on the subject, will enable me to set down.

My first acquaintance with Mathews arose out of circumstances connected with a very characteristic feature of his mental habits. He was an ambitious and a proud man, though not (as I have often heard it alleged of him by some of his "good natured friends") a vain man. He was too proud, and too confident of his gifts and powers, to be vain. But proud and ambitious as he was—courted and feted as he every where found himself by the highest of the land, even by royalty itself—there was no society in which, apparently, he took such real and unalloyed pleasure as in that which he himself selected and carefully assorted at his own house, or which was ready selected to his hands on certain periodical occasions, to which he always looked forward with undisguised eagerness and satisfaction. The two most conspicuous of these occasions were the Epsom and Ascot race weeks—chiefly the former; and it was at one of these social parties arranged for the Epsom week at Box-hill, that I first met him. I had, in conjunction with three other friends, engaged beds and stalls for the whole of the races, and we were to assemble from our several quarters on the Wednesday evening preceding the great day of the Oaks. But I had not been at the ground on the Wednesday, and did not arrive at Box-hill from town till the middle of the night; consequently I did not make my appearance at the breakfast table till a somewhat unseasonable hour for such an occasion, when all the rest of the party were thinking of preparing to start for the course. On coming down I was agreeably surprised to find Mathews in the room, and to learn that he had joined our little party at the invitation of one of its members, and would spend that and the next day with us.

I have observed, that the first interview with a remarkable man, however insignificant the circumstances of it may be, always fixes those circumstances on the memory more vividly than

any subsequent facts connected with the same person. The reason is, no doubt, to be found in the more impressible condition of the mind under the excitement of the new feeling it has imbibed. Though fifteen or sixteen years have elapsed, I remember as if it were yesterday, the precise spot of the room where Mathews sat when I first entered it; the nature, and almost the very words, of our first introduction and greeting; the position of every body else in the room; and even the clothes that some of us wore.

My first impression of Mathews's personal habits and bearing, as exhibited at this first interview, was not favourable, or I should perhaps rather say, that it was not personally agreeable to myself; for, in all other respects, it was precisely such as I should have wished and expected to receive from such a man, seen under such circumstances. It is to be remarked, that the party were, none of them, his personal intimates, or in the remotest degree connected with his professional habits and life; that (with the exception of the person who introduced him) they were all men much younger than himself; and that, with the exception just named, he met them all for the first time. Perhaps the most noticeable feature in Mathews's private bearing was one which can only be described negatively: it was less like that of an actor than is the case with any other that I have ever had occasion to observe.

Mathews had little or nothing of this in private life. He was not merely a gentleman—though he was essentially that;—but he was a thoroughly natural man, entering into and enjoying the society of his fellow-men as an object of immediate personal interest and observation, but without the smallest apparent reference to any thing beyond these. And so far from there being any thing about him of that courtier-like air, at second hand, which is the characteristic of the first *aboard* of most actors, there was a coldness and reserve about him almost amounting to the repellant. He was evidently very shy of making a new acquaintance at all, at and after the period at which I first became acquainted with him; and as to a *new friend*, the phrase seemed to have the sound to him of a contradiction in terms. This leads me to speak of the first mental characteristic that I had occasion to observe as prevalent in Mathews, the result, as I conceive, of intellectual qualities and habits that I shall endeavour to illustrate hereafter, and on which some of the chief excellences of his powers as a dramatic artist depended. He had an extreme and painful distrust of mankind, a morbid and melancholy want of faith in human goodness, which, being intimately connected, and even partly caused, as it undoubtedly was, by an affectionate warmth of heart and an intense sympathy with his kind, that could not be surpassed, occasioned a perpetual struggle between his real nature and that which the circumstances of his life had grafted on it, till he knew not which to abide by, or act upon. Mathews was, in fact, the most tender-hearted of misanthropes. He would deprecate and denounce human nature, with tears of sympathy for it in his eyes; he would proclaim his settled belief in the utter selfishness of the

* See Mrs. Butler's Journal.

human heart, while his own was yearning for an opportunity of sacrificing his feelings and interest to those of the few who were still dear to him. It has always been my belief that Mathews's whole intellectual life, the life, I mean, of his own secret bosom, was one continued struggle and contradiction between the two incompatible theories of human nature, involved in the feelings I have just referred to; and the result of that struggle was, in the latter years of his life especially, a morbid melancholy, that hung upon his life like a blight, and preyed upon and subverted all the sources of his intellectual enjoyment, save only that paramount one of seeing and hearing himself greeted by assembled thousands, as the purveyor of their enjoyment, and feeling, at every burst of mingled merriment and applause, which his wonderful performances occasioned, that he deserved the greeting. From a long and careful, because a deeply interested observation of this part of Mathews's intellectual character, I am satisfied that his premature death was greatly hastened, if not altogether brought about, by his perpetual fears and misgivings; as to this latter source of intellectual excitement and gratification suddenly and prematurely failing him; not from any failure in his own powers, of which he had no fear, but from a change in the public taste, or a deficiency in the materials of his entertainments, or the advent of some fortunate rival or competitor; from any cause in short but the only one which could, and ultimately did occasion the failure—namely, a too strong and intense desire for the continuance, and if possible, the increase of the supply, and the corresponding fear of its cessation. It was this fear and desire united which caused the lengthened paroxysm of nervous irritability, amounting to a condition of mental as well as bodily disease, which invariably preceded the bringing forward of each of his new entertainments. These, by inducing a constant state of nervous excitement, and making it a habit rather than an accident of his bodily and mental condition, gradually undermined his constitution. Finally, they induced his last unhappy voyage to America, and thus became the actual cause of his premature death, the proximate causes of which undoubtedly were, first, the shattering effects of a dreadful voyage out; then the redoubled anxiety as to his reception and success under the temporarily impaired state of his powers and resources at the moment when that success was to be achieved; thirdly, the frightful certainty which soon presented itself, that his constitution had really received a serious blow by this unhappy adventure; and, lastly, after several vain and exhausting attempts to perform with his accustomed vigour and success, his abandonment of the undertaking in despair, and his troublesome and unfavourable passage home.

As I have touched on this (to me) most painful portion of my topic, somewhat out of its place, I will (so to speak) relieve my mind of this part of my Recollections of Mathews at once, by alluding to the circumstances attending a sort of presentiment I felt, that his second visit to America would end fatally. I must here state that circumstances (to which, as they are extremely

characteristic of the man, I shall have occasion to allude in detail hereafter) had, after twelve or thirteen years of unbroken intimacy, caused a separation between Mathews and myself for more than four years;—a separation which on my part, had been (I confess) *studiously* maintained, from a feeling (I must also confess) that I was the party to whom by far the greater portion of the blame was due, in the circumstances which caused our separation. But when I learned that he was going to America, and that his wife was to accompany him, the presentiment which (as I have said,) arose out of this information, pressed upon me in a manner not to be resisted; and, after much hesitation with myself, I wrote a note to Mrs. Mathews, saying that I should call at their house on such or such a day, (for I resided in the country,) in the belief that, notwithstanding what had passed, I should not be refused the gratification of taking leave of her at least before they left England. On the last of the days named, I called in Great Russell street, having in the interim received such a reply to my letter as, knowing the party to whom it was addressed, I had looked for the rather that I knew I had no right to expect it. I went on the last of the days named by me, and found that Mathews had waited at home to see me till a late hour on that and each of the two or three preceding days; that he was very anxious for the meeting; and that there was but one day to intervene between that and their departure. I of course went to town the next day to see him; equally "of course" (for it is my insurmountable and unpardonable foible,) I was two hours after the time I had been expected; he had left the house a few minutes before I reached it, to make the last arrangements for their departure, and I never saw him again!

I shall never cease to feel regret at this circumstance; for, in a pretty extensive intercourse with all classes of men, I do not call to mind one whose personal character has excited in me a stronger union of interest and regard than that of the late Charles Mathews. P.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN LAW RHYMES."

Oh, bear him where the rain can fall,
And where the winds can blow,
And let the sun weep o'er his pall,
As to the grave ye go!
And in some little lone churchyard,
Beside the growing corn,
Lay gentle nature's stern prosa bard—
Her mightiest peasant-born!
Yes, let the wild flower wed his grave,
That bees may murmur near,
When o'er his last home bend the brave,
And say, "A MAN lies here."
For Britons honour Cobbett's name,
Though rashly oft he spoke;
And none can scorn, and few will blame,
The low-laid heart of oak.
See o'er his prostrate branches, see,
Ev'n factions hate consents

To reverence in the fallen tree
His British lineaments!

Though gnarl'd the storm-toss'd boughs that braved
The thunder's gathered scowl,
Not always through his darkness raved
The storm-winds of the soul.

Oh, no! in hours of golden calm
Morn met his forehead bold;
And breezy evening sung her psalm
Beneath his dew-dropp'd gold.

The wren its crest of fibred fire
With his rich bronze compared,
While many a youngling's songful sire
His acorn'd twiglets shared.

The lark, above, sweet tribute paid,
Where clouds with light were riven;
And true-love sought his blue-bell'd shade,
"To bless the hour of Heav'n."

Ev'n when his stormy voice was loud,
And guilt quaked at the sound,
Beneath the frown that shook the proud,
The poor a shelter found.

Dead Oak, thou liv'st! Thy smitten hands,
The thunder of thy brow,
Speak, with strange tongues, in many lands,
And tyrants hear thee now!

June 23d, 1835.

From the London Literary Gazette.

*The Fudges in England: being a Sequel to the
"Fudge Family in Paris."* By Thomas
Brown the Younger, &c. Small 8vo. pp. 213.
London, 1835. Longman and Co.

Mr. Moore has probably sought, in this *jeu d'esprit*, to relax awhile from the labour of his "History of Ireland." It is a satire upon the reverend gentlemen who have visited England from the Emerald Isle as defenders of the protestant faith, and taken a zealous part, both at public meetings and through the press, in the controversies upon the great theological questions now at issue among Roman catholics, episcopalians, and every denomination of dissenters. Agreeably to his own opinions and religion, the author lashes saints, methodists, and members of the church of England; and, by implication, exalts his own old faith, that in the church of Rome, above all others.

The readers of the *Literary Gazette* will guess that such matters are not very consonant to its page; nor do we feel that there is any striking degree of originality or humour in the arguments to induce us to depart from our *anti-theologico-politico* habits. Of course, Mr. Moore can produce nothing without brilliant sparks and talent; and those who like to see dull and disagreeable subjects sprinkled with such points, will do well to amuse an hour with the *Fudges in England*.

We copy letter V. as one of the most amusing and characteristic of the set:

"From Larry O'Branigan, in England, to his wife Judy at Mullinafad.

"Dear Judy, I send you this bit of a letter, by mail-coach conveyance—for want of a better—

To tell you what luck in this world I have had
Since I left the sweet cabin at Mullinafad.
Och, Judy, that night! when the pig which we meant
To dry-nurse in the parlour, to pay off the rent,
Julianna, the craythur—that name was the death of
her—

Gave us the shlip and we saw the last breath of her!
And there were the childher, six innocent sows,
For there nate little play-fellow turning up howls:
While yourself, my dear Judy (though grievin's a folly),
Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy,—
Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money,
"Arrah, why did ye die till we'd sow'd you, my
honey?"

But God's will be done!—and then, faith sure enough,
As the pig was desaiiced, 't was high time to be off.
So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,
Lock'd the owld cabin door, put the key in the thatch,
Then tuk lave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,
And set off, like the Christians turn'd out of the Ark;
The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone!
And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.

How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er lande,
And what cruel hard walkin' I've had on my hands,
Is, at this present writin' too tedious to speak,
So I'll mention it all in a postscript, next week;
Only starv'd I was, surely, as thin as a lath,
Till I came to an up and down place they call Bath,
Where, as luck was, I manag'd to make a meal's meal,
By dhraggin' owld ladies all day through the street,—
Which their docthors (who pocket, like fun, the pound
starlins,)

Have brought into fashion to please the owld darlins.
Div'l a boy in all Bath, though I say it, could carry
The grannies up-hill half so handy as Larry;
And the higher they lived, like owld crows in the air,
The more I was wanted to lug them up there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,
And mine has both handles put on the wrong way.
For, pondherin' one morn, on a drame I'd just had
Of yourself and the babbies at Mullinafad,
Och, there came o'er my sinses so plasin' a flutther,
That I spilt an owld countess right clane in the gutther;
Muff, feathers, and all!—the descint was most awful,
And—what was still worse, faith—I knew twas on-
lawful:

For though with mere women no very great evil,
T' upset an owld countess in Bath is the devil!
So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe upon it
(For nothin' about her was kilt but her bonnet),
Without even mentionin' "By your lave, ma'am,"
I tuk to my heels and—here, Judy, I am!

What's the name of this town I can't say very well,
But your heart sure will jump when you hear what
befell

Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day
(And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty gay.)
When his brogues to this city of luck found their way.
Bein' hungry, God help me, and happenin' to stop,
Just to dine on the shmell of a pasthry-cook's shop,
I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,
And read there a name, och! that made my heart caper.
Though printed it was, in some quare A B C,
That might bother a schoolmaster, let alone me.
By gor, you'd have laughed, Judy, could you've but
listened,

As doubtin' I cried, "why it is,—no, it is n't!"
But it was, after all—for, by spellin' quite slow,
First I mado out, "Rev. Mortimer"—then a great "O."
And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my skull again,
Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mulligan!"

ump'd, like a sky-lark, my jewel, at that name,—
I doubt on my mind, but it must be the same.
"The Murthagh, himself," says I, "all the world
over!"

My foster-brother—by jinks, I'm in clover.
Oh there, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,
let-nurse it was brought us both up by hand,
he'll not let me starve in the enemy's land!"

to make a long hisstory short, niver doubt
managed, in no time, to find the lad out;
no joy of the meetin' befluxt him and me—
a pair of owld cumrogues—was charmin' to see.
Murthagh less plas'd with th' evint than I am,
just then was wanting a vally-de-sham;
or dressin' a gintleman one way or t' other,
nate Irish lad is beyant every other.

Now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case;
no throth, it's the only drawback on my place.
s Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know,
an awkward mishfortune some short time ago:
s to say he turn'd protestant,—why, I can't larn;
f coorse, he knew best, an' it's not my consarn.
snow is, we both were good cath'lics, at nurse,
myself ain so still,—nayther betther nor worse.
our bargain was all right and tight in a jiffy,
adds more contint never yet left the Liffey.

Murthagh, or Morthimer, as he's now chrisshen'd,
me being converted, at laist, if he isn't,—
is sly at me (faith, 'twas divartin' to see),
coorse, you're a protestant, Larry," says he.
which, says myself, wid a wink just as shly,
a protestant?—oh, yes, I am, sir," says I:—
ere the chat ended, and div'l a more word
varsial between us has since then occur'd.

Murthagh could mane, and, in troth, Judy, dear,
I myself meant doesn't seem mighty clear;
no throth is, though still for the Owld Light a
stickler,
just then too shtarv'd to be over partic'lar:—
God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair
in protestants couldn't be seen any where.

Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills I nintion'd,
as'd "to the loyal and godly intintion'd),
verence, my master, comes forward to preach,—
f doesn't know whether sermon or speech,
is all one to him, he's a dead hand at each:
s, Paddies, in giral, whose skill in orations
bothers the blarney of all other nations.

Whisht! there 's his rivivence, shoutin' out—Larry!
orra a word more will this shmall paper carry;
re, Judy, enda my short bit of a letther,
faix, I'd have made a much bigger and betther,
iv'l a one post-office hole in this town
swallow a dacent-siz'd billy-dux down.
od luck to the childer!—tell Molly, I love her;
Donagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Kutty all over,—
orgettin' the mark of the red-currant whiskey
at the fair when yourself was so frisky.
eav'ns be your bed!—I will write, when I can
again,

to the world's end, LARRY O'BRIANIGAN."

o shall only add, as a different specimen, a
of a letter from Miss Biddy Fudge, ld
and saint, who ultimately marries one of
rish missionaries, while her niece, a young
retty blue, runs away with the other.

o reasoning, you know, dear, that's now of no use,
o still with their facts and dry figures produce,
saying the souls of a protestant flock were
ig to be managed 'according to Cocker!'

[XVII. OCTOBER, 1835—54

In vain do we say (when rude radicals hector
At paying some thousands a-year to a rector,
In places where protestants never yet were.)
'Who knows but young protestants may be born there?'
And, granting such accident, think, what a shame,
If they didn't find rector and clerk when they came!
It is clear that, without such a staff on full pay,
These little church embryos must go astray;
And, while fools are computing what parsons would
cost,

Precious souls are meanwhile to the establishment lost!

In vain do we put the case sensibly thus:
They'll still with their figures and facts make a fuss,
And ask, 'if, while all, choosing each his own road,
Journey on, as we can, tow'rds the Heavenly abode,
It is right that seven eighths of the travellers should pay
For one eighth that goes quite a different way?'
Just as if, foolish people, this wasn't in reality,
A proof of the church's extreme liberality,
That, though hating Pop'ry, in other respects,
She to catholic money in no way objects;
And so liberal her very best saints, in this sense,
That they ev'n go to heaven at the cath'lic's expense."

From these extracts a not unfavourable idea of
the whole may be formed; and we have only to
remark, that sequels are seldom so spirited as first
conceptions; and that, after dismissing the Fud-
ges, at page 105 of this volume, Mr. Moore gives
us (to the end) a reprint of such miscellaneous
poems as he has contributed to periodicals since
the publication of his last volume, "Odes upon
Cash, Corn," &c. Most of these are lively and
piquant; but as they have already had their pub-
lic effect, it is not necessary for us to repeat
them.

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(Continued from p. 27.)

I had proceeded half a mile from the house, when I
desired the servant to turn into a cross-road so as to gain
Brentford; as soon as I arrived, the distance being
only four miles, I ordered him to stop at a public house,
saying that I would wait till the coach should pass by. I
then gave him half a crown, and ordered him to go
home. I went into the inn with my portmanteau, and
was shown into a small back parlour, where I remained
about half an hour reflecting upon the best plan that I
could adopt. Leaving the ale I had called for untasted,
I paid for it, and, with my portmanteau on my shoulder,
I walked away until I arrived at an old clothes shop. I
told the Jew who kept it, that I required some clothes,
and also wanted to dispose of my own portmanteau and
all my effects. I had a great rogue to deal with; but
after much chaffering, for I now felt the full value of
money, I purchased from him two pair of corduroy trow-
sers, two waistcoats, four common shirts, four pairs of
stockings, a smock frock, a pair of high-lows, and a com-
mon hat. For these I gave up all my portmanteau, with
the exception of six silk handkerchiefs, and received fifty
shillings, when I ought to have received at least ten
pounds; but I could not well help myself, and I submit-
ted to the extortion. I dressed myself in my more hum-
ble garments, securing my money in the pocket of my
trowsers unobserved by the Jew, made up a bundle of the
rest, and procured a stick from the Jew to carry it on,
however not without paying him three-pence for it, he
observing that the stick "wash not in de bargain." Thus
attired, I had the appearance of a countryman well to do,
and I set off through the long dirty main street of Brent-

ford, quite undecided and indifferent as to the direction I should take. I walked about a mile, when I thought that it was better to come to some decision previous to my going further; and perceiving a bench in front of a public house, I went to it and sat down. I looked around, and it immediately came to my recollection that I was sitting on the very bench on which Timothy and I had stopped to eat our meal of pork, at our first outset upon our travels. Yes, it was the very same! Here sat I, and there sat Timothy, two heedless boys, with the paper containing the meat, the loaf of bread, and the pot of beer between us. Poor Timothy! I conjured up his unhappiness when he had received my note acquainting him with our future separation. I remembered his fidelity, his courage in defence, and his preservation of my life in Ireland, and a tear or two coursed down my cheek. I remained some time in a deep reverie, during which the various circumstances and adventures of my life were passed in a rapid panorama before me. I felt that I had little to plead in my own favour, much to condemn—that I had passed a life of fraud and deceit. I also could not forget that when I had returned to honesty, I had been scouted by the world. "And here I am," thought I, "once more with the world before me; and it is just that I should commence again, for I started in a wrong path. At least, now I can satisfactorily assert that I am deceiving nobody, and can deservedly receive no contumely. I am Japhet Newland, and not in disguise." I felt happy with this reflection, and made a determination, whatever my future lot might be, that, at least, I would pursue the path of honesty. I then began to reflect upon another point, which was, whither I should bend my steps, and what I should do to gain my livelihood.

Alas! that was a subject of no little difficulty to me. A person who has been brought up to a profession naturally reverts to that profession—but to what had I been brought up? As an apothecary—true: but I well knew the difficulty of obtaining employment in what is termed a liberal profession, without interest or recommendation; neither did I wish for close confinement, as the very idea was irksome. As a mountebank, a juggler, a quack doctor—I spurned the very idea. It was a system of fraud and deceit. What then could I do? I could not dig, to beg I was ashamed. I must trust to the chance of accidents, and considering how helpless I was, it was but a broken reed. At all events, I had a sufficient sum of money, upwards of twenty pounds, to exist with economy upon for some time. I was interrupted by a voice calling out, "Hillea! my lad, come and hold this horse a moment." I looked up and perceived a person on horseback looking at me. "Do you hear, or are you stupid?" cried the man. My first feeling was to knock him down for his impertinence, but my bundle lying beside, reminded me of my situation and appearance, and I rose and walked towards the horse. The gentleman, for such he was in appearance, dismounted, and throwing the rein on the horse's neck, told me to stand by him for half a minute. He went into a respectable-looking house opposite the inn, and remained nearly half an hour, during which I was becoming very impatient, and kept an anxious eye upon my bundle, which lay on the seat. At last he came out, and mounting his horse, looked in my face with some degree of surprise. "Why, what are you?" said he, as he pulled out a sixpence, and offered to me.

I was again nearly forgetting myself, affronted at the idea of sixpence being offered to me; but I recovered myself, saying, as I took it, "A poor labouring man, sir."

"What, with those hands?" said he, looking at them as I took the money; and then looking at my face, he continued, "I think we have met before, my lad—I cannot be sure; you know best—I am a Bow street magistrate."

In a moment I remembered that he was the very mag-

istrate before whom I had twice made my appeal. I coloured deeply, and made no reply.

"Well, my lad, I'm not on the bench now, a sixpence you have earned honestly. I trust you continue in the right path. Be careful—I have eyes." So saying, he rode off.

I never felt more mortified. It was evident he considered me as one who was acting a part for unscrupulous purposes; perhaps one of the swell mob or a flashy pocket rusticator until some hue and cry was raised. "Well, well," thought I, "as I took up a lump of dirt rubbed over my then white hands, 'it is my fate,' I believed when I deceive, and to be mistrusted 'I am acting honestly';" and I returned to the bottom of my bundle, which—was gone. I stared with astonishment. "Is it possible?" thought I. "How dishonourable are! Well, I will not carry another for the day. They might as well have left me my stick." So saying, and without any great degree of annoyance or loss, I turned from the bench and walked away; not whither. It was now getting dark, but I thought that it was necessary to look out for a lodging. The fact is, that I had been completely upset by the notions of the magistrate, and the theft of my bundle in a sort of brown study, from which I was occasionally recalled for a moment by stumbling over various obstructions, I continued my walk on the pathway which was two or three miles away from Brentford. Within a mile of Hounslow when I was roused by the groans of some person, and it being now dark, I rounded, trying to catch by the ear the direction in which to offer my assistance. They proceeded from the side of a hedge, and I crawled through, where I found a man lying on the ground, covered with blood about his head, and breathing heavily. I untied his neck and as well as I could, examined his condition. I then took his handkerchief round his head, and perceiving the position in which he was lying was very unfavourable, his head and shoulders being much lower than his feet, I was dragging the body round, so as to raise those parts when I heard footsteps and voices. Shortly afterwards a party of people burst through the hedge and surrounded me.

"That is him, I'll swear to it," cried an immense man, seizing me; "that is the other fellow who at Brentford, and ran away. He has come to get off his scoundrel's pelt, and now we've just nicked them both."

"You are very much mistaken," replied I, "as I have no need to hold me so tight. I heard the groan, and I came to his assistance."

"That gammon won't do," replied one of them, who was a constable: "you'll come along with us, a may as well put on them *darbies*," continued laughing, producing a pair of handcuffs.

Indignant at the insult, I suddenly broke from the grasp of who held me, and darting at the constable, knocked him down, and then took to my heels across the open field. The whole party pursued, but I rather gained upon them, and was in hopes to make my escape. It was a gap I perceived in the hedge, and sprang over it without minding the old adage, of "look before you leap," when on the other side, I found myself in a deep stagnant pit of water and mud. I sank over head and ears with difficulty extricated myself from the mud at the bottom, and when at the surface I was equally embarrassed with the weeds at the top, among which I floundered for the mean time, my pursuers, warned by the loud splash, had paused when they came to the hedge, and perceiving my situation, were at the edge of the pit watching me as I came out. All resistance was useless. I was benumbed with cold and exhausted by my struggles, and I gained the bank I surrendered at discretion. My handcuffs were now put on without resistance on my part, and I was led away to Hounslow by the two constables, while the others returned to secure the wretched

man. On my arrival I was thrust into the clink, or lock-up house, as the magistrates would not meet that evening, and there I was left to my reflections. Previously, however, to this, I was searched, and my money, amounting, as I before stated, to upwards of twenty pounds, taken from me by the constables, and what I had quite forgotten, a diamond solitaire ring, which I had intended to have left with my other bijouterie for Timothy, but in my hurry, when I left London, I had allowed to remain upon my finger. The jail was a square building, with two unglazed windows secured with thick iron bars, and the rain having beat in, it was more like a pound for cattle, for it was not even paved, and the ground was three or four inches deep in mud. There was no seat in it, and there I was the whole of the night walking up and down shivering in my wet clothes, in a state of mind almost bordering upon insanity. Reflect upon what was likely to happen, I could not. I only ran over the past. I remembered what I had been, and cruelly felt the situation I then was in. Had I deserved it? I thought not. "Oh! father, father," exclaimed I, bitterly, "see to what your son is brought—handcuffed as a felon! God have mercy on my brain, for I feel that it is wandering. Father, father—alas, I have none!—had you left me at the asylum, without any clue, or hopes of a clue, to my hereafter being reclaimed, it would have been kindness; I should then have been happy and contented in some obscure situation; but you raised hopes only to perish, and imaginings which have led to my destruction. Sacred is the duty of a parent, and heavy must be the account of those who desert their children, and are required by Heaven to render up an account of the important trust. Couldst thou, oh father, but now behold thy son! God Almighty!—but I will not curse you, father. No, no,"—and I burst into tears, and leaning against the damp walls of the prison, I wept long and bitterly.

The day at last broke, and the sun rose and poured his beaming rays through the bars of the windows. I looked at myself, and was shocked at my appearance; my smock-frock was covered with black mud, my clothes were equally disfigured. I had lost my hat when in the water, and I felt the dry mud crackling on my cheeks. I put my hands up to my head, and I pulled a quantity of duck-weed out of my matted and tangled hair. I thought of the appearance I should make when summoned before the magistrates, and how much it would go against me. "Good God," thought I, "who, of all the world of fashion—who, of all those who once caught my salutation so eagerly—who, of all those worldly-minded girls, who smiled upon me but one short twelve-month since, would imagine, or believe, that Japhet Newland could ever have sunk so low—and how has he fallen! Alas! because he would be honest, and had strength of mind enough to adhere to his resolution. Well, well, God's will be done: I care not for life; but still an ignominious death—to go out of the world like a dog, and that too without finding out who is my father." And I put my fettered hands up and pressed my burning brow, and remained in a sort of apathetic sullen mood, until I was startled by the opening of the door, and the appearance of the constables. They led me out among a crowd, through which, with difficulty, they could force their way, and, followed by the majority of the population of Hounslow, who made their complimentary remarks upon the footpad, I was brought before the magistrates. The large stout man was then called up to give his evidence, and deposed as follows:

That he was walking to Hounslow from Brentford, whither he had been to purchase some clothes, when he was accosted by two fellows in smock-frocks, one of whom carried a bundle in his left hand. They asked him what o'clock it was; and he took out his watch to tell them, when he received a blow from the one with the bun-

dle, (this one, sir, said he, pointing to me,) on the back of his head; at the same time the other, (the wounded man who was now in custody,) snatched his watch. That at the time he had purchased his clothes at Brentford, he had also bought a bag of shot, fourteen pounds weight, which he had, for the convenience of carrying, tied up with the clothes in the bundle, and perceiving that he was about to be robbed, he had swung his bundle round his head, and with the weight of the shot, had knocked down the man who had snatched at his watch. He then turned to the other (me) who backed from him, and struck at him with his stick. (The stick was here produced, and when I cast my eye on it, I was horrified to perceive that it was the very stick which I had bought of the Jew, for threepence, to carry my bundle on.) He had closed in with me, and was wrestling the stick out of my hand, when the other man, who had recovered his legs, again attacked him with another stick. In the scuffle he had obtained my stick, and I had wrested from him his bundle, with which, as soon as he had knocked down my partner, I ran off. That he beat my partner until he was insensible, and then found that I had left my own bundle, which in the affray I had thrown on one side. He then made the best of his way to Hounslow to give the information. His return and finding me with the other man is already known to the readers.

The next evidence who came forward was the Jew, from whom I had bought the clothes and sold my own. He narrated all that had occurred, and swore to the clothes in bundle left by the footpad, and to the stick which he had sold to me. The constable then produced the money found about my person and the diamond solitaire ring, stating my attempt to escape when I was seized. The magistrate then asked me whether I had any thing to say in my defence, cautioning me not to commit myself.

I replied, that I was innocent; that it was true that I had sold my own clothes, and had purchased those of the Jew, as well as the stick; that I had been asked to hold the horse of a gentleman when sitting on a bench opposite a public house, and that some one had stolen my bundle and my stick. That I had walked on towards Hounslow, and in assisting a fellow creature, whom I certainly had considered as having been attacked by others, I had merely yielded to the common feelings of humanity—that I was seized when performing that duty, and should willingly have accompanied them to the magistrate's had not they attempted to put on handcuffs, at which my feelings were roused, and I knocked the constable down, and made my attempt to escape.

"Certainly, a very ingenious defence," observed one of the magistrates; "pray, where—" At this moment the door opened, and in came the very gentleman, the magistrate at Bow-street, whose horse I had held. "Good morning, Mr. Norman, you have just come in time to render us your assistance. We have a very deep hand to deal with here, or else a very injured person, I cannot tell which. Do us the favour to read over these informations and the defence of the prisoner, previous to our asking him more questions."

"The Bow-street magistrate complied, and then turned to me, but I was so disguised with mud, that he could not recognise me.

"You are the gentleman, sir, who asked me to hold your horse," said I. "I call you to witness, that that part of my assertion is true."

"I do now recollect that you are the person," replied he, "and you may recollect the observation I made, relative to your hands, when you stated that you were a poor countryman."

"I do, sir, perfectly," replied I.

"Perhaps then you will inform us by what means a diamond ring and twenty pounds in money came into your possession!"

"Honestly, sir," replied I.

"Will you state, as you are a poor countryman, with whom you worked last—what parish you belong to—and whom you can bring forward in proof of good character?"

"I certainly shall not answer those questions," replied I; "if I chose I might so do, and satisfactorily."

"What is your name?"

"I cannot answer that question either, sir," replied I.

"I told you yesterday, that we had met before; was it not at Bow-street?"

"I am surprised at your asking a question, sir, from the bench, to which, if I answered, the reply might affect me considerably. I am here in a false position, and cannot well help myself. I have no friends that I choose to call, for I should blush that they should see me in such a state, and under such imputations."

"Your relations, young man, would certainly not be backward. Who is your father?"

"My father!" exclaimed I, raising up my hands and eyes. "My father! Merciful God—if he could only see me here—see to what he has reduced his unhappy son," and I covered my face, and sobbed convulsively.

"It is indeed a pity, a great pity," observed one of the magistrates, "such a fine young man, and evidently, by his demeanour and language, well brought up; but I believe," said he turning to the others, "we have but one course; what say you, Mr. Norman?"

"I'm afraid that my opinion coincides with yours, and that the grand jury will not hesitate to find a bill, as the case stands at present. Let us, however, ask the witness Armstrong one question. Do you positively swear to this young man being one of the persons who attacked you?"

"It was not very light at the time, sir, and both the men had their faces *smutted*; but it was a person just his size, and dressed in the same way, as near as I can recollect."

"You cannot, therefore, swear to his identity?"

"No, sir, but to the best of my knowledge and belief, he is the man."

"Take that evidence down as important," said Mr. Norman, "it will assist him at his trial."

The evidence was taken down, and then my commitment to the county jail was made out. I was put into a cart between two constables, and driven off. On my arrival I was put into a cell, and my money returned to me, but the ring was detained, that it might be advertised. At last I was freed from the manacles, and when I was brought the prison dress to put on, in lieu of my own clothes, I requested leave from the jailer to wash myself, which was granted, and strange to say, so unaccustomed had I been to such a state of filth, that I felt a degree of happiness, as I returned from the pump in the prison-yard, and put on the prison dress almost with pleasure; for degrading as it was, at all events, it was new and clean. I then returned to my cell and was left to my meditations.

Now that my examination and committal were over, I became much more composed, and was able to reflect coolly. I perceived the great danger of my situation—how strong the evidence was against me—and how little chance I had of escape. As for sending to Lord Windermere, Mr. Masterton, or those who formerly were acquainted with me, my pride forbade it—I would sooner have perished. Besides, their evidence as to my former situation in life, although it would satisfactorily account for my possession of the money and the ring, and for my disposing of my portmanteau—all strong presumptive evidence against me—would not destroy the evidence brought forward as to the robbery, which appeared to be so very conclusive to the bench of magistrates. My only chance appeared to be in the footpad, who had not escaped, acknowledging that I was not his accomplice, and I felt how much I was interested in his recovery, as

well as his candour. The assizes I knew were near at hand, and I anxiously awaited the return of the jailer, to make a few enquiries. At night he looked through the small square cut out of the top of the door of the cell, for it was his duty to go the rounds and ascertain if all his prisoners were safe. I then asked him if I might be allowed to make a few purchases, such as pens, ink, and paper, &c. As I was not committed to prison in punishment, but on suspicion, this was not denied, although it would have been to those who were condemned to imprisonment and hard labour for their offences; and he volunteered to procure them for me the next morning. I then wished him a good night, and threw myself on my mattress. Worn out with fatigue and distress of mind, I slept soundly, without dreaming, until daylight next morning. As I awoke, and my scattered senses were returning, I had a confused idea that there was something which weighed heavily on my mind, which sleep had banished from my memory. "What is it?" thought I; and as I opened my eyes, so did I remember that I, Japhet Newland, who but two nights before was pressing the down of luxury in the same habitation as Lady de Clare and her lovely child, was now on a mattress in the cell of a prison, under a charge which threatened me with an ignominious death. I rose, and sat on the bed, for I had not thrown off my clothes. My first thoughts were directed to Timothy. Should I write to him? No, no! why should I make him miserable? If I was to suffer, it should be under an assumed name. But what name? Here I was interrupted by the jailer, who opened the door, and desired me to roll up my mattress and bed clothes, that they might, as was the custom, be taken out of the cell during the day.

My first enquiry was, if the man who had been so much hurt was in the jail.

"You mean your 'complice,'" replied the jailer. "Yes, he is here, and has recovered his senses. The doctor says he will do very well."

"Has he made any confession?" enquired I.

The jailer made no reply.

"I ask that question," continued I, "because if he acknowledges who was his accomplice, I shall be set at liberty."

"Very likely," replied the man sarcastically; "the fact is, there is no occasion for king's evidence in this case, or you might get off by crossing the water; so you must trust to your luck. The grand jury meet to-day, and I will let you know whether a true bill is found against you or not."

"What is the name of the other man?" enquired I.

"Well, you are a good un to put a face upon the matter, I will say. You would persuade me, with that innocent look of yours, that you know nothing about the business."

"Nor do I," replied I.

"You will be fortunate if you can grove as much, that's all."

"Still you have not answered my question; what is the other man's name?"

"Well," replied the jailer, laughing, "since you are determined I shall tell you, I will. It must be news to you with a vengeance. His name is Bill Ogle, alias Swamping Bill. I suppose you never heard that name before?"

"I certainly never did," replied I.

"Perhaps you do not know your own name? yet I can tell you, for Bill Ogle has blown upon you so far."

"Indeed," replied I; "and what name has he given to me?"

"Why, to do him justice, it wasn't until he saw a copy of the depositions before the magistrate, and heard how you were nabbed in trying to help him off, that he did tell it; and then he said, well, Phill Maddox always was a true un, and I'm mortal sorry that he's in for't, by

looking at her me. Now do you know your own name?"

"I certainly do not," replied I.

"Well, did you ever hear of one who went by the name of Phill Maddox?"

"I never did," replied I: "and I am glad that Ogle has disclosed so much."

"Well, I never before met with a man who didn't know his own name, or had the face to say so, and expect to be believed; but never mind, you are right to be cautious, with the halter looking you in the face."

"O God! O God!" exclaimed I, throwing myself on the bedstead, and covering up my face, "give me strength to bear even that, if so it must be."

The jailer looked at me for a time. "I don't know what to make of him—he puzzles me quite, certainly. "Yet it's no mistake."

"It is a mistake," replied I, rising; "but whether the mistake will be found out until too late, is another point. However, it is of little consequence. What have I to live for—unless to find out who is my father!"

"Find out your father! what's in the wind now? well, it beats my comprehension altogether. But did not you say you wished me to get you something?"

"Yes," replied I; and I gave him some money, with directions to purchase me implements for writing, some scented wax, a tooth-brush, and tooth-powder, eau de Cologne, hair brush and comb, razors, small looking-glass, and various implements for my toilet.

"This is a rum world," said the man, repeating what I asked for, as I put two guineas in his hand. "I've purchased many an article for a prisoner, but never heard of such rattletraps afore; however, that be all the same. You will have them, though what *he de colum* is I can't tell, nor dang me if I shall recollect—not poison, be it, for that is not allowed in the prison?"

"No, no," replied I, indulging in momentary mirth at the idea; "you may enquire, and you will find that it's only taken by ladies who are troubled with the vapours."

"Now I should ha' thought that you'd have spent your money in the cook-shop, which is so much more natural. However, we all have our fancies;" so saying, he quitted the cell, and locked the door.

It may appear strange to the reader that I sent for the above-mentioned articles, but habit is second nature, and although, two days before, when I set out on my pilgrimage, I had resolved to discard these superfluities, yet now in my distress I felt as if they would comfort me. That evening, after rectifying a few mistakes on the part of the good-tempered jailer, by writing down what I wanted on the paper which he had procured me, I obtained all that I required. The next morning he informed me that the grand jury had found a true bill against me, and that on the Saturday the assizes would be held. He also brought me the list of trials, and I found that mine would be one of the last, and would not probably come on until Monday or Tuesday. I requested him to send for a good tailor, as I wished to be dressed in a proper manner, previous to appearing in court. As a prisoner is allowed to go into court in his own clothes instead of the jail dress, this was consented to, and when the man came, I was very particular in my directions, so much so, that it surprised him. He also procured me the other articles I required to complete my dress, and on Saturday night I had them all ready, for I was resolved that I would at least die as a gentleman. Sunday passed away, not as it ought to have passed, certainly. I attended prayers, but my thoughts were elsewhere—how, indeed, could it be otherwise? Who can control his thoughts? He may attempt so to do, but the attempt is all that can be made. He cannot command them. I heard nothing, my mind was in a state of gyration, whirling round from one thing to the other, until I was giddy from intensity of feeling.

On Monday morning the jailer came and asked me

whether I would have legal advice. I replied in the negative. "You will be called about twelve o'clock, I hear," continued he; "it is now ten, and there is only one more trial before yours, about the stealing of four geese, and half a dozen fowls."

"Good God!" thought I, "and am I mixed up with such deeds as these?" I dressed myself with the utmost care and precision, and never was more successful. My clothes were black, and fitted well. About one o'clock I was summoned by the jailer, and led between him and another to the court-house, and placed in the dock. At first my eyes swam, and I could distinguish nothing, but gradually I recovered. I looked round, for I had called up my courage. My eyes wandered from the judge to the row of legal gentlemen below him; from them to the well-dressed ladies who sat in the gallery above; behind me I did not look, I had seen enough, and my cheeks burnt with shame. At last I looked at my fellow culprit, who stood beside me, and his eyes at the same time met mine. He was dressed in the jail clothes, of pepper and salt coarse cloth. He was a rough, vulgar, brutal-looking man, but his eye was brilliant, his complexion was dark, and his face was covered with whiskers. "Good heavens," thought I, "who will ever imagine or credit that we have been associates?"

The man stared at me, bit his lip, and smiled with contempt, but made no further remark. The indictment having been read, the clerk of the court cried out, "You, Benjamin Ogle, having heard the charge, say, guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," replied the man, to my astonishment.

"You, Philip Maddox, guilty or not guilty?"

I did not answer.

"Prisoner," observed the judge, in a mild voice, "you must answer, guilty or not guilty. It is merely a form."

"My lord," replied I, "my name is not Philip Maddox."

"That is the name given in the indictment by the evidence of your fellow prisoner," observed the judge; "your real name we cannot pretend to know. It is sufficient that you answer to the question of whether you, the prisoner, are guilty or not guilty."

"Not guilty, my lord, most certainly," replied I, placing my hand to my heart, and bowing to him.

The trial proceeded: Armstrong was the principal evidence. To my person he would not swear. The Jew proved my selling my clothes, purchasing those found in the bundle, and the stick, of which Armstrong possessed himself. The clothes I had on at the time of my capture were produced in court. As for Ogle, his case was decisive. We were then called upon for our defence. Ogle's was very short. "He had been accustomed to fits all his life—was walking to Hounslow, and had fallen down in a fit. It must have been somebody else who had committed the robbery, and had made off, and he had been picked up in a mistake." This defence appeared to make no other impression than ridicule, and indignation at the barefaced assertion. I was then called on for mine.

"My lord," said I, "I have no defence to make, except that which I asserted before the magistrates, that I was performing an act of charity towards a fellow-creature, and was, through that, supposed to be an accomplice. Arraigned before so many upon a charge, at the bare accusation of which my blood revolts, I cannot, and will not, allow those who might prove what my life has been, and the circumstances which induced me to take up the disguise in which I was taken, to appear in my behalf. I am unfortunate, but not guilty. One only chance appears to be open to me, which is, in the candour of the party who now stands by me. If he will say to the court that he ever saw me before, I will submit without murmur to my sentence."

"I'm sorry that you've put that question, my boy,"

replied the man, "for I have seen you before;" and the wretch chuckled with suppressed laughter.

I was so astonished, so thunderstruck with this assertion, that I held down my head, and made no reply. The judge then summed up the evidence to the jury, pointing out to them, that of Ogle's guilt there could be no doubt, and of mine he was sorry to say but little. Still they must bear in mind that the witness Armstrong could not swear to my person. The jury, without leaving the box, consulted together a short time, and brought in a verdict of guilty against Benjamin Ogle and Philip Maddox. I heard no more—the judge sentenced us both to execution: he lamented so young and prepossessing a person as myself should be about to suffer for such an offence: he pointed out the necessity of condign punishment, and gave us no hopes of pardon or clemency. But I heard him not—I did not fall, but I was in a state of stupor. At last, he wound up his sentence by praying us to prepare ourselves for the awful change by an appeal to that heavenly Father—"Father!" exclaimed I, in a voice which terrified the court, "did you say my father? O God! where is he?" and I fell down in a fit. The handkerchiefs of the ladies were applied to their faces, the whole court were moved, for I had, by my appearance, excited considerable interest, and the judge, with a faltering, subdued voice, desired that the prisoners might be removed.

"Stop one minute, my good fellow," said Ogle, to the jailer, while others were taking me out of court. "My lord, I've something rather important to say. Why I did not say it before, you shall hear. You are a judge, to condemn the guilty, and release the innocent. We are told that there is no trial like an English jury, but this I say, that many a man is hung for what he never has been guilty of. You have condemned that poor young man to death. I could have prevented it if I had chosen to speak before, but I would not, that I might prove how little there is of justice. He had nothing to do with the robbery—Phill Maddox was the man, and he is not Phill Maddox. He said that he never saw me before, nor do I believe that he ever did. As sure as I shall hang, he is innocent."

"It was but now, that when appealed to by him, you stated that you had seen him before."

"So I did, and I told the truth—I had seen him before. I saw him go to hold the gentleman's horse, but he did not see me. I stole his bundle and his stick, which he left on the bench, and that's how they were found in our possession. Now you have the truth, and you may either acknowledge that there is little justice, by eating your own words, and letting him free, or you may hang him, rather than acknowledge that you are wrong. At all events, his blood will now be on your hands, and not mine. If Phill Maddox had not turned tail, like a coward, I should not have been here; so I tell the truth to save him who was doing me a kind act, and to let him swing who left me in the lurch."

The judge desired that the statement might be taken down, that further enquiry might be made, intimating to the jury, that I should be respited for the present; but of all this I was ignorant. As there was no placing confidence in the assertions of such a man as Ogle, it was considered necessary that he should repeat his assertions at the last hour of his existence, and the jailer was ordered not to state what had passed to me, as he might excite false hopes.

When I recovered from my fit, I found myself in the jailer's parlour, and as soon as I was able to walk, I was locked up in a condemned cell. The execution had been ordered to take place on the Thursday, and I had two days to prepare. In the mean time, the greatest interest

been excited with regard to me. My whole appearance evidently belied the charge, that every one was

vour. Ogle was re-questioned, and immediately

gave a clue for the apprehension of Maddox, who, he said, he hoped would swing by his side.

The jailer came to me the next day, saying, that some of the magistrates wished to speak with me; but as I had made up my mind not to reveal my former life, my only reply was, "That I begged they would allow me to have my last moments to myself." I recollected Melchior's idea of destiny, and imagined that he was right. "It was my destiny," thought I; and I remained in a state of stupor. The fact was, that I was very ill, my head was heavy, my brain was on fire, and the throbbing of my heart could have been perceived without touching my breast. I remained on the mattress all day, and all the next night, with my face buried in the clothes; I was too ill to raise my head. On Wednesday morning, I felt myself gently pushed on the shoulder by some one; I opened my eyes, it was a clergyman. I turned away my head, and remained as before. I was then in a violent fever. He spoke for some time; occasionally I heard a word, and then relapsed into a state of mental imbecility. He sighed, and went away. Thursday came—and the hour of death; but time was by me unheeded, as well as eternity. In the mean time, Maddox had been taken, and the contents of Armstrong's bundle found in his possession; and when he discovered that Ogle had been evidence against him, he confessed to the robbery. Whether it was on Thursday or Friday, I knew not, then, but I was lifted off the bed, and taken before somebody—something passed, but the fever had mounted up to my head, and I was in a state of stupid delirium. Strange to say, they did not perceive my condition, but ascribed it all to abject fear of death. I was led away—I had made no answer—but I was free.

(To be continued.)

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ON THE CHARACTER OF MRS. HEMANS'S WRITINGS.

"Oh! mes amis, rappelez-vous quelquefois mes vers; mon ame y est empreinte." "Mon ame y est empreinte." Such is the secret of poetry. There cannot be a greater error than to suppose that the poet does not feel what he writes. What an extraordinary, I might say, impossible view, is this to take of an art more connected with emotion than any of its sister sciences. What—the depths of the heart are to be sounded, its mysteries unveiled, and its beatings numbered by those whose own heart is made by this strange doctrine—a mere machine wound up by the clock-work of rhythm! No: poetry is even more a passion than a power, and nothing is so strongly impressed on composition as the character of the writer. I should almost define poetry to be the necessity of feeling strongly in the first instance, and the as strong necessity of confiding in the second.

It is curious to observe the intimate relation that subsists between the poet and the public. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and those who would shrink from avowing what and how much they feel to even the most trusted friend, yet rely upon and crave for the sympathy of the many. The belief that it exists in the far off and the unknown is inherent as love or death. Under what pressure of the most discouraging circumstances has it existed, given enjoyment, and

stimulated to exertion. The ill-fated and yet gifted being, steeped to the lips in poverty, that bitterest closer of the human heart, surrounded by the cold and the careless, shrinking from his immediate circle, who neglect and misunderstand him, has yet faith in the far away. Suffering discourses eloquent music, and it believes that such music will find an echo and reply where the music only is known, and the maker loved for its sake.

Fame, which the Greeks idealised so nobly, is but the fulfilment of that desire for sympathy which can never be brought home to the individual. It is the essence of such a nature to ask too much. It expects to be divined where it is too shy to express. Praise, actual personal praise, oftener frets and embarrasses than it encourages. It is too small when too near. There is also the fear of mistaking the false Florimel flattery for the true Florimel praise. Hence hope takes the wings of the morning, and seeks an atmosphere, warm, kindly, and congenial, and where it is not ashamed. Without such timidity, without such irritability, without a proneness to exaggeration, the poetical temperament could not exist. Nor is its reliance on distance and on solitude in vain. We talk, and can never be sure but that our hearers listen as much from kindness as from interest. Their mood may or may not be in unison with our own. If this be the case even in ordinary intercourse, how much more must it be felt where the most shrinking, subtle, and sorrowful ideas are to be expressed. But the poet relies on having his written page opened when the spirit is attuned to its melody. He asks to be read in the long summer mornings, when the green is golden on the trees, when the bird sings on the boughs, and the insect in the grass; and yet when the weight of the past presses heavily upon the present, when—

"memory makes the sky
Seem all too joyous for the shrinking eye."

In such a mood the voice of passionate complaining is both understood and welcome. There is a well of melancholy poetry in every human bosom. We have all mourned over the destroyed illusion and the betrayed hope. We have quarreled in some embittered moment with an early friend, and when too late, lamented the estrangement. We have all stood beside the grave, and asked of the long grass and ever-springing wild flowers why they should have life, while that of the beloved has long since gone down to the dust. How many have

"laid their youth as in a burial urn,
Where sunshine may not find it."

I remember to have read of an Hanoverian chorister, who, having lost by an early death the young village girl to whom he was betrothed, rudely carried upon her tomb a rose-bud broken on its stem, with the words beneath, "*C'est ainsi qu'elle fut.*" This might be emblem and inscription for all the loveliest emotions of the soul. While such recollections remain garnered, poetry will always have its own appointed hour. Its haunted words will be to us even as our own.

Solitude and sorrow reveal to us its secrets, even as they first revealed themselves to those

"Who learnt in suffering what they taught in song."

I believe that no poet ever made his readers feel unless he had himself felt. The many touching poems which most memories keep as favourites originated in some strong personal sensation. I do not mean to say that the fact is set down, but if any feeling is marked in the writing, that feeling has been keenly and painfully experienced. No indication of its existence would probably be shown in ordinary life: first, because the relief of expression has already been found in poetry, and secondly, from that extreme sensitiveness which shrinks from contact with the actual. Moreover, the habit has so grown up with us,—so grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, that we scarcely know the extraordinary system of dissimulation carried on in our present state of society.

In childhood, the impetus of conversation is curiosity. The child talks to ask questions. But one of its first lessons, as it advances, is that a question is an intrusion, and an answer a deceit. Ridicule parts social life like an invisible paling; and we are all of us afraid of the other. To this may be in great measure attributed the difference that exists between an author's writings and his conversation. The one is often sad and thoughtful, while the other is lively and careless. The fact is, that the real character is shown in the first instance, and the assumed in the second. Besides the impulses of an imaginative temperament are eager and easily excited, and gaiety has its impulses as well as despondency, but it is less shy of showing them. Only those in the habit of seclusion, occupied with their own thoughts, can know what a relief it is sometimes to spring, as it were, out of themselves. The fertile wit, the sunny vivacity, belong to a nature which must be what the French so happily term *impressionable* to be poetical. The writer of a recent memoir of Mrs. Hemans deems it necessary almost to apologise for her occasional fits of buoyant spirits:—

"Oh! gentle friend,
Blame not her mirth who was sad yesterday,
And may be sad to-morrow."

The most intense sunshine casts the deepest shadow. Such mirth does not disprove the melancholy which belonged to Mrs. Hemans's character. She herself alludes to the times when

"Sudden glee
Bears my quick heart along
On wings that struggle to be free
As bursts of skylark song."

Society might make her say—

"Thou canst not wake the spirit
That in me slumbering lies,
Thou strik'st not forth the electric fire
Of buried melodies."

But it might very well strike the sparkles from the surface.

I have said that the writer's character is in his writings: Mrs. Hemans's is strongly impressed upon hers. The sensitiveness of the poet is deep-

ened by the tenderness of the woman. You see the original glad, frank, and eager nature

"Blest, for the beautiful is in it dwelling."

Soon feeling that the weight of this world is too heavy upon it—

"The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon its early flowers."

Soon, too, does she feel that

"A mournful lot is mine, dear friends,
A mournful lot is mine."

The fate of the pearl-diver is even as her own:—

"A sad and weary life is thine,
A wasting task and lone,
Though treasure-grots for thee may shine
To all beside unknown.

Wo for the wealth thus dearly bought!
And are not those like thee
Who win for earth the gems of thought,
Oh wrestler with the sea?

But oh! the price of bitter tears
Paid for the lonely power,
That throws at last o'er desert years
A darkly-glorious dower.

And who will think, when the strain is sung,
Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd,
What life-drops from the minstrel wrung
Have gush'd at every word."

Imagine a girl, lovely and gifted as Mrs. Hemans was, beginning life,—conscious, for genius must be conscious of itself; full of hope and of unbelief; gradually the hope darkens into fear, and the belief into doubt; one illusion perishes after another, "and love, grown too sorrowful,"

"Asks for its youth again."

No emotion is more truly, or more often, pictured in her song, than that craving for affection which answers not unto the call. The very power that she possesses, and which, in early youth, she perhaps deemed would both attract and keep, is, in reality, a drawback. Nothing can stand its test. The love which the spirit hath painted has too much of its native heaven for earth. In how many and exquisite shapes is this vain longing introduced on her page. Some slight incident gives the framework, but she casts her own colour upon the picture. In this consists the difference between painting and poetry: the painter reproduces others,—the poet reproduces himself. We would draw attention especially to one or two poems in which the sentiment is too true for Mrs. Hemans not to have been her own inspiration. Is it not the heart's long-suppressed bitterness that exclaims—

"Tell me no more—no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts! are they not vain
To quench its panting thirst for happiness?
Have I not tried, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place—a home for all
Its burden of affections? I depart
Unknown, though fame goes with me; I must leave
The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death
Shall give my name a power to win such tears
I might have made life precious."

How exquisitely is the doom of a woman, in whose being pride, genius, and tenderness contend for mastery, shadowed in the lines that succeed! The pride bows to the very dust; for genius is like an astrologer whose power fails when the mighty spell is tried for himself; and the tenderness turns away with a crushed heart to perish in neglect. We proceed to mark what appears to bear the deep impress of individual suffering:—

"One dream of passion and of beauty more:
And in its bright fulfilment let me pour
My soul away! Let earth retain a trace
Of that which lit my being, though its race
Might have been loftier far.
For thee alone, for thee!
May this last work, this farewell triumph be—
Thou loved so vainly! I would leave enshrined
Something immortal of my heart and mind,
That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
Of best affection—something that may prove
What she hath been, whose melancholy love
On thee was lavished; silent love and tear,
And fervent song that gushed when none were near,
And dream by night, and weary thought by day,
Stealing the brightness from her life away."

"And thou, oh! thou on whom my spirit cast
Unvalued wealth—who knew not what was given
In that devotedness, the sad and deep
And unrepaid farewell! If I could weep
Once, only once, beloved one! on thy breast,
Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest!
But that were happiness, and unto me
Earth's gift is fame."

"I have been
Too much alone."

With the same sympathy does she stand beside the grave of the author of "Psyche"—

"And mournful grew my heart for thee—
Thou in whose woman's mind
The ray that brightens earth and sea,
The light of song was shrined."

"Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud but deep!
The glorious bowers of earth among
How often didst thou weep!"

Did we not know this world to be but a place of trial—our bitter probation for another and for a better—how strange in its severity would seem the lot of genius in a woman. The keen feeling, the generous enthusiasm, the lofty aspiration, and the delicate perception, are given but to make the possessor unfitted for her actual position. It is well; such gifts, in their very contrast to the selfishness and the evil with which they are surrounded, inform us of another world; they breathe of their home, which is heaven; the spiritual and the inspired in this life but fit us to believe in that which is to come. With what a sublime faith is this divine reliance expressed in all Mrs. Hemans's later writings. As the clouds towards nightfall melt away on a fine summer evening into the clear amber of the west, leaving a soft and unbroken azure whereon the stars may shine, so the life, its vain regrets before the calm

ist—the light shone from the windows of
ic as she approached unto it.

ears for thee, though light be from us gone
thy soul's radiance, bright and restless one—
No tears for thee.
that have loved an exile must not mourn
ee him parting for his native bourn,
O'er the dark sea."

ave noticed this yearning for affection—
ied, but still unsubdued—as one charac-
of Mrs. Hemans's poetry: the rich pic-
e was another. Highly accomplished, the
stores that she possessed were all subser-
one master science. Mistress both of
and Spanish, the latter country appears
peculiarly captivated her imagination.
period when the fancy is peculiarly alive
ession—when girlhood is so new, that the
ss of childhood is still in its delights—
was, of all others, the country on which
attention was fixed: victory after victory
the British flag from the ocean to the
es; but, with that craving for the ideal
is so great a feature in her writings, the
was insufficient, and she went back upon
t;—the romantic history of the Moors was
storehouse, with treasures gorgeous like
f its own Alhambra.

observable in her minor poems that they
on an incident rather than a feeling. Feel-
ue and deep, are developed; but one sin-
tion is never the original subject. Some-
d or touching anecdote or situation catches
ention, and its poetry is developed in a
of mourning melody, and a vein of gentle
sing. I always wish, in reading my favour-
ts, to know what first suggested my favour-
ms. Few things would be more interesting
o know under what circumstances they
omposed,—how much of individual senti-
here was in each—or how, on some inci-
emingly even opposed, they had contrived
aft their own associations. What a history
heart would such annals reveal! Every
s in itself an impulse.

des the ideal and the picturesque, Mrs.
is distinguished by her harmony. I use
rd harmony advisedly, in contradistinction
ody. Melody implies something more care-
ore simple, than belongs to her style: it is
y snatches; our English ballads are re-
ble for it. To quote an instance or two.
is a verse in that of "Yarrow Water:—"

O wind that wandereth from the south,
Seek where my love repairerth,
And blow a kiss to his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth."

ig can exceed the tender sweetness of these
but there is no skill. Again, in "Faire
onde," the verse that describes the cruelty
anor,—

With that she struck her on the mouth,
So dyed double red;
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were the lips that bled."

musical is the alliteration; but it is music
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which, like that of the singing brook, has sprung
up of itself. Now, Mrs. Hemans has the most
perfect skill in her science; nothing can be more
polished than her versification. Every poem is
like a piece of music, with its eloquent pauses, its
rich combinations, and its swelling chords. Who
that has ever heard can forget the exquisite flow
of "The Voice of Spring?"—

"I come! I come!—ye have call'd me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth,
By the winds that tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass."

It is like the finest order of Italian singing—pure,
high and scientific.

I can never sufficiently regret that it was not
my good fortune to know Mrs. Hemans person-
ally; it was an honour I should have estimated
so highly—a happiness that I should have enjoyed
so keenly. I never even met with an acquaintance
of hers but once; that once, however, was much.
I knew Miss Jewsbury, the late lamented Mrs.
Fletcher. She delighted in speaking of Mrs. He-
mans: she spoke of her with the appreciation of
one fine mind comprehending another, and with
the earnest affection of a woman and a friend.
She described her conversation as singularly fas-
cinating—full of poetry, very felicitous in illus-
tration by anecdote—happy, too, in quotation, and
very rich in imagery; "in short, her own poem
on 'The Treasures of the Deep,' would best de-
scribe it." She mentioned a very striking simile,
to which a conversation on Mrs. Hemans's own
poem of "The Sceptic" * had led:—"Like Sind-
bad, the sailor, we are often shipwrecked on a
strange shore. We despair; but hope comes
when least expected. We pass through the
gloomy caverns of doubt into the free air and
blessed sunshine of conviction and belief." I
asked her if she thought Mrs. Hemans a happy
person; and she said, "No; her enjoyment is
feverish, and she desponds. She is like a lamp
whose oil is consumed by the very light which it
yields." What a cruel thing is the weakness of
memory! How little can its utmost efforts recall
of conversation that was once an instruction and
a delight!

To the three characteristics of Mrs. Hemans's
poetry which have already been mentioned—viz.,
the ideal, the picturesque, and the harmonious—a
fourth must be added,—the moral. Nothing can
be more pure, more feminine and exalted, than
the spirit which pervades the whole: it is the in-
tuitive sense of right, elevated and strengthened
into a principle. It is a glorious and a beautiful
memory to bequeath; but she who left it is little
to be envied. Open the volumes which she has
left, legacies from many various hours, and what
a record of wasted feelings and disappointed
hopes may be traced in their sad and sweet com-
plainings! Yet Mrs. Hemans was spared some
of the keenest mortifications of a literary career.
She knew nothing of it as a profession which has
to make its way through poverty, neglect, and

* The Sceptic. Murray.

obstacles: she lived apart in a small, affectionate circle of friends. The high road of life, with its crowds and contention—its heat, its noise, and its dust that rests on all—was for her happily at a distance; yet even in such green nest, the bird could not fold its wings, and sleep to its own music. There came the aspiring, the unrest, the aching sense of being misunderstood, the consciousness that those a thousand times inferior were yet more beloved. Genius places a woman in an unnatural position; notoriety frightens away affection; and the superiority has for its attendant fear, not love. Its pleasantest emotions are too vivid to be lasting: hope may sometimes,

"Raising its bright face,
With a free gush of sunny tears, erase
The characters of anguish;"

but, like the azure glimpses between thunder-showers, the clouds gather more darkly around for the passing sunshine. The heart sinks back on its solitary desolation. In every page of Mrs. Hemans's writings is this sentiment impressed; what is the conclusion of "Corinne crowned at the Capitol?"

"Radiant daughter of the sun!
Now thy living wreath is won.
Crown'd of Rome! Oh, art thou not
Happy in that glorious lot?
Happier, happier far than thou
With the laurel on thy brow,
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth."

What is poetry, and what is a poetical career? The first is to have an organisation of extreme sensibility, which the second exposes bareheaded to the rudest weather. The original impulse is irresistible—all professions are engrossing when once begun; and acting with perpetual stimulus, nothing takes more complete possession of its follower than literature. But never can success repay its cost. The work appears—it lives in the light of popular applause; but truly might the writer exclaim—

"It is my youth—it is my bloom—it is my glad free heart,

I cast away for thee—for thee—ill fated as thou art."

If this be true even of one sex, how much more true of the other. Ah! Fame to a woman is indeed but a royal mourning in purple for happiness.

NOTE.—I have alluded to Miss Jewsbury (Mrs. Fletcher), and cannot resist a brief recollection of one who was equally amiable and accomplished. I never met with any woman who possessed her powers of conversation. If her language had a fault, it was its extreme perfection. It was like reading an eloquent book—full of thought and poetry. She died too soon; and what noble aspirations, what generous enthusiasm, what kindly emotions, went down to the grave with her unfulfilled destiny. There is no word that will so thoroughly describe her as "high-minded;" she was such in every sense of the word. There was no envy, no bitterness, about her; and it must be a lofty nature that delights in admiration. Greatly impressed as I was with her powers,

it surprised me to note how much she desponded over them.

"Day by day,
Gliding, like some dark mournful stream away,
My silent youth flows from me."

Alas! it was the shadow of the early grave that rested upon her. Her letters were very brilliant, and I believe her correspondence was extensive; what a pity that they should not be collected. Speaking of Wordsworth she said, "There is about him a grand and noble plainness, a dignified simplicity—a something of high ideal Paganism, that I never saw in any one else. He is not so much a rock covered with flowers, as a rock crowned with a castle. He is a dweller on the heights—he would have made a friend for Phocion. He reminds me of the Druidical oaks, strong and sacred." Again, while discussing the intercourse of society,—*"You consider society something like a honeycomb—sweet, but hollow; so do I. But you seemed also to consider it expedient for every one by right or courtesy termed 'distinguished' to play truant—laying aside all habits of thought or feeling by which such distinction had been acquired. As if the earnestness of genius were less endurable than the heartlessness of the world; nay, as if the polished chain-mail of the latter were the only garb fit to be worn by the former. Personally speaking, I should be sorry to go into public with any other disposition than one anxious to give and willing to receive pleasure. Very high or very deep conversation, any thing like communion of heart, would be out of place; but I do not see that we are called upon to pay so costly a compliment to society, as to assume a character diametrically opposed to our real world; to utter sentiments we secretly disbelieve—to be as angry with our better nature for their bursting from restraint, as at other times with our inferior nature for refusing submission. I think that wisdom may wear 'motley,' and truth, unlike man, be born laughing; and that until we go into society thus determined to seek for more than mere amusement in pleasure, we must not be surprised to find ourselves living in Thalaba's palace of the desert—a creation of clouds. Genius ought every where to be true to itself—to its origin, the divine mind—to its home, the undying spirit—to its power, that of being a blessing—to its reward, that of being remembered. If genius be not true to itself, if in reckless sport it flings around the flowers and tendrils, how are we ever to look for a fruitage time?"*

I need not dwell on the eloquence and beauty of such passages, and her letters were filled with them. Mrs. Fletcher went to India, full of hope and belief—she thought she might do much good. These anticipations were fated to disappointment. The tomb has closed upon her warm and kindly heart. Better it should be thus.

"Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye."

* It is almost needless to say that the quotations are from Mrs. Hemans's

From the London Court Journal.

SAD THINGS.

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
Only for wantonness. WINTER'S TALE.

'Tis sad to see an old man weep
Whose tears are wrung from sorrow's deep;
'Tis sad to see the gallant bark
Of youth beset with billows dark;
'Tis sad to see our guests arrive,
And find the cook "refresh'd" at five;
'Tis sad to have to feign content,
Yet feel the wrongs we dare not vent;
Or wreath with smiles the fallen crest,
When grief is rankling in the breast:
'Tis sad proud indigence to see,
Plumed up in splendid misery;
'Tis sad to feel, at thirty-six,
That 'twill not answer to play tricks
With organs vainly called digestive,
Which fail on all occasions festive;
'Tis sad to hear at the dessert,
The approaching yells of urchins pert;
To have to smile, nor dare to flinch,
And fondle brats we long to pinch:
'Tis very sad to have to lend
Our money, and to lose a friend;
But sadder still to have to borrow,
And meet the promised day to-morrow:
'Tis sad to see a pretty girl,
Her lilies owe to paste of pearl;
Or venerable loveliness,
Betray its bloom by its excess:
'Tis sad to hear an awful sire,
What our intentions are, enquire;
'Tis sad to have to talk with fools,
The cant of circles, sects, and schools;
And stoop to kiss the crimson robe
Of good society——by Job!
'Tis very sad to be the slave
Of forms we hate, but dare not brave;
But sadder far than all on earth,
That ever dashed the smile of mirth,
To startled sorrow, is the sound
Appalling of the rattling mound—
The first cold clod that strikes the shell,
And drowns the mourner's last farewell. R. R. M.

From the London Literary Gazette.

HALLEY'S COMET.

The astronomers of this and other countries are now commencing a vigilant and penetrating scrutiny of that region of the heavens in which Halley's comet is expected to appear, in search of the first indications of its approach; satisfied, if they succeed, to register the circumstances of its faintest beam, for the purpose of confirming or correcting the predicted path. Its reappearance (whether dim or brilliant, whether perceived only by the few who possess good telescopes, or traced in its advance "to the forehead of our evening sky" by the many) will be welcomed by all, and hailed as another distinguished triumph of astronomical science.

The early history of this remarkable body may be traced, with some degree of probability, as far back as 130 years before the Christian era, when a comet is said to have appeared of considerable magnitude and brilliancy, shining with a bright-

ness which surpassed the splendour of the sun: it was supposed to have signalled the birth of Mithridates. There is reason to believe, also, that the comets which were seen in the years 323 and 399 were returns of the same body; in the latter year it is described as of prodigious magnitude and horrible aspect. In the years 550, 855, 930, and 1006, it probably was again observed;—in the latter year described as four times as large as the planet Venus. It was also visible in 1230, 1305, and 1380: at the second of these returns (1305) it was termed "*cometa horrenda magnitudinis*;" from whence it may be concluded that its aspect was then very conspicuous.

The several epochs at which these appearances were observed coincide with the time at which the comet might have been expected to return—its period being about 75 or 76 years. This coincidence is, indeed, the sole foundation of its identity to the period last mentioned (1380), leaving, however, several intermediate returns, in which it was not visible; or, at least, its visits unrecorded. The succeeding returns are free from doubt; observations having been made of the comet's path through the heavens, which furnish satisfactory evidence of its identity.

In the year 1456, the comet returned again, and was beheld by all Europe with fear and astonishment. The Turks were then engaged in a successful war, in which they destroyed the Greek empire; they, therefore, might have regarded it as an auspicious omen. The Christians thought that their destruction was portended by its appearance, especially as its tail was turned towards the east. The Pope Calixtus regarded it as at once the sign and instrument of divine wrath; he ordered public prayers to be offered up, and granted a year's indulgence to all who, at the tolling of the noon-bell, should say three pater-nosters and three ave-marias, to propitiate the mercy and forgiveness of Heaven. In this very circumstance originates the custom, still prevalent in catholic countries, of ringing the cathedral bells at noon. The popular terror can scarcely be wondered at, for the comet at that time exhibited a tail, curved like a sabre, 60 degrees in length, or two-thirds of the distance between the zenith and horizon: its whole appearance was described as singularly splendid, and of a vivid brightness. At this return it was in its most favourable position relative to the earth and sun for observation of its magnitude and brilliancy.

Its next visits were in the years 1531 (when it appeared of a bright gold colour) and 1607. In the latter year it pursued nearly the same apparent path through the heavens it is expected to traverse in the present year, namely, through Ursa Major, Boötes, Serpents, &c. In some accounts, its appearance on this occasion is described as pale and watery, in others dark and livid; and, according to some observers, as brilliant. The celebrated Kepler observed it on his return from a convivial party, on the 26th September: it had then the appearance of a star of the first magnitude. Longomontanus states, that its tail was more dense than the tails of ordinary comets. It continued visible about five weeks.

In the year 1682, the comet was observed in

England by Halley and Flamsteed; at Paris by La Hire, Picard, and Dominique Cassini; at Padua by Montonari, and at Dantzic by Hevelius; the latter speaks of it as not so large nor so bright as the comet of 1680, and describes it as having a nucleus of a gibbous figure, from which proceeded a bright beam or curved horn, and that its tail was 16 degrees in length. Other accounts describe the tail as extending 30 degrees, and the disc of the comet to have been round and clear as that of Jupiter. Hooke was able to trace it to the horizon at setting, notwithstanding "the smoke much thickened the air."

Subsequent to this return, in 1682, Halley's attention was directed to the periodicity of these bodies, and, from a comparison of the elements of various comets on record, he ventured to assert, that those which appeared in the years already specified were not different comets, but the same body returning at intervals of about 75½ years. He also predicted that the same comet would again appear about the end of the year 1758, or the commencement of 1759, the precise time being uncertain, from the amount of the perturbations the comet might meet with, in its course through the planetary regions, not being exactly known.

As the year 1758 approached, it may easily be supposed that the astronomers of that period looked forward to it with considerable interest. From the uncertainty just referred to, the situation of the comet in the celestial sphere could only be surmised: hence the labour and vigilance that was requisite in examining the heavens, probably through many months, lest the comet, with a dim and feeble light, should steal onwards in its course, and elude the anxious search of the curious observer. This, indeed, was nearly the case; for, while the celebrated professors of the science had been for many months watching without success, it was first seen by George Palitzsch, a farmer, near Dresden, on Christmas day, 1758. Two or three days afterwards it was also seen by an astronomer at Leipzig, who, while other continental observers were exploring quite a different quarter of the heavens, kept his knowledge of its return to himself. Messier, so celebrated as a successful discoverer of comets, who had ceaselessly been on the watch for it at Paris, did not detect it till the 21st January, 1759: the failure of this indefatigable observer may, in a measure, be traced to his superior, De Lisle, who had constructed a chart of its supposed course, which diverted the attention of Messier to a quarter of the heavens through which the comet did not pass. Although Pingré, La Lande, Le Monnier, La Caille, and all the astronomers of Paris, were diligently looking for it, De Lisle, influenced by a spirit of exclusiveness unworthy a philosopher, did not permit Messier to give notice of its return till the 1st April, when he could no longer retain the secret. The comet was afterwards recognised by various European observatories.

The position of the comet in the heavens, during this last return, was unfavourable for observation in these latitudes: when first observed by Messier, he took it for a nebula. At a subsequent period it was described as round, with a brilliant nucleus, well distinguished from the sur-

rounding nebulosity, but exhibiting no appearance of a tail. In the southern hemisphere, astronomers were more successful; as seen from Pondicherry and the Isle of Bourbon, it is stated to have appeared distinctly visible to the naked eye, and with a tail, varying in length, at different periods, from ten to forty-seven degrees.

The time of the completion of another period is again nearly arrived,—a period anxiously anticipated by a new race of astronomers, who, with accumulated experience, superior instruments, and improved methods of observation, watch for the earliest heralding of its approach, piercing as it were, the deep void, to search for the expected visitant, to track it along its azure road, and as it glides between the Charioteer of Heaven and the Celestial Twins, to circulate around the steady pole, the eyes of millions will be anxious to mark its course from star to star, as it moves magnificently sunward, as a monarch to his throne.

But will it return? and will it be visible? Some astronomers doubt whether it now exist at all, and consider that there are grounds to warrant the suspicion that the comet of Halley is entirely extinguished, dissipated, and its atoms scattered in space. Others, who believe that it will return, expect that its appearance will be unattractive, seen, perhaps, as a small nebula, to be detected only by the telescope. They believe, in fact, that this interesting body is wasting away, and so near to entire extinction, as to leave but little hope that its existence will be ascertained in a perceptible form in the year 1835. On the other hand, others are persuaded, and among these are the most distinguished in the science, that the comet will be discovered towards the latter end of the present month (August), or the commencement of the following: and anticipate, not a faint and nebulous patch, not a dim telescopic object, like the comet of Encke* or Biela, but an illustrious star, which, when at its nearest approach to the earth,† will shine with splendour, and exhibit a tail many millions of miles in length.

These speculations, founded on the variations observed in its aspect and lustre at its former visits, which have seemed to imply a gradual decay, will soon be put to the test: ephemerides of the comet are in the hands of every one, and even the non-proficient in the science, with a good telescope, may have (like the farmer of Dresden, who cultivated astronomy as well as his fields) the honour of the rediscovery of this celebrated comet. Already the eye surveys the region between Auriga and Gemini, believing that there

* This small comet, the Encke comet, is again close to the terrestrial orbit, on its way to the perihelion passage, but in such a position relative to the sun as will render it invisible.

† The comet will not approach nearer to the earth than about twenty millions of miles, this revolution, nor can it at any future return approach nearer than about five millions of miles.

‡ It would be erroneous to suppose these variations altogether physical changes in the constitution of the comet, and due to its position relative to the earth and the sun.

the spot is beheld in the blue fields of ether, from whence the comet of Halley is advancing to visit once more the fount of day.

JOHN THEODORE BARKER.

Deptford.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TENDER MERCIES.

That species of heart is not uncommon which Hood has described in one of his whimsical couplets:

"Indeed, to take our haberdashers' hints,
You might have written over it 'From Flints.' "

Every parish supplies its portraiture of the great world; every police office exhibits on its small stage the workings of the grand system of social misrule. The overseer of a parish in the city, (we ought to have taken note of his name), had the decency, the other day, to recommend a poor woman to *sell the body of her child to the surgeons*, when she had applied to him for the means of burying it. Mr. Laing of Hatton-garden, a few days afterwards, evinced precisely the same kind of sympathy for bereavement, the same sense of natural affection. A girl, about eighteen years old, was brought before him, charged with attracting persons to Clerkenwell-churchyard, by her melancholy moaning cries *over the grave of her father*. The constable found her kneeling on the grave, and crying, "Oh, my poor father!" He took her to the station-house, "where her grief did not cease the whole of the night." No, even the miserable cell, and its squalid drunken inhabitants, failed to console her. This is wonderful. To the magistrate she said: "I am very sorry if I have done wrong; I was only crying over my poor father's grave." Mr. Laing replied—"It is a most improper mode of giving expression to your grief, and I should recommend you to avoid it in future." He was humane enough, however, to discharge her, with the further warning, "Do not come here again under similar circumstances." This was the extent of his compassion for the wretched creature, as she left the office weeping bitterly. Not one word that could betray the smallest sensation of pity beyond these. The scene would work up effectively in a romance. Mr. Bulwer would extract a lesson from it that would outlive a hundred Laings.

In a case of theft, a week or two ago, the same magistrate, who is worth watching, asked a witness how long she was absent from the room in which she left the prisoner. The answer was, "About a minute; I do not think he had time to steal the spoon." The magistrate rejoined, "Don't you be *throwing impediments* in the way—the thing is clear enough; there was ample opportunity for him to take it." Impediments are unpleasant things to magistrates, but they will often occur in the course of enquiries into truth. They have led to many a cold dinner, or the loss of the first act of the comedy. Witnesses should be more considerate, and endeavour to hasten the conviction of prisoners.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE LIBRARY.

BY MRS. ADDY.

Oh! marvel not that day by day
I love to seek this quiet room,
Although the thoughtless and the gay
Deem it a haunt of lonely gloom.

The shelves around, whose crowded rows
Appear so dull and grave to thee,
To my enraptured sense disclose
A bright and goodly company.

Lessons of varied kinds they teach,
They tell me tales of former times;
Nay, oft assume the very speech
Of distant lands and foreign climes.

Nor strive they with officious zeal
My praise and notice to command,
Each with persuasive, mute appeal,
Invites my eye and courts my hand.

Sometimes a stranger I select,
On whom my eager gaze to bend,
Sometimes salute with fond respect
An old and well-remembered friend.

And many a friend surrounds me here
Of long-tried worth and changeless truth,
Some, my wise guides through life's career,
Some, the dear playmates of my youth.

Even in childhood's opening day
My shining toys I oft forsook,
And stole to solitude away,
To hold sweet converse with a book.

And, as new comprehension came,
More brightly glowed instruction's page,
And lighted with a steady flame
The path of my advancing age.

Most soothing then appears this scene,
Renewing fancies of the past:
Where knowledge has our first-love been
It seldom fails to be our last.

What varied claims invite my choice!
Historians here their records pour,
Statesmen contend with fluent voice,
Sages reveal their learned store;

Philosophers the secrets tell
Treasured by nature and by art,
Poets unfold with sweeter spell
The secrets of the human heart:

And writers purer, nobler yet,
Soaring all earthly themes above,
With faithful zeal before us set
The blessed truths of gospel love!

Such truths indeed one volume fill,
Our safeguard through this world of strife,
Beyond all works of human skill,
The Book of Wisdom and of Life.

Yet mortal skill each holy truth
May place in lights distinct and plain,
To fix the faith of timid youth,
And prove the sceptic's doubtings vain.

And mortal pen may well express
The fortitude that never faints,
The patience, peace, and holiness
Of God's own band, his chosen saints.

Encompassed by such spirits here,
Whose voices reach me from the dead,

Shall I desert this tranquil sphere,
And seek the trifling crowd instead ?

When o'er these volumes I have hung
A few absorbing hours, I then
With spirits braced, and nerves new strung,
Can go among my fellow men.

Secure that if ordained to meet
With disappointment, care, or pain,
I soon can seek my still retreat,
And greet my silent friends again.

Nay, smile not at my warmth—I deem
My loved pursuits of better worth
Than pleasure's spell, ambition's dream,
The praise of man, the pomps of earth.

Oh ! would that all who own their ties
The glittering thralldom could resign,
And learn to cherish and to prize
Such calm and peaceful joys as mine.

From the London Athenæum.

A Parallel of Shakspeare and Scott ; being the substance of three lectures on the kindred nature of their genius. London : Whittaker & Co.

Shakspeare and Scott are two of our chief benefactors ; they have diffused happiness and delight among ten thousand thousand firesides. They are always fresh, and ever new, and we welcome them in the twentieth reading as we welcome the summer sun which brings the same light and warmth to our old age as it did to our youth. They have peopled our fancies and memories with creatures more bright and natural than any other workers in "the art unteachable, untaught ;" and, amid all the discoveries and inventions of science—viz : flowered muslin, damasked silk, and tenpenny nails, manufactured by strength of steam—statues hewn by machinery—ships impelled against wind and tide by fire—men walking on the bottom of the sea, and women flying in the air—the inventions of Shakspeare and Scott are still the most wonderful, the most delightful,—we had almost said, the most useful. Watt, Arkwright, Fulton, Rennie, Telford, with the whole tribe of scientific benefactors, to whom be all honour, have smoothed our roads, shortened our journeys, brought distant lands to our door, clothed us in purple and scarlet and fine-twined linen, at little cost ; in short, have indulged us with the grosser realities of existence to overflowing ; but it required minds of a higher order to pamper and feed the imagination : for this Shakspeare and Scott had to make and create ; and as creators and makers, they are entitled to rank above all the mere discoverers that have flourished between the days of Jason and John Ross.

The little work before us is much to our taste ; we are on the author's side in almost all his opinions, and have long felt, that in command of human character, the magicians of the north and south have a strong resemblance. They were both great imitators, but not copyists. They ransacked written history and oral legend for plots, for incidents, for sayings, and for hints. They breathed life and feeling into the dead, and recalled the

heroes, the sages, the wits, and the beauties of their native land into existence, and shed such a charm over every scene, and gave such life to all, that the longest night seems short in their company. Their chief, nay, their humblest characters, are to us creatures of flesh and blood, of sentiment and of soul ; we cannot regard them as unembodied and unsubstantial ; yet, in our mind, there is a difference between the characters produced by Scott and Shakspeare. We speak but of our own sensations. The characters of the former seem so real that we number them amongst our acquaintance. On the banks of the Liddel we look for Andrew Dimont ; as we pass through Glasgow we peep into the salt market, with the hope of meeting Bailie Jarvie ; and when we visit Aberdeen, we expect to meet Dugald Dalgetty by the way. The characters of the latter seldom awaken such lively expectations,—and why ? They are more poetical ; they are purified more from the realities of life, and rise above ordinary sympathies. The drama, or at least poetry, requires this ; prose is of a lower order, and Scott moulded his characters accordingly. We never think of the heroes and heroines of Shakspeare but as creatures raised by imagination, from slender materials furnished by nature ; we can scarcely believe that beings so fair and so blameless as Imogen and Juliet could have existed, but we have seen something like Julia Mannering and Diana Vernon, and we imagine Sir Walter saw the rest.

Though we perceive this difference between the creations of Shakspeare and Scott, we have no wish to say, that because the latter refused to go to work like the former, he committed an error ; on the contrary, we regard it as a great excellence. We once heard Coleridge assert, that while Shakspeare drew all his characters from man in his unsophisticated nature, Scott was content to manufacture his from the callings and pursuits of life. This, we thought then, and think still, was unjust : not that the remark is without truth ; but our language and sentiments are coloured by our condition ; a soldier is distinguished not only by his look, but by his language, from a lawyer ; the manners of a rustic are not those of a courtier : we need not multiply instances ; it is enough that the characters of the great novelist are natural and unborrowed.

The taste of Scott was that of his times : the taste of Shakspeare was that of his times also : they both wrote for the world ; they walked the way they found the world walking ; they made no attempt to form new schools, and yet they are founders in the truest sense of the word. They both loved home subjects, and delighted in working up the ordinary occurrences of life or history, in a spirit and shape at once natural and national. It was the fault of Shakspeare's age to overrate rank and high descent, and to regard all as "base, common, and popular," beneath the condition of a gentleman. It was the glory of Scott's day to honour man as God made him ; to think with Burns, "a man 's a man for a' that," and to look with respect and affection on the humble children of the cottage. To this difference we owe the pie-coated fools and heroes of Eastcheap, and the

utter absence of the bold yeomen of England in the southern poet; and the presence of the Dinmotts, the Headrigs, and the Ochiltrees, in the novels of the bard of the north. Both poets were men of large soul and wide sympathy; but, were we to account for this difference by supposing that Scott had more of those qualities than Shakspeare, we should say more than we feel; yet it is not the less true, that our national dramatist has failed to give a faithful picture of social English life as it was in his day; he was more of a courtier, we fear, than Scott, and though a striker of deer himself, he had no hearty love for "Hob, Dick, and Hick, with clubs and clouted shoon," his country companions.

Shakspeare and Scott resemble each other too in never exhausting either subject or character, and in the full command they hold over both. That monster of wit, Falstaff, is evidently killed by his maker out of mere wantonness, and not because he was exhausted, for some of his latest sallies are his best: and we know that the author had to bridle in and restrain himself, both in Ochiltree and Dalgetty, lest their humours should overwhelm their companion characters. Their handling, too, is in the easiest and happiest manner imaginable; nor is their sense of propriety less visible than their ease; all is in its right place; nothing is out of keeping, and the unity of their performances is wonderful, since they seem not to have studied it. But a man who follows nature will seldom break rules, for rules came from nature; a truth acknowledged by Walpole, when he said, Gil Morice observed all the rules of Horace, but in such a way as showed that the writer had never heard of either Horace or his rules.

Of the three lectures which compose this volume, we like the first most; in it the author points out the chief characteristics of the genius of Scott, and how they assimilated or contrasted with those of Shakspeare; we can afford room for but a small portion of his interesting enquiry:—

"One of the chief attributes of the genius of Shakspeare, and that which has always been allowed him, under some mode of expression or another, is his *universality*. This term is of so comprehensive a nature, that you will, perhaps, be startled at my claiming the same excellence for Scott. I mean to express by it—the *power of identifying himself with every kind and condition of existence*. * * *

"This felicitous power of the mind has been the theme of panegyric with all the writers on Shakspeare, and in it we recognise the great charm of Scott's productions. Its great characteristic is fitness, and to its exercise we owe the admirable impersonations of both our authors: the splendid procession of princes, nobles, simple citizens and peasants, with all their general and particular attributes, each clothed in his proper garb, and each speaking the sentiments of his kind. Nor is this vivid and distinct representation confined to vague generalities or generic distinctions; it deals equally with individual features and specific differences—such as are to be found in the moral, as in the natural world.

"In this general sympathy with man in all his natural and social relations, we recognise the very essence of the dramatic character; and how it can be said that the genius of Scott is not dramatic, I cannot divine. His romances are dramas in every thing but the precise form.

"Nor is this sort of spontaneous metempsychosis confined to the moral condition of man, and his relations to external things; we may observe the exercise of the same *many*, or rather *every-sidedness*, in relation to things themselves,—the same fitness, propriety, and verisimilitude; and circumstances and scenes are ever as much before the mind of the reader as the persons who move in them. If this be conceded for Shakspeare—and I suppose we can bespeak nothing for his genius that will not be conceded—it is only necessary to call to mind such scenes in the most popular works of Scott as are presented in 'Old Mortality,' 'Marmion,' 'Ivanhoe,' and indeed any other. Or, to be more particular, take for example the magnificent opening of 'The Talisman'—the graphic scene in the desert, and the single combat of the two heroes of the tale. Or the escape of Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter from the sea, and ascent from the cliffs, in 'The Antiquary,' or the more familiar but spirited scene in the clock-smith's shop in Fleet street, in the commencement of the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' or the tragic end of the poor usurer Trapbois, in the same tale; or any other of those living pictures in which the actors, and the natural accompaniments, harmonise with the features of surrounding objects, like all the parts of the finest performances of the sister art.

"But the best test of this power of delineating the thoughts, actions, and passions, of human nature, in their various phases, is, as I have before hinted, to be found in the manner in which the same passions, the same virtues or vices, are made to operate differently in different persons, according to their several constitutional castes of character, situation in life, or other ruling circumstance. Take, for instance, in Scott, his various modifications of religious enthusiasm. In Beaumanoir, the rigid adhesion to prescribed forms, the devotion to the preservation of the privileges of his 'order,' a bigotry grounded in selfishness and constitutional soundness of heart. In the Abbot Eustace, the same objects operating with warm and kindly affections. The religious enthusiasm of David Deans again, is homely, steadfast, and patient in suffering. In Balfour, selfish, superstitious, and brutal. But we have in that *chef d'œuvre* of Scott, the tale of 'Old Mortality,' in illustration of this test of *universality*, a whole tribe of fanatics, in which the same general features are preserved with an individuality of form and colouring that makes each a distinct and perfect portrait; and the whole together, one of the finest exemplifications of the crimes and follies of men, who mistake the vain workings of their own imaginations, and the impulses of their own selfish passions, for the dictates of the divine spirit. The maniac Mucklewraith, the savage Bury, the gentle but energetic Macbrir; after these come the shallow and wordy Kettledrummy, and the prudent and conforming Poundtext: not to mention the well-imagined dogged ignorance of Mause, and the easy faith of Cuddie Headrig, whose religion rests upon the means of a comfortable subsistence, and deals rather in the realities of life, than the abstract question of doctrine and church government. In all these we recognise a certain individuality which make them species of the same genus; and all drawn with a correctness and force that is truly wonderful.

"Take again, for instance, his exemplifications of loyalty. I mean, by loyalty, a steady adherence to persons and opinions, regardless of the accidents of fortune; a virtue, so various in its character, as to seem in some cases like mere animal instinct; in others, a principle rising to the highest pitch of moral excellence. In Flora Mac Ivor, or Kenneth, or Sir Henry Lee, high-minded, disinterested, secret and valiant. In Leicester and Varney, base and selfish. In Caleb Balderstone, a warm and heartfelt, but almost brute impulse. In Andrew Fairservice, mercenary, cowardly and loose. In Dalgetty, crafty, calculating, and easily transferable. In

Wamba, (that prince of jesters,) fearless and romantic, and suiting the character of one of Scott's happiest creations. To all these you will find no parallel in our literature but in the writings of Shakspeare, who has, with the same power of universal sympathy, and the same discrimination, shadowed forth his living portraiture, different and yet the same. * * *

"Akin to what I have called the *universality* of Scott, which makes him, like Shakspeare, always at home, from the cottage to the throne, is his genius of *appropriation*. The happy use of the scattered materials of history and tradition, and of the popular poetry and superstitions of his day. * * Of the obligations of Shakspeare to contemporary literature, and of the freedom with which he seized upon every thing that turned to his own purpose, few persons can have any conception, who have not made themselves a little conversant with the labours of his numerous commentators. Whole passages from the chronicles, tales, songs, and popular works of the day, can be traced to their several sources; and much of the most admired dialogue of his most impassioned scenes, is a literal transcript from those authorities.

"To this power of *appropriation* we owe many of the beauties and excellences of both our authors."

All that we intended to do when we took up this volume, was to recommend it to our readers, after having transcribed one or two of its happiest passages as a specimen. We have exceeded this—and we are only prevented from doing more, from a feeling that we shall have an opportunity of discussing the matter more fully, when the promised life of Scott comes before us.

Critical Notices.

The Prisoner of War, a Novel Romance, by Edward Corbiere, of Brest.—[*Le Prisonnier de Guerre* &c.] Paris: Victor Magen. London: Bossange & Co.

Literary fiction, like every thing else in France, has yielded to the pressure of the revolution. Before that period, all human existence seemed to be concentrated upon the court and capital, and if beyond that circle there was any thing to describe, there was at least a universal opinion, that there was nothing worth description. Accordingly, one species of novel alone was cultivated, which consisted in representations of the corruption of Parisian life, and the vices of the aristocracy, and of all those who came within their influence. Love, degraded into intrigue, cold, heartless, and passionless, was the alpha and omega of the system; and nature, not expressly excluded, was simply unknown.

The revolution, in sweeping away the race of *petite maîtres*, and *marquis à talons rouges*, destroyed also the taste for the novels of Louis XV's reign. Crebillon, Marivaux, and Marmontel, (for the moral tales of the latter, however different in some respects, are still fundamentally of the same school,) became as obsolete as Rabelais, and the *Moyen de Parvenir*. Under the empire, a new state of society presented a new sphere for fictitious narrative; for mankind were then acting upon new views and new interests. But still the scene was confined to Paris, for the interior of provincial life as yet afforded nothing which, to the ignorance and superciliousness of the Parisian reader, could be rendered piquant in the delineation.

Then came Paul de Koch, whose success arose from a exquisite delineations of a particular nature. In his *studres of badauds and grisettes*, his fidelity and humour matchless; though, whenever he strays into drawing

rooms, or tries to describe rural manners, he is tame and mawkish. Lastly, the followers of Walter Scott have explored successfully the riches of their own national history, and have produced tales of romantic and anti-quarian interest, inferior only to those of the great original.

Passing over the novel of mere adventure, and turning away from the night-mare fancies of what may be called the guillotine school, we have yet to notice a sub-genre of French novel writing, of which Edward Corbiere has been an industrious illustrator: this is the novel of naval life. How far the resemblances held forth in these works are true to their originals, we are not enabled from personal experience to decide; but we have very generally missed in them that rich and racy individuality, which still gives us confidence in the pencilling of Smollet, and which is the charm of the dramatis personæ of Glasscock, Marryatt, and others of our own naval writers. The sailors of the French novelists have, to our apprehension, the effect of caricatures, or rather of extravaganzas, that may excite a smile, but beget no faith, and therefore sustain no attention.

It appears from the opening chapter of the novel before us, that the author has incurred reproach for the coarseness and savagery of his former representations: and he informs us, that, being desirous to steer clear (the phrase is german to the matter) of that fault, he has now attempted the more courteous, refined, and educated heroes of the modern quarter-deck. Notwithstanding, however, that Mons. Corbiere describes himself in his title-page as of Brest, we should be tempted to doubt of his having had any very close insight into the lives and sentiments of sea-going men. The traits which he puts forth are of the most general description, and might as well be guessed *à priori*, as collected from observation. Like every other seaman of French romance, Stephane, the hero of "*The Prisoner of War*," is a monster of uncalculating and daring courage; his exploits are all gigantically impossible, and his escapes more than miraculous: insomuch, that the writer appears to be aiming at a compensation for the national ill-luck on the watery element, by a display of individual and exceptional superiority. We regret to say, that "*The Prisoner of War*" is not calculated to do more than simply amuse; there is no stirring interest, no such delineations of character, or of passion, as are necessary to give a permanent value to works of imagination.—*Athenæum*.

Memorials of the Sea, by the Rev. W. Scoresby, B. D.

The writer has claims upon our attention; but this volume is, we regret to say, made up of a few fragments from his journals, with a great deal of small philosophy and very questionable religious doctrine. One direct object seems to have been, to recommend the observance of the Sabbath, by proving that it is *profitable*; and accordingly a sort of debtor and creditor account of experiences is kept to show, that what was lost by such observance, has been always more than compensated for. Surely this is a most degrading way of considering the subject, and it further, and almost necessarily, leads the author to discuss the question of a particular providence with offensive presumption. We must, too, enter our protest against such accounts as are here given of his interviews with Captain Stewart, (whose horrible murder of his crew will yet be fresh in the memory of our readers.) It is insulting to common sense, and doing religion unworthy wrong, to say that "the reflections and the devotions" of this convicted madman might "read a powerful and profitable lesson to many, who are already esteemed wise among Christians."—*Ibid*.

Character of Lord Bacon; his Life and Works. By Thomas Martin, Barrister at Law. Maxwell.

This little volume has pleased us extremely. It is a collection of personal notices illustrative of the character of Bacon, made from his letters, and woven, together with a popular account of his principal works, into a brief yet impressive narrative of his life. It is a highly interesting, able, and successful effort. Its criticism is invariably pleasing and scholarlike; while its selections from the correspondence present a series of such profound truths, as would be looked for in vain in any other autobiography. "Such letters as are written from wise men are of all the words of man, in my judgment, the best; for they are more natural than orations and public speeches, and more advised than conferences or present speeches. They are the best instructions for history, and, to a diligent reader, the best histories in themselves." This was Lord Bacon's own opinion. In himself, the wisest of men, it has found its most forcible illustration. —*Examiner*

Standard French works. Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient, (1832-1833,) ou Notes d'un Voyageur. Vol. II. Par M. Alphonse de Lamartine, Membre de l'Académie Française. En deux volumes. Edward Churton, Holles street; J. B. Baillière, 219, Regent street.

This volume completes De Lamartine's Travels in the East, which were commenced in the first one. This gifted French traveller has seen every thing with the eye of a poet, and not the less clearly on that account. Notwithstanding the glowing ardour of his expressions, his descriptions give us as faithful impressions as do those of the merest matter-of-fact writer, who ever measured distances, and chronicled the variations of a thermometer. There is some very heterodox, and, to an Englishman, unpalatable policy propounded, as regards the falling Turkish empire. We welcome this undertaking heartily, as it will serve to strengthen the literary communion between ourselves and the French, and this mutual knowledge of our talents will increase mutual respect, and, consequently, mutual good understanding. Mr. Churton could not have selected a better work wherewith to commence his laudable undertaking, in which, for many reasons, we wish that he may find general patronage, and an encouraging success.

Geology in 1835, a Popular Sketch of the Progress, leading Features, and latest Discoveries of this rising Science. By John Lawrence. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London.

This is but a small book, but very precious, from the condensed richness of its contents. We never before saw the whole scheme of modern geology so luminously and elegantly exemplified. There is as little of technical jargon in it as may be, yet it is highly scientific as well as beautifully written. On those points in which the author differs from Mr. Lyell, he is temperate and argumentative, and we are inclined to think him in the right. Whether our beautiful planet came into the state we now see it, by the long wearing effects of causes operating gradually and certainly under our immediate observation, or whether it was produced by an instantaneous and general convulsion, we have neither the limits, and, we candidly confess, the geological skill to determine. We incline to the latter opinion. But we believe that the question will not be satisfactorily determined until this still infant science has attained the strength and activity of adolescence. To all who may wish to acquire a short cut, a right royal road to the full understanding of the principles and the ends of geology, with very many too

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of its wonderful details, we strongly recommend this work. It should be read in schools.

A Twelvemonth's Residence in the West Indies during the Transition of Slavery to Apprenticeship. By B. R. Madden, M.D. 2 vols. [Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.]

There is as much amusement, and information also, in these two volumes, as could have been spun into three, had the ordinary book-making system been followed; but Dr. Madden has done well and wisely in concentrating, and thus making every page tell something that we like, or something that we ought, to know. Doctor Madden went out as one of the stipendiary magistrates, and consequently had great opportunities of observing the effects produced by the transition from slavery to apprenticeship amongst the negroes. His opinion most decidedly is, that *immediate emancipation* would produce better results than the present system of apprenticeship; he does not appear so averse to apprenticeship if it were, or were likely to be, carried into effect fully, fairly, and in its genuine spirit; but he assigns various reasons why this has not been, and cannot (under existing circumstances) be the case. He desires that total abolition and payment of compensation money should be simultaneous. It is not easy to glean from these volumes facts whereon those who are interested in the question can only form their own opinion, for people cannot be expected to relinquish or exchange property upon the opinion of others; but to the generality of readers the "Residence" is no less interesting on this account. The sketches of living manners are vivid and picturesque: the original negro letters inimitable. The specimens of negro oratory quite unique; indeed, we know of nothing more original than Mathews's cunning speech, commencing—

"Well, Massa, since de day me born, me always live like a good neger, and a perfect Christian on Salisbury plain."

SUBMARINE RESEARCH.

A visit to the bottom of the "deep, deep sea," and a voyage through the realms of air, would seem likely to become as easy of accomplishment, by means of Deane's diving apparatus and the aerial ship, as a trip to France by steam.

Mr. Deane, the inventor of the diving apparatus, has opened an exhibition at that focus of sights, 209 Regent street, of some of the various spoils that he has rescued from Neptune's kingdom, together with his diving dress and apparatus. The room is lined with pictures, showing the different operations he has carried on under water, and the simple machinery by which he is enabled to effect them; and the sides of the floor, made to represent the bed of the ocean, are strewn with the fragments of wrecks. The only valuable trophy exhibited is one of the brass guns, a four-and-twenty pounder, brought up by Mr. Deane from the wreck of the Royal George, lying in seventy-two feet of water. Mr. Deane has not only recovered anchors and cargoes of sunken ships, but he has succeeded in raising a foundered vessel (the sloop Endeavour), which has since been repaired fit for sea. The utility of the apparatus in enabling architects and engineers personally to inspect the foundations of piers, docks, &c., and to effect slight repairs under water with perfect ease and safety, is evident. It must entirely supersede the diving bell; indeed, it is a *diving bell for the head*.

Mr. Deane, who attends the exhibition, says that he feels no inconvenience when under water: he is well wrapped in flannel underneath a waterproof dress, and is protected from the pressure of the water on the chest

by a stiff belt; so that he feels neither cold nor difficulty of breathing. The light under water is of a greenish hazy hue, and sufficient to see a few feet round. At first he carried a lantern, which was supplied with air from that which he had respired; but he has since dispensed with it, and the foul air escapes round the shoulders of the helmet. The air-pump is in a vessel above, to which is attached a rope of wooden ladder, and a guide-rope to prevent the diver from wandering too far away. He ascends and descends through the surrounding water with the same ease as above ground. This apparatus might be employed with great advantage in the pearl fishery—coral and rare shells might be procured *ad libitum*. The diver's occupation is not gone, but only agreeably-facilitated.

SALT'S EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Messrs. Sotheby's nine days' sale of these interesting remains, which ended on Wednesday, having naturally attracted the attention of scholars, antiquaries, and the public in general, we have made a point of copying a few of the most striking articles from the catalogue, with their prices and destination.

Lot 23. A statue of Osiris, with a roll of papyrus at the back, 2l. 2s.

60. A necklace of thirty-nine large beads of bright blue porcelain, fastened with gold, 14l. 10s.—Thebes. Mr. Hawkins. (who bought throughout for the British Museum.)

74. An agate cylinder, engraved, representing a Persian king in a triumphal car, shooting at a lion, 22l.—Lower Egypt. Mr. Hawkins.

84. A curious altar of eleven pieces, with a line of hieroglyphics on each piece, 48l. 6s. Mr. Hawkins.

133. Statue of a kneeling female in calcareous stone, sixteen inches high, the only statue that has been found as yet in the city of Aletheus, Ελθεύς, 20l. 8s. Lord Prudhoe.

149. Mummy of a small child, in case, 36l.—150. Mummy of a female of high quality, in case, 105l. Mr. Hawkins. The latter was beautifully ornamented; and was represented externally with many rings on her fingers and thumbs.

283. A papyrus in hieroglyphic character, highly ornamented with figures of divinity, &c., 168l.—Thebes. Mr. Stevens.

298. The mummy of a priest, 15l. 15s.

343. A pair of eyes, set in bronze, taken from a mummy, 6l. 8s.—Memphis. Mr. Rogers.

351. A scarabeus of lapis lazuli, set in a gold ring, 5l.—Memphis. Mr. Cohen.

397, 399, 402. Curious bronze statues from Thebes: small sums.

403. An offertory, containing twenty-six pieces from a tomb in Abydos, 42l. 5s. Mr. Hawkins.

404. A water bottle and bowl from the same tomb, 10l. 10s. Mr. Cuerton.

408. A king's hatchet, silver and alloy handle, 52l. 5s.—Thebes. Mr. Hawkins.

409. A dagger, silver and ivory handle, 25l. 10s. Mr. Cuerton.

438. A female mummy, in a case of composition, 17l.

513. The model of a boat, as represented in a funeral procession, 77l. 4s.

514. Another nearly similar model, 82l.

515. Model of an Egyptian house, with court-yard, 84l.

The above three lots are all from the same tomb, and were purchased by Mr. Hawkins.

580. A Græco-Egyptian male mummy, 13l. 5s. Mr. Hawkins.

658, 661, 662, 664. Various and curious seats from the tombs of Thebes. Mr. Hawkins.

722. A Græco-Egyptian mummy, 4l. 10s. Mr. Pettigrew.

723. A wooden sarcophagus, 10l. 10s. Mr. Pettigrew.

764. A solid silver statue of Jupiter Ammon, eight and a half inches high, 105l. Mr. Hawkins.

822. A papyrus from Thebes, in Hieratic characters, 12l. 12s. Mr. Payne.

827, 828. Two rolls of papyrus from Thebes; and 829, a perfect papyrus in Hieratic character, beautifully figured in black, 91l. Mr. Fentall.

838. A statue kneeling, in basalt, thirteen inches high, from the temple of Bubastes, in Lower Egypt, 60l. Sir C. Greville.

839. The bust of a colossal statue of Rameses the Great, in hard calcareous stone, 100l. Mr. Hawkins.

852. The mummy of a royal personage, in two cases, a very fine specimen, 320l. 5s. Mr. Hawkins.

927. A painted box, with hieroglyphics on the cover, 20l. 5s.—Thebes. Lord Prudhoe.

954. A Greek epistolary papyrus, 35l.—Memphis. Mr. Hawkins.

1078. A small figure of a monkey, partly engraved, partly covered with gold, 4l.—Thebes. Mr. Rogers.

1084. A mirror of mixed material, with an ebony handle, in bas relief, 29l.—Memphis. Lord Prudhoe.

1125. A Græco-Egyptian male mummy, 27l. Mr. Stevens.

1169. Mummy of a dancing girl, 28l. 5s. Mr. Hawkins.

	£	s.	d.
First day's sale,	596	11	6
Second do.	869	16	0
Third do.	536	0	6
Fourth do.	628	16	0
Fifth do.	544	19	6
Sixth do.	1786	10	6
Seventh do.	726	17	6
Eighth do.	837	0	0
Ninth do.	606	6	0
Total,	£7132	17	6

POLITICAL CARICATURES.

HB's last batch is a very amusing one. "The triumph of Forensic Eloquence," is one of his happiest sketches, both in the idea and its execution. Sir Charles Wetherell, in a triumphal chariot, accompanied by his colleague Mr. Knight, is leading the Duke of Wellington captive in the chains of his eloquence. Sir Charles's costume displays that hiatus between the upper and nether garments that is the peculiar characteristic of his lax habits; and his wig is crowned with bays. The duke, with downcast eyes and fettered hands, follows, meekly bending with submissive admiration. Mr. Knight eyes the captive through his glass; but Sir Charles scarcely deigns to throw a leer of recognition, and holds his countenance with Roman self-command. The very horses (which are admirably drawn, by the way) have a lordly air; and a close inspection of the heads will satisfy the curious of their individual resemblances. Fame, blowing two trumpets (the Tory press), precedes the conquerors.

"The Derby Dilly taken in tow by the Patent Safety" is a capital hit at the isolated position of those two trimmers, Peel and Stanley. The Derby Dilly, empty and shabby, has been deserted by its coachman and cad; and is dragged along by Peel's Patent Safety, with one poor miserable hack,—just as we see the mail-coaches, of a morning, being taken to be repaired. The Patent Safety is passengerless; except that the driver of the Dilly has got on the roof to keep company with his brother in misfortune, its coachman Peel; and the Derby cad has taken his seat on the dickey,—intimating, we may suppose,

that it's "all dickey," as the slang phrase runs, with poor Sir James.

HB's graphic illustration of the nature of "Normal Schools" is droll enough. Joseph Hume is receiving an initiatory lesson in the study of the graces, from a spider-limbed cutter of capers: but though Joseph has caught up his coat-tails to give an air of lightness and elegance to his movements, his head seems busied with other figures than those of the dance. Another still more ungainly pupil, in the back-ground, exhibits in his attempts at saltatory grace that attitude most common to those paper figures whose movements are regulated by a string between the legs. Lord Brougham, seated at the side of the performance, by his applause encourages the students: but in this department the efforts of the school-master seem likely to prove abortive.

O'Connell, who, since our last notice of HB's sketches, has figured as a Roc bearing off in his claws Lord John Russell,—now blazes forth as the approaching comet, with a tail whose luminousness hardly allows us a sight of its component parts. Ireland is in flames, and England too has caught fire from a whisk of the celestial agitator.

From the London Spectator.

NEW MUSIC.

Ten New Songs and two Vocal Duets.—By Thomas Moore, Esq.

The functions of the poet and the musician have long been exercised separately, though it had been well for the interest of the sister arts if they had been more frequently united. Music was once in favour with our poets: Shakspeare has recorded his attachment to Dowland, and Milton his friendship for Lawes; and it was reserved for their humble successors to speak of the musician's labours with uniform indifference or contempt. In many instances this has been deserved. Nearly two centuries ago, it was said by one of the best melodists of his time, "The way of composition I cheerfully profess, which is to shape notes to the words and sense, is not hit by too many; and I have been often sad to observe some otherwise able musicians guilty of lapses and mistakes in this way;" and the complaint may be made with too much justice at the present moment, when words frequently seem as if they had been adapted to notes almost at random, rather than prompted by the inspiration of poetry.

Mr. Moore, in some of his former publications, occasionally resumed the ancient functions of the bard, and gave vocal expression to his own poetry; but the present work is entirely his own. He has not disdained to court each of the "sphere-born, harmonious sisters," if not with equal success. But his musical knowledge, though limited, has eminently contributed to his success as a lyric writer; it is only thus that we can account for the fact that his poetry of this class is uniformly most happily fitted for vocal expression, and therefore eagerly sought after by the musician. Many otherwise beautiful songs are destitute of this character: however well they read, they are often incapable of being well set. Should any lines unapt for musical expression creep into Moore's songs, he discovers and rejects them; and hence they stand forth perfect models of their class.

His musical knowledge is not profound, but it is sufficient for his purpose; and probably his metre and his melody spring up together. The latter is always simple, frequently graceful, though seldom original. He never ventures beyond his depth, or attempts a pedantic display of musical erudition. Every word has its proper emphasis and meaning; and the songs may be sung with even more expression than they could be recited. Walzer's commendation of one "who had newly set a song of his," may be justly applied to Moore:—

"Others with division hide
The light of sense, the poet's pride;
But you, my friend, may justly boast
That not a syllable is lost."

The subjects of the songs are various:—

"Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre."

These various subjects are treated with the power and the grace which so eminently adorn and distinguish our author's lyric poetry; which, as usual, has also the impress of a mind well stored with the literature of the East, as well as that of Greece and Rome.

"Dark was the Night," Ballad—"A Parting Blessing," Chorus. By John Thomson.

These pieces form part of the music in the *Shadow on the Wall*, an afterpiece produced this season at the English Opera-house. They afford additional evidence of Mr. Thomson's ability as a dramatic writer; and display, in very different ways, the power of associating appropriate and descriptive music to poetry. The chorus is singularly graceful and pleasing. We are happy to learn, from the *Chronicle*, that Mr. Thomson's talent is again put in requisition by the manager of the English Opera-house; where our prediction respecting the fate of the *Vampire* was very speedily accomplished.

"Send around the Ruby Treasure."—By L. Spohr.

This is the fine bass song from *Faust*, "Stille noch diess Wuthverlangen," which Lablach sung with such effect at the Philharmonic. It is here turned into a drinking song, and therefore materially damaged,—the music befitting the dark character and purpose of *Mephistopheles*, and not the joyous exhilarations of the festive board.

"La Verginella è simile alla rosa."—Canzonetta by P. Cianchettini.

These beautiful lines of Ariosto, which in their original or translated form have attracted the attention of musicians of all countries, were set by Byrde, and form the poetry of the first madrigal by an English writer. They will afterwards be found in the *Beggar's Opera*, in the song "Virgins are like the fair flower," adapted to a delightful air of Purcell's; then in Spohr's *Azor and Zemira*, to whose music Tom Moore wrote the song "Rose of the desert;" and now Cianchettini has made them the subject of a canzonet. The attempt is not a very successful one, and discovers no musical power at all commensurate with that of the poetry. The passages are trite, and the (so called) ornaments are more adapted for instrumental than vocal effect.

The Germ of fine Pianoforte-playing.—By J. D. Rohlfs.

Mr. Rohlfs, though a resident in England, retains his German abhorrence of the superficial mode of instruction which prevails too generally in this country. Like all the elementary works of his countrymen, this proceeds by slow and cautious steps, "line upon line, and precept upon precept." Page after page is allotted to the development of the same principle; and, unquestionably, for those who wish to acquire musical knowledge, this is the plan to be pursued. But this is scarcely a desideratum with the majority of our pianoforte players, whose views seldom extend beyond the power to play a few popular airs which they have previously heard at the opera-house or the theatre. The sum of musical knowledge necessary to acquire this facility is very scanty, and often does not embrace even the power of distinguishing between the major and minor modes, or the separate intervals in the diatonic scale. To this class

of learners Mr. Rohlf's book will be useless; but to those who desire to acquire the power of correct reading as well as of correct fingering, and who wish to combine some musical knowledge with the mechanical power of exercising their fingers on the keys, it will be a valuable source of instruction.

Notabilia.

NORTHERN EXPEDITION.—M. Gaynard, surgeon and naturalist to the expedition sent by the French government to discover the fate of the *Lilloise* and her crew, commanded by M. Jules de Blosseville, has sent word to his employers that the information collected in Iceland leaves but little hope of attaining the object of the expedition. Besides what he retains on board, M. Gaynard hopes to send forward to the Jardin des Plantes numerous treasures in natural history. He also makes daily meteorological observations, and has ascertained that a period of unusually cold weather occurred in Iceland at the time that the United States suffered from a remarkably low temperature.

THE CHAMELEON.—Dr. Duvernoy, Professor of Zoology at Strasburg, is said to have made some interesting observations on the mode of nourishment peculiar to the chameleon, of which there is a living specimen at that place. It never drinks, but feeds on flies and spiders, and is very fond of butterflies. Its tongue will seize its prey more than a foot distant! but the mechanism which enables it so suddenly to dart forth and draw back this organ, yet remains to be discovered.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.—M. Gruithuzen, the well-known astronomer of Munich, has declared, that in the short period of 1,050,000 years from the present time, our globe will be absorbed by the sun, and thus consumed by solar fire.

LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.—Mr. Thorpe has just published a select catalogue of books on sale, under the title of *Bibliotheca Selecta; a Catalogue of the choicest and most rare collection of Books ever offered for sale*: which is truly worthy of its title, and contains some nice picking for the lover of rare books. The antiquarian may thence store his shelves with complete sets of the publications of the Bannatyne and Roxburghe clubs, and with some choice volumes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Among the rarest of the early poetry is a copy of the modern Greek poem of the *Theacis, sive de Nuptiis Theae et Amilie*, which has been by some supposed to be the original of the *Theseid* of Boccaccio, on which Chaucer formed his *Knight's Tale*. The historian will also find in Mr. Thorpe's catalogue some valuable articles, particularly those relating to the early history of America; among which we may mention, as a singular curiosity, three editions of the original letter of Columbus, giving an account of his discoveries; and the artist will be delighted to see a fine copy of the illustrations of the Apocalypse, by Albert Durer, and one of the most magnificent collections ever formed of the works of De Bry; the latter in thirty volumes, folio. We may also mention as great curiosities, a copy of the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, and the large collection by Haslewood, of works relating to the history of the English stage.

RAILWAYS.—Railways, we observe, are becoming the fashion in Ireland, as well as in England. "Hurried forward by the agency of steam," observes the writer of a description of the line of rail road from Dublin to Kingstown, "the astonished passenger glides, like Asmodeus, over the summits of the houses and streets of our city—suddenly is transported through green fields and tufts of—then skims across the surface of the sea, and

taking shelter under the cliffs, coasts among the marine villas, and through rocky excavations, until he finds himself in the centre of a vast port, which unites in pleasing confusion the bustle of a commercial town with the amusements of a fashionable watering place!" Sure enough, as the song says—

"Soon the rail roads will be
Over land, and over sea!
When the science of steam has so far got,
At noon you may dine
With a friend on the Rhine,
And sup with the Nabob of Arcot."

MR. BANIM'S BENEFIT.—There was a performance at our theatre last night for the benefit of poor Banim, the author of the *O'Hara Tales*, who has been for some weeks in this city in a state of extreme physical debility. All parties cordially united on this occasion to testify their esteem and sympathy for the suffering author. The lord-lieutenant and a considerable number of the leading gentry were present. The house was very well filled. The profits of the benefit will be about 200l.—*Dublin Correspondence.*

EDINBURGH REVIEW AND MRS. BUTLER'S AMERICAN JOURNAL.—This is an excellent number, though it contains a good deal of Jacobinical and republican cant on the subject of the Irish church. These writers have no more feeling for religion than they have for a steam engine; they consider one to be a machine of commerce, and the other a machine of state. There is a strong twang of deism in these Edinburgh writers, and their scepticism approaches nearly to infidelity. Among the many articles this number contains, there is a very pleasant and good natured review of Mrs Butler's "American Journal." The work itself is a silly, conceited, vulgar piece of trash; but the reviewers have overlooked all its faults, and found out some beauties which have escaped us in the disgusting mass of its vanity and bad taste.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

MATHEWS'S LIBRARY.—Bibliographers heap up books and know not who shall gather them. Here is a catalogue from Mr. Sotheby, announcing that the miscellaneous and dramatic library of the deceased CHARLES MATHEWS is next week coming to the hammer, with his engraved theatrical portraits, his autograph letters, and his collection of theatrical relics; all brought together by their late possessor with care, judgment and expense, to gratify his taste; capable of illustrating the history of the stage and the biographies of its heroes; and now—if each lot should find a separate purchaser—about to be scattered in nine hundred and ninety-six directions. *Sic transit gloria bibliothecæ.*

DUEL.—A meeting took place on Wednesday evening at Battersea-fields, between R. J. Mackintosh, Esq., attended by Major-General Sir John Campbell, and William Wallace, Esq., attended by Dr. Richard Burke. The word having been given, Mr. Mackintosh's pistol missed fire, and Mr. Wallace fired in the air. A second fire took place without effect, and the parties, after a mutual explanation, shook hands. The affair arose out of certain passages in Mr. Mackintosh's *Life of his Father*, impugning (though not by name) the conduct of Mr. Wallace.

MENAGERIE ELOQUENCE.—"The lonely genuine specimen in the universal globe of the East Indg rhinoceros, wot was cotched on the top of the North Pole, by Captain Ross; and of the vunderful hoorang hootang as valloped three Hottenpots in Wan Demon's Land, and was only captured arter it had drink't three gallons of rum toddy."—*Camberwell Fair.*

MRS. SOMERVILLE.—Even in the lowest class of rustic geniuses there is some stimulus of ambition and companionship: boys applaud and encourage one another: a girl usually hides her occupations. Ferguson was nothing to Mrs. Somerville. Imagine a pretty young

woman—the darling of a family, addicted to the gay life usual to idle people in a large city, liked as well as admired by every one, only chidden sometimes by her relations for reading too much, and told how unamiable it was to be a blue-stocking—stealing away into her solitary chamber, to pore unaided over the difficulties of geometry and algebra, and commune with the stars. How deep, how generous and beautiful, was the enthusiasm of that young mind!—how clear and ardent the spirit, that would “scorn delights, and live laborious days,” for no reward but the pleasure of exercising its strong energies!—how lofty that pure ambition, which was content with victory, and required not applause!—*Thoughts on the Ladies of the Aristocracy.* [Victory is not the word, it is too vulgar for its place—too vulgar for application to the object of Mrs. Somerville—*knowledge* is the simple and appropriate word.]

ELEVATION EXTRAORDINARY.—On Tuesday se’nnight, as an elderly and very stout lady from Manchester, was passing the bonded warehouse, No. 112, Bath street, Liverpool, she set her foot within the noose of the hoisting rope, which, being suddenly set in motion, the noose took a tight grasp of her leg, and she was drawn up, head downwards, to the height of three or four stories. The vociferous calls of the spectators below, at length induced the labourers at the winch to reverse their motion, and the lady was released from her very disagreeable and dangerous situation, without sustaining any other injury than that arising from the stricture of the rope, and the agitation incident to so sudden and unexpected an elevation.

A NEW WAY OF APPLAUDING A PUBLIC SPEAKER.—At a late public meeting, one of the orators addressed the assembly as follows:—“My dear brethren, it has been the usual custom for an audience to testify their approbation of the speaker by clapping of hands, but I beg to recommend for your adoption a new method of clapping, less tumultuous and more pleasing: when you leave this place, clap your hands into your pockets and clap your money into the plate to receive it, and the Lord give it his blessing.” The address had the desired effect.

TARLING’S METALLIC INK.—The chief objection to that useful invention, the steel pen, is that the ink does not flow so freely as from the quill: in other respects, it must be admitted that it possesses superior advantages. To obviate this defect, Mr. Tarling has prepared an ink, which we have made trial of, both for writing and drawing, and the result is highly satisfactory. It flows perfectly free while a drop remains in the pen, and when dry, it is beautifully black and indelible. For pen and ink sketches it will be found particularly useful.

LORD AND LADY KING.—Lord King and his bride (“Ada” Byron) have taken a cottage near Porlock, in Somersetshire, for their honey-moon residence. It is situated in a romantic spot near the cliff of Culbone, where the noble lord has always been a great favourite among his tenantry. The bride and bridegroom were received by the whole population with great and heart-firm rejoicings.

MUSICAL TASTE.—A clever caricature has lately appeared, representing a young lady (at her piano-forte) and her cockney beau, between whom the following dialogue takes place:—*Lady.* Pray, Mr. Jenkins, are you musical? *Gentleman.* Vy, no, miss; I am not musical myself, but I have a very hexcellent snuff-box vot is.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Mr. Tinker, one of the American missionaries, has established a newspaper at Honolulu, on the island of Oahu. This town of Honolulu is said to contain 7000 inhabitants, and is the regal residence. The missionaries have three presses at this place.

A RELIC.—A most elegant relic of the time when Ebor owned the Roman’s away, was recently turned up between York and Dringhouses, a site rich in Roman remains. It is a signet of iron, contained in a case of silver, or some mixture of which silver constitutes the

principal part. Its form is as near as possible that of the fashionable eye-glass of the present day, neatly engraven, and the rivets are of brass. It has a ring at the top, by which it has in all probability been attached to a chain, and thus worn as an ornament. On the obverse is a striking profile of Flavius Domitian, with the inscription “Flavius Domit,” and on the reverse is a man on horseback, the animal in a trot, and a man elevating a whip, seemingly in the act of urging it forward, with the motto, “Homo et Equus.” Flavius Domitian was the second son of Flavius Vespasian, who reigned from A.D. 81 to 96, in which year he was assassinated, so that the signet, it is likely, is between 1700 and 1800 years old, and yet the letters and every part of the engraving are distinct and perfect.

By a royal ordonnance, a professorship of pathological anatomy is established in the faculty of medicine at Paris, for the establishment of which a legacy of 200,000 francs was left by the late Baron Dupuytren.

Advices just received from the Cape of Good Hope, state that Sir Benjamin D’Urban, the governor, had succeeded in taking from the Caffres 7,000 square miles of their territory, which were to be added to the colony, and to be designated as the Province of Queen Adelaide.

BRITISH SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.—Dublin presents a gay scene at present. The association commenced its meetings on Monday last. The town is quite enlivened by the presence of a great number of strangers, and several Irish gentlemen, who, availing themselves of the present occasion to revisit Dublin, were welcomed most warmly by their countrymen; amongst these, Mr. Thos. Moore and Dr. Lardner (who arrived on Saturday) attracted particular attention, and were cordially complimented. The number of gentlemen who have become members amount to about 1,500. When Thomas Moore’s name was mentioned as a candidate, the provost, the president of the British association, rose at once and proposed the poet, without the usual formalities or fees. The nomination was seconded by 100 voices, and carried with acclamation. The sectional proceedings have hitherto been most interesting: while, at the feasts, orangemen, liberals, and catholic priests, have met and mixed together without the slightest explosion. The lord lieutenant has been every where well received. The *Athenaeum* of Saturday, after an excellent account of the proceedings, gives a pleasant anecdote.—“While an English gentleman was admiring the portraits in the dining hall of Dublin college, an old woman, who was scrubbing the tables, threw down her brush, and volunteered to act as his *cicerone*. ‘Him above there’s Harry Grattan: God be good to his sowl,’ said she, pointing to the first portrait; ‘and that next is poor Lord Kilwarden, who was killed by mistake entirely; and there’s Hussey Burgh, and a mighty great spaker he was, by all accounts; and there’s Lord Downes, and Lord Avonmore, and Mr. Flood. Now, sir, you must know, that Mr. Flood and Mr. Grattan used to be always fighting in the house of commons, so, when they hung them up here, they put four judges between them to keep the peace.’”

Among the Speakers, Colonel Dick of New Orleans, offered himself to the attention of the company, and on the part of his country, thanked the meeting. An observation in reference to America, which was made this evening, attracted his attention. It went to show that Americans were not considered so distant as foreigners by Irishmen—(hear and cheers.) A similar feeling, he was happy to be enabled to say, existed in the new world towards Ireland—(applause.) America was making great strides in literature and the sciences. Such an association as this was well calculated to stimulate her sons to greater and more strenuous efforts—(hear.)

A QUAKER WOUND.—In April 1812, one of our officers got a musket-ball in the right ear, which came out at the back of the neck; and though, after a painful illness, he

recovered, yet his head got a twist, and he was compelled to wear it looking over the right shoulder. At the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, (having been upwards of three years with his neck awry,) he received a shot in the left ear, which came out within half an inch of his former wound in the back of the neck, and it set his head straight again!

The individual so wonderfully cured of stiff-neckedness is stated to be Lieut. Worsley, still living, a prosperous gentleman, in Nottinghamshire.—*Kincaid's Random Shots.*

AN ENGLISHMAN'S WHIM.—The late Mr. Norris, of Nonsuch house, near Bromham, was the last of the highly respectable Wiltshire family of that name, which had inhabited Nonsuch for a century and a half. The deceased had, a great number of years ago, been troubled with erysipelas in his face, and the operation of shaving was attended with so much pain, that he at last determined to allow his beard to grow, and it eventually hung on his chest. Naturally bashful, he was now averse to any one seeing his person: he entirely secluded himself from society, and saw no one but his housekeeper, and her but a very few minutes at a time. He lay in bed during the day, and roamed about his grounds or read during the night. He took his meals in the kitchen, but no one saw him eat. A short time before the servants retired to rest (at which hour he usually got up,) they placed a kettle of water upon the fire, and some milk and bread and butter on the table in the kitchen, of which he partook, and on their rising in the morning he went to bed. For several years previous to his death he became utterly regardless of personal cleanliness; though possessed of great wealth, he clad himself in rags, and scarcely ever consented to a change of linen. The drawing-room, it is said, had not been unlocked for ten years preceding his death. He had a good library, and was fond of reading in his early years. We have heard that he was a great botanist.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.—Upwards of 3,000 tons weight of earth fell down at a quarry near Bolton, on Friday week, the property of Mr. Ainsworth, M. P. The workmen escaped by shortly before having noticed the fissure in the headland. Geologists are at work to ascertain the cause of this accident.

MR. CAMPBELL IN PARIS.—On Tuesday last the Polish Literary Association of Paris gave a public dinner to Mr. Thomas Campbell, the poet. It was numerously attended. Prince Czartoryski was in the chair. The prince, after dinner, prefaced the toast of Mr. Campbell's health by a recital of all the obligations which the cause of Poland had owed to the pen and the zeal of their illustrious guest. Mr. Campbell returned thanks in French, in a speech that produced the warmest emotion. He congratulated his brave friends, on finding that in the depth of their misfortunes they had not abandoned themselves to despair, and he exhorted them still to look forward to the resurrection of their sacred cause, and to the day of their deliverance. Sir Grenville Temple was present, and his health was drunk as a known and proved friend to the Polish cause.

SAVINGS' BANKS.—The minister of commerce has addressed a circular to the prefects, urging them to encourage the system of savings' banks, to which a late law had granted several additional advantages. At the beginning of 1833 there were only 19 savings' banks, which at present amount to 126 regularly authorised, and applications for 36 more are under consideration. The minister desires the prefects to make a report to him of such towns of their several departments where banks may be established, and gives instructions as to their management.

MICE.—A farmer of Beame, who kept his corn on an unboarded floor, found it constantly devoured by mice. To remedy this, he plunged a number of earthen pots

into the earth, all round the heap of corn; he filled them half full of water, and, being varnished withinside, when the mice came to drink they slipped in and were drowned. In the space of two months he thus destroyed 14,500.

INFERNAL MACHINE.—An exhibition of considerable interest at the present moment, has opened in the metropolis—a fac-simile of the "infernal machine," and a couple of wax figures of Gerard; one before and the other after the explosion. The machine is beautifully made, and correct even to the want of a touch-hole; and altogether well worthy a visit.

THE VESSEL-FISH.—According to the Paris papers, some curious experiments have lately been made at St. Ouen, near Paris, with a submarine vessel, the invention of M. Villeroi, the engineer. The vessel is of iron, and of the same shape as a fish of the cetaceous tribe. Its movements and evolutions are performed by three or four men, who are inside, and who have no communication with the surface of the water, or the external air. With this machine, navigation can be effected in spite of currents, any operations may be carried on under water, and it may be brought to the surface at will, like an ordinary vessel. It was with a machine similar to this, that the project was formed in 1821, for getting away Napoleon from St. Helena.—The Société Générale des Naufrages (protector, the king) has appointed Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, Count Godde de Liancourt, the Baron de St. Denis, and Dr. Daniel St. Antoine, to report on the experiments shortly to be made at St. Ouen.

MANUFACTURE OF PORCELAIN.—The Society for the encouragement of National Industry in France, has voted a gold medal, of the second class, to MM. Grouvelle and Honore, for their method of drying the clay used in the manufacture of porcelain and pottery, by pressure; M. Brongniart, the superintendent of the royal manufactory at Sèvres, and whose authority must have great weight, speaks most highly of this new method.

Literary Chit-Chat.

FROM ALL THE MAGAZINES.

Messrs. Scott and Webster have sent forth a very neat and portable edition of Dr. Robertson's *History of America*, the most interesting and fascinating work of that historian. The life of the author, by Dugald Stewart, is prefixed to the volume; which is also illustrated by maps of Mexico and the West Indies; so that the reader may put this reprint into his pocket on a journey or a country stroll, and when tired of idleness, set himself to a pleasant study with all appliances at hand. For the sake of compactness in size, the two books descriptive of the first settlement of Virginia and New England are omitted, as are also the notes and illustrations; with which curtailment we do not quarrel, for the latter are frequently omitted by the reader, and the ninth and tenth books originally formed no part of the history. But we should have preferred the original text without alteration, even though it professes to be condensed rather than abridged.

We have heard that the historical work upon which Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer recently announced that he had been long engaged, is all but completed, and on the eve of publication: it is a *History of Greece*.

It is impossible to notice without unreserved admiration, a series of illustrated classics, which are periodically appearing in Paris. One of these is *Gil Blas*, to be illustrated, when complete, (in one volume,) by five hundred wood-cuts, from the designs of Gigoux. If we may judge by what we have seen, this will be the edition of *Gil Blas*: there is a spirit and force in the groups of figures which have rarely been exceeded; and the touch of French mannerism to be detected in the attitudes,

arrangement of costume, &c. is certainly not unpleasing. The plays of Molière, too, are in similar course of publication, with five hundred illustrations, by Tony Johannot; the *Organs* and *Cleantes* of that incomparable dramatist could hardly be safe in the hands of any save a French artist. We must add, that the execution of the wood-cuts we have seen is capital for its clearness and finish; and that all the ornamental letters, vignettes, &c. and in the best possible taste.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY, No. LII.—“A Journal of the Plague Year, by Daniel Defoe; edited by E. W. Brayley, F.S.A., M.R.S.L., &c. &c.”—This most impressive of all chronicles seems to be one of those works which, quite unintended, make their authors immortal. No more need be said about the new edition. But the new editor, with a tail to his name, of high-flying tags as long as a kite’s—this is another thing. What are we to say of an F.S.A., M.R.S.L., &c. &c., who can write such English as follows:—“There can be no hesitation in ascribing to the authenticity of Defoe’s production?” Nor can the blunder be put down to a slip of the pen or the printer, for we have immediately after—“he has composed a far superior history of the plague year than any other writer.” Again: “Dr. Heath is an imaginary person devised by Defoe to give an air of greater validity to his narrative.” In same page we find *has*, cockniced for *as*. Yet our F.S.A. plumes himself on having corrected poor Defoe’s “grammar and pointing!” Which errors are the most consurable—those of grammar and pointing committed in 1722 by an obscure, belly-pinched author, or those of syntax and sense in 1835 by a member of two learned societies, and as many others as we please to think couched under his *etceteras*?

M. Scribe is at present engaged in preparing his *Discours de Réception* for the French Academy. He is at the same time proceeding expeditiously with two vaudevilles, a comedy, and two comic operas.

The Napoleon Gallery gives us most imposing pictures of the pomp and confusion of battles, and some striking episodes in the history of war, illustrative of the devotion of the French soldiers, their *esprit de corps* and *sang froid*. Horace Vernet, Bellange, and all the best French artists, contributing to swell the pictorial triumph of Napoleon. But the miniature outlines merge all distinctions of style: the treatment of the subject and the composition of the picture are the principal features. In no class of scenes is the genius of the French school seen to more advantage.

Could not Fuseli, or Martin, have given us a more exalted notion of Satan than Westall has done, by way of frontispiece to the third volume of Milton’s works by Sir Egerton Brydges? Yes, from the works of either of those distinguished artists might be selected designs each of which would convey the idea of an “archangel fallen.” Westall’s Satan, on the contrary, is only a tall, stout, fierce, infuriated looking man. Turner, also, notwithstanding his own richly poetical imagination, might, with incalculable advantage, have had recourse to some of the old masters for his vignette design of the Fall of the Rebel Angels. This volume completes the “Paradise Lost.”

With a little that is true, much that is specious, and more that is absolutely false, “Woman, as she is, and as she should be,” is an amusing, though an illiberal and ill-natured book. The act of the greatest wisdom evinced by the author is, the concealment of his name. We would not, for a trifle, be the wearer of his cloak amongst a bevy of ladies, if it bore the impress of its owner. The gentle ones would be justified in casting aside their gentleness, and we should speedily be “victimised.” Rochefoucauld is a grand favourite with our two-volume assailant of woman; and he even summons Dr. Gregory to his aid. Were the old fellow alive, we would walk naked ten miles through a snow-storm to “assist” in the cere-

mony of tossing him (the said Dr. Gregory) in a blanket! This book (in which is raked together all the commonplaces extant against women) is another version of the “history of the lion written by a man.” In due time, perhaps, we may be called upon to review the “history of man written by a lion.” In the interim, we advise our fair friends to peruse “Woman as she is, and as she should be;” for—*fas est et ab hoste doceri*.

For some time past the reduction of the newspaper stamp duty has been believed a settled thing. The chancellor of the exchequer, however, has disappointed the expectation so creditable to the government. He reduces the duty on flint glass from 6d. to 2d. per pound, and leaves the oppressive tax of 200 per cent. on knowledge. He gives glass, and refuses information, to the people. O sage Spring Rice! Mr. C. Buller made some excellent remarks, in no very complimentary strain, on the budget; and with reference to the newspaper stamp duty, he observed on the monstrous absurdity of the government refusing a people political knowledge after granting them political power.

Amongst the announcements of the day, we perceive that of a portrait of the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, the Chinese missionary, engraved by R. Lane, from a picture painted at Canton by G. Chinnery.

ASTRONOMY PROFESSOR.—The king has been pleased to appoint George Biddel Airy, Esq. professor of astronomy in the university of Cambridge, to be astronomical observer in the observatory at Greenwich, in the room of John Pond, Esq. resigned.

We regret to observe an announcement of the death of the ingenious young author of the “History of the Round Towers of Ireland.” From a notice in Fraser’s Magazine for the present month, written with unaffected and scholarlike feeling, we take the following:—“In the village graveyard of Hanwell (*ad viii. ab Urbe lapidem*) sleeps Henry O’Brien, and the rude forefathers of the Saxon hamlet have consented to receive among them the clay of a Milesian scholar.

By way of variety to the novel-reader, “Ofelia, or the Child of Fate,” by Dona Francisca Pazos, may while away an hour not unpleasantly. As the performance of a Portuguese lady, this tale exhibits a striking instance of facility in English composition attained by a foreigner.

Purporting to have been written by a retired military officer, an unpretending little volume, entitled “Jamaica, as it was, as it is, and as it may be,” is accurately described in its title-page, as comprising interesting topics for absent proprietors, merchants, &c., and valuable hints to persons intending to emigrate to the island. It contains also the best and most graphic account that we have seen of the negro insurrection in 1831, and a variety of useful matter.

The author of the Modern Dunciad has reprinted that work, together with his Virgil in London, and other poems.

“The Diary of a Solitaire, or Sketch of a Pedestrian Excursion through Part of Switzerland,” is confessedly from the pen of a Quaker; and to the Society of Friends, in particular, we have no doubt, it will prove acceptable. In his “Prefatory Address,” the writer shows himself a staunch conservative; and in his notes, as well as text, the pious Christian.

HISTORY.—In this department we have three volumes (1.) The last volume of the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte (in Scott’s prose works); which opens with the battle of Waterloo. In the appendix there are a variety of historical or biographical documents; amongst which are Maitland’s Statement and Captain Pringle’s Remarks on the Campaign of 1815. (2.) The second volume of Historical parallels, in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, gives seven chapters narrating events which in their external character have some relation to each other. The exact parallel between Cleon and Titus Oates, is not



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From Fraser's Magazine.

EV. GEORGE ROBERT GLEIG.

Present John Russell, and the rest of public, with a life-like sketch of the man of Chelsea. The ex-lieutenant is that Johnny did well in selecting him *in cum dignitate* will be proved, when mentioned one undeniable fact, viz: that this eminent man in the church who wore a sabre. The old heathens of will perhaps listen to one who may cling to their own order—to a mere black, even of forty-horse power in would undoubtedly turn the deafest

Gleig to have begun at ten, he may bring his thirtieth season of the moors. the venerable and learned Bishop of each bishop in point of emolument as such, and so on, must ere long make up to be—his lordship's see, we understand about 300*l.* per annum; though are our right reverend diocesan, that father in the flesh is, as regards essence, a father in God entitled to occupation of public confidence than himself. For good things that he has done, we have to mention with particular disbelieving of the hero on the opposite it is any edition of *Æschylus* to that? was educated under the wing of the error of churchmen and Tories;" but was with those opportunities for the dispassionate principle, which the rows of town afforded to the youthful strutting High street. A regiment chanced to Oxford on its way to Lisbon. Our *ter* bolted from his college, kicked his into the first ditch, joined the corps, and, on landing, had no difficulty in an epaulette for his broad and stouter. The *Subaltern*, and the *Narrative War in North America*, may save us of writing his military life. He has added it in pages, by means of which, he will yet speak to the Chelsea pensioner; if such things then there be.

severely wounded at our capture of capitol; and finding himself, after which he was again a good deal cut drift on half pay, it occurred to his mind that he might do worse than fall in port, the lieutenant married, took ordue time got a couple of small livings, eight or ten small, but vigorously earldom in Kent. To help to cram him to cram "my public;" and both fed faintly ever since. His *History* published, is perhaps his best thing, a very good fellow—of course, a delicate cant in every form—but a staunch orthodox as Letroz, devout as Wethercarted as Hughes, jolly as Boyton, and dilly Holmes. In these days of change, every man as fortunate who has two is low; and happy, in particular, is the can, in case of accidents, gird the his thigh, and go forth to batter other

substances than the "drum ecclesiastic." The reclaimed lobster, black as it looks, may be boiled red again. It may yet be with Gleig as it was with his countryman, old Dr. Adam Ferguson, at Fontenoy. The doctor was chaplain to the 42d; and when the first charge occurred, great was the horror of the colonel to see his reverence rushing, armed with a huge broadsword—*εν πορμαχοισι μαχισθαι*. "Doctor, doctor! remember your cloth!" "Colonel, colonel! damn my cloth!" responded the illustrious moralist; and, suiting the action to the word, clove monsieur even unto the chine—and he fell with heavy thump, and five sons rattled in his pocket.

Thus if THE Row were opening now,
Would flame once more the soul of Gleig;
The surplised crew he'd thus eschew,
To sport claymore and philibeg.
One rub-a-dub brings Parson Sub
Where beams the banner of "THE BEAU;"
Nor Hume nor Place find softer grace
Than savage Soul, or scamp Junot,
In fields Iberian long ago!

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF WILLIAM COBBETT.

Among the many auspicious changes visible in our "wonderful" age, there is one peculiarly gratifying:—The public mind, no matter how cunningly practised upon, or however it may have been violently prejudiced or warped, *rights* itself much more speedily than at former periods. Time more swiftly does the work of justice, whether in condemnation or approval. Generations are no longer required to pass away before a man is placed in the exact niche which his intellect and public services entitle him to occupy. The grave has scarcely closed over Cobbett, yet he is already taking possession of that place which the secret pride and the *nationality* of all Englishmen have long tacitly accorded him; even while their selfish interests denied him the possession of any one high moral quality, and while they strove to depreciate the masculine intellect and uncommon genius in which they secretly exulted. Cool-headed Scotsmen and warm-hearted Irishmen have always done this remarkable person *justice*; but his fellow-countrymen have really been *proud* of this son of their soil, even while they reviled him the most; and well they might. The most eminent of the Tory newspapers—the *Standard*—in doing homage to Cobbett's memory, places him above the "heaven born minister" himself, in the power of influencing his age; and there certainly never has been an individual political writer in any country possessed of nearly equal *momentum*. De Foe and Swift, who come the nearest, shrink into smaller dimensions, when their efforts, as public writers, are compared with those of Cobbett. And, apart from politics altogether, he was one of the most remarkable men of a memorable epoch. He was, if no more, the finest possible specimen of the old unmixed Saxon race. Jack Cade was but a type of him. His

entire feelings, instincts, habits, tastes, and prejudices, were intensely English:—as much things of the soil, as indigenous, as are the oak and the mastiff; as native as the hatred of cruelty and oppression, and the love of fair play. In some part of his multifarious writings, in describing what he considers the genuine English character, he exactly paints his own:—"The loud voice; the hard squeeze by the hand; the instant assent or dissent; the clamorous joy; the bitter railing; the ardent friendship; the deadly enmity; the love that makes people kill themselves; the hatred that makes them kill others:—all these belong to the characters of Englishmen, in whose mind and heart every feeling exists in the extreme." This, if not the general character of his countrymen, is the character of the individual; and it is that which he liked the best and admired the most. Of modern Englishmen that have figured in public life, he was the most thoroughly imbued with the essential qualities of the native yeoman. He was, in one sense, *The last Saxon*—the last of that genuine breed which has never been either debased or ameliorated by foreign admixture—by any, the slightest cross, whether with "*Scotch philosophy*," "*Irish potatoes*," or Manchester "*Spinning Jennies*." From the original hardy stem of the Surrey yeomen, this vigorous branch "stooled out," and put forth arms, wide around in many new directions, while the root struck but the deeper down into the stanch soil. With his purely Saxon origin, Cobbett possessed a sanguine temperament, immense intellect, and the most robust animal spirits;—spirits which nothing could damp for a single hour, much less repress. It is one of his most frequent boasts, that he was always in spirits,—that nothing ever pulled him down; yet, his life was one continued wrestling-match, and not without a liberal share of hardship and difficulty. This happy condition of spirits he attributes to his fortunate domestic circumstances, and to his remarkable temperance and activity; but much of it was the original gift of nature; and, without his rare physical endowments, he never could have run his course with the vigour and impetuosity which marked every step of his career, from seven years on to seventy. Like that other fine *capatriot* animal, the genuine English mastiff, Cobbett, if inveterate in his animosities, was warm in his attachments. Dr. Johnson could not have desired a better or a truer friend. His very errors kept him free of the smallest taint of hypocrisy or cant; and, with all his fierceness of invective, and pent-up as a volcano, his power of sarcasm, we meet continually in his writings with the natural overflow of gratitude and kindly feeling towards some old friend, either upon public or personal grounds. But, unfortunately, the witty and amusing quality of his abuse, makes it better remembered than his genial allusions, even by those staid-faced persons who condemn it the most. Fully conscious of his own robust strength, and fond of its display, he was seldom restrained by considerations of delicacy, candour, or even of strict justice, while engaged in demolishing an antagonist; and, for the action called, and too often miscalled, "generally feeling"—the delicate scrupulosity of

the "Normans," and "Plantagenets," and "Founders of a family"—it was his delight to scoff at it, and to tear and trample it to atoms. Yet his times have been fertile in popular writers, who, with equal coarseness and abusiveness, and grossness more offensive, possessed not a tithe of his power, or the dimmest reflection of a sparkle of his native, exuberant wit. In the ordinary relations of life, his manners, it is fit to say, were those of strict propriety, and frank, manly good-breeding. Cobbett had by far too acute a mind, and knew the world much too well, to carry the boisterous rough-and-tumble warfare into society which he waged in pamphlets and registers, upon such persons as "Old Glory," "Anna Brodie," "The Parson of Botley," and the like. A part of his boisterousness was mere animal effervescence, without malignity or bitterness; and a little might be assumed to tickle his audience: for Cobbett was a shrewd man; and no one, where his passions and his self-will were not involved, could better calculate the ways and means necessary to produce certain effects. His tact and his power combined, made him, at every stage of his progress, popular with large masses of men; and that, whether he was a mere soldier, a furious anti-Jacobin, or a violent Radical; and such was the influence of his personal character, that not a few, we imagine, adopted his doctrines as much from admiration of the advocate, as sober conviction of their truth. For a few years back, Cobbett's immediate popularity as a writer has, we think, been on the wane, though this has arisen rather from change of circumstances than failure in the powers of the man of three score and ten. His period of service was passed; his mission was accomplished. The wheel to which he had so strenuously set his shoulder for above thirty years, was, at last, fairly in motion, and thundering and kindling as it rolled on. The sturdy pioneer—he who with pick-axe and shovel had so lustily laid about him—who had sapped and mined, and finally blown up the fortress of corruption, and scattered so many obstacles to the elements—was superseded by the regular *educated* engineers and artillerymen—and this somewhat superciliously. His temper suffered under this imagined neglect, as he naturally considered himself quite as fit to guide as he had been energetic to impel. Hence, in his support of the late Peel government, he was latterly hurried into greater inconsistencies than those which had marked his earlier life. Besides, one of his peculiar crochets—and he was troubled with a good few—was, that parliament has no right to influence the king's selection of his ministers; and of his reasoning for and against would, in fact, be quite true, were parliament the same. We must also allow for his aged detestation of the whig party, and of all its component parts; a feeling which had permeated his whole public life, and to which he was as true while a reformer as when an anti-Jacobin. But, with all abatements, and were his errors ten times told, the cause of reform owes much, not only to Cobbett. As a periodical political writer, he was long, beyond all doubt, what the *Edinburgh Review* confessed, "first in power and popularity." There may have been men active

higher and purer motives—though we are far from positively affirming even this much—and here have been some of nearly equal ability, and of knowledge greatly superior; but, take him all in all, and the same degree of fearless, reckless, uncompromising honesty, was never before united with *Ishmaelitic* strength. Single-handed, he did battle with nearly the whole press for above thirty years, until he had almost written down his own occupation. He fought them till he had half taught them how to beat him. At one time or other, he has been assailed by every periodical of name; for, however they might squabble among themselves, they were all united against the *Ishmaelite*. "We once," says the whig *Edinburgh Review*, "tried to cast this Antæus to the ground; but the earth-born rose again, and still staggers on, blind or one-eyed, to his remorseless, restless purpose; sometimes running upon posts and pitfalls, sometimes shaking a country to its centre. It is best to say little about him, and to keep out of his way; for he crushes, by his ponderous weight, whomsoever he falls upon." Allowing for his prejudices and *crutches*—though most of them have an honest, if narrow, foundation—and repudiating some of Cobbett's political schemes as injustice to the innocent fund-holders, who now stand in place of those Jews, jobbers, and loan contractors, who were the objects of his just abhorrence—the reviewers would find it difficult to tell us what his "remorseless, restless purpose" might be. The charges generally made against "the earth-born," are inconsistency, coarseness, loggism, audacity, and many other things hinted at, but never defined; for, we presume, every body has now departed from the old ground of Jacobinism and blasphemy—the first of which meant, impugning the rights of the borough monsters, vested in corruption, and the second, questioning the divine right of tithes. How far these charges are well founded, will best be seen in his life and writings, and not in the partial representations of furious political enemies; for, passionate himself, no man could be moderate in hostility to Cobbett. There was no neutral ground in his lifetime. In this violence lay at once his strength and his weakness. Need we say how greatly the first preponderated?

We shall now, in earnest, address ourselves to what is, in truth, a labour of good-will; fervently wishing that it were in our power to pay back any part of those services which it was the business of William Cobbett, for above thirty years, to perform for those of his countrymen whom he faithfully named *his order*.

Cobbett was, as is very well known, a native of Farnham in Surrey. He was born about 1762; the third son of a small farmer. And, after he had risen to eminence and distinction, it was his delight and his pride to refer to the honourable, if humble, circumstances of his early life; to a father, whom, he says, "I ardently loved, and to whose every word I listened with admiration," and to a "gentle, and tender-hearted, and affectionate mother." In one of his "Rural Rides," in which he was accompanied by one of his sons, then a mere boy, he says, "In coming from Moor Park to Farnham town, I stopped opposite the

door of a little old house, where there appeared to be many children. 'There, Dick, said I, 'when I was just such a little creature as that, whom you see in the door-way, I lived in this very house with my grandmother Cobbett.'—He was a bold, adventurous, hardy little chap, fond of all manner of rural English sports, and the very "father to the man" he afterwards became. Of all the delusive modes of affectation, we do believe that there is one—and that is the affectation of keen natural affection—which never deceived any one. Cobbett, whatever were his faults, had surely a genial temperament and great warmth of feeling. The little anecdotes of his childhood, to which he so fondly recurs in his old age—if he ever submitted to old age—are to us quite delightful. In one of his "Rural Rides," in which he was accompanied by an elder son, he writes—

"We went a little out of the way to go to a place called the *Bourne*, which lies in the heath at about a mile from Farnham. We went to *Bourne*, in order that I might shew my son the spot where I received the rudiments of my education. There is a little hop-garden in which I used to work when from eight to ten years old; from which I have, scores of times, run to follow the hounds, leaving the hoe to do the best that it could to destroy the weeds; but the most interesting thing was a *sand-hill*, which goes from a part of the heath down to the rivulet. As a due mixture of pleasure with toil, I, with two brothers, used occasionally to *disport* ourselves, as the lawyers call it, at this sand-hill. Our diversion was this: we used to go to the top of the hill, which was steeper than the roof of a house; one used to draw his arms out of the sleeves of his smock-frock, and lay himself down with his arms by his sides; and then the others, one at head, and the other at feet, sent him rolling down the hill like a barrel or a log of wood. By the time he got to the bottom, his hair, eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, were all full of this loose sand; then the others took their turn, and, at every roll, there was a monstrous spell of laughter. I had often told my sons of this, while they were very little, and I now took one of them to see the spot. But that was not all. This was the spot where I was receiving my education; and this was the sort of education; and I am perfectly satisfied that, if I had not received such an education, or something very much like it—that, if I had been brought up a milksop, with a nursery maid everlastingly at my heels—I should have been at this day as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster school, or from any of those dens of dunces called colleges and universities. It is impossible to say how much I owe to that sand-hill; and I went to return it my thanks for the ability which it probably gave me to be one of the greatest terrors to one of the greatest and most powerful bodies of knaves and fools that ever were permitted to afflict this or any other country."

Breakfasting at a little village in Sussex, he looks with fond complacency upon the landlady's son:—"A very pretty village, and a very nice breakfast, in a very neat parlour, of a very decent public house. The landlady sent her son to get me some cream; and he was just such a chap as I was at his age, and dressed just in the same sort of way; his main garment being a blue smock-frock, faded from wear, and mended with pieces of new stuff, and, of course, not faded. The sight of this smock-frock brought to my recollection many things very dear to me." This is as fine as Burns gazing upon the cottage smokes in his

morning walk to Blackford hill with Dugald Stewart. One anecdote of his boyhood, related somewhere by himself in his multitudinous writings, is so amusingly characteristic of the future man, that we have never forgotten it. He was not permitted to follow the hounds upon some occasion, and, in revenge, procured a salt herring, which he furtively drew over the ground where they were to throw off, thus to cast them off the scent. The trick took to admiration, and the boy as much exulted in his success as did the man in the discomfiture of his enemies, Ellenborough and Vickary Gibbs. Many little hired strawberry pickers, we have no doubt, still convey a few berries to their own mouths, in spite of *tracts* and Sunday schools, and will continue to do so; but we question if many men, in the same circumstances, will have the honest courage to avow such juvenile delinquencies as the following: but Cobbett probably gloried in his fault—it was cunning against power—taking a lawful prey from the Amalekites. “We came hither [to Farnham] by the way of Waverley Abbey and Moor Park. On the common, I shewed Dick some of my old hunting scenes, when I was of his age, or younger, reminding him that I was obliged to *hunt on foot*. We got leave to go and see the grounds at Waverley, where all the old monks’ *gardenwalls* are totally gone, and where the spot is become a kind of lawn. I showed him the spot where the strawberry garden was, and where I, when sent to gather *hautboys*, used to eat every *remarkably fine one*, instead of letting it go to be eaten by Sir Robert Rich.” An early indication this, no doubt, of the desire of “spoliation.” Of this spot, and even of the former owner, the hautboy-plundered Sir Robert, he appeared to cherish the fondest recollections. One story he begins thus:—

“When I was a very little boy, I was, in the barley-mowing season, going along by the side of a field, near Waverley Abbey, the primroses and bluebells bespangling the banks on both sides of me, a thousand linnets singing in the spreading oak over my head, while the jingle of the traces and whistling of the plough boy saluted my ear from over the hedge; and, as it were to snatch me from the enchantment, the hounds at that instant having started a hare in the hanger on the other side of the field, came up scampering over it in full cry, taking me after them many a mile. I was not then eight years old.

From Waverley we went to Moor Park, once the seat of Sir William Temple, and, when I was a very little boy, the seat of a Lady, or a Mrs. Temple. Here I showed Richard *Mother Ludlum’s Hole*; but, alas! it is not the enchanting place that I knew it, nor that which Grose describes in his antiquities! The semicircular paling is gone; the basins, to catch the never-ceasing little stream, are gone; the iron cups, fastened by chains, for people to drink out of, are gone; the pavement all broken to pieces; the seats, for people to sit on, on both sides of the cave, torn up and gone; the stream that ran down a clean paved channel, now making a dirty gutter; and the ground opposite, which was a grove chiefly of laurels, intersected by closely mowed grass-walks, now become a poor, ragged looking alder coppice. Near the mansion, I showed Richard the hill upon which Dean Swift tells us he used to run for exercise, while he was pursuing his studies here, and I would have showed him the garden seat, under which Sir William Temple’s heart was buried, *agreeably to his will*; but the seat was gone, also the wall at the back of

it; and the exquisitely beautiful little lawn in which the seat stood, was turned into a parcel of divers shaped cockney clumps, planted according to the strictest rules of artificial and refined vulgarity.

“At Waverley, Mr. Thompson, a merchant of some sort, has succeeded (after the monks) the Orby hunters and Sir Robert Rich. At Moor Park, a Mr. Laing, a West India planter or merchant, has succeeded the Temples; and at the castle of Farnham, which you see from Moor Park, Bishop Prettyman Tomline has, at last, after *perfectly regular and due gradations*, succeeded William of Wykham!”

But this rather anticipates the childhood of Cobbett, upon which he constantly looks back in a manner that one would certainly not expect from one fitted “for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.” In the introduction to one of his most delightful books—next, indeed, to the “*Rural Rides*,”—namely, his “*Year’s Residence in America*,” he says:—

“Early habits and affections seldom quit us while we have vigour of mind left. I was brought up under a father, whose talk was chiefly about his garden and his fields, with regard to which he was famed for his skill and his exemplary neatness. From my very infancy, from the age of six years, when I climbed up the side of a steep sand rock, and there scooped me out a plot five feet square to make me a garden, and the soil for which I carried up in the bosom of my little blue smock-frock, or hunting-shirt, I have never lost one particle of my passion for these healthy, and rational, and heart-elevating pursuits, in which every day presents something new, in which the spirits are never suffered to flag, and in which industry, skill, and care, are sure to meet with their due reward. I have never, for any eight months together, during my whole life, been without a garden.”

In the same volume in his *American Journal*, is this beautiful passage:—

“When I returned to England, in 1800, after an absence, from the country parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so *small*! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called *rivers*! The Thames was but a *“creek”*! But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Every thing was become so pitifully *small*! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill, called Hungry hill: and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood: for I had learnt before, the death of my father and mother. There is a hill, not far from the town, called *Crooksbury hill*, which rises up out of a flat, not in form of a *cone*, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. “As *high as Crooksbury hill*!” meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore, the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. *I could not believe my eyes*. Literally speaking, I, for a moment, thought the Crooksbury hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen, in New Brunswick, a single rock, or hill of sand rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high. The post-boy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me, in a few minutes, to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious *sand-hill*, where I had begun my gardening works. *What a sensation!* But now came rushing into my mind, all at

once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons, that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle, and tender-hearted, and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, *what a change!* I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at the Secretary of State's, in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and, from that moment, (less than a month after my arrival in England,) I resolved never to bend before them."

We could not prevail with ourselves, were we so inclined, to think ill of the heart, or severely of the memory, of the man who was at Farnham, the other day, committed to the graves of his virtuous forefathers, in presence of his kinsfolk, and of many thousands of admiring and sorrowing countrymen.

But, to return to our story. Cobbett, in his native place, and following the employments of his ancestors, must inevitably have been a "village Hampden." On looking at a little smock-frocked boy, in nailed shoes and clean coarse shirt, such as he had been, he very naturally remarks, "If accident had not taken me from a similar scene, how many villains and fools, who have been well teased and tormented, would have slept in peace by night, and fearlessly swaggered about by day!" Cobbett received so little school learning, that, in his case, it may be almost truly said, "Reading and writing came by nature." From eight years of age, he was engaged in such rural occupations as picking hops and hantboys, weeding in gardens, and driving away the birds, and following the hounds; or getting upon horseback as often as he could, or digging after rabbit's nests, rolling down the sand-hills, and whipping the little *effs* that crept about in the heath. And this is the education which, upon reflection, he preferred. None of his own young children were ever sent from home to school. Reading and writing came to them from imitation. Throughout all Cobbett's writings, (crotchets notwithstanding,) excellent hints are scattered upon this important subject, but especially in his *Advice to Young Men*. His controversy with the *educators* as a sect, was merely one of sound. No man could prize the advantages of education so highly as one who owed all he knew to himself, and who had *pursued knowledge* unremittingly, and under considerable *difficulties*. As it was his nature to be ever in opposition, he chose to take offence at the fuss made by the educators.

Of the life of Cobbett, from the period of his boyhood, when he left Farnham, without leave, asked or obtained, until he appeared in New Brunswick as a private soldier, little is yet known. This is a want which will probably soon be supplied by his sons, who owe the world a full memoir of their extraordinary father. His first start from home, he has described himself in this engaging and memorable passage:—

"At eleven years of age, my employment was clipping of box edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and a gardener, who had just come from the King's Gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on, from place to place, enquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny which I had lost somehow or other, left three-pence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book, in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: "*Tale of a Tub*: price 3d." The title was so odd, that my curiosity was excited. I had the 3d., but, then, I could have no supper. In I went, and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field, at the upper corner of the Kew-garden, where there stood a haystack. On the shady side of this, I sat down to read. The book was so different from any thing that I had read before: it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew-gardens awakened me in the morning: when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotsman, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present king and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was sweeping the grass plat round the foot of the pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my *Tale of a Tub*, which I carried about with me wherever I went, and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me."

We leave to philosophers to trace the effects of this quaint tome on the ripening mind of the Farnham boy. We have casually heard that Cobbett had been, for some time, hanging on in an attorney's office in London, before he acted on the spirit of his unknown cotemporary's (Burns') manly resolution:

"Oh, why the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a sodger!"

Whether Cobbett entered the army from the mere restlessness of youth, and the love of adventure, or from necessity, we cannot tell. His regiment was the fifty-third, then commanded by one of the king's sons, the Duke of Kent, and he went

with it to British America. Thus, from a very tender age, he was left entirely to his own guidance and mastership; and thus was nourished the self-depending, determined character, which nerved him for his life-long Herculean struggle. Cobbett has often been accused of egotism and of vainglory; without sufficient cause, as we think. It is, at least, fortunate for his readers, that, for want of a better, he has sometimes proved his own Boswell. The little illustrative snatches of personal history, especially of his young days, which he has incidentally given, are the most attractive part of his writings, and these, fortunately, mingle the most largely in the more popular and enduring part of them; namely, "The Rural Rides," the "Year's Residence in America," and the "Advice to Young Men." In the latter work, he says, in treating of education, and, in particular, of learning grammar:—

"The study need subtract from the hours of no business, nor, indeed, from the hours of necessary exercise: the hours usually spent on the tea and coffee slops and in the mere gossip which accompany them—those wasted hours of only *one year*, employed in the study of English grammar, would make you a correct speaker and writer for the rest of your life. You want no school, no room to study in, no expenses, and no troublesome circumstances of any sort. I learned grammar when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of the guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board, lying on my lap, was my writing-table; and the task did not demand any thing like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the *fire*, and only my *turn* even of that. And if I, under such circumstances, and without parent or friend to advise or encourage me, accomplished this undertaking, what excuse can there be for *any youth*, however poor, however pressed with business, or however circumstanced as to room or other conveniences? To buy a pen or a sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half starvation; I had no moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and to write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. Think not lightly of the *farthing* that I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen, or paper! That farthing was, alas! a *great sum* to me! I was as tall as I am now; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money, not expended for us at market, was *twopence a week* for each man. I remember—and will I may!—that, upon one occasion, I, after all absolutely necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shift to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a *red herring* in the morning; but, when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had *lost my halfpenny*! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child! And again I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth to find an excuse for the non-performance? What youth, who shall read this, will not be ashamed to say, that he is not able to find time and opportunity for this most essential of all the branches of book-learning?"

His natural disposition, prompt and active, made him fall easily into the better parts of military habits. The original maxim of the man who,

for forty years, daily did so much, and who, having put his hand to the plough, never once looked back, was—*Toujours prêt—Always ready*; and it ought to be the family motto of the Cobbetts. He says of himself—

"For my part, I can truly say, that I owe more of my great labours to my strict adherence to the precepts that I have here given you, than to all the natural abilities with which I have been endowed; for these, whatever may have been their amount, would have been of comparatively little use, even aided by great sobriety and abstinence, if I had not, in early life, contracted the blessed habit of husbanding well my time. To this, more than to any other thing, I owed my very extraordinary promotion in the army. I was *always ready*; if I had to mount guard at *ten*, I was ready at *nine*,—never did any man, or any thing, wait one moment for me. Being, at an age *under twenty years*, raised from corporal to sergeant-major *at once*, over the heads of thirty sergeants, I naturally should have been an object of envy and hatred; but this habit of early rising and of rigid adherence to the precepts which I have given you, really subdued these passions; because every one felt, that what I did he had never done, and never could do. Before my promotion, a clerk was wanted to make out the morning report of the regiment. I rendered the clerk unnecessary; and, long before any other man was dressed for the parade, my work for the morning was all done, and I myself was on the parade, walking, in fine weather, for an hour perhaps. My custom was this: to get up, in summer, at day-light, and in winter at four o'clock; shave, dress, even to the putting of my sword-belt over my shoulder, and having my sword lying on the table before me, ready to hang by my side. Then I ate a bit of cheese, or pork, and bread. Then I prepared my report, which was filled up as fast as the companies brought me in the materials. After this, I had an hour or two to read, before the time came for any duty out of doors, unless when the regiment, or part of it, went out to exercise in the morning. When this was the case, and the matter was left to me, I always had it on the ground in such time as that the bayonets glistened in the *rising sun*, a sight which gave me delight, of which I often think, but which I should in vain endeavour to describe. If the *officers* were to go out, eight or ten o'clock was the hour, sweating the men in the heat of the day, breaking in upon the time for cooking their dinner, putting all things out of order and all men out of humour. When I was commander, the men had a long day of *leisure* before them: they could ramble into the town or into the woods; go to get raspberries, to catch birds, to catch fish, or to pursue any other recreation, and such of them as chose, and were qualified, to work at their trades."

Much of the spare time of Cobbett was, in his younger years, devoted to a very miscellaneous kind of reading. He ran through all the books of a country circulating library, trash and all; and contemptibly as he often affects to speak of literary pursuits, the fruits of these early studies are often revealed in the lively style, and the fertility and happiness of allusion which distinguish all his writings. No one has abused Shakspeare so absurdly and truculently—for this was one of Cobbett's many crotchets; but, then, few have quoted the bard of many coloured life so aptly and frequently. Shakspeare and the principal English poets were clearly at his finger ends, while, from wayward caprice, he affected ignorance, with contempt of them. Of the arts he knew nothing, not even the mechanic arts; and his tours in Scotland and Ireland show how little

he possessed of what is called, general information—the kind of knowledge which comes almost of itself, and which he despised much more than was needful. Yet, his acquaintance with English classical literature, and even with cotemporary authors, must have been extensive, and gradually accumulating, in the gardens of Kew, in London, and in New Brunswick, and to the last hour of his life. The *Tale of a Tub* had introduced the boy to the writings of Swift: and we have been informed by an officer who joined the fifty-third regiment shortly after Cobbett left it, that he had written out, in some of the regimental books, *Directions for a Sergeant-Major*, or an Orderly, in the manner of Swift's *Advice to Servants*, which were full of admirable humour and grave irony. This, which is probably the first literary production of this true wit, should, if possible, be recovered by his biographers. The officers of the fifty-third, and the corps were, as we have reason to know, exceedingly proud of their clever sergeant-major after he became famous; and so, indeed, was the whole army, from the period he became a party writer in Philadelphia. He was particularly distinguished by his royal highness, the Duke of Kent, and cherished by many aristocratic Tories as a chosen prop of legitimacy.

In the *Advice to Young Men*, which may be called his Confessions, Cobbett has related his own love story, and a delightful one it is—possessing at once the tenderness and simplicity of nature, and no little of the charm of romance. The scene of it was New Brunswick. But there is a collateral flirtation also, involving what Cobbett terms the only serious sin he ever committed against the female sex, and which he relates in warning to young men. We shall take it first, and that, too, in the beautiful language of his own narrative.

"The province of New Brunswick, in North America, in which I passed my years, from the age of eighteen to that of twenty-six, consists, in general, of heaps of rocks, in the interstices of which grow the pine, the spruce, and various sorts of fir trees, or, where the woods have been burnt down, the bushes of the raspberry or those of the huckleberry. The province is cut asunder lengthwise, by a great river, called the St. John, about two hundred miles in length, and, at half way from the mouth, full a mile wide. Into this main river, run innumerable smaller rivers, there called creeks. On the sides of these creeks, the land is, in places, clear of rocks; it is, in these places, generally good and productive; the trees that grow here are the birch, the maple, and others of the deciduous class; natural meadows here and there present themselves; and some of these spots far surpass in rural beauty any other that my eyes ever beheld; the creeks abounding towards their sources in waterfalls of endless variety, as well in form as in magnitude, and always teeming with fish, while water fowl enliven their surface, and while wild pigeons, of the gayest plumage, flutter, in thousands upon thousands, amongst the branches of the beautiful trees, which, sometimes, for miles together, form an arch over the creeks.

"I, in one of my rambles in the woods, in which I took great delight, came to a spot at a very short distance from the source of one of these creeks. Here was every thing to delight the eye, and especially of one like me, who seem to have been born to love rural life, and trees and plants of all sorts. Here were about two hundred acres of natural meadow, interspersed with patches of

maple trees, in various forms and of various extent; the creek came down in cascades, for any one of which many a nobleman in England would, if he could transfer it, give a good slice of his fertile estate; and, in the creek, at the foot of the cascades, there were, in the season, salmon the finest in the world, and so abundant, and so easily taken, as to be used for manuring the land.

"If nature, in her very best humour, had made a spot for the express purpose of captivating me, she could not have exceeded the efforts which she had here made. But I found something here besides these rude works of nature; I found something in the fashioning of which man had had something to do. I found a large and well built log dwelling house, standing (in the month of September) on the edge of a very good field of Indian corn, by the side of which there was a piece of buckwheat just then mowed. I found a homestead, and some very pretty cows. I found all the things by which an easy and happy farmer is surrounded: and I found still something besides all these; something that was destined to give me a great deal of pleasure, and also a great deal of pain, both in their extreme degree; and both of which, in spite of the lapse of forty years, now make an attempt to rush back into my heart.

"Partly from misinformation, and partly from miscalculation, I had lost my way; and, quite alone, but armed with my sword and a brace of pistols, to defend myself against the bears, I arrived at the log house in the middle of a moonlight night, the hoar frost covering the trees and the grass. A stout and clamorous dog, kept off by the gleaming of my sword, waked the master of the house, who got up, received me with great hospitality, got me something to eat, and put me into a feather bed, a thing that I had been a stranger to for some years. I, being very tired, had tried to pass the night in the woods, between the trunks of two large trees, which had fallen side by side, and within a yard of each other. I had made a nest for myself of dry fern, and had made a covering by laying boughs of spruce across the trunks of the trees. But, unable to sleep on account of the cold; becoming sick from the great quantity of water that I had drank during the heat of the day, and being, moreover, alarmed at the noise of the bears, and lest one of them should find me in a defenceless state—I had roused myself up, and had crept along as well as I could. So that no hero of eastern romance ever experienced a more enchanting change.

"I had got into the house of one of those Yankee lay-alists, who, at the close of the revolutionary war, (which, until it had succeeded, was called a rebellion,) had accepted of grants of land in the king's province of New Brunswick; and who, to the great honour of England, had been furnished with all the means of making new and comfortable settlements. I was suffered to sleep till breakfast time, when I found a table, the like of which I have since seen so many in the United States, loaded with good things. The master and the mistress of the house, aged about fifty, were like what an English farmer and his wife were half a century ago. There were two sons, tall and stout, who appeared to have come in from work, and the youngest of whom was about my age, then twenty-three. But there was another member of the family, aged nineteen, who (dressed according to the neat and simple fashion of New England, whence she had come with her parents five or six years before) had her long light brown hair twisted nicely up, and fastened on the top of her head, in which head were a pair of lively blue eyes, associated with features of which that softness and that sweetness, so characteristic of American girls, were the predominant expressions, the whole being set off by a complexion indicative of glowing health, and forming—figure, movements, and all taken together—an assemblage of beauties, far surpassing any that I had ever seen but once in my life. That once was, too, two

years ago, and, in such a case and at such an age, two years, two whole years, is a long, long while! It was a space as long as the eleventh part of my then life! Here was the *present* against the *absent*; here was the power of the *eyes* pitted against that of the *memory*; here were all the senses up in arms to subdue the influence of the thoughts; here was vanity, here was passion, here was the spot of all spots in the world, and here were also the life, and the manners, and the habits, and the pursuits that I delighted in; here was every thing that imagination can conceive—united in a conspiracy against the poor little brunette in England! What, then, did I fall in love at once with this bouquet of lilies and roses? Oh! by no means. I was, however, so enchanted with the *place*; I so much enjoyed its tranquillity, the shade of the maple trees, the business of the farm, the sports of the water and of the woods, that I stayed at it to the last possible minute, promising, at my departure, to come again as often as I possibly could; a promise which I most punctually fulfilled.

"Winter is the great season for jaunting and *dancing* (called *frolicking*) in America. In this province, the river and the creeks were the only *roads* from settlement to settlement. In summer we traveled in *canoes*; in winter in *sleighs* on the ice or snow. During more than two years, I spent all the time I could with my Yankee friends: they were all fond of me: I talked to them about country affairs, my evident delight in which they took as a compliment to themselves: the father and mother treated me as one of their children; the sons as a brother; and the daughter, who was as modest and as full of sensibility as she was beautiful, in a way to which a chap much less sanguine than I was, would have given the tenderest interpretation; which treatment I, especially in the last mentioned case, most cordially repaid.

"Yet I was not a *deceiver*; for my affection for her was very great: I spent no really pleasant hours but with her: I was uneasy if she showed the slightest regard for any other young man: I was unhappy if the smallest matter affected her health or spirits: I quitted her in dejection, and returned to her with eager delight: many a time, when I could get leave but for a day, I paddled in a canoe two whole succeeding nights, in order to pass that day with her. If this was not love, it was first cousin to it; for, as to any *criminal* intention, I no more thought of it, in her case, than if she had been my sister. Many times I put to myself the questions:—'What am I at? Is not this wrong? *Why do I go?*' But still I went.

"The last *parting* came; and now came my just punishment! The time was known to every body, and was irrevocably fixed; for I had to move with a regiment, and the embarkation of a regiment is an *epoch* in a thickly settled province. To describe this parting would be too painful even at this distant day, and with this frost of age upon my head. The kind and virtuous father came forty miles to see me just as I was going on board in the river. His looks and words I have never forgotten. As the vessel descended, she passed the mouth of *that creek* which I had so often entered with delight; and, though England, and all that England contained, were before me, I lost sight of this creek with an aching heart.

"On what tribles turn the great events in the life of man! If I had received a *cool* letter from my intended wife; if I had only heard a rumour of any thing from which fickleness in her might have been inferred; if I had found in her any, even the smallest, abatement of affection; if she had but let go any one of the hundred strings by which she held my heart; if any one of these, never would the world have heard of me. Young as I was; able as I was as a soldier; proud as I was of the admiration and commendations of which I was the object; fond as I was, too, of the command, which, at so early an age, my rare conduct and great natural talents had given me; sanguine as was my mind, and brilliant

as were my prospects; yet I had seen so much of the meannesses, the unjust partialities, the insolent pomposity, the disgusting dissipations of that way of life, that I was weary of it: I longed exchanging my fine laced coat for the Yankee farmer's homespun, to be where I should never behold the supple crouch of servility, and never hear the hectoring voice of authority again; and, on the lonely banks of this branch-covered creek, which contained (she out of the question) every thing congenial to my taste and dear to my heart, I, unapplauded, unfear'd, uncov'd, and uncalumniated, should have lived and died."

The sergeant-major must have read *Rousseau* at one time or other, and, indeed, he frequently cites *Emilius*. The fair cause of this "*serious sin*," the little brunette in England, had first been seen some years before in America, and after this charming manner:—"When I first saw my wife, she was *thirteen years old*, and I was within about a month of *twenty-one*. She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful, is certain; for that, I had always said, should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of *conduct* of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill, at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I were the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise, when I told him that those tall young men, whom he saw around me, were the *sons* of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick at daybreak.

"From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once, to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was, at once, settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to *Frederickton*, a distance of a *hundred miles* river of St. John; and, which was worse, artillery were expected to go off to *England* or two before our regiment!"

and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware, that, when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons, not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred and fifty guineas, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay.

I sent her all my money before she sailed, and wrote to her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and, at any rate, not to spare the money, by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

"As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time, Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with pain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt, too, I am afraid! At the end of four years, however, home I came; landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army, by the great kindness of our Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl a creature of all work, (and hard work it was,) at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!

"Need I tell the reader what my feelings were? Need I tell kind hearted English parents what effect this anecdote must have produced on the minds of our children?"

After his marriage, Cobbett lived with his wife for some time in France, studying the language; and then they went to Philadelphia, where he began to teach English to Frenchmen; and, as his first work, composed his French and English Grammar. How soon he commenced the *Porcupine*, his furious and insensate anti-Jacobin journal, we cannot tell; but he remained between Philadelphia and New York for about eight years, and, during most of this time, had a printing establishment and a book store.

Cobbett has often been charged with inconsistency; but no reasonable man calls Luther or John Knox inconsistent or apostate, because, being bred Roman catholic priests, each became converts to protestantism, and married. Cobbett had a principle of consistency of his own. Find the key to his resolute, self-willed, and obstinate character, and you solve the whole mystery. He would not be in the wrong, or, at least, he would not be corrected. But his good sense, and the candour, which, though not his most distinguishing quality, was not absolutely without greatly triumphed over his inflexibility. No man could be forgotten, that, reproaching his opponents, his friendship was in the hands of the great, the strong side, or what I call the *great side*, and at, however modest the name, the *great side*.

price, or by violent personal feelings, he never once really flinched from the cause of the people. From the moment of conviction, he stood firmly and undauntedly by his order, and encountered persecution, contumely, and hardship, that would have crushed, ten times over, any less resolute spirit. The oppression and injustice which he endured, looks light, because he bore it so well, or resented it so fiercely. In one of his lectures, delivered at Manchester, in 1831, Cobbett speaks so frankly of his early darkness and error, that to persist in the charge of inconsistency, upon this score, becomes almost ungenerous. We have, indeed, very little doubt that much of his early anti-Jacobinism arose from the sheer spirit of contradiction, and pugnacity of temper. He was lecturing in Manchester upon the debt, and his favourite topic of adjustment, when he incidentally used the following words:—"When I was in America, the first time, I was a mere zealous prater of politics. Finding the whole people railing against my own country, I espoused its cause, right or wrong; and the bank having stopped payment in 1797, I defended bank notes, not convertible into gold, it being quite sufficient for me that England had bank notes. But I had not been in England three years, before I clearly saw the wickedness and mischievous tendency of the whole system of debts and paper money. So that these are no new notions of mine, at any rate; I having continued to promulgate them for twenty-eight years. In 1806, when the whigs and Grenvillites came into power, I might have been under-secretary of state to Mr. Windham, who was then secretary for the colonies"—and he tells a story highly honourable to himself, and to the consistency of his opinions, for which we shall refer to the printed lecture.

In his tour in Scotland, during which period the whig press took great and bitter pains to inflame the public mind against him, by daily reminding the people of his offences against the Scottish nation, and, in former days, against the cause of freedom, he indignantly, and sometimes humorously, adverts to these abortive and contemptible attempts to run him down. Approaching the bridge of Berwick, he says, "I descend to the Tweed, and now for the 'antullact.' As I went over the bridge, my mind filled with reflecting on those who had crossed it before me, saying to myself, 'This has been the pass of all those pestiferous *feelosophers* whom I have been combating so long, and who have done so much mischief to their own country as well as mine'—saying this to myself, and thinking at the same time, of the dreadful menace of *The Scotsman*, and of that 'national debt of revenge' that he said Scotland owed me; with my mind thus filled, I could not help crossing myself as I passed this celebrated bridge."

It did, indeed, require some courage in a veteran of seventy to come alone to the country he had so long ridiculed, and that in the face of all its "leading journals" yelping in chorus against him, and reciprocating abuse with those of England. The real power of the press is distinctly revealed at such times. That power is now, thank Heaven! only felt when allied with right. Cobbett's errors of forty years, raked up, and duly set forth,

did him no injury with the people. Even in the west of Scotland, where his American writings against *Muir* and the Scottish martyrs of liberty were revived, to incite the reformers to pelt and hoot him back to England, they showed themselves both wiser and far more candid than their teachers. The admirable address of the operatives of Glasgow to Cobbett, at this time, is the best answer we have ever seen to the charges brought against him for inconsistency, abusiveness, and so forth. We cannot forbear citing one passage from it. The "leading journals" must really change their tactics if they would ever again attempt to mislead men so shrewd and so calm-judging. The operatives would not be inflamed against a man who, whatever were his faults, had done so much substantial and zealous service to the working class, by all the arts employed. They made large and wise allowances. "Notwithstanding," says the address, "the epithets which you have so unsparingly bestowed on persons whose conduct you could not approve, and however much you may have wounded the national pride of Scotland, by so liberally slandering her name and people, the operatives of Glasgow regard these ebullitions as the effects of a strong dislike to the iniquitous measures and false theories of political economy associated with the parties you addressed, and that you must have drawn the character of Scotland and Scotsmen from the cringing, booing, place-and-pension-hunters, who, in by-past parliaments, presumed to represent our much abused country; and we sincerely hope that you are now undeceived. . . . We are proud to think that a man, originally a labourer for his daily bread, should thus be fated to rise on the ruin of the aristocratic caste, by the mere force of his own industry and talent; proving that *mind*, when vigorously exerted and directed aright, is all powerful in overcoming the fallacious systems imposed upon the many by the greedy and ambitious few." These deliberate and shrewd opinions are sufficient answer to those who would cunningly injure the faith, by calumniating the apostle. Cobbett, by the way, was in exceedingly good humour all the time he was in Scotland; and it gives us a very favourable impression of his sanguine temperament and real good-nature, that, not only while in this country, but in all circumstances, the first approach to social intercourse overcame all his personal prejudices; and that whatever was nearest him for the time, was the best of its kind possible. The scenery, the manners, the cattle, the crops, the gardens, the women, the "pretty girls," the little children, the pigs, and all those other natural objects for which he had so sharp an eye, that chanced to be immediately before him, are ever the finest, the best, the most beautiful that ever he had seen, or that were to be seen in the world! We can never believe that this is the temper of a harsh, cold, or savage man. It is this overflowing of kindly sympathies which makes much of Cobbett's miscellaneous writings so delightful; and this is the true source of much of his egotism; and, at any rate, of all that is amiable in it. Like Dr. Johnson, he had been abusing Scotland and the Scots all his life, from pure no-meaning, or a

humorous spleen; and, like the great levian of literature, when he came, he was clamorous with all he saw and heard in that country; was there the least insincerity or affectation the one case more than in the other. This long digression, if it be one at all.

We left Cobbett in America, a furious party writer; gratified, if not intoxicated, by the plause he received, and the sensation he created in Europe, and especially in England; and tutated by the motives which he avowed at Manchester.

In the *Advice to Young Men*, he pictures domestic character and habits at this period in most engaging manner; and, we dare say, too much *en beau*, for all is so simply right so perfectly natural. But this, as has been marked, is the sanctified life of the fireside—

"*The PORCUPINE with his quills sheathed*
He says:—

"I began my young marriage days in and near Philadelphia. At one of those times to which I have alluded, in the middle of the burning hot month of July, I was greatly afraid of fatal consequences to my wife, who, not having, after the great danger over, had any sleep for more than forty-eight hours. In great cities, in hot countries, are, I believe, full of dogs, and they, in the very hot weather, keep up, during the night, a horrible barking, and fighting, and howling. Upon the particular occasion to which I am alluding, they made a noise so terrible and so unrelenting, that it was next to impossible that even a person in full health and free from pain, should obtain a minute's sleep. I was, about nine in the evening, sitting by the bed, and, do think, 'that I could go to sleep now, were not for the dogs.' Down stairs I went, and I sallied, in my shirt and trousers, and without shoes or stockings; and, going to a heap of stones lying by the road, set to work upon the dogs, going backward and forward, and keeping them at two or three hundred yards distance from the house. I walked thus the whole night barefooted, lest the noise of my shoes might reach her ears; and I remember that the bricks of the causeway were, even in the night, so hot as to be agreeable to my feet. My exertions produced the desired effect; a sleep of several hours was the consequence, and, at eight o'clock in the morning, off went I to my business, which was to end at six in the evening.

"Women are all patriots of the soil; and, when neighbours used to ask my wife whether all her husbands were like hers, she boldly answered in the affirmative. I had business to occupy the whole of my time, Sundays and week-days, except sleeping by the fire, but I used to make time to assist her in the taking up of her baby, and in all sorts of things: get up, light the fire, boil her tea-kettle, carry her up warm water in the weather, take the child while she dressed herself, and the breakfast ready, then breakfast, get her in water for the day, then dress myself neatly, and go forth to my business. The moment that was over I hastened back to her again; and I no more than spending a moment away from her, unless business compelled me, than I thought of quitting the country going to sea. The thunder and lightning are treacherous in America, compared with what they are in England. My wife was, at one time, very much affected by thunder and lightning; and, as is the feeling of all women, and, indeed, all men too, she wanted company, and particularly her husband, in those times of storm. I knew well, of course, that my presence would diminish the danger; but, be I at what I might, if I was not within reach of home, I used to quit my business, and go



ous or useless life. His long imprisonment, and the ruin of his affairs, left deep traces in a quick and resentful, but certainly not an ungenerous mind. Cobbett has, at least, the negative merit of never making any secret of his hatred of the wretches who had stabbed him, and, through him, the liberties of Englishmen. In the dedication from Long Island, of one of his books, to a friend, (Timothy Brown, Esq., of Peckham Lodge, Surrey,) he thus alludes to this infamous transaction:—

"You were one of those, who sought acquaintance with me, when I was shut up in a felon's jail for two years for having expressed my indignation at seeing Englishmen flogged, in the heart of England, under a guard of German bayonets and sabres, and when I had on my head a thousand pounds fine and seven years recognisances. You, at the end of the two years, took me from the prison, in your carriage, home to your house. You and our kind friend Walker, are even yet, held in bonds for my good behaviour, the seven years not being expired. All these things are written in the very core of my heart; and when I act as if I had forgotten any one of them, may no name on earth be so much detested and despised as that of

"Your faithful friend, and most obedient servant,

"WM. COBBETT."

Cobbett never pretended to forgive his persecutors. He denied that this was a Christian duty; but, as his glowing resentment was surely not without cause, it is not without excuse. After a picture of domestic life, which must charm every body, and which is well worth the attentive study of every man and woman who has a family to train, he winds up:—

"In this happy state we lived, until the year 1810, when the government laid its merciless fangs upon me, dragged me from these delights, and crammed me into a jail amongst felons; of which I shall have to speak more fully, when, in the last number, I come to speak of the duties of THE CITIZEN. This added to the difficulties of my task of teaching; for now I was snatched away from the only scene in which it could, as I thought, properly be executed. But even these difficulties were got over. The blow was, to be sure, a terrible one: and, O, God! how was it felt by these poor children! It was in the month of July when the horrible sentence was passed upon me. My wife, having left her children in the care of her good and affectionate sister, was in London, waiting to know the doom of her husband. When the news arrived at Botley, the three boys—one eleven, another nine, and the other seven years old—were hoeing cabbages in that garden which had been the source of so much delight. When the account of the savage sentence was brought to them, the youngest could not, for some time, be made to understand what a jail was; and when he did, he, all in a tremor, exclaimed, 'Now I'm sure, William, that papa is not in a place like that.' The other, in order to disguise his tears and smother his sobs, fell to work with the hoe, and chopped about like a blind person. This account, when it reached me, affected me more, filled me with deeper resentment, than any other circumstance. And, oh! how I despise the wretches who talk of my vindictiveness—of my exultation at the confusion of those who inflicted those sufferings! How I despise the base creatures, the crawling slaves, the callous and cowardly hypocrites, who affect to be 'shocked' (tender souls!) at my expressions of joy, at the death of Gibbs, Ellenborough, Percival, Liverpool, Canning, and the rest of the tribe that I have already seen out, and at the fatal workings of that system, for endeavouring to

check which I was thus punished! How I despise wretches! and how I, above all things, enjoy the and anticipate their utter beggary! What! I am give, am I, injuries like this; and that, too, with atonement? Oh! no, I have not so read the Scriptures; I have not, from them, learned that I to rejoice at the fall of unjust foes; and it makes of my happiness to be able to tell millions of me I do thus rejoice, and that I have the means of on so many just and merciful men to rejoice along me."

When the *Spy System* had produced the errors of 1817 and the *six acts*, Cobbett, who still under heavy cognisances, thought it proper for himself and his sureties, to withdraw time to America. He imagined, not without cause, that one of the *Six Acts* was directed at him; and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, made his situation very peculiar. Cobbett, therefore, made the best of his way to Liverpool, with his large young family; and thence, upon the 26th of March 1817, he addressed the public, in these terms:

"My departure for America will surprise none of those who do not reflect. A full and explicit statement of my reasons will appear in a few days, probably 5th of April. In the meanwhile, I think it necessary to make known, that I have fully empowered a son of respectability to manage and settle all my affairs in England. I owe my countrymen sincere thanks, which I shall always entertain for them in a higher degree than towards any other people upon earth. I owe nothing from my country, but my wife and my children, and surely they are my own, at any rate. I shall love England better than any other country—never become a subject or citizen of any other state. I and mine were not born under a government which has absolute power to imprison us at its pleasure; and can avoid it, we will never live nor die under such an order of things. When this order of things shall cease, then shall I again see England."

There is a manliness, there is true dignity in this farewell.

By the disposal of his property at Botley, which he must have expended a great deal of other transactions at this time, added to his long imprisonment, law expenses, and that fine of a thousand pounds—which we cannot doubt that the nation owes to his family—his private affairs must have suffered serious derangement, from which they probably never recovered.

In America he took a farm, or, at least, a place in the country with some land, resumed his indefatigable habits, and opened, we believe, a store in New York. The *Registers* came regularly across the Atlantic, and were eagerly expected. He reached "the borough-mongers" his long arm. Another of Cobbett's earliest and most attractive books, the "Year's Residence in America," now appeared in parts. One consequence of Cobbett's departure to America was the affair with Sir Francis Burdett. It was vivified by the ill-judging newspapers, during his late tour in Scotland; and, at a public dinner given to Cobbett in Glasgow, he opened upon the recreant reforming baronet in a style that is absolutely terrific. But, for the passage, we refer to the "Tour." The true character of Sir Francis Burdett is no longer a mystery. It

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE REV. GEORGE ROBERT GLEIG.

We here present John Russell, and the rest of the literary public, with a life-like sketch of the new chaplain of Chelsea. The ex-lieutenant is a tory—but that Johnny did well in selecting him for this *otium cum dignitate* will be proved, when we have mentioned one undeniable fact, viz: that he is the only eminent man in the church who has himself worn a sabre. The old heathens of the hospital will perhaps listen to one who may be said to belong to their own order—to a mere black and all black, even of forty-horse power in prosing, they would undoubtedly turn the deafest of long ears.

Supposing Gleig to have begun at ten, he may now be enjoying his thirtieth season of the moors. His father is the venerable and learned Bishop of Stirling—such a bishop in point of emolument as our Biomfields, and so on, must ere long make up their minds to be—his lordship's see, we understand, averaging about 300*l.* per annum; though we can assure our right reverend diocesan, that our friend's father in the flesh is, as regards essential points, a father in God entitled to occupy a higher portion of public confidence than himself. Among other good things that he has done, we must take leave to mention with particular distinction, the begetting of the hero on the opposite page. What is any edition of *Æschylus* to that?

The lad was educated under the wing of the "great mother of churchmen and tories;" but was not satisfied with those opportunities for the display of the pugnacious principle, which the rows of gown and town afforded to the youthful strutters of the High street. A regiment chanced to pass through Oxford on its way to Lisbon. Our spark *instantly* bolted from his college, kicked his trencher-cap into the first ditch, joined the corps as a volunteer, and, on landing, had no difficulty in procuring an epaulette for his broad and stalwart shoulder. The *Subaltern*, and the *Narrative of the War in North America*, may save us the trouble of writing his military life. He has himself recorded it in pages, by means of which, being dead, he will yet speak to the Chelsea pensioners of 1934; if such things then there be.

Gleig was severely wounded at our capture of the Yankee capitol; and finding himself, after Waterloo, in which he was again a good deal cut up, turned adrift on half pay, it occurred to his brilliant mind that he might do worse than fall in love. In short, the lieutenant married, took orders, and in due time got a couple of small livings, and some eight or ten small, but vigorously carnivorous, children in Kent. To help to cram them, he began to cram "my public;" and both parties have fed daintily ever since. His *History of India*, just published, is perhaps his best thing.

Gleig is a very good fellow—of course, a decided enemy of cant in every form—but a stanch churchman—orthodox as Lefroy, devout as Wetherell, kind hearted as Inglis, jolly as Boyton, and zealous as Billy Holmes. In these days of change, we consider every man as fortunate who has two strings to his bow; and happy, in particular, is the parson who can, in case of accidents, gird the sword upon his thigh, and go forth to batter other

substances than the "drum ecclesiastic." The reclaimed lobster, black as it looks, may be boiled red again. It may yet be with Gleig as it was with his countryman, old Dr. Adam Ferguson, at Fontenoy. The doctor was chaplain to the 42d; and when the first charge occurred, great was the horror of the colonel to see his reverence rushing, armed with a huge broadsword—*ὁ πρῶτος μαχισθῆναι*. "Doctor, doctor! remember your cloth!" "Colonel, colonel! damn my cloth!" responded the illustrious moralist; and, suiting the action to the word, clove monsieur even unto the chine—and he fell with heavy thump, and five sous rattled in his pocket.

Thus if THE Row were opening now,
Would flame once more the soul of Gleig;
The surpliced crew he'd thus eschew,
To sport claymore and philibeg.
One rub-a-dub brings Parson Sub
Where beams the banner of "THE BEAU;"
Nor Hume nor Place find softer grace
Than savage Soult, or scamp Junot,
In fields Iberian long ago!

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF WILLIAM COBBETT.

Among the many auspicious changes visible in our "wonderful" age, there is one peculiarly gratifying:—The public mind, no matter how cunningly practised upon, or however it may have been violently prejudiced or warped, *rights* itself much more speedily than at former periods. Time more swiftly does the work of justice, whether in condemnation or approval. Generations are no longer required to pass away before a man is placed in the exact niche which his intellect and public services entitle him to occupy. The grave has scarcely closed over Cobbett, yet he is already taking possession of that place which the secret pride and the *nationality* of all Englishmen have long tacitly accorded him; even while their selfish interests denied him the possession of any one high moral quality, and while they strove to depreciate the masculine intellect and uncommon genius in which they secretly exulted. Cool-headed Scotsmen and warm-hearted Irishmen have always done this remarkable person *justice*; but his fellow-countrymen have really been *proud* of this son of their soil, even while they reviled him the most: and well they might. The most eminent of the tory newspapers—the *Standard*—in doing homage to Cobbett's memory, places him above the "heaven-born minister" himself, in the power of influencing his age; and there certainly never has been an individual political writer in any country possessed of nearly equal *momentum*. De Foe and Swift, who come the nearest, shrink into smaller dimensions, when their efforts, as public writers, are compared with those of Cobbett. And, apart from politics altogether, he was one of the most remarkable men of a memorable epoch. He was, if no more, the finest possible specimen of the old unmixed Saxon race. Jack Cade was but a type of him. His

And married, too, it seems, to a daughter of that Scott, who is now called 'Lord Stowell!' The same newspaper that tells me of this marriage, tells me that Sidmouth's son, who was a *sinecure placeman with a salary of three thousand a year*, and who was *insane*, is just dead. Here is matter for reflection, moral, religious, and political! What! is a thing like this to go without enquiry for ever?

"By the by, the trip, which *Old Sidmouth* and crew gave me to America, was attended with some *interesting consequences*; amongst which were the introducing of the Sussex pigs into the American farm-yards; the introduction of the Swedish turnip into the American fields; the introduction of American apple-trees into England; and the introduction of the making, in England, of the straw plat, to supplant the Italian."

This is in that vein of mixed humour, fun, banter, and sarcasm, in which Cobbett delights, and in which he is so happy:—

"As soon as you cross the road, you enter the estate of the descendant of Rollo, Duke of Buckingham, which estate is in the parish of Avington. In this place the duke has a farm, not very good land. It is in his own hands. The corn is indifferent, except the barley, which is every where good. You come a full mile from the road-side down through this farm to the duke's mansion-house at Avington, and to the little village of that name, both of them beautifully situated, amidst fine and lofty trees, fine meadows, and streams of clear water. On this farm of the duke, I saw (in a little close by the farm-house) several hens in coops, with broods of pheasants instead of chickens. It seems that a gamekeeper lives in the farm-house, and I dare say the duke thinks much more of the pheasants than of the corn. The turnips upon this farm are by no means good; but I was in some measure compensated for the bad turnips by the sight of the duke's turnip-hoers, about a dozen females, amongst whom there were several very pretty girls, and they were as merry as larks. There had been a shower that had brought them into a sort of huddle on the road-side. When I came up to them, they all fixed their eyes upon me, and, upon my smiling, they bursted out into laughter. I observed to them that the Duke of Buckingham was a very happy man to have such turnip-hoers, and really they seemed happier and better off than any work-people that I saw in the fields all the way from London to this spot. It is curious enough, but I have always observed, that the women along this part of the country are usually tall. These girls were all tall, straight, fair, round-faced, excellent complexion, and uncommonly gay. They were well dressed, too, and I observed the same of all the men that I saw down at Avington. This could not be the case if the duke were a cruel or hard master; and this is an act of justice due from me to the descendant of Rollo. I must do Rollo justice; and I must again say, that the good looks and happy faces of his turnip-hoers spoke much more in his praise than could have been spoken by fifty lawyers, like that Storks who was employed, the other day, to plead against the editor of the *Bucks Chronicle*, for publishing an account of the selling-up of farmer Smith of Ashendon, in that county."

This leads to the *game laws*, and Lord Ellenborough's act, and to the following exquisite incidental hit. We hope that Sir James Mackintosh enjoyed it quite as much as he is said to have done the satirical verses upon himself in the *New Whig Guide*, which he recited, and called "fair good fun." Here the *fun* is quite as good, the wit much finer, yet we will not be sure that Sir James enjoyed it so much.

"Admire with me, reader, the singular turn of the mind of Sir James Mackintosh, whose whole soul appears to have been long bent on the amelioration of the penal code, and who has never said one single word about this *new and most terrible part of it!* Sir James, after years of incessant toil, has, I believe, succeeded in getting a repeal of the laws for the punishment of *witchcraft*, of the very existence of which laws the nation was unacquainted. But the devil a word has he said about the game laws, which put into the jails a full third part of the prisoners, and to hold which prisoners the jails have actually been enlarged in all parts of the country! Singular turn of mind! Singular *humanity!* Ah! Sir James knows very well what he is at. He understands the state of his constituents at Knarborough too well to meddle with game laws. He has a *friend*, I dare say, who knows more about game laws than he does. However, the poor witches are safe; thank Sir James for that. Mr. Carlile's sister and Mrs. Wright are in jail, and may be there for life! But the poor witches are safe. No hypocrite; no base pretender to religion; no atrocious, savage, blackhearted wretch, who would murder half mankind rather than not live on the labour of others; no monster of this kind can now persecute the poor witches—thanks to Sir James, who has obtained security for them in all their rides through the air, and in all their sailings upon the horse-ponds!"

Cobbett's forte is light sarcasm—and his banter is really often joyous and good-humoured. He says, very soon after the accidental lapse to Sir James—

"I got up to the church at Frant, and, just by, I saw a school-house with this motto on it: 'Train up a child as he should walk,' &c. That is to say, try to breed up the boys and girls of this village in such a way, that they may never know any thing about Lord Abercromby's *sinecure*; or, knowing about it, they may think it *right* that he should roll in wealth coming to him in such a way. The projectors deceive nobody but themselves."

"In quitting Frant, I descended into a country more woody than that behind me. I asked a man whose fine woods those were that I pointed to, and I fairly gave a start, when he said the Marquis Camden's! Milton talks of the leviathan in a way to make one draw in one's shoulders with fear; and I appeal to any one who has been at sea when a whale has come near the ship, whether he has not at the first sight of the monster, made a sort of involuntary movement, as if to get out of the way. Such was the movement that I now made. However, soon coming to myself, on I walked my horse by the side of my pedestrian informant. It is Bayham abbey that this great and awful *sinecure placeman* owns in this part of the county. Another great estate he owns near Sevenoaks. But here alone he spreads his length and breadth over more, they say, than ten or twelve thousand acres of land, great part of which consists of oak woods. But, indeed, what estates might he not purchase? Not much less than thirty years, he held a place, a *sinecure place*, that yielded him about £30,000 a year! At any rate, he, according to parliamentary accounts, has received, of public money, little short of a million of guineas. These, at thirty guineas an acre, would buy thirty thousand acres of land. And what did he have all this money for? Answer me that question, Wilberforce, you who called him a 'bright star,' when he gave up a part of his enormous *sinecure*. He gave up all but the trifling sum of nearly £3000 a year! What a bright star! And when did he give it up? When the radicals had made the country ring with it. When his name was, by their means, getting into every mouth in the kingdom; when every radical speech and petition contained the name of Camden. Then it was, and not till then, that this bright

all part of its brilliancy. So that Wilberforce have thanked the radicals and not Camden. To let go his grasp, he talked of the merits of his father. His father was a lawyer, who was exceedingly fond of what he did, without a million of money given to his son. But there is something rather commonplace to be observed about this father. He was the cotemporary of Yorke, who became Lord of the Exchequer. Pratt and Yorke; and the merit of it, that he was constantly opposed to the principles of Yorke. Yorke was called a tory and Pratt a radical. The devil of it was, both got to the lords; and, hence or another, the families of both have, from that time, been receiving great parcels of the public money! Beautiful system! The tories were for rewarding Pratt—the whigs were for rewarding Yorke. The whigs (all in good time!) humoured both parties; stupid people, divided into tools of two factions, applauded, now one part of them, and now the other, the squandering away of their substance. They were like the man and his wife in the fable, to spite one another, gave away to the con- sumer the whole of their dinner, bit by bit. This of folly is over, at any rate. The people are no longer enough to be partisans. They make no dis- tinction.

It is surprising that pure whig and real tory joined together to put down this sharp- tongued, unsparing writer? As Cobbett's belief, maintained with great ability, that England was as populous, or so, centuries ago, as at the present time, the manufacturing towns—the toad- and the WEN, had not then sucked in the population from the agricultural districts. His con- sideration of the size of the country churches, frequently calculates the numbers of peo- ple the old churches, he sees, could con- tain. "That of Goudhurst would," he states, "three thousand people, and it had in it two hundred and fourteen, besides fifty-three Sunday school-boys; and these sat in a sort of lodge, up in a corner, sixteen feet high and ten feet wide. Now, will any Parson, or any body else, have the impu- dence to tell me, that this church was built for a population not more numerous than that?" The methodists cannot take away four or five hundred; and what then, was the church built for, if there were no more in those days, at Goudhurst, than there were now? It is very true, that the labouring class have, in a great measure, ceased to go to church. There were scarcely any of that class in the great country church to-day. I do not be- lieve there were ten. I can remember when they were so numerous, that the parson could not begin, till the rattling of their nailed shoes ceased. I have seen, I am sure, five hun- dred men and men in smock-frocks coming out of the church at one time. Tenterden church, one of the smallest, could also hold three thousand people; and this statement leads to the following observa- tion, which will find an echo in the hearts where it has hitherto been regarded as next thing to sacrilegious monster:—"Let it be ob- served that when these churches were built, peo- ple had not yet thought of cramming them with as a stable is filled with stalls. Those who built these churches had no idea that wor-

ship God meant, going to sit to hear a man talk out what he called preaching. By worship, they meant very different things; and, above all things, when they had made a fine and noble building, they did not dream of disfiguring the in- side of it by filling its floor with large and deep boxes made of deal boards. In short, the floor was the place for the worshippers to stand or to kneel; and there was no distinction; no high place and no low place; all were upon a level be- fore God, at any rate. Some were not stuck into pews lined with green or red cloth, while others were crammed into corners, to stand erect, or sit on the floor. These odious distinctions are of protestant origin and growth. I often wonder how it is, that the present parsons are not ashamed to call the churches *theirs*. They must know the origin of them; and, how they can look at them, and, at the same time, revile the catholics, is astonishing to me." Approaching Canterbury, he comes to a village named Up-street, where his old English notions and associations are thus shocked:—"At Up-street, I was struck with the words written upon a board which was fastened upon a pole, which pole was standing in a garden near a neat little box of a house. The words were these:—'PARADISE PLACE—Spring-guns and steel-traps are set here.' A pretty idea it must give us of Paradise, to know that spring- guns and steel-traps are set in it! This is, doubt- less, some stock-jobber's place; for, in the first place, the name is likely to have been selected by one of that crew; and, in the next place, when- ever any of them go to the country, they look upon it that they are to begin a sort of warfare against every thing around them. They invariably look upon every labourer as a thief!"

We must, we fear, hold our hand. Ample verge as the tall columns of *Tait* afford, Cobbett's hun- dred volumes require greater space. And why should he not receive it? Volumes will soon be given to the subject of our few brief pages. We shall continue our notice of the man whom *The Standard* rightly places above Pratt.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

THE NEW DOCTOR.

A pleasant, pretty village is the village of Sut- ton Hill—built literally upon a hill; one long wide street straggling from the shady bottom, more than half way up, to the top—interspersed with two or three tall groups of Lombardy pop- lars, a few magnificent elms, and here and there a venerable hawthorn, rich, in the happy month of May, both in leaf and flower. The village dwellings peep in and out from amid these noble trees, in all the variety of hue and colour belong- ing to their respective classes. There is the grocer's—so called, because that is the more dig- nified of his several callings—but, in fact, it is the general shop, the multifarious dispensary of the village, famous for excellent butter, and the finest honey within ten miles round; there it stands, built of red brick, glowing and glaring in the summer sun, the window-frames and door- posts painted a bright blue, and the step of spot-

morning walk to Blackford hill with Dugald Stewart. One anecdote of his boyhood, related somewhere by himself in his multitudinous writings, is so amusingly characteristic of the future man, that we have never forgotten it. He was not permitted to follow the hounds upon some occasion, and, in revenge, procured a salt herring, which he furtively drew over the ground where they were to throw off, thus to cast them off the scent. The trick took to admiration, and the boy as much exulted in his success as did the man in the discomfiture of his enemies, Ellenborough and Vickary Gibbs. Many little hired strawberry pickers, we have no doubt, still convey a few berries to their own mouths, in spite of *tracts* and Sunday schools, and will continue to do so; but we question if many men, in the same circumstances, will have the honest courage to avow such juvenile delinquencies as the following: but Cobbett probably gloried in his fault—it was cunning against power—taking a lawful prey from the Amalekites. “We came hither [to Farnham] by the way of Waverley Abbey and Moor Park. On the common, I shewed Dick some of my old hunting scenes, when I was of his age, or younger, reminding him that I was obliged to *hunt on foot*. We got leave to go and see the grounds at Waverley, where all the old monks’ *gardenwalls* are totally gone, and where the spot is become a kind of lawn. I showed him the spot where the strawberry garden was, and where I, when sent to gather *hautboys*, used to eat every *remarkably fine one*, instead of letting it go to be eaten by Sir Robert Rich.” An early indication this, no doubt, of the desire of “spoliation.” Of this spot, and even of the former owner, the hautboy-plundered Sir Robert, he appeared to cherish the fondest recollections. One story he begins thus:—

“When I was a very little boy, I was, in the barley-mowing season, going along by the side of a field, near Waverley Abbey, the primroses and bluebells bespangling the banks on both sides of me, a thousand linnets singing in the spreading oak over my head, while the jingle of the traces and whistling of the plough boy saluted my ear from over the hedge; and, as it were to snatch me from the enchantment, the hounds at that instant having started a hare in the hanger on the other side of the field, came up scampering over it in full cry, taking me after them many a mile. I was not then eight years old.

From Waverley we went to Moor Park, once the seat of Sir William Temple, and, when I was a very little boy, the seat of a Lady, or a Mrs. Temple. Here I showed Richard *Mother Ludlum’s Hole*; but, alas! it is not the enchanting place that I knew it, nor that which Grose describes in his antiquities! The semicircular paling is gone; the basins, to catch the never-ceasing little stream, are gone; the iron cups, fastened by chains, for people to drink out of, are gone; the pavement all broken to pieces; the seats, for people to sit on, on both sides of the cave, torn up and gone; the stream that ran down a clean paved channel, now making a dirty gutter; and the ground opposite, which was a grove chiefly of laurels, intersected by closely mowed grass-walks, now become a poor, ragged looking alder coppice. Near the mansion, I showed Richard the hill upon which Dean Swift tells us he used to run for exercise, while he was pursuing his studies here; and I would have showed him the garden seat, under which *Sir William Temple’s heart was buried, agreeably to his will*; but the seat was gone, also the wall at the back of

it; and the exquisitely beautiful little lawn in which the seat stood, was turned into a parcel of divers shaped cockney clumps, planted according to the strictest rules of artificial and refined vulgarity.

“At Waverley, Mr. Thompson, a merchant of some sort, has succeeded (after the monks) the Orby hunters and Sir Robert Rich. At Moor Park, a Mr. Laing, a West India planter or merchant, has succeeded the Temples; and at the castle of Farnham, which you see from Moor Park, Bishop Prettyman Tomline has, at last, after *perfectly regular and due gradations*, succeeded William of Wykham!”

But this rather anticipates the childhood of Cobbett, upon which he constantly looks back in a manner that one would certainly not expect from one fitted “for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.” In the introduction to one of his most delightful books—next, indeed, to the “*Rural Rides*,”—namely, his “*Year’s Residence in America*,” he says:—

“Early habits and affections seldom quit us while we have vigour of mind left. I was brought up under a father, whose talk was chiefly about his garden and his fields, with regard to which he was famed for his skill and his exemplary neatness. From my very infancy, from the age of six years, when I climbed up the side of a steep sand rock, and there scooped me out a plot four feet square to make me a garden, and the soil for which I carried up in the bosom of my little blue smock-frock, or hunting-shirt, I have never lost one particle of my passion for these healthy, and rational, and heart-cheering pursuits, in which every day presents something new, in which the spirits are never suffered to flag, and in which industry, skill, and care, are sure to meet with their due reward. I have never, for any eight months together, during my whole life, been without a garden.”

In the same volume in his *American Journal*, is this beautiful passage:—

“When I returned to England, in 1800, after an absence, from the country parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so *small*! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called *rivers*! The Thames was but a “*creek*!” But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to *Farnham*, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Every thing was become so pitifully *small*! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill, called Hungry hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learnt before, the death of my father and mother. There is a hill, not far from the town, called *Crooksbury hill*, which rises up out of a flat, in the form of a *con*, and is planted with Scottish fir trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. “*As high as Crooksbury hill*” meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore, the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. *I could not believe my eyes*. Literally speaking, I, for a moment, thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen, in New Brunswick, a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me, in a few minutes, to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious *hill*, where I had begun my gardening works. What a *revelation*! But now came rushing into my mind, all a

by higher and purer motives—though we are far from positively affirming even this much—and there have been some of nearly equal ability, and of knowledge greatly superior; but, take him all in all, and the same degree of fearless, reckless, uncompromising honesty, was never before united with *Ishmaelitic* strength. Single-handed, he did battle with nearly the whole press for above thirty years, until he had almost written down his own occupation. He fought them till he had half taught them how to beat him. At one time or other, he has been assailed by every periodical of name; for, however they might squabble among themselves, they were all united against the *Ishmaelite*. “We once,” says the whig *Edinburgh Review*, “tried to cast this Antæus to the ground; but the earth-born rose again, and still staggers on, blind or one-eyed, to his remorseless, restless purpose; sometimes running upon posts and pitfalls, sometimes shaking a country to its centre. It is best to say little about him, and to keep out of his way: for he crushes, by his ponderous weight, whosoever he falls upon.” Allowing for his prejudices and *crutches*—though most of them have an honest, if narrow, foundation—and repudiating some of Cobbett’s political schemes as injustice to the innocent fund-holders, who now stand in place of those Jews, jobbers, and loan contractors, who were the objects of his just abhorrence—the reviewers would find it difficult to tell us what his “remorseless, restless purpose” might be. The charges generally made against “the earth-born,” are inconsistency, coarseness, dogmatism, audacity, and many other things hinted at, but never defined; for, we presume, every body has now departed from the old ground of Jacobinism and blasphemy—the first of which meant, impugning the rights of the borough mongers, vested in corruption, and the second, questioning the divine right of tithes. How far these charges are well founded, will best be seen in his life and writings, and not in the partial representations of furious political enemies; for, passionate himself, no man could be moderate in hostility to Cobbett. There was no neutral ground in his vicinage. In this violence lay at once his strength and his weakness. Need we say how greatly the first preponderated?

We shall now, in earnest, address ourselves to what is, in truth, a labour of good-will; fervently wishing that it were in our power to pay back any part of those services which it was the business of William Cobbett, for above thirty years, to perform for those of his countrymen whom he manfully named *his order*.

Cobbett was, as is very well known, a native of Farnham in Surrey. He was born about 1762; the third son of a small farmer. And, after he had risen to eminence and distinction, it was his delight and his pride to refer to the honourable, if humble, circumstances of his early life; to a father, whom, he says, “I ardently loved, and to whose every word I listened with admiration,” and to a “gentle, and tender-hearted, and affectionate mother.” In one of his “Rural Rides,” in which he was accompanied by one of his sons, then a mere boy, he says, “In coming from Moor Park to Farnham town, I stopped opposite the

door of a little old house, where there appeared to be many children. ‘There, Dick, said I, ‘when I was just such a little creature as that, whom you see in the door-way, I lived in this very house with my grandmother Cobbett.’”—He was a bold, adventurous, hardly little chap, fond of all manner of rural English sports, and the very “father to the man” he afterwards became. Of all the delusive modes of affectation, we do believe that there is one—and that is the affectation of keen natural affection—which never deceived any one. Cobbett, whatever were his faults, had surely a genial temperament and great warmth of feeling. The little anecdotes of his childhood, to which he so fondly recurs in his old age—if he ever submitted to old age—are to us quite delightful. In one of his “Rural Rides,” in which he was accompanied by an elder son, he writes—

“We went a little out of the way to go to a place called the *Bourne*, which lies in the heath at about a mile from Farnham. We went to *Bourne*, in order that I might shew my son the spot where I received the rudiments of my education. There is a little hop-garden in which I used to work when from eight to ten years old; from which I have, scores of times, run to follow the hounds, leaving the hoe to do the best that it could to destroy the weeds; but the most interesting thing was a *sand-hill*, which goes from a part of the heath down to the rivulet. As a due mixture of pleasure with toil, I, with two brothers, used occasionally to *disport* ourselves, as the lawyers call it, at this sand-hill. Our diversion was this: we used to go to the top of the hill, which was steeper than the roof of a house; one used to draw his arms out of the sleeves of his smock-frock, and lay himself down with his arms by his sides; and then the others, one at head, and the other at feet, sent him rolling down the hill like a barrel or a log of wood. By the time he got to the bottom, his hair, eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, were all full of this loose sand; then the others took their turn, and, at every roll, there was a monstrous spell of laughter. I had often told my sons of this, while they were very little, and I now took one of them to see the spot. But that was not all. This was the spot where I was receiving my education; and this was the sort of education; and I am perfectly satisfied that, if I had not received such an education, or something very much like it—that, if I had been brought up a milksop, *with a nursery maid* everlastingly at my heels—I should have been at this day as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster school, or from any of those dens of dunces called colleges and universities. It is impossible to say how much I owe to that sand-hill; and I went to return it my thanks for the ability which it probably gave me to be one of the greatest terrors to one of the greatest and most powerful bodies of knaves and fools that ever were permitted to afflict this or any other country.”

Breakfasting at a little village in Sussex, he looks with fond complacency upon the landlady’s son:—“A very pretty village, and a very nice breakfast, in a very neat parlour, of a very decent public house. The landlady sent her son to get me some cream; and he was just such a chap as I was at his age, and dressed just in the same sort of way; his main garment being a blue smock-frock, faded from wear, and mended with pieces of new stuff, and, of course, not faded. The sight of this smock-frock brought to my recollection many things very dear to me.” This is as fine as Burns gazing upon the cottage smokes in his

with it to British America. Thus, from a very tender age, he was left entirely to his own guidance and mastership; and thus was nourished the self-depending, determined character, which nerved him for his life-long Herculean struggle. Cobbett has often been accused of egotism and of vainglory; without sufficient cause, as we think. It is, at least, fortunate for his readers, that, for want of a better, he has sometimes proved his own Boswell. The little illustrative snatches of personal history, especially of his young days, which he has incidentally given, are the most attractive part of his writings, and these, fortunately, mingle the most largely in the more popular and enduring part of them; namely, "The Rural Rides," the "Year's Residence in America," and the "Advice to Young Men." In the latter work, he says, in treating of education, and, in particular, of learning grammar:—

"The study need subtract from the hours of no business, nor, indeed, from the hours of necessary exercise: the hours usually spent on the tea and coffee slops and in the mere gossip which accompany them—those wasted hours of only *one year*, employed in the study of English grammar, would make you a correct speaker and writer for the rest of your life. You want no school, no room to study in, no expenses, and no troublesome circumstances of any sort. I learned grammar when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of the guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board, lying on my lap, was my writing-table; and the task did not demand any thing like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. And if I, under such circumstances, and without parent or friend to advise or encourage me, accomplished this undertaking, what excuse can there be for *any youth*, however poor, however pressed with business, or however circumstanced as to room or other conveniences? To buy a pen or a sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half starvation; I had no moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and to write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. Think not lightly of the *farthing* that I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen, or paper! That farthing was, alas! a *great sum* to me! I was as tall as I am now; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money, not expended for us at market, was *twopence a week* for each man. I remember—and well I may!—that, upon one occasion, I, after all absolutely necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shift to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a *red herring* in the morning; but, when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had *lost my halfpenny*! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child! And again I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth to find an excuse for the non-performance? What youth, who shall read this, will not be ashamed to say, that he is not able to find time and opportunity for this most essential of all the branches of book-learning?"

His natural disposition, prompt and active, made him fall easily into the better parts of military habits. The original maxim of the man who,

for forty years, daily did so much, and who, having put his hand to the plough, never once looked back, was—*Toujours prêt—Always ready*: and it ought to be the family motto of the Cobbetts. He says of himself—

"For my part, I can truly say, that I owe more of my great labours to my strict adherence to the precepts that I have here given you, than to all the natural abilities with which I have been endowed; for these, whatever may have been their amount, would have been of comparatively little use, even aided by great sobriety and abstinence, if I had not, in early life, contracted the blessed habit of husbanding well my time. To this, more than to any other thing, I owed my very extraordinary promotion in the army. I was *always ready*; if I had to mount guard at *ten*, I was ready at *nine*,—never did any man, or any thing, wait one moment for me. Being, at an age *under twenty years*, raised from corporal to sergeant-major at *once*, over the heads of thirty sergeants, I naturally should have been an object of envy and hatred; but this habit of early rising and of rigid adherence to the precepts which I have given you, really subdued these passions; because every one felt, that what I did he had never done, and never could do. Before my promotion, a clerk was wanted to make out the morning report of the regiment. I rendered the clerk unnecessary; and, long before any other man was dressed for the parade, my work for the morning was all done, and I myself was on the parade, walking, in fine weather, for an hour perhaps. My custom was this: to get up, in summer, at day-light, and in winter at four o'clock; shave, dress, even to the putting of my sword-belt over my shoulder, and having my sword lying on the table before me, ready to hang by my side. Then I ate a bit of cheese, or pork, and bread. Then I prepared my report, which was filled up as fast as the companies brought me in the materials. After this, I had an hour or two to read, before the time came for any duty out of doors, unless when the regiment, or part of it, went out to exercise in the morning. When this was the case, and the matter was left to me, I always had it on the ground in such time as that the bayonets glistened in the rising sun, a sight which gave me delight, of which I often think, but which I should in vain endeavour to describe. If the officers were to go out, eight or ten o'clock was the hour, sweating the men in the heat of the day, breaking in upon the time for cooking their dinner, putting all things out of order and all men out of humour. When I was commander, the men had a long day of leisure before them: they could ramble into the town or into the woods; go to get raspberries, to catch birds, to catch fish, or to pursue any other recreation, and such of them as chose, and were qualified, to work at their trades."

Much of the spare time of Cobbett was, in his younger years, devoted to a very miscellaneous kind of reading. He ran through all the books of a country circulating library, trash and all; and, contemptibly as he often affects to speak of literary pursuits, the fruits of these early studies are often revealed in the lively style, and the fertility and happiness of allusion which distinguish all his writings. No one has abused Shakspeare so absurdly and truculently—for this was one of Cobbett's many crotchets; but, then, few have quoted the bard of many coloured life so aptly and frequently. Shakspeare and the principal English poets were clearly at his finger ends, while, from wayward caprice, he affected ignorance, with contempt of them. Of the arts he knew nothing, not even the mechanic arts; and his tours in Scotland and Ireland show how little

once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons, that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle, and tender-hearted, and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, *what a change!* I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at the Secretary of State's, in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and, from that moment, (less than a month after my arrival in England,) I resolved never to bend before them."

We could not prevail with ourselves, were we so inclined, to think ill of the heart, or severely of the memory, of the man who was at Farnham, the other day, committed to the graves of his virtuous forefathers, in presence of his kinsfolk, and of many thousands of admiring and sorrowing countrymen.

But, to return to our story. Cobbett, in his native place, and following the employments of his ancestors, must inevitably have been a "village Hampden." On looking at a little smock-frocked boy, in nailed shoes and clean coarse shirt, such as he had been, he very naturally remarks, "If accident had not taken me from a similar scene, how many villains and fools, who have been well teased and tormented, would have slept in peace by night, and fearlessly swaggered about by day!" Cobbett received so little school learning, that, in his case, it may be almost truly said, "Reading and writing came by nature." From eight years of age, he was engaged in such rural occupations as picking hops and hantboys, weeding in gardens, and driving away the birds, and following the hounds; or getting upon horseback as often as he could, or digging after rabbit's nests, rolling down the sand-hills, and whipping the little *cfts* that crept about in the heath. And this is the education which, upon reflection, he preferred. None of his own young children were ever sent from home to school. Reading and writing came to them from imitation. Throughout all Cobbett's writings, (crotchets notwithstanding,) excellent hints are scattered upon this important subject, but especially in his *Advice to Young Men*. His controversy with the *educators* as a sect, was merely one of sound. No man could prize the advantages of education so highly as one who owed all he knew to himself, and who had *pursued knowledge* unremittingly, and under considerable *difficulties*. As it was his nature to be ever in opposition, he chose to take offence at the fuss made by the educators.

Of the life of Cobbett, from the period of his boyhood, when he left Farnham, without leave, asked or obtained, until he appeared in New Brunswick as a private soldier, little is yet known. This is a want which will probably soon be supplied by his sons, who owe the world a full memoir of their extraordinary father. His first start from home, he has described himself in this engaging and memorable passage:—

"At eleven years of age, my employment was clipping of box edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and a gardener, who had just come from the King's Gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on, from place to place, enquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny which I had lost somehow or other, left three-pence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book, in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: "*Tale of a Tub; price 3d.*" The title was so odd, that my curiosity was excited. I had the 3d., but, then, I could have no supper. In I went, and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field, at the upper corner of the Kew-garden, where there stood a haystack. On the shady side of this, I sat down to read. The book was so different from any thing that I had read before: it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew-gardens awaked me in the morning: when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotsman, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present king and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was awcopping the grass plat round the foot of the pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my *Tale of a Tub*, which I carried about with me wherever I went, and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me."

We leave to philosophers to trace the effects of this quaint tome on the ripening mind of the Farnham boy. We have casually heard that Cobbett had been, for some time, hanging on in an attorney's office in London, before he acted on the spirit of his unknown cotemporary's (Burns?) manly resolution:

"Oh, why the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a sodger!"

Whether Cobbett entered the army from the mere restlessness of youth, and the love of adventure, or from necessity, we cannot tell. His regiment was the fifty-third, then commanded by one of the king's sons, the Duke of Kent, and he went

years ago, and, in such a case and at such an age, two years, two whole years, is a long, long while! It was a space as long as the eleventh part of my then life! Here was the *present* against the *absent*; here was the power of the *eyes* pitted against that of the *memory*; here were all the senses up in arms to subdue the influence of the thoughts; here was vanity, here was passion, here was the spot of all spots in the world, and here were also the life, and the manners, and the habits, and the pursuits that I delighted in; here was every thing that imagination can conceive—united in a conspiracy against the poor little brunette in England! What, then, did I fall in love at once with this bouquet of lilies and roses? Oh! by no means. I was, however, so enchanted with the *place*; I so much enjoyed its tranquillity, the shade of the maple trees, the business of the farm, the sports of the water and of the woods, that I stayed at it to the last possible minute, promising, at my departure, to come again as often as I possibly could; a promise which I most punctually fulfilled.

"Winter is the great season for jaunting and *dancing* (called *frollicking*) in America. In this province, the river and the creeks were the only *roads* from settlement to settlement. In summer we traveled in *canoes*; in winter in *sleighs* on the ice or snow. During more than two years, I spent all the time I could with my Yankee friends: they were all fond of me: I talked to them about country affairs, my evident delight in which they took as a compliment to themselves: the father and mother treated me as one of their children; the sons as a brother; and the daughter, who was as modest and as full of sensibility as she was beautiful, in a way to which a chap much less sanguine than I was, would have given the tenderest interpretation; which treatment I, especially in the last mentioned case, most cordially repaid.

"Yet I was not a *deceiver*; for my affection for her was very great: I spent no really pleasant hours but with her: I was uneasy if she showed the slightest regard for any other young man: I was unhappy if the smallest matter affected her health or spirits: I quitted her in dejection, and returned to her with eager delight: many a time, when I could get leave but for a day, I paddled in a canoe two whole succeeding nights, in order to pass that day with her. If this was not love, it was first cousin to it; for, as to any *criminal* intention, I no more thought of it, in her case, than if she had been my sister. Many times I put to myself the questions:—'What am I at? Is not this wrong? Why do I go?' But still I went.

"The last parting came; and now came my just punishment! The time was known to every body, and was irrevocably fixed; for I had to move with a regiment, and the embarkation of a regiment is an *epoch* in a thinly settled province. To describe this parting would be too painful even at this distant day, and with this frost of age upon my head. The kind and virtuous father came forty miles to see me just as I was going on board in the river. His looks and words I have never forgotten. As the vessel descended, she passed the mouth of that creek which I had so often entered with delight; and, though England, and all that England contained, were before me, I lost sight of this creek with an aching heart.

"On what triles turn the great events in the life of man! If I had received a *cool* letter from my intended wife; if I had only heard a rumour of any thing from which fickleness in her might have been inferred; if I had found in her any, even the smallest, abatement of affection; if she had but let go any one of the hundred strings by which she held my heart; if any one of these, never would the world have heard of me. Young as I was; able as I was as a soldier; proud as I was of the admiration and commendations of which I was the object; fond as I was, too, of the command, which, at so early an age, my rare conduct and great natural talents had given me; sanguine as was my mind, and brilliant

as were my prospects; yet I had seen so much of the meannesses, the unjust partialities, the insolent pomposity, the disgusting dissipation of that way of life, that I was weary of it: I longed exchanging my fine laced coat for the Yankee farmer's homespun, to be where I should never behold the supple crouch of servility, and never hear the hectoring voice of authority again; and, on the lonely banks of this branch-covered creek, which contained (she out of the question) every thing congenial to my taste and dear to my heart, I, unapplauded, unfeared, unenvied, and uncalumniated, should have lived and died."

The sergeant-major must have read *Rousseau* at one time or other, and, indeed, he frequently cites *Emilius*. The fair cause of this "*serious sin*," the little brunette in England, had first been seen some years before in America, and after this charming manner:—"When I first saw my wife, she was *thirteen years old*, and I was within about a month of *twenty-one*. She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful, is certain; for that, I had always said, should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of *conduct* of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill, at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I were the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise, when I told him that those tall young men, whom he saw around me, were the *sons* of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing tub on the snow in New Brunswick at daybreak.

"From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once, to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Frederikton, a distance of a *hundred miles*, up the river of St. John; and, which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment! The artillery war

he possessed of what is called, general information—the kind of knowledge which comes almost of itself, and which he despised much more than was needful. Yet, his acquaintance with English classical literature, and even with cotemporary authors, must have been extensive, and gradually accumulating, in the gardens of Kew, in London, and in New Brunswick, and to the last hour of his life. The *Tale of a Tub* had introduced the boy to the writings of Swift: and we have been informed by an officer who joined the fifty-third regiment shortly after Cobbett left it, that he had written out, in some of the regimental books, *Directions for a Sergeant-Major*, or an *Orderly*, in the manner of Swift's *Advice to Servants*, which were full of admirable humour and grave irony. This, which is probably the first literary production of this true wit, should, if possible, be recovered by his biographers. The officers of the fifty-third, and the corps were, as we have reason to know, exceedingly proud of their clever sergeant-major after he became famous: and so, indeed, was the whole army, from the period he became a party writer in Philadelphia. He was particularly distinguished by his royal highness, the Duke of Kent, and cherished by many aristocratic Tories as a chosen prop of legitimacy.

In the *Advice to Young Men*, which may be called his Confessions, Cobbett has related his own love story, and a delightful one it is—possessing at once the tenderness and simplicity of nature, and no little of the charm of romance. The scene of it was New Brunswick. But there is a collateral *flirtation* also, involving what Cobbett terms the only *serious sin* he ever committed against the female sex, and which he relates in warning to young men. We shall take it first, and that, too, in the beautiful language of his own narrative.

"The province of New Brunswick, in North America, in which I passed my years, from the age of eighteen to that of twenty-six, consists, in general, of heaps of rocks, in the interstices of which grow the pine, the spruce, and various sorts of fir trees, or, where the woods have been burnt down, the bushes of the raspberry or those of the huckleberry. The province is cut asunder lengthwise, by a great river, called the St. John, about two hundred miles in length, and, at half way from the mouth, full a mile wide. Into this main river, run innumerable smaller rivers, there called creeks. On the sides of these creeks, the land is, in places, clear of rocks; it is, in these places, generally good and productive; the trees that grow here are the birch, the maple, and others of the deciduous class; natural meadows here and there present themselves; and some of these spots far surpass in rural beauty any other that my eyes ever beheld; the creeks abounding towards their sources in waterfalls of endless variety, as well in form as in magnitude, and always teeming with fish, while water fowl enliven their surface, and while wild pigeons, of the gayest plumage, flutter, in thousands upon thousands, amongst the branches of the beautiful trees, which, sometimes, for miles together, form an arch over the creeks.

"I, in one of my rambles in the woods, in which I took great delight, came to a spot at a very short distance from the source of one of these creeks. Here was every thing to delight the eye, and especially of one like me, who seem to have been born to love rural life, and trees and plants of all sorts. Here were about two hundred acres of natural meadow, interspersed with patches of

maple trees, in various forms and of various extent; the creek came down in cascades, for any one of which many a nobleman in England would, if he could transfer it, give a good slice of his fertile estate; and, in the creek, at the foot of the cascades, there were, in the season, salmon the finest in the world, and so abundant, and so easily taken, as to be used for manuring the land.

"If nature, in her very best humour, had made a spot for the express purpose of captivating me, she could not have exceeded the efforts which she had here made. But I found something here besides these rude works of nature; I found something in the fashioning of which man had had something to do. I found a large and well built log dwelling house, standing (in the month of September) on the edge of a very good field of Indian corn, by the side of which there was a piece of buckwheat just then mowed. I found a homestead, and some very pretty cows. I found all the things by which an easy and happy farmer is surrounded: and I found still something besides all these; something that was destined to give me a great deal of pleasure, and also a great deal of pain, both in their extreme degree; and both of which, in spite of the lapse of forty years, now make an attempt to rush back into my heart.

"Partly from misinformation, and partly from miscalculation, I had lost my way; and, quite alone, but armed with my sword and a brace of pistols, to defend myself against the bears, I arrived at the log house in the middle of a moonlight night, the hoar frost covering the trees and the grass. A stout and clamorous dog, kept off by the gleaming of my sword, waked the master of the house, who got up, received me with great hospitality, got me something to eat, and put me into a feather bed, a thing that I had been a stranger to for some years. I, being very tired, had tried to pass the night in the woods, between the trunks of two large trees, which had fallen side by side, and within a yard of each other. I had made a nest for myself of dry fern, and had made a covering by laying boughs of spruce across the trunks of the trees. But, unable to sleep on account of the cold; becoming sick from the great quantity of water that I had drank during the heat of the day, and being, moreover, alarmed at the noise of the bears, and lest one of them should find me in a defenceless state—I had roused myself up, and had crept along as well as I could. So that no hero of eastern romance ever experienced a more enchanting change.

"I had got into the house of one of those Yankee loyalists, who, at the close of the revolutionary war, (which, until it had succeeded, was called a rebellion,) had accepted of grants of land in the king's province of New Brunswick; and who, to the great honour of England, had been furnished with all the means of making new and comfortable settlements. I was suffered to sleep till breakfast time, when I found a table, the like of which I have since seen so many in the United States, loaded with good things. The master and the mistress of the house, aged about fifty, were like what an English farmer and his wife were half a century ago. There were two sons, tall and stout, who appeared to have come in from work, and the youngest of whom was about my age, then twenty-three. But there was another member of the family, aged nineteen, who (dressed according to the neat and simple fashion of New England, whence she had come with her parents five or six years before) had her long light brown hair twisted nicely up, and fastened on the top of her head, in which head were a pair of lively blue eyes, associated with features of which that softness and that sweetness, so characteristic of American girls, were the predominant expressions, the whole being set off by a complexion indicative of glowing health, and forming—figure, movements, and all taken together—an assemblage of beauties, far surpassing any that I had ever seen but once in my life. That once was, too, two

did him no injury with the people. Even in the west of Scotland, where his American writings against *Muir* and the Scottish martyrs of liberty were revived, to incite the reformers to pelt and hoot him back to England, they showed themselves both wiser and far more candid than their teachers. The admirable address of the operatives of Glasgow to Cobbett, at this time, is the best answer we have ever seen to the charges brought against him for inconsistency, abusiveness, and so forth. We cannot forbear citing one passage from it. The "leading journals" must really change their tactics if they would ever again attempt to mislead men so shrewd and so calm-judging. The operatives would not be inflamed against a man who, whatever were his faults, had done so much substantial and zealous service to the working class, by all the arts employed. They made large and wise allowances. "Notwithstanding," says the address, "the epithets which you have so unsparingly bestowed on persons whose conduct you could not approve, and however much you may have wounded the national pride of Scotland, by so liberally slandering her name and people, the operatives of Glasgow regard these ebullitions as the effects of a strong dislike to the iniquitous measures and false theories of political economy associated with the parties you addressed, and that you must have drawn the character of Scotland and Scotsmen from the cringing, *booming*, place-and-pension-hunters, who, in by-past parliaments, presumed to represent our much abused country; and we sincerely hope that you are now undeceived. . . .

We are proud to think that a man, originally a labourer for his daily bread, should thus be fated to rise on the ruin of the aristocratic caste, by the mere force of his own industry and talent; proving that *mind*, when vigorously exerted and directed aright, is all powerful in overcoming the fallacious systems imposed upon the many by the greedy and ambitious few." These deliberate and shrewd opinions are sufficient answer to those who would cunningly injure the faith, by calumniating the apostle. Cobbett, by the way, was in exceedingly good humour all the time he was in Scotland; and it gives us a very favourable impression of his sanguine temperament and real good-nature, that, not only while in this country, but in all circumstances, the first approach to social intercourse overcame all his personal prejudices; and that whatever was nearest him for the time, was the best of its kind possible. The scenery, the manners, the cattle, the crops, the gardens, the women, the "pretty girls," the little children, the pigs, and all those other natural objects for which he had so sharp an eye, that chanced to be immediately before him, are ever the finest, the best, the most beautiful that ever he had seen, or that were to be seen in the world! We can never believe that this is the temper of a harsh, cold, or savage man. It is this overflowing of kindly sympathies which makes much of Cobbett's miscellaneous writings so delightful; and this is the true source of much of his egotism, and, at any rate, of all that is amiable in it. Like Dr. Johnson, he had been abusing Scotland and the Scots all his life, from pure no-meaning, or a

humorous spleen; and, like the great leviathan of literature, when he came, he was charmed with all he saw and heard in that country; nor was there the least insincerity or affectation in the one case more than in the other. This is a long digression, if it be one at all.

We left Cobbett in America, a furious partisan writer; gratified, if not intoxicated, by the applause he received, and the sensation he created in Europe, and especially in England; and actuated by the motives which he avowed at Manchester.

In the *Advice to Young Men*, he pictures his domestic character and habits at this period in the most engaging manner; and, we dare say, not too much *en beau*, for all is so simply right and so perfectly natural. But this, as has been remarked, is the sanctified life of the fireside—

"*The PORCUPINE with his quills sheathed.*"

He says:—

"I began my young marriage days in and near Philadelphia. At one of those times to which I have just alluded, in the middle of the burning hot month of July, I was greatly afraid of fatal consequences to my wife for want of sleep, she not having, after the great danger was over, had any sleep for more than forty-eight hours. All great cities, in hot countries, are, I believe, full of dogs; and they, in the very hot weather, keep up, during the night, a horrible barking, and fighting, and howling. Upon the particular occasion to which I am adverting, they made a noise so terrible and so unremitted, that it was next to impossible that even a person in full health, and free from pain, should obtain a minute's sleep. I was, about nine in the evening, sitting by the bed. 'I do think,' said she, 'that I could go to sleep now, if it were not for the dogs.' Down stairs I went, and out I sallied, in my shirt and trousers, and without shoes and stockings; and, going to a heap of stones lying beside the road, set to work upon the dogs, going backward and forward, and keeping them at two or three hundred yards' distance from the house. I walked thus the whole night, barefooted, lest the noise of my shoes might possibly reach her ears; and I remember that the bricks of the causeway were, even in the night, so hot as to be disagreeable to my feet. My exertions produced the desired effect; a sleep of several hours was the consequence; and, at eight o'clock in the morning, off went I to a day's business, which was to end at six in the evening.

"Women are all patriots of the soil; and, when her neighbours used to ask my wife whether all English husbands were like hers, she boldly answered in the affirmative. I had business to occupy the whole of my time, Sundays and week-days, except sleeping hours; but I used to make time to assist her in the taking care of her baby, and in all sorts of things: get up, light her fire, boil her tea-kettle, carry her up warm water in cold weather, take the child while she dressed herself and got the breakfast ready, then breakfast, get her in water and wood for the day, then dress myself neatly, and sally forth to my business. The moment that was over I used to hasten back to her again; and I no more thought of spending a moment away from her, unless business compelled me, than I thought of quitting the country and going to sea. The thunder and lightning are tremendous in America, compared with what they are in England. My wife was, at one time, very much afraid of thunder and lightning; and, as is the feeling of all such women, and, indeed, all men too, she wanted company, and particularly her husband, in those times of danger. I knew well, of course, that my presence would not diminish the danger; but, be I at what I might, if within reach of home, I used to quit my business and hasten to

and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover.

It was aware, that, when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons, not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and did not like, besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred and fifty guineas, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster, and officers, in addition to the savings of my own pay.

I sent her all my money before she sailed, and wrote to her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and, at any rate, not to spare the money, by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

"As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time. Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt, too, I am afraid! At the end of four years, however, home came; landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army, by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl a servant of all work, (and hard work it was,) at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!

"Need I tell the reader what my feelings were? Need I tell kind hearted English parents what effect this anecdote must have produced on the minds of our children?"

After his marriage, Cobbett lived with his wife for some time in France, studying the language; and then they went to Philadelphia, where he began to teach English to Frenchmen; and, as his first work, composed his French and English grammar. How soon he commenced the *Porcupine*, his furious and insensate *anti-Jacobin* journal, we cannot tell; but he remained between Philadelphia and New York for about eight years, and, during most of this time, had a printing establishment and a book store.

Cobbett has often been charged with inconsistency; but no reasonable man calls Luther or John Knox inconsistent or apostate, because, being bred Roman catholic priests, each became converts to protestantism, and married. Cobbett had a principle of consistency of his own. Find the key to his resolute, self-willed, and obstinate character, and you solve the whole mystery. He would not be in the wrong, or, at least, he would not be convicted. But his good sense, and the candour, which, though not his most distinguishing quality, he was not absolutely without, finally triumphed over his infallibility. Nor should it ever be forgotten, that, renouncing very flattering prospects, his conversion was to the *unthriving*, the *militant*, the *losing* side, or what for many a year was so; and that, however misled for a time by a crotchet, a ca-

price, or by violent personal feelings, he never once really flinched from the cause of the people. From the moment of conviction, he stood firmly and undauntedly by his *order*, and encountered persecution, contumely, and hardship, that would have crushed, ten times over, any less resolute spirit. The oppression and injustice which he endured, looks light, because he bore it so well, or resented it so fiercely. In one of his lectures, delivered at Manchester, in 1831, Cobbett speaks so frankly of his early darkness and error, that to persist in the charge of inconsistency, upon this score, becomes almost ungenerous. We have, indeed, very little doubt that much of his early anti-Jacobinism arose from the sheer spirit of contradiction, and pugnacity of temper. He was lecturing in Manchester upon the *debt*, and his favourite topic of *adjustment*, when he incidentally used the following words:—"When I was in America, the first time, I was a mere zealous *prater* of politics. Finding the whole people railing against my own country, I espoused its cause, right or wrong; and the bank having stopped payment in 1797, I defended bank notes, not convertible into gold, it being quite sufficient for me that England had bank notes. But I had not been in England three years, before I clearly saw the wickedness and mischievous tendency of the whole system of debts and paper money. So that these are no new notions of mine, at any rate; I having continued to promulgate them for twenty-eight years. In 1806, when the whigs and Grenvillites came into power, I might have been under-secretary of state to Mr. Windham, who was then secretary for the colonies"—and he tells a story highly honourable to himself, and to the consistency of his opinions, for which we shall refer to the printed lecture.

In his tour in Scotland, during which period the whig press took great and bitter pains to inflame the public mind against him, by daily reminding the people of his offences against the Scottish nation, and, in former days, against the cause of freedom, he indignantly, and sometimes humorously, adverts to these abortive and contemptible attempts to run him down. Approaching the bridge of Berwick, he says, "I descend to the Tweed, and now for the '*antullact*.' As I went over the bridge, my mind filled with reflecting on those who had crossed it before me, saying to myself, 'This has been the pass of all those pestiferous *sectosophers* whom I have been combating so long, and who have done so much mischief to their own country as well as mine'—saying this to myself, and thinking at the same time, of the dreadful menace of *The Scotsman*, and of that '*national debt of revenge*' that he said Scotland owed me; with my mind thus filled, I could not help *crossing myself* as I passed this celebrated bridge."

It did, indeed, require some courage in a veteran of seventy to come alone to the country he had so long ridiculed, and that in the face of all its "leading journals" yelping in chorus against him, and reciprocating abuse with those of England. The *real* power of the press is distinctly revealed at such times. That power is now, thank Heaven! only felt when allied with right. Cobbett's errors of forty years, raked up, and duly set forth,

ous or useless life. His long imprisonment, and the ruin of his affairs, left deep traces in a quick and resentful, but certainly not an ungenerous mind. Cobbett has, at least, the negative merit of never making any secret of his hatred of the wretches who had stabbed him, and, through him, the liberties of Englishmen. In the dedication from Long Island, of one of his books, to a friend, (Timothy Brown, Esq., of Peckham Lodge, Surrey,) he thus alludes to this infamous transaction:—

"You were one of those, who sought acquaintance with me, when I was shut up in a felon's jail for two years for having expressed my indignation at seeing Englishmen flogged, in the heart of England, under a guard of German bayonets and sabres, and when I had on my head a thousand pounds fine and seven years recognisance. You, at the end of the two years, took me from the prison, in your carriage, home to your house. You and our kind friend Walker, are even yet, held in bonds for my good behaviour, the seven years not being expired. All these things are written in the very core of my heart; and when I act as if I had forgotten any one of them, may no name on earth be so much detested and despised as that of

"Your faithful friend, and most obedient servant,
"WM. COBBETT."

Cobbett never pretended to forgive his persecutors. He denied that this was a Christian duty; but, as his glowing resentment was surely not without cause, it is not without excuse. After a picture of domestic life, which must charm every body, and which is well worth the attentive study of every man and woman who has a family to train, he winds up:—

"In this happy state we lived, until the year 1810, when the government laid its merciless fangs upon me, dragged me from these delights, and crammed me into a jail amongst felons; of which I shall have to speak more fully, when, in the last number, I come to speak of the duties of THE CITIZEN. This added to the difficulties of my task of teaching; for now I was snatched away from the only scene in which it could, as I thought, properly be executed. But even these difficulties were got over. The blow was, to be sure, a terrible one: and, O, God! how was it felt by these poor children! It was in the month of July when the horrible sentence was passed upon me. My wife, having left her children in the care of her good and affectionate sister, was in London, waiting to know the doom of her husband. When the news arrived at Botley, the three boys—one eleven, another nine, and the other seven years old—were hoeing cabbages in that garden which had been the source of so much delight. When the account of the savage sentence was brought to them, the youngest could not, for some time, be made to understand what a jail was; and when he did, he, all in a tremor, exclaimed, 'Now I'm sure, William, that papa is not in a place like that.' The other, in order to disguise his tears and smother his sobs, fell to work with the hoe, and *chopped about like a blind person*. This account, when it reached me, affected me more, filled me with deeper resentment, than any other circumstance. And, oh! how I despise the wretches who talk of my vindictiveness—of my exultation at the confusion of those who inflicted those sufferings! How I despise the base creatures, the crawling slaves, the callous and cowardly hypocrites, who affect to be 'shocked' (tender souls!) at my expressions of joy, at the death of Gibbs, Ellenborough, Percival, Liverpool, Canning, and the rest of the tribe that I have already seen out, and at the fatal workings of that system, for endeavouring to

check which I was thus punished! How I despise these wretches! and how I, above all things, enjoy their ruin and anticipate their utter beggary! What! I am to forgive, am I, injuries like this; and that, too, without any atonement? Oh! no, I have not so read the Holy Scriptures; I have not, from them, learned that I am not to rejoice at the fall of unjust foes; and it makes a part of my happiness to be able to tell millions of men that I do thus rejoice, and that I have the means of calling on so many just and merciful men to rejoice along with me."

When the *Spy System* had produced the horrors of 1817 and the *six acts*, Cobbett, who was still under heavy cognisances, thought it prudent for himself and his sureties, to withdraw for a time to America. He imagined, not without cause, that one of the *Six Acts* was directly aimed at him; and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, made his situation very perilous. Cobbett, therefore, made the best of his way to Liverpool, with his large young family; and from thence, upon the 26th of March 1817, he addressed the public, in these terms:

"My departure for America will surprise nobody but those who do not reflect. A full and explicit statement of my reasons will appear in a few days, probably the 5th of April. In the meanwhile, I think it necessary for me to make known, that I have fully empowered a person of respectability to manage and settle all my affairs in England. I owe my countrymen sincere regard, which I shall always entertain for them in a higher degree than towards any other people upon earth. I carry nothing from my country, but my wife and my children, and surely they are my own, at any rate. I shall always love England better than any other country—I will never become a subject or citizen of any other state; but *I and mine were not born under a government having the absolute power to imprison us at its pleasure; and, if we can avoid it, we will never live nor die under such an order of things.* When this order of things shall cease, then shall I again see England."

There is a manliness, there is true dignity, in this farewell.

By the disposal of his property at Botley, upon which he must have expended a great deal, and other transactions at this time, added to his ruinous imprisonment, law expenses, and that heavy fine of a thousand pounds—which we conceive a debt that the nation owes to his family—his pecuniary affairs must have suffered serious derangement, from which they probably never recovered.

In America he took a farm, or, at least, a house in the country with some land, resumed his indefatigable habits, and opened, we believe, a seed store in New York. The *Registers* came regularly across the Atlantic, and were eagerly expected. He reached "the boroughmongers" with his long arm. Another of Cobbett's enduring and most attractive books, the "Year's Residence in America," now appeared in parts. One consequence of Cobbett's departure to America, was the affair with Sir Francis Burdett. It was revived by the ill-judging newspapers, during his late tour in Scotland; and, at a public dinner given to Cobbett in Glasgow, he opened upon the recreant reforming baronet in a style that is absolutely terrific. But, for the passage, we must refer to the "Tour." The true character of Sir Francis Burdett is no longer a mystery. In . . .

er, the moment I perceived a thunder-storm approaching. Scores of miles have I, first and last, run on this grand, in the streets of Philadelphia! The Frenchmen who were my scholars, used to laugh at me exceedingly on this account; and sometimes, when I was making an appointment with them, they would say, with a smile and bow, 'Sauve la tonnerre toujours, Monsieur Cobbett.'

"I never dangled about at the heels of my wife; seldom, very seldom, ever walked-out, as it is called, with her; I never 'went a-walking' in the whole course of my life; never went to walk without having some object in view other than the walk; and, as I never could walk at a slow pace, it would have been hard work for her to keep up with me."

There is so much plain sense and manly tenderness to be found in this volume of confessions, that we could, with pleasure, quote nearly half its contents. A few more sentences are irresistible. This is for the rapidly increasing sect of lub-frequenter:

"What are we to think of the husband who is in the habit of leaving his own fireside, after the business of the day is over, and seeking promiscuous companions in the ale or the coffee-house? I am told that, in France, it is rare to meet with a husband who does not spend every evening of his life in what is called a *café*; that is to say, a place for no other purpose than that of gossiping, drinking, and gaming. And it is with great sorrow that I acknowledge that many English husbands indulge too much in a similar habit. Drinking clubs, smoking clubs, singing-clubs, clubs of odd-fellows, whist clubs, setting clubs; these are inexcusable, they are censurable, they are at once foolish and wicked, even in single men; what must they be, then, in husbands? And how are they to answer, not only to their wives, but to their children, for this profligate abandonment of their homes—this breach of their solemn vow made to the former, this evil example to the latter?"

"Innumerable are the miseries that spring from this cause. The expense is, in the first place, very considerable. I much question whether amongst tradesmen, a skilful a-night pays the average score; and that, too, for that which is really worth nothing at all, and cannot, even by possibility, be attended with any one single advantage, however small. Fifteen pounds a year thus thrown away, would amount, in the course of a tradesman's life, to a decent fortune for a child. Then there is the injury to health from these night adventures; there are the quarrels; there is the vicious habit of loose and filthy talk; there are the slanders and the backbitings; there are the admiration of contemptible wit, and there the scoffings at all that is sober and serious."

The next even improves upon this:

"Show your affection for your wife and your admiration of her, not in nonsensical compliment; not in picking up her handkerchief, or her glove, or in carrying her fan; not, though you have the means, in hanging trinkets and baubles upon her; not in making yourself a fool by winking at, and seeming pleased with her foibles, or follies, or faults; but show them by acts of real goodness towards her; prove, by unequivocal deeds, the high value you set on her health, and life, and peace of mind; let your praise of her go to the full extent of her deserts, but let it be consistent with truth and with sense, and such as to convince her of your sincerity. He who is the flatterer of his wife, only prepares her ears for the hyperbolical stuff of others. The kindest appellation that her Christian name affords, is the best you can use, especially before faces. An everlasting 'my dear' is but a sorry compensation for a want of that sort of love that makes the husband cheerfully toil by day, break his rest

by night, endure all sorts of hardships, if the life or health of his wife demand it. Let your deeds, and not your words, carry to her heart a daily and hourly confirmation of the fact, that you value her health, and life, and happiness, beyond all other things in the world; and let this be manifest to her, particularly at those times when life is always more or less in danger."

Cobbett is a very warm admirer of matrimony. "Parson Malthus" has, therefore, ever been his especial and pet hatred, and he never fails to go even out of his way, however occupied, if an opportunity occur for having an open or a sly slap at that theorist, or his disciples. His sudden and lively sarcasm—his *impromptu* hits—are indeed among Cobbett's most piquant beauties; and this, too, we think, argues genuine good-nature, however *bow-wow* the manner may occasionally be. Malignity is ever calm, guarded, studious, deliberate, reflecting.

Cobbett left America in fierce wrath, after being prosecuted for a libel on Dr. Rush. His offence was marked; but his punishment, for so free a country, was, to say the least, not lenient. If we recollect aright, the case originated in his interference with the manner in which Dr. Rush treated his patients in the yellow fever. He accused him of Sangrado practice, or a too free use of the lancet; and it is amusingly characteristic of the witty and humorous malice of the man, to find him many years afterwards, when self-exiled to America, concluding a double-barrelled paragraph of his journal, in these terms:—"An American counts the cost of powder and shot. If he is deliberate in every thing else, this habit will hardly forsake him in the act of shooting. When the sentimental flesh-eaters hear the report of his gun, they may begin to pull out their white handkerchiefs; for death follows the pull of the trigger with perhaps even more certainty than it used to follow the lancet of Dr. Rush."

It will be wiser to wait until proper information is laid before the public, by those fully qualified to furnish it, than to speculate about those causes which, it is alleged, alienated Cobbett from both the great parties which have hitherto divided the state. Nor can we venture to plunge into the troubled sea of his political life and his political writings. It is the immediate duty of his family to rescue his memory and his writings from the encroachments and poaching of unqualified persons; and to separate the pure gold which abounds in those voluminous *Registers* through which no man can wade, from the dross, or from things become of comparatively little interest or value.

A leading event in Cobbett's life was the severe fine and long imprisonment to which he was subjected, for daring to give way to the noble impulse which led him to denounce in warm, but only fitting terms, the flogging of Englishmen under the bayonets and sabres of Hanoverians. This atrocity was surely enough to move even a stone that lay in native English soil; nor is it wonderful that it thrilled the spirit of a brave, warm-hearted, and genuine Englishman, and a lover of his country even to the verge of prejudice. He was at this time living in the bosom of his family on his farm of Botley, in the midst of domestic enjoyment of no ordinary kind, and leading no inglori-

And married, too, it seems, to a daughter of that Scott, who is now called '*Lord Stowell*.' The same newspaper that tells me of this marriage, tells me that Sidmouth's son, who was a *sinécure placeman with a salary of three thousand a year, and who was insane, is just dead*. Here is matter for reflection, moral, religious, and political! What! is a thing like this to go without enquiry for ever?

"By the by, the trip, which *Old Sidmouth* and crew gave me to America, was attended with some *interesting consequences*; amongst which were the introducing of the Sussex pigs into the American farm-yards; the introduction of the Swedish turnip into the American fields; the introduction of American apple-trees into England; and the introduction of the making, in England, of the straw plat, to supplant the Italian."

This is in that vein of mixed humour, fun, banter, and sarcasm, in which Cobbett delights, and in which he is so happy:—

"As soon as you cross the road, you enter the estate of the descendant of Rollo, Duke of Buckingham, which estate is in the parish of Avington. In this place the duke has a farm, not very good land. It is in his own hands. The corn is indifferent, except the barley, which is every where good. You come a full mile from the road-side down through this farm to the duke's mansion-house at Avington, and to the little village of that name, both of them beautifully situated, amidst fine and lofty trees, fine meadows, and streams of clear water. On this farm of the duke, I saw (in a little close by the farm-house) several hens in coops, with broods of pheasants instead of chickens. It seems that a gamekeeper lives in the farm-house, and I dare say the duke thinks much more of the pheasants than of the corn. The turnips upon this farm are by no means good; but I was in some measure compensated for the bad turnips by the sight of the duke's turnip-hoers, about a dozen females, amongst whom there were several very pretty girls, and they were as merry as larks. There had been a shower that had brought them into a sort of huddle on the road-side. When I came up to them, they all fixed their eyes upon me, and, upon my smiling, they bursted out into laughter. I observed to them that the Duke of Buckingham was a very happy man to have such turnip-hoers, and really they seemed happier and better off than any work-people that I saw in the fields all the way from London to this spot. It is curious enough, but I have always observed, that the women along this part of the country are usually tall. These girls were all tall, straight, fair, round-faced, excellent complexion, and uncommonly gay. They were well dressed, too, and I observed the same of all the men that I saw down at Avington. This could not be the case if the duke were a cruel or hard master; and this is an act of justice due from me to the descendant of Rollo. I must do Rollo justice; and I must again say, that the good looks and happy faces of his turnip-hoers spoke much more in his praise than could have been spoken by fifty lawyers, like that Storks who was employed, the other day, to plead against the editor of the *Bucks Chronicle*, for publishing an account of the selling-up of farmer Smith of Ashendon, in that county."

This leads to the *game laws*, and Lord Ellenborough's act, and to the following exquisite incidental hit. We hope that Sir James Mackintosh enjoyed it quite as much as he is said to have done the satirical verses upon himself in the *New Whig Guide*, which he recited, and called "fair good fun." Here the *fun* is quite as good, the wit much finer, yet we will not be sure that Sir James enjoyed it so much.

"Admire with me, reader, the singular turn of the mind of Sir James Mackintosh, whose whole soul appears to have been long bent on the amelioration of the penal code, and who has never said one single word about this *new and most terrible* part of it! Sir James, after years of incessant toil, has, I believe, succeeded in getting a repeal of the laws for the punishment of *witchcraft*, of the very existence of which laws the nation was unacquainted. But the devil a word has he said about the game laws, which put into the jails a full third part of the prisoners, and to hold which prisoners the jails have actually been enlarged in all parts of the country! Singular turn of mind! Singular *humanity*! Ah! Sir James knows very well what he is at. He understands the state of his constituents at Knaresborough too well to meddle with game laws. He has a *friend*, I dare say, who knows more about game laws than he does. However, the poor witches are safe; thank Sir James for that. Mr. Carlile's sister and Mrs. Wright are in jail, and may be there for life! But the poor witches are safe. No hypocrite; no base pretender to religion; no atrocious, savage, blackhearted wretch, who would murder half mankind rather than not live on the labour of others; no monster of this kind can now persecute the poor witches—thanks to Sir James, who has obtained security for them in all their rides through the air, and in all their sailings upon the horse-ponds!"

Cobbett's forte is light sarcasm—and his banter is really often joyous and good-humoured. He says, very soon after the accidental lapse to Sir James—

"I got up to the church at Frant, and, just by, I saw a school-house with this motto on it: 'Train up a child as he should walk,' &c. That is to say, try to breed up the boys and girls of this village in such a way, that they may never know any thing about Lord Abergavenny's *sinécure*; or, knowing about it, they may think it *right* that he should roll in wealth coming to him in such a way. The projectors deceive nobody but themselves."

"In quitting Frant, I descended into a country more woody than that behind me. I asked a man whose fine woods those were that I pointed to, and I fairly gave a start, when he said the Marquis Camden's! Milton talks of the leviathan in a way to make one draw in one's shoulders with fear; and I appeal to any one who has been at sea when a whale has come near the ship, whether he has not at the first sight of the monster, made a sort of involuntary movement, as if to get out of the way. Such was the movement that I now made. However, soon coming to myself, on I walked my horse by the side of my pedestrian informant. It is Bayham abbey that this great and awful *sinécure* placeman owns in this part of the county. Another great estate he owns near Seven-oaks. But here alone he spreads his length and breadth over more, they say, than ten or twelve thousand acres of land, great part of which consists of oak woods. But, indeed, what estates might he not purchase? Not much less than thirty years, he held a place, a *sinécure* place, that yielded him about £30,000 a year! At any rate, he, according to parliamentary accounts, has received, of public money, little short of a million of guineas. These, at thirty guineas an acre, would buy thirty thousand acres of land. And what did he have all this money for? Answer me that question, Wilberforce, you who called him a 'bright star,' when he gave up a part of his enormous *sinécure*. He gave up all but the trifling sum of nearly £3000 a year! What a bright star! And when did he give it up? When the radicals had made the country ring with it. When his name was, by their means, getting into every mouth in the kingdom; when every radical speech and petition contained the name of Camden. Then it was, and not till then, that this bright

sideration of his early services to the cause of reform, he was, perhaps, too long spared. Those who, like Cobbett, saw Sir Francis at hand, have long been undeceived about his pretensions, as we have the means of showing.

Cobbett returned to England as soon as the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill had expired; and, settling at Kensington, recommenced his labours as a journalist. These were, indeed, never suspended, save while he was at sea.

In the Autumn of 1822, he began his "Rural Rides," which he continued for five different seasons, and in which he indulged his natural love for rural objects, and every thing connected with country life. He seems to have had a true and lively feeling for the beautiful in nature, and the pure and simple taste which is ever the attendant of this kind of sensibility. He always traveled on horseback, accompanied by one or other of his sons; and showed his good taste by departing from the usual thoroughfares, and finding his way across fields, by foot-paths, by lanes, by bridle-ways, and hunting-gates—"steering" over the country, as he expresses it, for such landmarks as village spires and old chapels. His object was to see and converse with the farmers and labourers in their own abodes, to look at the crops, to survey the modes of husbandry. The "agricultural interest" was beginning to suffer smartly by this time; and the *gridiron* was adorning every number of the *Register*.

Politics mingle largely in the journal of the "Rural Rides;" but only to increase their vivacity, and render them more piquant; and, when Cobbett leaves Bolt Court, and rides abroad to air his notions, he always becomes mellow in spirit—gay, and good-humoured.

Here is one of many flying observations, and Cobbett all over:—

"At Strathfieldsay is that everlasting monument of English wisdom collective, the heir-loom estate of the 'greatest captain of the age!' In his peerage, it is said, that it was wholly out of the power of the nation to reward his services fully; but that 'she did what she could!' Well, poor devil! And what could any body ask for more? It was well, however, that she gave what she did while she was drunk; for, if she had held her hand till now, I am half disposed to think that her gifts would have been very small."

Here is the reverse of the medal:—

"These fire-sides, in which I have always so delighted, I now approach with pain. I was, not long ago, sitting round the fire with as worthy and as industrious a man as all England contains. There was his son, about nineteen years of age; two daughters, from fifteen to eighteen; and a little boy sitting on the father's knee. I knew, but not from him, that there was a mortgage on his farm. I was anxious to induce him to sell without delay. With this view, I, in a hypothetical and round-about way, approached his case, and, at last, I came to final consequences. The deep and deeper gloom on a countenance once so cheerful, told me what was passing in his breast, when, turning away my looks, in order to seem not to perceive the effect of my words, I saw the eyes of his wife full of tears. She had made the application; and there were her children before her! And, am I to be banished for life if I express what I felt upon this occasion!"

There is one spot in Surrey, the view of which never failed to throw Cobbett in a rage—the paper-mill where the bank-note paper is manufactured. Here we must give a longer extract; and, if it be not found fine and even eloquent writing, then we are deceived:—

"November 29.

"Went on to Guildford, where I slept. Every body that has been from Godalming to Guildford, knows that there is hardly another such a pretty four miles in all England. The road is good; the soil is good; the houses are neat; the people are neat; the hills, the woods, the meadows, all are beautiful. Nothing wild and bold, to be sure, but exceedingly pretty; and it is almost impossible to ride along these four miles without feelings of pleasure, though you have rain for your companion, as it happened to be with me."

"November 30. Dorking.

"I came over the high hill on the south of Guildford, and came down to Chilworth, and up the valley to Albury. I noticed, in my first rural ride, this beautiful valley, its hangers, its meadows, its hop-gardens, and its ponds. This valley of Chilworth has great variety, and is very pretty; but, after seeing *Hawley*, every other place loses in point of beauty and interest. This pretty valley of Chilworth has a run of water which comes out of the high hills, and which, occasionally, spreads into a pond; so that there is, in fact, a series of ponds connected by this run of water. This valley, which seems to have been created by a bountiful Providence, as one of the choicest retreats of man—which seems formed for a scene of innocence and happiness—has been, by ungrateful man, so perverted, as to make it instrumental in effecting two of the most damnable of purposes; in carrying into execution two of the most damnable inventions that ever sprang from the minds of man under the influence of the devil! namely, the making of gunpowder and of bank-notes! Here, in this tranquil spot, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England—where the first bursting of the buds is seen in spring—where no rigour of seasons can ever be felt—where every thing seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness—here has the devil fixed on as one of the seats of his grand manufactory; and perverse and ungrateful man not only lends him his aid, but lends it cheerfully! As to the gunpowder, indeed, we might get over that. In some cases that may be innocently, and, when it sends the lead at the hordes that support a tyrant, meritoriously employed. The alders and the willows, therefore, one can see, without so much regret turned into powder by the waters of this valley; but, the bank-notes! To think that the springs which God has commanded to flow from the sides of these happy hills, for the comfort and the delight of man; to think that these springs should be perverted into means of spreading misery over a whole nation; and that, too, under the base and hypocritical pretence of promoting its credit and maintaining its honour and its faith! There was one circumstance, indeed, that served to mitigate the melancholy excited by these reflections; namely, that a part of these springs have, at times, assisted in turning rags into Registers! Somewhat cheered by the thought of this, but, still, in a more melancholy mood than I had been for a long while, I rode on with my friend towards Albury, up the valley, the sand-hills on one side of us, and the chalk-hills on the other."

The following is in a different style, but one quite as natural to the writer:—

"I read in the newspapers that this very *Old Sidmouth* is, at the age (I think it must be) of more than sixty-five, just married! Thank God for that, at any rate!

less white, upon which step stands the worthy grocer himself, glowing and glaring as his own red brick—there stands honest Jack Flare!—Flare!—what a curious association of name and colour! A little farther on, where that stray branch of the finest hawthorn forms a natural garland over the pretty bow-window, and seated in its shadow, her head bent over her work, sits Mrs. Luscombe, the widow of a half-pay lieutenant, with three little children to clothe, and feed, and educate, upon forty pounds a year! No wonder, although her industrious dwelling contains only four rooms—two on each floor—she tries to let the “drawing-rooms.” Aye, smile away, courteous reader, and smile again, when I tell you that those two rooms are cheerful, clean, pleasant! and so sweetly furnished! the dimity curtains so white, and the prettiest of French beds, adorned with netted fringe—of various widths, it is true—and yet so tastefully looped up; that Patty Pratee—(what an appropriate name again! Patty Pratee, the news-vender and licensed scandal-monger of the place, who lives yonder in the untidy dwelling, surmounted by a long poking chimney that appears to be looking down every chimney in the village!)—Patty Pratee herself praised the fringe to Jack Flare—(Qy. was it genuine, disinterested praise?)—Jack Flare being known to have a strong affection towards his lady-like neighbour, pale Mrs. Luscombe—an affection which would long ago have ripened into “will you marry me?” but for the patent of gentility supposed to be possessed by a curate’s daughter and an officer’s widow, often, poor things! to their great discomfort.

“I never could think her a beauty,” said Patty, “though the squire looks oftener at her than the pulpit of a Sunday; but she certainly sets off her house—to be sure it takes up a deal of time. But I’m thinking, Master Flare, she’ll have a let this summer, for I saw a tall, thin, *handsomish* man go in there, not an hour ago; and as I repassed to get my *numperalla*—”

“Umbrella!” interrupted Master Flare, looking up at the spotless sky; “why, what put it into your head to want an umbrella to-day?”

“Umph!” replied the magpie, “wise people always take it in fine weather. He was sitting in the drawing-room with one of the children on his knee—mighty free, I thought, for a stranger.”

Master Flare *did* feel a little uncomfortable, but he did not pretend to, knowing well the habit of his companion.

“Have you heard of the cricket-match between the Sutton Hill lads and those of Harleyfordown? Lucy Grant—the old doctor’s Lucy—ah, Master Flare! Master Flare! depend upon it it’s a bad world we live in; I never knew an old doctor without a pretty maid-servant—there’s proof positive—”

“Of what?” again interrupted the grocer.

“Oh, modesty!” exclaimed the antiquated lady, holding up her hands; and as she spoke, on the snowy step we before mentioned stood the very gentleman she had seen in Mrs. Luscombe’s drawing-room.

“Have you lodgings to let here?” he enquired in a ripe rich voice, whose very tone commanded respect.

“No, sir,” replied the man of figs.

“I’m sure,” chimed Patty, “Master Flare, you *might* let your first floor.”

“No, sir, no,” he replied to the stranger’s look; “no, sir, I like to keep my house to myself; but there is very good accommodation at the Chequers, the green public-house with lead-coloured doors and the red horse-trough, higher up the hill than Mrs. Luscombe’s, the widow lady’s.”

“No, I want a private lodging.”

“The old doctor,” again chimed in the old maid; “the old doctor, I heard say, he would let, only for company’s sake.”

“The doctor—a mere village doctor—no, that would be worse and worse; besides, there are reasons against that. No, I should *not* like the doctor’s. The village appears large; are there no houses that let lodgings?”

“Mrs. Luscombe,” reiterated Patty.

The gentleman shook his head.

“Well, there is the sawyer’s, in the glen; they let the back room—a pleasant look-out right over the saw-pit, and the river in the distance, if you don’t mind the noise of the sawing, at a little after four.”

“Thank you,” said the stranger, quietly; “that will not do.”

“Then, sir,” continued the grocer, “I know of nothing else, except the old doctor’s.”

“I think,” replied the stranger, smiling, “the old doctor and myself have served too long under the same standard to agree; we have unhappily dealt in the same commodity,” he added, smiling.

Patty and Master Flare exchanged looks as the stranger bade them good morning and sauntered up the hill.

“Served under the same master,” repeated Patty, casting up her hands and eyes; “that must be either the devil or death.”

“Dealt in the same commodity!” ejaculated Master Flare, “I wonder was it in the wholesale or retail line? and I wonder, altogether, who he is?”

“I’ll find out from Mrs. Luscombe or the children, of that I’m positive,” persisted Patty, pulling out the strings of her bonnet. “I hardly think—though it is a very strange world indeed to live in—yet I hardly think Mrs. Luscombe would suffer her children to be nursed and kissed by a mere stranger.” But Patty was out in her calculation; Mrs. Luscombe said that she certainly knew who the gentleman was, but till he told his own name, she did not feel at liberty to mention it. Oh! the infinity of gossip and anxiety this declaration cost the inhabitants of Sutton Hill; and how it was repeated, and adjusted, and debated, and canvassed, and every thing but improved; the village was in an uproar, but nobody conjectured what the result would really be, until the “strange gentleman” astonished them all by taking a very beautiful cottage *ornée*, which overlooked the dale and a considerable extent of country. Master Flare was not the only person who wondered that a gentleman who could afford to take Daleview, ever thought of “looking for lodgings;” and curiosity was at its height when the London coach deposited a quantity of respectable luggage, and a stiff, stately, upright-looking ser-

star let fall part of its brilliancy. So that Wilberforce ought to have thanked the radicals and not Camden. When he let go his grasp, he talked of the merits of his father. His father was a lawyer, who was exceedingly well paid for what he did, without a million of money being given to his son. But there is something rather out of commonplace to be observed about this father. This father was the cotemporary of Yorke, who became Lord Hardwicke. Pratt and Yorke; and the merit of Pratt was, that he was constantly opposed to the principles of Yorke. Yorke was called a tory and Pratt a whig, but the devil of it was, both got to the lords; and, in one shape or another, the families of both have, from that day to this, been receiving great parcels of the public money! Beautiful system! The tories were for rewarding Yorke—the whigs were for rewarding Pratt. The ministers (all in good time!) humoured both parties; and the stupid people, divided into tools of two factions, actually applauded, now one part of them, and now the other part of them, the squandering away of their substance. They were like the man and his wife in the fable, who, to spite one another, gave away to the cunning mumper the whole of their dinner, bit by bit. This species of folly is over, at any rate. The people are no longer fools enough to be partisans. They make no distinctions."

Is it surprising that *pure whig* and *real tory* tacitly joined together to put down this sharp-witted, pungent, unsparing writer?

It was Cobbett's belief, maintained with great ingenuity, that England was as populous, or nearly so, centuries ago, as at the present time, though the manufacturing towns—"the toad-stools"—and the WEN, had not then sucked in the life from the agricultural districts. His constant argument is the size of the country churches, and he frequently calculates the numbers of people which the old churches, he sees, could contain. "That of Goudhurst would," he states, "hold three thousand people, and it had in it two hundred and fourteen, besides fifty-three Sunday school or National school-boys; and these sat together, in a sort of lodge, up in a corner, sixteen feet long and ten feet wide. Now, will any Parson Malthus, or any body else, have the impudence to tell me, that this church was built for the use of a population not more numerous than the present? The methodists cannot take away above four or five hundred; and what then, was this great church built for, if there were no more people, in those days, at Goudhurst, than there are now? It is very true, that the *labouring* people have, in a great measure, ceased to go to church. There were scarcely any of that class at this great country church to-day. I do not believe there were *ten*. I can remember when they were so numerous, that the parson could not attempt to begin, till the rattling of their nailed shoes ceased. I have seen, I am sure, five hundred boys and men in smock-frocks coming out of church at one time." Tenterden church, one of the next, could also hold three thousand people; and this statement leads to the following observations, which will find an echo in the hearts where Cobbett has hitherto been regarded as next thing to some sacrilegious monster:—"Let it be observed, that when these churches were built, people had not yet thought of cramming them with *pews*, as a stable is filled with stalls. Those who built these churches had no idea that wor-

shiping God meant, going to *sit* to hear a man talk out what he called preaching. By *worship*, they meant very different things; and, above all things, when they had made a fine and noble building, they did not dream of disfiguring the inside of it by filling its floor with large and deep boxes made of deal boards. In short, the floor was the place for the *worshippers* to stand or to kneel; and there was no distinction; no high place and no low place; all were upon a level before God, at any rate. Some were not stuck into pews lined with green or red cloth, while others were crammed into corners, to stand erect, or sit on the floor. These odious distinctions are of protestant origin and growth. I often wonder how it is, that the present parsons are not ashamed to call the churches *theirs*? They must know the origin of them; and, how they can look at them, and, at the same time, revile the catholics, is astonishing to me." Approaching Canterbury, he comes to a village named Up-street, where his old English notions and associations are thus shocked:—"At Up-street, I was struck with the words written upon a board which was fastened upon a pole, which pole was standing in a garden near a neat little box of a house. The words were these:—'*PARADISE PLACE—Spring-guns and steel-traps are set here!*' A pretty idea it must give us of Paradise, to know that spring-guns and steel-traps are set in it! This is, doubtless, some stock-jobber's place; for, in the first place, the name is likely to have been selected by one of that crew; and, in the next place, whenever any of them go to the country, they look upon it that they are to begin a sort of warfare against every thing around them. *They invariably look upon every labourer as a thief!*"

We must, we fear, hold our hand. Ample verge as the tall columns of *Tait* afford, Cobbett's hundred volumes require greater space. And why should he not receive it? Volumes will soon be given to the subject of our few brief pages. We shall continue our notice of the man whom *The Standard* rightly places above *Perr*.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

THE NEW DOCTOR.

A pleasant, pretty village is the village of Sutton Hill—built literally upon a hill; one long wide street straggling from the shady bottom, more than half way up, to the top—interspersed with two or three tall groups of Lombardy poplars, a few magnificent elms, and here and there a venerable hawthorn, rich, in the happy month of May, both in leaf and flower. The village dwellings peep in and out from amid these noble trees, in all the variety of hue and colour belonging to their respective classes. There is the grocer's—so called, because *that* is the more dignified of his several callings—but, in fact, it is the general shop, the multifarious dispensary of the village, famous for excellent butter, and the finest honey within ten miles round; there it stands, built of red brick, glowing and glaring in the summer sun, the window-frames and door-posts painted a bright blue, and the step of spot-

hook, out of sheer fun? and did not Mr. Harrang (at whose harvest-home it occurred) most positively take the job out of Dr. Dodsley's hands, and with his own fingers stitch up the arm? It was so provoking, as the old doctor observed, doing jobs for nothing, giving people such bad habits. "The Almighty," said the old doctor, "sends people into the world without charge or fee; it is the least thing, then, that they pay body-rent and taxes to the doctor who keeps them in repair. Besides, Miss Patty," persisted the old doctor to that worthy and industrious spinster, who never failed to bring him word how well Sandy's arm was doing, or how "THE NEW DOCTOR," as the inhabitant of Daleview was now designated, had vaccinated such a child, or cured another of the croup, or, such was his humanity, volunteered to "doctor" widow Lane's cow and the tinker's pony; "Besides, Miss Patty, no one need tell me—I know the value of medicine—I remember the cost of a medical education in the good old times, when a doctor's wig and cane cost more than a course of lectures now, at one of their new-fangled hospitals—when the profession was respected—when the doctor's opinion even on secular matters, was so valued, that it was requested before the squire's or the rector's—when children dared not play if he appeared at the other end of the street—and the taking out of his snuff-box commanded the most profound silence in an assembly-room; but, my good Miss Patty, this man wears a blue coat, a black stock, and prescribes, I understand, for cows and ponies; and yet, after that, in defiance of the evidence of their own senses, people are weak enough to think well of his opinion."

"Ay, indeed, Doctor Dodsley, and more people than *you* think, think well either of *his* opinion or his man's:—just ask your own maid, at whose gate she stood last night when you were in bed with the lumbago."

Poor old doctor! he was little aware of the turns and twistings of popularity—he little thought that human nature could be so oblivious of past services—that the people whom he had bled, blistered, and medicined, *secundum artem*, for five and twenty years, *could* have forgotten those services. He trusted that they would remember the resolution he evinced in withstanding every modern improvement—thinking, as he declared, that human life was too precious to be tampered with by any medicine whose utility had not been established by a twenty years' trial—after *that* he might be brought to use it, but not before.

He little thought, good man, while dozing in his wicker arm-chair—his feet resting in all the ease of black-linen slippers, upon his own particular cushion—that the very children whom he had been the means of bringing safely into the world were meditating tricks upon "Doctor Sangrado," and that others who had grown up to men and women's estate laughed at his pretensions and opinions: the truth was he had been a long time out of favour—the inhabitants of Sutton Hill had grown impatient of his despotism, and the "New Doctor" had arrived at the very time when poor Dodsley's star was on the decline: even the old people decided in favour of the new can-

didate (if candidate he could be called), who never declared his profession—and only smiled when any of his poor neighbours (the only ones he was at all familiar with) complimented him on his skill. His servant never heard his master's degree alluded to without shrugging up one shoulder, and growling out, "Doctor?—*ugh!*" Notwithstanding his reserve, Mr. Harrang grew in favour with rich and poor; the village belles—(they were limited to four)—declared him "the most interesting gentleman who had ever resided at Sutton Hill." Master Flare himself proclaimed that he never served a gentleman he should be so happy to oblige, in either the wholesale or retail way; and the widow whose cow he had cured hit upon a sentence describing him so accurately, that it deserves to be recorded—

"His voice," said she, "is the music, and his face the sunshine of the mourner's sick room."

Poor Patty had become an object of such aversion to the "new doctor's gentleman," that she was more shut out from news—from the news she loved so well—than any one else in the village. She had never been able to penetrate into the shrubberies of Daleview, being always stopped at the gate by the Cerberus, who, shrugging up his shoulder until it nearly touched his ear, exclaimed—"Want the doctor?—*ugh!*" and immediately ran the bolt at the bottom of the gate, to prevent the possibility of entrance. Once, indeed, she thought she had hit upon a plan to insure an interview. She tied a kerchief round her head, as if a tooth-ache had taken possession of her withered face. Her aversion, as usual, was sentinel at the gate before she laid her hand upon the latch, and had slipped the bolt ere she could prevent it. To her enactment of acute suffering he only replied,—

"Bad tooth?—*ugh!* Didn't know you had a tooth!—*ugh.* 'New Doctor,'—why you don't suppose my master's a woodman, to hew up stumps? Doctor?—*ugh!*"

This was a rare piece of eloquence for him, and having given utterance thereto, he turned away, leaving Miss Patty to tear the kerchief from her face, and vent her spleen in bitter exclamations and still more bitter tears. What is so bitter as a disappointed woman?—But enough of village gossipings—they are the thorns upon the roses of retirement; and there are few who, while inhaling the perfume of the one, have not felt the sharpness of the other! My business is now with the little Luscombes.

The three children were playing in the valley, which deepened into a stream at the bottom of the dell, one of those delicious streams whose presence is felt before it is seen. The vegetation, so green and luxuriant, had overgrown its banks, and the musical murmur of its fine trickling waters tinkled beneath the glittering foliage. You felt as if in the presence of some sylvan deity; the air so pure and fresh—the trees—(we began our story in May, gentle reader, and it is now autumn)—the trees cherishing those leaves, which, in more exposed situations, had already fallen, were covered with the most luxuriant greenery; the trembling aspen quivered in the breeze, as if echoing the murmurs of the streamlet. The greatest

vant, out of livery, at the Chequers, all being the property of Mr. Harrang, of Daleview cottage.

"There's the name, at all events, Mrs. Luscombe," exclaimed Patty, in an exulting tone, as she praised herself from decyphering the direction on an overgrown packing case. "There's the name, madam, without no thanks to nobody. H-a-r-r-a-n-g."

"Harrang!" repeated Mrs. Luscombe, as she led her little girl on her morning's walk; "Harrang! what a harsh-sounding name; I never heard it before."

"Never heard it before!" screamed the persevering Patty; "well, that is something extraordinary. Never heard it before, when you, with your own lips, told me, ma'am, that you did not consider yourself at liberty to mention it until he did so first."

"Who?" enquired Mrs. Luscombe, with a bewildered look; "of whom do you speak?"

"Why of Mr. Harrang, of Daleview—People-view it might be called; not a thing passes in the town but he can see from his bed-room window."

"Oh, Miss Patty, what a shame to encroach on your prerogative," replied Mrs. Luscombe, as she walked on.

"Well, if ever! to be sure! what airs! my prerogative! what *did* she mean by that? Oh, if that worthy Master Flare could only see with my eyes! fine madam, indeed!" muttered the provoked Patty, in every change of tone and every variety of gesture consistent with an old maid's perpendicular.

"When you're done a-spelling over that luggage, I'll trouble you to move, ma'am," said a gruff voice behind her.

"Oh, certainly, sir, certainly," she replied, smiling and curtsying; for, however snappish elderly maidens may be to their own sex, they are generally civil to the other. "Mr. Harrang's gentleman, I presume;" and forthwith set Miss Patty to discover the "gentleman's" master.

This was not so easy a task as most people would imagine. Antony was one of a species of taciturn servants, the race of which is nearly extinct; he regarded his master's secrets as his own, and had moreover a lingering affection for mystery, which is sometimes the weakness of old bachelorhood; he had, also, in common with all elderly unmarried men, a dislike to plain old maids; consequently, Patty could make nothing of him, although the very next evening she asked him to tea!

It is astonishing—as Mrs. Malaprop would say—it is astonishing the "*himprudences*" which staid, respectable women constantly commit. Nothing could be made of either the master of Daleview or the master of Daleview's man. If Mrs. Luscombe had known any thing of him formerly, certainly the acquaintance was not renewed: sometimes, if Mr. Harrang met one of the children, he would pat it on the head, or kiss its rosy cheek; but then every man, woman, and child in Sutton Hill loved the little Luscombes, so fresh and lightsome were their movements—so joyous and musical their voices—so bright and beaming their deep-set eyes. The boy—the eldest one—upon whom sorrow had grafted sagacity at

so early a period, that, amongst his other plays, the little fellow often played the man with success, was an especial favourite with each mother in the village, who, the more deep her love of her own children, the more earnestly did she pray, with a full heart, and eyes overflowing with maternal anxiety, that her boys might resemble Alfred Luscombe. The girls were what—God bless them!—all girls are, before the modern system of education destroys their feelings and cramps their affections. Marion will be, I am sure, the least bit in the world of a coquette—the *very* least bit; her black eye-lashes fringe so beautifully all round the eye, giving it, when downcast, a soft and sleepy expression; but when the little rogue laughs and looks up—oh, bow of Cupid!—what a blaze! the whole face beams—burns with joy; then, when as suddenly she drops those snowy lids over their sparkling treasures, the gipsy seems as placid as before. Oh, those fringed lids—those fringed lids! I am sure Marion was born a coquette.

Dora—dear little fat Dora—was a darling of another sort—a thing to roll, and squeeze, and kiss, who loves every body with the earnestness of three years, and cold must be the heart that would not love her in return.

No wonder, then, was it, that Mr. Harrang patted the heads and kissed the cheeks of the little Luscombes?

The curiosity of Sutton Hill having reached its pinnacle, stood open-mouthed at the gate of Daleview, seeking much, yet discovering nothing. The clergyman called, and the old doctor called, and their visits were returned, and so the visitings nearly ended; the doctor called again and again—the poor old man wheezed his way from the bottom to the top of Sutton Hill, but Mr. Harrang was not *chez lui*.

At last some one surmised, or dreamt, or imagined, or "*originated*," that Mr. Harrang "*was in the medical line*." How the idea got into motion it was impossible to discover, but so it was, and once in motion, it flew like wildfire; *that* was the reason, then, that he would not partake of Dr. Doddsey's domicile; *that* was the reason (could any thing be plainer?) why he declared that himself and the old doctor "*had fought too long under the same standard to agree*," and why he confessed that they "*had unhappily dealt in the same commodity*;" *that* was the reason why he had a large cabinet full of cross-bones and skulls of men and animals; why he was so often seated at twilight on the top of the stile leading into the new church-yard; why he looked at people as if he longed to dissect them; and, above all, why he never laid his hand upon a child's head without feeling for those bumps which are supposed to be more numerous upon Ashantee and Irish skulls than upon any other specimen brain-boxes that have as yet been brought under the consideration of those marvellously wise men termed phrenologists. Besides, the case was clearly made out; did not Mabel Ellise—romping Mabel, who always kicked open the church-door, and ran after the hunt—did not Mabel, in one of her uncontrollable fits of high spirits—did she not almost cut off Sandy Sawney's right arm with a reaping-

watch you in the dale, and by the hawthorn brake; and I was angry, I was selfish, I could not bear that you should love but us. But I learnt—listen, for my strength is going, though, mother, I have no pain—I learnt wisdom: I learnt it from the wood pigeons. Two had built their nest in the large beech tree, and Abel Morley shot one—I know not which, but the lone one mourned upon its nest: it was so sad to hear its moans; it mourned for two whole days—years in a pigeon's life, their lives are short;—two days it mourned, and then it flew away, and brought another pigeon from the woods; and they two hatched the young, surpassing each the other in deeds of kindness to the soft callow brood. Mother, do you read my wisdom?"

The boy died that evening, just as the sun was sinking, and his mother buried him in the greenest corner of Sutton churchyard, just where, standing on the stile, a little beyond his grave, you can discern the streamlet, like a thread of silver, winding its way across the meadows after its escape from the shadows and coverts of the dell. Marion planted a red-berried mountain ash at his head, and little Dora covered the grave with cowslips and primroses.

Time passed on. Patty was positively withering away from inaction. Since poor Alfred's death nothing had aroused the sympathies of the village: the blacksmith's wife, to be sure, had presented her husband with twins, but then they were doing "as well as could be expected." The Miss Doubles, of the large dairy farm, had bought French, instead of English merinos, which was set down as a piece of unpardonable extravagance. Master Flare's nose turned purple in the frost, (Patty declared it was from standing with his hat off in the snow while talking to Mrs. Luscombe.) And the curate's cat produced a kitten with three legs (the County Herald declared it had five.) The old doctor continued to rail at the new; and the new *medico* was declared to want spirit because he never railed at the old, but let—as Patty very truly observed—the best practice "slip through his fingers," reversing the order of things established time out of mind, and devoting all his attention to the poor instead of the rich. The summer had come again, and the primroses and cowslips blossomed and faded on Alfred's grave—types of his early death. Marion had not forgotten her brother, yet could all but smile when his name was mentioned: little Dora had forgotten him; but there was one who never could forget;—could the mother cease to weep her first-born? in the silent night by the silver stream, under the mountain-ash alone, alone with her tears, alone during the dreary winter, she waited for the spring, but the fresh breath of April murmured to her of him whose spring had been blighted even unto death. Not that Mrs. Luscombe indulged in grief to the exclusion of her duties; her daughters were growing in beauty beneath her eyes, and she prayed that they might also grow in goodness. Yet even with her, time was performing his blessed office, of which we seldom think, and for which we are seldom thankful; he was extracting slowly, but surely, the stings from many wounds,—withdrawing the can-

ker from many hearts, and performing his miracles silently and truly—passing with healing on his wings over a thankless multitude!

The dearth of news continued at Sutton Hill; Patty moped,—the old doctor declared her tongue was palsied; when one evening she espied the curate's maid, Kate Brunt, calling first at the parish clerk's, then at the bell-ringers, (the bell-ringers very appropriately lived in Bell-alley, at the corner of Belle-vieu, and their names were Bill Bell, Jack Bell, and Tom Bell,) and then trotting off into a new haberdasher's shop which out-flared Master Flare's grocery; thither Patty followed Kate, an undefined hope fluttering round her heart that some one was dead, or married, or born,—any thing, any thing in the world for a change. It so happened that Master Flare, the old doctor's damsel, the blacksmith's wife, and two or three others, were in the shop when Patty entered, and they were standing so closely together that they positively threw into obscurity the crossed pile of ginghams, muslins, and six-penny prints, which Master Grogam had piled on architectural principles in the centre of the shop. Kate it would appear had commenced her story.

"The pearl-white, if you please, Master Grogam," said the smiling girl; "ten yards—and then Master Flare, as the parlour door was a little ajar, and is right facing the kitchen, where I was all alone by myself. I could not help hearing—Master Grogam, a blue-white silk handkerchief can never go with a pearl-white riband; I must have a match—call that a match? why that's French-white—thank you, that will do—now get me down the bobbinet—master said he would pay for all."

"Well for you, I'm sure," said the old doctor's maid; "my master will never say that to me; if he did, would not I get a smart rig-out?"

"Go on with your story, Kate," said Patty peevishly, "that is, if you have one to tell."

"You need not wait to hear it," retorted Kate, laughing, "if you do not like; where was I? Oh, all alone by myself in the kitchen; it was the dog who pushed open the parlour door after they went in."

"They! who?" exclaimed and enquired the spinster.

"Pray, Mrs. Patty, let Kate tell her story," growled forth Master Flare.

"Went in, and then I heard the most movingest story I ever heard in all my days; if you believe me, I cried all the time, and so did master; we both cried—cried our eyes out—but I can do nothing but laugh now; it will be such a noble wedding—(that is the very net, Master Grogam—white ground with white spots; I like white spots better than white sprigs—they look so much innocenter)—such a noble wedding, to be sure; my lord will have it grand——"

"Lord! what lord?" exclaimed the agonised old maid.

"Pray, Mrs. Patty, let Kate tell her story," repeated Master Flare.

"Oh, if you had but heard the dear gentleman tell how he had loved her from her childhood, and how great and grand as he was, he had refused her because she loved his cousin."

lovers of cities and their splendours could not fail to appreciate the silent beauty of that holy spot: the love of nature, the often unacknowledged apprehension of her beauty, is implanted in every bosom, however it may be disguised by affectation or chilled by circumstances: its possessor may not be able to name it by its name; yet, though the tongue refuse its tribute of applause to the beautiful works of God, the heart beats in silent eloquence, when—

"The clear depth of noontide, with glittering motion,
O'erflows the lone glens, an aerial ocean;
When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
Lie blended in beauty, that knows not a sound!"

The weather for many days had been happily calm—the mossy excrescences of the wild rose, and the soft scarlet berries of the honeysuckles, bryony, and viburnum, were covered with the silken threads which the gossamer-spider hangs on every blade of grass. Occasionally the exquisite stillness of nature was disturbed by the clapping of pigeons' wings, as they rose from the distant stubbles; and still more frequently the joyous laugh of Marion Luscombe, or the childish prattle of her little sister, fell upon the ear in tones which told of the pure, perfect happiness of infancy. Alfred lay beneath the shadow of a mountain ash, and the volume he had been reading was by his side.

"Bend down your head, dear brother," exclaimed Marion, "and let me crown you with this wreath of laurel, as they used to crown the old Roman conquerors, that you read to us about not an hour since."

"But I am no conqueror, Marion," said the boy looking into her face, "and, listen to me, I think I shall be soon conquered."

"You, Alfred?" she replied, ringing a merry laugh, while her hands, still holding the wreath she had woven, dropt upon her knees in the prettiest of all attitudes—you conquered, my own brother! I should not like you to be a coward."

"I may be conquered without being a coward, Marion!"

"By whom, dear brother?"

The boy in his turn looked eagerly, yet with a firm expression, into his sister's smiling face; their eyes met, and Marion observed that his cheek flushed while he replied, in a low earnest voice, after a pause—

"By DEATH, my sister."

When he had spoken, his cheek paled as quickly as it had flushed, and his words, accompanied as they were by his changed expression, struck such a terror to the girl's heart, that casting the triumphal wreath far from her, she threw herself into his arms and burst into tears.

Poor Marion! a minute had not elapsed when those eyes, now overflowing with the waters of sorrow, were dancing in laughter; and yet as she clung to, and sobbed upon her brother's bosom, she felt as if her heart would break. The grief of childhood is more fleeting than its joy: suddenly, sorrow ceased to agitate her trembling lips, tears rested on the long lashes of her eyes, she pressed her small palms on the full cheeks of her brother; she kissed his forehead, and then

exclaimed, as the torrent of happiness rolled back into its place—

"You Alfred—you talk of death! You! your cheeks are round, your forehead cool—there can be no aching in that bold beautiful brow, which mamma blesses when you sleep, brother, and calls so like our father's. Oh! say it does not ache; I *know* it does not!"

"It does not ache, Marion, and yet it feels so heavy!"

"Aye, that it is, Alfred; you have moped yourself with that stupid history book. 'Death!' death never looked like you; shall I repeat Young Lochinvar for you, or sing Jock of Hazeldean, or shall Dora dance? Or shall Tray beg? poor Tray! you have made even Tray look sad: see how he pushes his cold nose into your hand, and gives his paw, and whines! For shame—be merry, Tray—dear Alfred is *not* ill."

But Alfred was ill, and his illness increased so rapidly, that Marion rejoiced, as they reached the stile, at meeting Mr. Harrang's taciturn servant, who shouldered "Master Alfred" as he would have shouldered a musket, and carried him up the hill.

"Set me down; set me down before I come within sight of mamma's window," said the kind boy; "she will think me worse than I am if I am carried."

"I think, Miss, that young master is likely to want better advice than the old doctor or the new doctor, augh! can give; so, if madam pleases, I'll go off to the next town for a proper doctor!"

But Marion could not reply to his kindly eloquence, for she was trying to keep back the tears which the certainty of her beloved brother's illness again sent flowing from her eyes.

The old doctor came, and the new doctor, though not sent for, called almost hourly to enquire after Alfred Luscombe; the physician of H——, an able and skilful man, came also; but the boy's presentiment was fearfully realised; he was attacked by brain fever of the most violent kind, and sank, poor fellow! beneath its strength, after much bodily suffering. It was a sad and mournful sight in that sweet cottage—the widowed mother bending over the death bed of her only son—of *him*, the brave and beautiful, whose every movement and thought had been so many copies of his buried father;—the cherished love of years was blighted, the heart was emptied of its hope; in her despair she forgot she still had other children, and called out in her anguish, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The loved one's hand was clasped in hers, and when she yielded to her grief, she felt the pressure of his fingers upon hers; he opened his eyes, dim and heavy though they were, for the glare of fever had departed from them, and left them covered by the films of death.

"Stoop, mother, and kiss me," murmured the boy. "I cannot see you; but God has not forsaken me, nor you. Mother, there is one not far off who loves you, I think, as well as I did. Mother, your husband is with God. I shall soon be with both: let not my sisters remain without protection. I know *he* loves you. In the twilight I have heard him listen for your voice; I have seen him

the shape of a salmon. Nay, boy of the brother of our youth! for thy father's sake, and for the sake of the man he loved like his own soul, accept this rod. We have thrown with it ten fathoms across a brisk breeze, within a span of his snout, and by one twist of the wrist, so slight as to be unnoticed by any bystander, hooked him (not the bystander but the outlier) well in beyond the barb, among the sinews of the snap-dragon, "inextricable as the gored lion's tooth." You have seen an oak or an ash sapling stoop and rise so seemly when winds were blowing strong on the hill-side, as if to try the temper of the young family of the forest. Then may you imagine that you have seen this rod, with a twenty pounder at the line end, in the hands of Christopher North. Now it is asleep. But then it was awake—broad awake; full of life, instinct with spirit, imbued with intelligence and feeling, as if it knew and loved the grasp of its gracious master, Christopher the Salmonicide. Nor think that even in a state of slumber, such as it now exhibits, it is not ready at a moment to obey its master's call and do his bidding, as once it did at no uncritical juncture, when rudely assailed on the river's marge by a gipsy from Yetholm,

"I took by the throat the uncircumcised dog,
And smote him—*russ!*"

Angling is in truth, after all—meaning thereby all that has been so well said in its praise, and all that has been so ill said in its blame—a pleasant pastime. But for our passion for the pira, what should we have known of nature! No suspicion had we in those days—even now we have but a suspicion, a persuasion perhaps, but no conviction—that we were in any degree—a poet. We had made scores of rush-caps, but had never dreamt of making verses; though we had read a few, and were familiar with Jamie Thompson. But how we plunged into glens! and gazed down chasms! and with beating hearts paced fearfully along the edges of precipices! till we met the sloping green-sward that conducted us, as if wings were on our feet, to the fishable ground, abrupt as it was in many places, comparatively level, through which the stream—for hoarse as was its murmur it had ceased to be a torrent—with alternate pools and shallows, now straight as an arrow, now bending like a bow when the string is taught, and now sinuous as a serpent about to coil itself, wantoned at its own wild will, careless alike of all but that will, whether wheeling away round cultivated holms and garden nooks of peninsular cottages, or singing its solitary song where there were none to hear it, or to see the glitter that accompanied the music, none but a few stupid steers, or a few silly sheep, or a few canty bits o' birds, and they were too lazy or too busy to observe it was there, though for those it freshened the herbage, and for these the coppice woods and bushes, an unfailing friend, that cared not about the gratitude of them who lived and loved on its benefactions.

Nature must be bleak and barren indeed, to possess no power over the young spirit daily expanding on her breast into new susceptibilities, that ere long are felt to fill life to overflowing with a perpetual succession, an infinite series, of en-

joyments. No where is she destitute of that power; not on naked sea shores, not in central deserts. But our boyhood was environed by the beautiful; its home was among moors and mountains which people in towns and cities called dreary, but which we knew to be the cheerfulness and most gladsome parish in all braid Scotland; and well it might be, for it was in her very heart. Mountains they seemed to us in those days, though now we believe they are only hills. But such hills! Undulating far and wide away till the highest, even on clear days, seemed to touch the sky, and in cloudy weather, were verily a part of heaven. Many a valley and many a glen; and many a hollow that was neither valley nor glen; and many a flat of but a few green acres, which we thought plains; and many a cleft, waterless with its birks and breechans, except when the rains came down, and then they all sang a new song in merry chorus; and many a wood, and many a grove, for it takes no great number of trees to make a wood, and four firs by themselves in a lonesome place, are a grove; and many a single sycamore, and many a single ash, kenned afar off above its protected cottage; and many an indescribable spot of scenery, at once pastoral, and agricultural, and silvan, where, if house there was, you hardly knew it among the rocks: so was our own dear delightful parish, which people in towns and cities called dreary, composed; but the composition itself, as well might we hope thus to show it to your soul's eye, as by a few extracts, however fine, and a few criticisms, however exquisite, to give you the idea of a perfect poem.

But we have not given you more than a single hint of a great part of the parish—the moor. It was then ever so many miles long, and ever so many miles broad, and nobody thought of guessing how many miles round; but some dozen years ago it was absolutely measured to a rood by a land-looper of a land surveyor; distributed, drained, enclosed, utterly ruined for ever. No—not for ever. Nature laughs to scorn acts of parliament, and we predict that in a quarter of a century she will resume her management of that moor. We rejoice to hear that she is beginning already to take lots of it into her own hands. Wheat has no business there, and should keep to the carses. In spring she takes him by the braid till he looks yellow in the face long before his time; in summer by the cuff of the neck, till he lies down on his back and rots in the rain; in autumn by the ears, and rubs him against the grain till he expires as fashionless as the winnlestraws with which he is interlaced; in winter she shakes him in the stook, till he is left but a shadow which pigeons despise. See him in stack at Christmas, and you pity the poor straw. Here and there bits of bear or big, and barley, she permits to flourish; nor is she loth to see the flowers, and shaws, and apples on the poor man's plant, the life-sustaining potato; which none but political economists hate, and all Christians love. She is not so sure about turnips, but as they are a green crop, she leaves them to the care of the fly. But where have her gowans gone? There they still are in flocks, which no cultivation can scatter or eradicate, inextinguishable by all the

lime that was ever brought unslokened from all the kilns that ever glowed; by all the dung that was ever heaped up fresh and fuming from all the Augean stables in the land. Yet her heart burns within her to behold, even in the midst of what she abhors, the large dew-loved heads of clover whitening or reddening, or with their rival colours amicably intermingled, a new birth glorious in the place of reedy marish or fen, where the cats-paws nodded, and then she will retain unto herself, when once more she rejoices in her wilderness restored.

And would we be so barbarous as to seek to impede the progress of improvement, and to render agriculture a dead letter? We are not so barbarous, nor yet so savage. We love civilised life, of which we have long been one of the smaller but sincerest ornaments. But agriculture, like education, has its bounds. It is like a science, and wo to the country that encourages all kinds of quacks. Cultivate a moor! educate a boor! First understand the character of clods and clodhoppers. To say nothing now of the Urbans and Suburbans—a perilous people, yet of great capabilities; for to discuss that question would lead us into lanes; and as it is a long lane that has never a turning, for the present we keep in the open air, and abstain from wynds. We are no enemies to poor soils, far less to rich ones ignorantly and stupidly called poor, which under proper treatment effuse riches; but to expect to extract from paupers a return for the expenditure squandered by miserly greed on their reluctant bottoms, cold and bare, is the insanity of speculation, and such schemers deserve being buried along with their capital in quagmires. Lord! how they, the quagmires, suck in the dung! You say they don't suck it in; well, then, they spew it out; it evaporates; and what is the worth of weeds? Lime whitens a moss, that is true, but so does snow. Snow melts; what becomes of lime no mortal knows but the powheads—they it poisons, and they give up the ghost. Drains are dug deep now a days, and we respect Mr. Johnstone. So are gold mines. But from gold mines that precious metal—at a great expense, witness its price—is extorted; in drains that precious metal, witness wages, is interred, and then it becomes *squash*. Stirks starve, heifers are hove with windy nothing, with oxen frogs compete in bulk with every prospect of a successful issue, and on such pasturage where would be the virility of the bulls of Bashan?

If we be in error, we shall be forgiven at least by all lovers of the past, and what to the elderly seems the olden time. Oh misery for that moor! Hundreds, thousands, loved it as well as we did; for though it grew no grain, many a glorious crop it bore—shadows that glided like ghosts, the giants stalked, the dwarfs crept; yet sometimes were the dwarfs more formidable than the giants, lying like blackamoors before your very feet, and as you stumbled over them in the dark, throttling as if they sought to strangle you, and then leaving you at your leisure to wipe from your mouth the mire by the light of a straggling star; sunbeams that wrestled with the shadows in the gloom, sometimes clean flung, and then they cowered

into the heather, and insinuated themselves into the earth; sometimes victorious, and then how they capered in the lift, ere they shivered away—not always without a hymn of thunder—in behind the clouds to refresh themselves in their tabernacle in the sky!

Won't you be done with this moor, you monomaniac? Not for yet a little while, for we see Kitty North all by himself in the heart of it, a boy apparently of about the age of twelve, and happy as the day is long, though it is the longest day in all the year. Aimless he seems to be, but all alive as a grasshopper, and is leaping like a two year old across the hags. Were he to tumble in, what would become of the personage whom Kean's biographer would call "the future Christopher the First." But no fear of that, for at no period of his life did he ever overrate his powers, and he knows now his bound to an inch. Cap, bonnet, hat, he has none; and his yellow hair, dancing on his shoulders like a mane, gives him the look of a precocious lion's whelp. Leonine, too, is his aspect, yet mild withal; and but for a certain fierceness in his gambols you would not suspect he was a young creature of prey. A fowling piece is in his left hand, and in his right a rod. And what may he be purposing to shoot? Any thing full-fledged that may play whirr or sugh. Good grouse-ground this; but many are yet in the egg, and the rest are but cheepers, little bigger than the small brown moorland bird that goes hirling up with its own short epithalamium, and drops down on the rushes still as a stone. Then he harms not on their short flight, but marking them down, twirls his peto like a fugleman, and thinks of the Twelfth. Safer methinks wilt thou be a score or two yards farther off, O Whawp! for though thy young are yet callow, Kit is beginning to think they may shift for themselves; and that long bill and that long neck, and those long legs and that long body—the *tout-ensemble* so elegant, so graceful, and so wild, are a strong temptation to the trigger, click, clack, whizz, phew, fire, smoke and thunder, head over heels, topsy-turvy goes the poor curlew; and Kit stands over him leaning on his single-barrel, with a stern but somewhat sad aspect, exulting in his skill, yet sorry for the creature whose wild cry will be heard no more.

'Tis an oasis in the desert. That green spot is called a quagmire, an ugly name enough, but itself is beautiful; for it diffuses its own light round about it, like a star vivifying its halo. The sword encircling it is firm, and Kit lays him down heedless of the bird, with eyes fixed on the cooing spring. How fresh the wild cresses! His very eyes are drinking! His thirst is at once extinct, and satisfied by looking at the lustrous leaves, composed of cooling light without spot or stain. What ails the boy? He covers his face with his hands, and in the silence sighs. A small white hand, with its fingers spread, rises out of the spring, as if it were beckoning to heaven in prayer—and then is sucked slowly in out of sight with a gurgling groan. The spring so fresh and fair, so beautiful with its cresses and many another water-loving plant beside, is changed into the same horrid quagmire it was that day—a holiday

—three years ago, when racing in her joy, Amy Lewars blindly ran into it, among her blithe companions, and suddenly perished. Childhood, they say, soon dries its tears, and soon forgets. God be praised for all his goodness! true it is that on the cheek of childhood tears are dried up as if by the sunshine of joy stealing from on high; but, God be praised for all his goodness! false it is that the heart of childhood has not a long memory, for in a moment the mournful past revives within it, as often as the joyful—sadness becomes sorrow, sorrow grief, and grief anguish, as now it is with the solitary boy seated by that ghastly spot in the middle of the wide moor.

Away he hies, and he is humming a tune. But what's this? A merry-making in the moor? Ay, a merry-making; but were you to take part in it, you would find it about the hardest work that ever tried the strength of your spine. 'Tis a party of divot-slaughters. The people in the parish are now digging their peats, and here is a whole household, provident of winter, borrowing fuel from the moss. They are far from coals, and wood is intended by nature for other uses, but fire in peat she dedicated to the hearth, and there it burns all over Scotland, Highland and Lowland, far and near, at many a holy altar. 'Tis the mid-day hour of rest. Some are half asleep, some yet eating, some making a sort of under-voiced, under-hand love. "Mr. Nerth! Mr. North! Mr. North!" is the joyful cry—horny fists first, downy fists next; and after heartiest greeting, Master Kitty is installed, enthroned on a knowe, master of the ceremonies, and in good time gives them a song. Then "galliards cry a hall, a hall," and hark, and lo! preluded by six smacks, three foursome reels! "Sic hirdum dirdum and sic din," on the sword, to a strathspey frae the fiddle o' auld blin' Hugh Lyndsay, the itinerant musicianer, who was no ways particular about the number of his strings, and when one, or even two snapped, used to play away at pretty much of the same tune with redoubled energy and variations. He had the true old Niel-Gow yell, and had he played on for ever, folk would have danced on for ever till they had all, one after the other, dropped down dead. What steps!

"Who will try me," cries Kit, "at loup-the-barrows." "I will," quoth Soupple Tam. The barrows are laid, how many side by side we fear to say, for we have become sensitive on our veracity, on a beautiful piece of springy turf, an inclined plane with length sufficient for a run, and while old and young line both sides of the lane near the loup, stript to the sark and the breeks, Soupple Tam, as he fondly thinks, shows the way to win, and clears them all like a frog or a roebuck. "Clear the way, clear the way for the callant, Kit's coming!" cries Ebenezer Brackenrigg, the Elder, a douce man now, but a deevil in his youth, and like "a waff o' lichtnin'" past their een, Kit clears the barrows a foot beyond Soupple Tam, and at the first fly is declared victor by acclamation. Oh our unprophetic soul! did the day indeed dawn—many long years after this our earliest great conquest yet traditional in the parish—that ere nightfall witnessed our defeat by—a tailor! The Flying Tailor of Etterick, the

Lying Shepherd thereof,—would they had never been born, the one to triumph and the other to record that triumph; yet let us be just to the powers of our rival, for though all the world knows we were lame when we leapt him,

"Great must I call him, for he vanquished me."

What a place at night was that moor! At night! That is a most indeterminate mode of expression, for there are nights of all sorts and sizes, and what kind of a night do we mean? Not a mirk night, for no man ever walked that moor on a mirk night, except one, and he, though blind, was drowned. But a night may be dark without being mirk, with or without stars; and on many such a night have we, but not always alone—who was with us you shall never know—threaded our way with no other clue than that of evolving recollections originally notices, across that wilderness of labyrinths, fearlessly, yet at times with a beating heart. Our companion had her clue too, one in her pocket, of blue worsted, with which she kept in repair all the stockings belonging to the family, and one in her memory, of green ethereal silk, which, finer far than any spider's web, she let out as she tript along the moor, and on her homeward way she felt, by some spiritual touch, the invisible lines along which she retript as safely as if they had been moonbeams. During such journeyings we never saw the moor, how then can you expect us to describe it?

But oftener we were alone. Earthquakes abroad are dreadful occurrences, and blot out the obituary. But here they are so gentle that the heedless multitude never feel them, and on hearing you tell of them, they incredulously stare. That moor made no show of religion, but was a Quaker. We had but to stand still for five minutes or so, no easy matter then, for we were more restless than a wave, or to lie down with our ear to the ground, and the spirit was sure to move the old quaker, who forthwith began to preach and pray, and sing psalms. How he moaned at times as if his heart was breaking! At times, as if some old forgotten sorrow were recalled, how he sighed! Then recovering his self-possession, as if to clear his voice, he gave a hem, and then a short nasty cough like a patient in a consumption. Now all was hush, and you might have supposed he had fallen asleep, for in that hush you heard what seemed an intermitting snore. When all at once, whew, whew, whew, as if he were whistling, accompanied with a strange rushing sound as of diving wings. That was in the air, but instantly after you heard something odder still in the bog. And while wondering, and of your wonder finding no end, the ground, which a moment before had felt firm as a road, began to shrink, and sink, and hesitate, and hurry, and crumble, and mumble all around you, and close up to your very feet; the quagmires gurgling as if choked, and a subterranean voice distinctly articulating Oh! Oh! Oh!

We have heard of people who pretend not to believe in ghosts; geologists who know how the world was created; but will they explain that moor? And how happened it that only by nights

were great and glorious and lovely creatures, whiter than any snow. No house was with-ought, and they had nothing to fear, nor did look afraid, sailing in the centre of the loch, did we see them fly away, for we lay still on hillside till in the twilight we should not have known what they were, and we left them there among the shadows seemingly asleep. In the morning they were gone, and perhaps making love some mere in a foreign land.

The Black Loch was a strange misnomer for so fair, for black we never saw him, except it might be for an hour or so before thunder. If he was a loch of colour the original taint had washed out of him, and he might have been his face among the purest waters of Europe. Then he was deep; and knowing that, the poet had named him, in no unnatural confusion of ideas, the Black Loch. We have seen duck eggs five fathom down so distinctly that we could count them: and though that is not a dive we have brought them up, one in our right hand, and one in each hand, the tenants of the deep: nor can we now conjecture what they were there, but ornithologists see unaccountable sights, and therefore they who are not ornithologists, and they only, disbelieve Wilson and Gibson. Two features had the Black Loch which gave it to our eyes a pre-eminence in beauty above the other three; a tongue of land that halved it, and never on hot days was without a cattle group on its very point, and in the middle of the water, and a cliff on which, though it was not very lofty, a pair of falcons had their eyrie. Yet in misty weather, when its head was hidden, the shrill cry seemed to come from a great height. There were some ruins too, tradition of a church or chapel, that had been ruins before the establishment of the protestant religion. But they were somewhat remote, and like somewhat imaginary, for stones are found so strangely distributed, and those looked to our eyes not like such as builders use, but to have dropped there most probably from the moon.

Of the best beloved, if not the most beautiful, of them all was the Brother Loch. It mattered not what was his disposition or genius, every one of our boys, however different might be our other tastes, preferred it far beyond the rest, and for that we visited any of them we visited it many times, nor ever once left it with disappointed hopes of enjoyment. It was the nearest, therefore most within our power, so that we could gallop to it on shanks' naggie, well on in afternoon, and enjoy what seemed a long day's flight, swift as flew the hours, before evening came. Yet was it remote enough to make us always feel that our race thither was not for every day, and we seldom returned home without an adventure. It was the largest too by far of the three, and indeed its area would have held the ruins of all the rest. Then there was a charm in its heart as well as our imagination in its name, for tradition assigned it on account of three brothers that perished in its waters: and the same name for the same reason belongs to many another loch, and to one pool on almost every river. Above all it was the loch for angling, and we

long kept to perch. What schools! Not that they were of a very large size, though pretty well, but hundreds all nearly the same size gladdened our hearts as they lay, at the close of our sport, in separate heaps on the greensward-shore, more beautiful out of all sight than your silver or golden fishes in a glass vase, where one appears to be twenty, and the delusive voracity is all for a single crumb. No bait so killing as cow-sharn-mawks, fresh from their native bed, scooped out with the thumb. He must have been a dear friend to whom, in a scarcity, by the water-side, when the corks were dipping, we would have given a mawk. No pike. Therefore the trout were allowed to attain their full natural size—and that seemed to be about seven pounds—adolescents not unfrequently swam two and three—and you seldom or never saw the smaller fry. But few were the days "good for the Brother Loch." Perch rarely failed you, for by perseverance you were sure to fall in with one circumnavigatory school or other, and to do murderous work among them with the mawk, from the schoolmaster himself inclusive down to the little booby of the lowest form. Not so with the trout. We have angled ten hours a-day for half a week, (during the vacation,) without ever getting a single rise, nor could even that be called bad sport, for we lived in momentary expectation, mingled with fear, of a monster. Better far from sunrise to sunset never to move a fin, than oh! me miserable! to hook a huge hero with shoulders like a hog, play him till he comes floating side up close to the shore, and then to feel the feckless fly leave his lip and begin gamboling in the air, while he wallows away back into his native element and sinks utterly and for evermore into the dark profound. Life loses at such a moment all that makes life desirable; yet strange! the wretch lives on, and has not the heart to drown himself, as he wrings his hands and curses his lot and the day he was born. But, thank heaven, that ghastly fit of fancy is gone by, and we imagine one of those dark, scowling, gusty, almost tempestuous days "prime for the Brother Loch." No glare or glitter on the water, no reflection of fleecy clouds, but a black blue undulating swell at times turbulent, with now and then a breaking wave: that was the weather in which the giants fed, showing their backs like dolphins within a fathom of the shore, and sucking in the red heckle among your very feet. Not an insect in the air, yet then the fly was all the rage. This is a mystery—for you could do nothing with the worm. Oh! that we had then known the science of the spinning minnow! But we were then but an apprentice—who are now Emeritus Grand Master. Yet at this distance of time, half a century and more, it is impious to repine. Gut was not always to be got, and on such days a three-haired snood did the business: for they were bold as lions, and rashly rushed on death. The gleam of the yellow worsted body with starry-pointed tail maddened them with desire—no dallying with the gay deceiver—they licked him in, they gorged him, and while satiating their passions got involved in inextricable fate. You have seen a single strong horse ploughing up hill. How he sets his

brisket to it—and snuvs along—as the lines of clean dirt fall in beautiful regularity from the gliding share. So snuved along the monarch of the mere, or the heir-apparent, or heir-presumptive, or some other branch of the royal family: while our line kept steadily cutting the waves, and our rod enclosing some new segment of the sky.

But many another pastime we pursued upon those pastoral hills, for even angling has its due measure, and unless that be preserved, the passion wastes itself into lassitude, or waxes into disease. "I would not angle away," thinks the wise boy, "off to some other game let us altogether fly." Never were there such hills for hare and hounds. There couched many a pussey, and there Bob Howie's famous Tickler, the Grew of all Grews, first stained his flues in the blood of the far. But there is no coursing between April and October, and, during the intervening months, we used to have many a hunt on foot, without dogs, after the leverets. We all belonged to the High School indeed, and here was its play-ground. Cricket we had never heard of: but there was ample room and verge enough for foot-ball. Our prime delight, however, was the chase. We were all in perpetual training, and in such wind that there were no bellows to mend after a flight of miles. We circled the lochs. Plashing through the marishes we strained winding up the hill sides, till on the cairn called a beacon that crowned the loftiest summit of the range, we stood and waved defiance to our pursuers scattered wide and far below, for 'twas a deer hunt. Then we became cavaliers. We caught the long maned and long tailed colts, and mounting bare-backed, with rash helmets and segg sabres, charged the nowt till the stirks were scattered, and the lowing lord of herds himself taken captive, as he stood pawing in a nook with his nose to the ground and eyes of fire. That was the riding-school in which we learned to witch the world with noble horsemanship. We thus got confirmed in that fine, easy, unconstrained, natural seat, which we carried with us into the saddle when we were required to handle the bridle instead of the mane. 'Tis right to hold on by the knees, but equally so to hold on by the calves of the legs and the heels. The modern system of turning out the toes, and sticking out the legs as if they were cork or timber, is at once dangerous and ridiculous; hence in our cavalry the men get unhorsed in every charge. On pony-back we used to make the soles of our feet smack together below the belly, for quadruped and biped were both unshod, and hoof needed no iron on that stoneless sward. But the biggest fun of all was to "grup the auld mare," and ride her sextuple, the tallest boy sitting on the neck, and the shortest on the rump with his face to the tail, and holding on by that fundamental feature by which the urchin tooled her along as by a tiller. How the silly foal whinnied, as with light gathered steps he accompanied in circles his populous parent, and seemed almost to doubt her identity, till one by one we slipped off over her hurdies, and let him take a suck! But what comet is you the sky—"with fear of change perplexing ards?" A Flying Dragon. Of many de-

grees is his tail, with a tuft like that of Taurus terrified by the sudden entrance of the Sun into his sign. Up goes Sandy Donald's rusty and rimless beaver as a messenger to the celestial. He obeys, and stooping his head, descends with many diverse divings, and buries his beak in the earth. The feathered kite quails and is cowed by him of paper, and there is a scampering of cattle on a hundred hills.

The Brother Loch saw annually another sight, when on the green brae was pitched a tent, a snow-white pyramid gathering to itself all the sunshine. There lords and ladies, and knights and squires, celebrated old May-day, and half the parish flocked to the festival. The Earl of Eglington, and Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, and old Sir John of Pollock, and Pollock of that ilk, and other heads of illustrious houses, with their wives and daughters, a beautiful show, did not disdain them of low degree, but kept open table in the moor; and would you believe it, high-born youths and maidens ministered at the board to cottage lads and lasses, whose sun-burnt faces hardly dared to smile, under awe of that courtesy—yet whenever they looked up there was happiness in their eyes. The young ladies were all arrayed in green; and after the feast, they took bows and arrows in their lily hands, and shot at a target in a style that would have gladdened the heart of Maid Marian, nay of Robin himself: and one surpassing bright, the Star of Ayr: she held a hawk on her fist, a tercel gentle, after the fashion of the olden time; and ever as she moved her arm you heard the chiming of silver bells. And her brother, gay and gallant as Sir Tristram, he blew his tasseled bugle, so sweet, so pure, so wild the music, that, when he ceased to breathe, the far-off repeated echoes, faint and dim, you thought died away in heaven, like an angel's voice.

Was it not a paragon of a parish? But we have not told you one half of its charms. There was a charm in every nook—and youth was the master of the spell. Small magicians were we in size, but we were great in might. We had but to open our eyes in the morning, and at one look all nature was beautiful. We have said nothing about the burns. The chief was the Yearn, endearingly called the Humby, from a farm near the manse, and belonging to the minister. Its chief source was, we believe, the Brother Loch. But it whimpled with such an infantine voice from the lucid bay, which then knew not sluice nor dam, that for a while it was scarcely even a rill, and you had to seek for it among the heather. In doing so, ten to one, some brooding birdie fluttered off her nest, but not till your next step would have crushed them all: or, perhaps, but he had no nest there, a snipe. There it is, betrayed by a line of livelier verdure. Ere long it sparkled within banks of its own and "braes of green bracken," and as you footed along, shoals of minnows, and perhaps a small trout or two, brastled away to the other side of the shallow, and hid themselves in the shadows. 'Tis a pretty rill now, nor any longer mute; and you hear it murmur. It has acquired confidence on its course, and has formed itself into its first pool: a water-

fall, three feet high, with its own tiny rocks, and a single birk, no it is a rowan, too young yet to bear berries, else might a child pluck the highest cluster. Imperceptibly, insensibly, it grows just like life. The burn is now in his boyhood; and a bold, bright boy he is: dancing and singing, nor heeding which way he goes along the wild, any more than that wee rosy-cheeked, flaxen-headed girl seems to heed, who drops you a curtsy, and on being asked by you, with your hand on her hair, where she is going, answers wi' a soft Scottish accent—ah! how sweet, "owre the hill to see my mither." Is that a house? No, a fauld. For this is the Washing Pool. Look around you and you never saw such perfectly white sheep. They are Cheviots; for the black faces are on the higher hills to the north of the moor. We see a few rigs of flax—and "lint is in the bell"—the steeping whereof will sadly annoy the bit burnie, but poor people must spin, and as this is not the season, we will think of nothing that can pollute his limpid waters. Symptoms of husbandry! Potato-shaws luxuriating on lazy beds, and a small field with alternate rigs of oats and barley. Yes, that is a house, "an auld clay bigging:" in such Robin Burns was born, in such was rocked the cradle of Pollock. We think we hear two separate liquid voices, and we are right, for from the flats beyond Flook, and away towards Kingswells, comes another yet wilder burnie, and they meet in one at the head of what you would probably call a meadow, but which we call a holm. There seems to be more arable land hereabouts than a stranger could have had any idea of: but it is a long time since the ploughshare traced those almost obliterated furrows on the hill-side; and such cultivation is now wisely confined, you observe, to the lower lands. We fear the Yearn—for that is his name now, heretofore he was anonymous—is about to get flat. But we must not grudge him a slumber or a sleep among the saughs, lulled by the murmur of millions of humble bees—we speak within bounds—on their honied flowerage. We are confusing the seasons, for a few minutes ago we spoke of "lint being in the bell:" but in imagination's dream how sweetly do the seasons all slide into one another! After sleep comes play, and see and hear now how the merry Yearn goes tumbling over rocks, nor will rest in any one linn, but, impatient of each beautiful prison in which one would think he might lie a willing thrall, hurries on as if he were racing against time, nor casts a look at the human dwellings now more frequent near his sides. But he will be stopped by and by, whether he will or no; for there, if we be not much mistaken, there is a mill. But the wheel is at rest, the sluice on the laide is down, with the laide he has nothing more to do than to fill it, and with undiminished volume he wends round the miller's garden (you see dusty jacket is a florist) and now is hidden in a dell. But a dell without any rocks. 'Tis but some hundred yards across from bank to brae, and, as you angle along on either side, the sheep and lambs are bleating high over head; for though the braes are steep, they are all intersected with sheep-walks, and ever and anon among the broom and the brackens are little platforms of

close-nibbed greensward, yet not bare, and nowhere else is the pasturage more succulent, nor do the young creatures not care to taste the primroses, though were they to live entirely upon them they could not keep down the profusion, so thickly studded in places are the constellations, among sprinklings of single stars. Here the hill black-bird builds, and here you know why Scotland is called the linter's land. What bird lints like the lintwhite? The lark alone. But here there are no larks; a little farther down and you will hear one ascending or descending over almost every field of grass or of the tender braid. Down the dell before you, flitting from stone to stone, on short flight seeks the water-pyot, seemingly a witless creature with its bonnie white breast, to wile you away from the crevice, even within the waterfall, that holds its young, or with a cock of her tail she dips and disappears. There is grace in the glancing sand-piper: nor, though somewhat fantastical, is the water-wag-tail inelegant, either belle or beau: an outlandish bird that makes himself at home wherever he goes, and, vain as he looks, is contented if but one admire him in a solitary place, though it is true that we have seen them in half dozens on the midden in front of the cottage door. The blue slip of sky overhead has been gradually widening, and the dell is done. Is that snow? A bleachfield. Lassies can bleach their own linen on the green near the pool "atween twa flowery braes," as Allan has so sweetly sung, in his truly Scottish pastoral, the Gentle Shepherd. But even they could not well do without bleachfields on a larger scale, else dingy would be their smocks and their wedding-sheets. Therefore there is beauty in a bleachfield, and in none more than in Bells-Meadows. But where is the burn? They have stolen him out of his bed, and, alas! nothing but stones! Gather up your flies, and away down to yonder grove. There he is like one risen from the dead; and how joyful his resurrection! All the way from this down to the Brigg o' Humble the angling is admirable, and the burn has become a stream. You wade now through longer grass, sometimes even up to the knees; and half forgetting pastoral life, you ejaculate "Speed the plough!" Whitewashed houses, but still thatched, look down on you from among trees, that shelter them in front; while behind is an encampment of stacks, and on each side a line of offices, so that they are snug in every wind that blows. The Auld Brigg is gone, which is a pity; for though the turn was perilous sharp, time had so coloured it, that in a sunny shower we have mistaken it for a rainbow. That's Humble House, God bless it! and though we cannot here with our bodily sense see the manse, with our spiritual eye we can see it any where. Ay! there is the cock on the kirk-spire! The wind we see has shifted to the south; and ere we reach the Cart, we shall have to stuff our pockets. The Cart, ay, the river Cart: not that on which pretty Paisley stands, but the Black Cart, beloved by us, chiefly for sake of Cath-Cart castle, which, when a collegian at Glasgow, we visited every play-Friday, and deepened the ivy on its walls with our first sombre dreams. The scenery of the

Yearn becomes even silvan now; and though still sweet its murmurs to our ear, they no longer sink into our heart. So let it mingle with the Cart, and the Cart with the Clyde, and the Clyde widen away in all his majesty, till the river becomes a firth, and the firth the sea: but we shut our eyes, and relapse into the vision that showed us the solitary region dearest to our imaginations and our hearts, and, opening them on completion of the charm that works within the spirit when no daylight is there, rejoice to find ourselves again sole-sitting on the green brae above the Brother Loch.

Such is an off-hand picture of Our Parish; pray give us one of yours, that both may gain by comparison. But is ours a true picture? True as holy writ—false as any fiction in an Arabian tale. How is this? Perception, memory, imagination, are all modes—states of mind. But mind, as we said before, is one substance, and matter another, and mind never deals with matter without metamorphosing it like a mythologist. Thus truth and falsehood, reality and fiction, become all one and the same; for they are so essentially blended, that we defy you to show what is biblical, what apocryphal, and what pure romance. How we transpose and dislocate while we limn in aerial colours! Where tree never grew we drop it down centuries old; or we tear out the gnarled oak by the roots, and steep what was once his shadow in sunshine; hills sink at a touch, or at a beck mountains rise—yet amidst all those fluctuations the spirit of the place remains the same, for in that spirit has imagination all along been working, and boon nature smiles on her son as he imitates her creations—but “hers are heavenly, his an empty dream.”

Where lies Our Parish, and what is its name? Seek, and you will find it either in Renfrewshire, or in Utopia, or in the moon. As for its name, men call it the Mearns. M'Culloch, the great Glasgow painter—and in Scotland he has no superior—will perhaps accompany you to what once was the moor. All the four lochs, we understand, are there still; but the Little Loch transmogrified into an auxiliary appurtenance to some cursed wark; the Brother Loch, much exhausted by daily drains upon him by we know not what wretch; the White Loch *larched*! and the Black Loch, of a ghastly blue, cruelly cultivated all close round the brim. From his moor

“The parting genius is with sighing sent.”

But sometimes, on blear-eyed days, he is seen disconsolately sitting in some yet mossy spot among the ruins of his ancient reign. That painter has studied the aspect of the Old Forlorn, and has shown it more than once on bits of canvass not a foot square; and such pictures will survive after the ghost of the genius has bade farewell for ever to the ruined solitudes he had haunted ever since the flood, or been laid beneath the yet unprofaned Green Brae, above the Brother Loch, whence we devoutly trust he will reissue, though centuries may have to elapse, to see all his quagmires in their primeval glory, and all his hags more hideously beautiful, as they yawn back again into their former selves, frowning over the burial in

their bottoms of all the harvests that had dared to ripen above their heads.

Such was the school in which we learnt the art of angling in all its branches, and a trifle or two besides; but we must not conceal from an indulgent public, that in the same boyhood we became most desperate poachers. All that rod could do, we did; but, though often worn out, were never satiated with such slaughter. Of course we set all manner of night-lines, but the eels were troublesome; and, putting our genius in requisition, we invented a net, for which we yet intend taking out a patent, for cleaning ponds. We left all the sludge at the bottom, and some of the weeds round the side, but in no garden pond did we ever leave more than a couple of trouts to perpetuate the species. There was no safety even for the trout who, like truth, lay at the bottom of a well. But that was not the worst of it. We laved and limed. Like pioneers we cut trenches that carried away burns, and left waterfalls with only the rocks; and then with our gang, always ripe for mischief, we limed the pool below till the whole inhabitation sickened, and came floating on side or back to the surface, and we had but to rake them in; or with pails and buckets we laved all night long, till the morning star saw us up to the calves in fish; then shoveling up the trenches, we again let on the water, and off to the manse, with our instruments and our spoil on hand-barrows, before peep of day. Why, we once drew the Brother Loch. We got a net from Greenock in a cart that pretended to be laden with salmon and sea-trout—and a few fine ones were on the surface, but the man could not get his price. A pleasure-boat had been put by some blockhead on the loch, and chained and locked to an antediluvian log; but we struck off his irons and set the prisoner free. That night he was a pleasure-boat indeed! Bob Howie, of course, was the chief actor, but we were the first contriver of the crime. The man with the cart had been long in the herring fishery, and was well known in the Cumraes and at the Largs for his command over all the treasures of the deep—whittings, haddock, skate, cod, and liag, and the rest. But the bung having been prematurely drawn from the whiskey barrel, David's sow was sober in comparison with him, before we began to haul. Indeed the prevalent opinion, which luckily proved erroneous, was that he was dead. Experience teaches fools, but we reasoned *a priori*—and veteran fishermen could not have handled the hair tether more scientifically than we did at our end of the net, and at his, Bob Howie cheering us with his well-timed “yo-haul!” As the narrowing semicircle neared the sandy shore of Wallopper bay, we heard them in despair plunging sullenly; and for a minute, as the moon was walking out of one cloud into another, we saw them shooting up, and a few escaped by leaping the barriers; but soon the shore was alive. What bouncing, and flouncing, and rolling, and writhing, as the corps of cudgellers, “that small infantry” which had been kept in reserve, rushed in and laid about them on all sides, one blow on the snout and two on the shoulders sufficing to do the business of the larger, and of the tinier a tramp on the tail. What is

bred in the bone will not out of the flesh; and in proof of that apothegm, lo! Luna, unable any longer to control her curiosity, flings off her cloud head-gear, and unveiled gazes on the *mêlée*. We lift up in both hands a labber two feet long, and eyeing her steadfastly, exclaim—"Old lady! how are you off for fish?"

Up to this time you must know, we had never been in the highlands. We had but seen from a distance the mountain tops; and often had we longed for the wings of an eagle to cleave our way in ten minutes to Ben, and discover for ourselves what kind of a world it was that lay brooded over by those everlasting clouds. So on our sixteenth birth-day, (19th of May, 17—,) rod in hand, we left Glasgow at the dawning, and our first meal was eaten well out of the lowlands, at Luss on Loch Lomond side. The walk is some thirty good miles, we guess, but we did not walk—we flew. Long before dark we were at TARBERT, and dived into Glenfalloch, for we went like a ship before the wind, and had the loch not stopped neither should we, for we raced the waves, and first touched that glorious goal. Below a rock we laid ourselves down on our back, but not to sleep. As we had outrun the waves, so we outwaked the stars. They grew sleepy and set. But soon

"Up rose the sun, and up rose Christopher;"

over by Tynedrum, down Glenorchy; and that afternoon we dropt our first fly in Loch Awe. But who can fish in a brain fever? The mountains maddened us, the cataracts crazed us, the cliffs turned our head; and as at gloaming we looked on the whole Western Highlands coming to embrace us, our heart leaped and almost misgave us, like a virgin's on her wedding day, at sight of the bold bridegroom about to change the whole character of her existence.

And ours was changed instantly and for ever. Sleep was made for vulgar souls, and we threw it to the dogs on their night watches. A map on a small scale, a pocket map, is one of the meanest miseries of human life. So we flung ours into the Awe, and on the morning of the third day away up into Glen Etive. Sunset saw us on the summit of Cruachan, and we beheld an empire wide as our soul's desire, in which imagination might work for months, without losing sight of that diadem, a white turban encircled with an emerald wreath studded with diamonds.

Then felt we that though not born a mountaineer, we had been educated for the mountains. Did we despise the Meurns moor, and its hills and its lochs? Were they dwindled into insignificance at sight of those vast deserts, cloud-cleaving mountains, and sea-arms that far inland foamed along the deep black hollows, and fiercely lightened the overhanging gloom with fits of stormy lustre? No, we blessed them all. In rapture we soared up the ascending scale; with joy we let ourselves sink down along the descending scale of nature, and closing our eyes as we stood on that watch tower, and had been gazing on the sea in sunset, we imagined ourselves for a moment on the Green Brac by the sweet side of the Brother Loch, and felt that they were filled with tears!

That is the way, believe us, to enjoy this world and this life, and partly the way to prepare us for the next, never to cease loving what we have once loved, provided our love has been innocent. Let our sympathy widen, as we grow up, with the widening universe. But whatever of glory or of beauty continues to be displayed to us, let not any thing perish that had being in our thought. Fear not that the soul cannot comprehend and hold them all, for it is capacious, and is itself not obedient to laws of time and space. The memory is not a granary nor a storehouse, that is but an image and a poor one; she is the soul as it has been; and as the soul has been, so should it be; for the present, you know, momentarily becomes the past, and the future momentarily becomes the present; and thus is the soul one from the cradle to the grave, continuous even here, and so it will be through all the ages of eternity. Oh! ungrateful to God for his exceeding goodness to us, the creatures of his breath, is forgetfulness; the slightest is a great sin. Some men seem ashamed of their childhood, as if it were humiliating to them who conceive that they have reached the summit of the hill where science sits, and shows them the secrets of the stars, to think that once they were "muling and puking in their nurse's arms." "I forget it, it happened when I was a mere boy!" For that very reason you should have remembered it; but perhaps you are ashamed of your father's house. "'Tis a silly book, fit only for little children." Yet of "such is the kingdom of heaven." "I used to think it a pretty place, but I wonder now what I could see in it." Fiddly said, O thou monkey! who hast seen the world. Thou wouldst fain be buried in Westminster abbey or St. Paul's! Give us a gowany grave in the kirkyard of the parish where our childhood played; a stone simple as those around it, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," will suffice; and we should wish for no other inscription than—not a "forlorn"—but a hopeful "Hic Jacet."

But where were we? For the first time in our life in the Highlands. A thunder-storm should not, if it can help it, commence late in the evening; and if it cannot help it, it should, an hour or two before, show such symptoms of being engaged in brewing, as he who runs may read, and soon after fire a signal gun. But on the evening of our third day in the Highlands, without a moment's warning of any kind, one came rattling like the sea round Cruachan, and so engirdled him with electricity, that he smelt as if he had been made of sulphur, and in one glare seemed split. We awoke out of a swoon, stunned and sick, and wept to think that we were blind for life. We had been sitting on the edge of a coppice, and we crawled in among the bushes from the deluge. Ghastly fear fell upon us that there we should die, and our body rot. We held up the lids of our eyes with our fingers, but all was black. Yet a faint light touched them just before each clap, or rather each rattle, for the noise was less like any thunder we had ever heard before, than the emptying of millions of carts of stones over a precipice. The horror must have lasted till midnight, and about that time it withdrew. If the day had been sultry, the night was bitter cold; and we felt slimy

as a worm. Death, saith the atheist, is a perpetual sleep. Then sin will lie in hell for ever, if his sleep be strangled as ours was, and such fiery arrows keep shooting through his brain. Such power may be given to Satan, for he is prince of the air, and fever is his flaming minister.

Sleep it could not have been, it was something more terrible than any sleep; and all at once the fit passed away, leaving but a dull, heavy weight, lying loose—so we felt it—in the hollow of our brain. We heard what we thought must surely be the singing of birds; and opening our eyes we saw—we saw the still, bright, beautiful morning; nature hushed and happy among the hymning, as if that hour fresh from her Maker's hand. We thought to rise, but we were palsied. We looked at our body and limbs, but they were numb as stone. A creature stood near us, a creature of the wood, but its large dark eyes saw us not, and it began to browse on the leaves within a few feet of our lair. It was a roe. Strange sight! to see the shyest of the wild standing as if quite tame, almost, if we could have moved it, within touch of our hand. Its beauty and its happiness, and both were perfect, was a comfort in our misery, and we almost were glad. We fetched a deep sigh, and terror-stricken, it started as if shot, and then with a single bound topt the highest bushes, and was gone!

It is not easy to stop the circulation of the blood in the body of a strong healthful boy, just entered into his sixteenth year, and that boy Kit North. Yet we know of nothing likelier to do it, and that, too, effectually, than a flash of lightning, followed by a night's Highland rain. In this case, however, they both failed; for an invisible troop of fairies forthwith began pricking us all over with thorns, as if the queen, who is the most capricious creature fancy ever created, had given orders to have us tattooed.

We rose, and found that we could not only stand but walk. The dull heavy weight still continued going like a pendulum, in what must have been the hollow of our brain, and an indifferent watch had been kept by *pia mater*. Yet, in spite of that, we felt light-headed, and saw even in the daylight some ugly customers, that said not a word on passing by, any more than if they had been phantoms. Some had kilts, and seemed about the middle size; others were indistinctly dressed, and the farther they went away from us, the taller they appeared; nor was it any exaggeration to say of them, that as they turned round, and regarded us from the mountain tops, their "stature reached the sky." One never mudded for hours, and at last we mustered courage to walk up to him where he was sitting among some cliffs. He then receded and receded, and anger getting the better of our fear, we ran in upon him, but he was a mere shadow. Something sighed, and then we thought laughed, but both sounds, we had the sense to know, came from ourselves; for we sighed to think what we had suffered, and were still suffering; and we laughed—so did echo—at our own folly in being there at all, and no answer would we give to our own question "what do we mean by thus wandering by ourselves up and down the same everlasting wilderness?"

Not a question, for several days, did we put to a human soul; and among other reasons for our intense taciturnity, besides our ignorance of Gaelic, was the utter absence of all real human beings. We had imagined that the Highlands were thinly inhabited, but now we found out our mistake. Here and there seemed something that might perhaps once have been a hut, but on approaching it, it either disappeared bodily, or looked as if it had been a place for cattle to take shelter in, before it had fallen into ruins. And how did we support life? And were we not an hungered? We lived on spirit, which was in our belt, and on the concentrated essence of beef, of which a bit the size of a lozenge was a lunch; and we forgot that there had ever been on earth such a sound as that of a dinner bell. We had our suspicions that we were in rather a strange way; and were sorely perplexed to make out what one day in particular meant, or what it would be at, for the sun and moon took it hour about, and no sooner were the stars all comfortably settled in the sky, than there would come a loud wind and sweep them away like leaves, and like leaves they rustled as they faded, and in a moment it was morn. We had been too much addicted to dreaming from our very infancy not to know a dream when we saw it, and this was no dream. But it was worse. It was a delusion. Yet we had the sense to conjecture that some small turgid veins, connected either with the white or the brown matter of the brain, were at the bottom of it all, for by dipping our head in a spring, within twenty yards of the top of a mountain three thousand feet high, an odd spot enough for a spring, we reduced the ongoings of that part of the solar system with which we were more immediately concerned to something like regularity, and that night, oh! heavens and earth! how the pure, clear, bright, cold, full-moon did soothingly shine upon us all that night long, and how restoratively on our temples that throbbed no more, were the blessed dewdrops distilled from the soft burning stars!

We descended the mountain, and as we were sitting on a knoll at its foot we heard a bell. "That is a kirk-bell," we said to ourselves, "it is the Sabbath, and this must be Glencoe." It was even so. The people were gathering; we followed, and sat down among them to hear divine service. It was performed in Gaelic, but it seemed as if we understood it all, psalms, prayers, and sermon. We could not help wondering at this, for we had not known that we understood Gaelic. After service, the minister asked us to walk home with him, and we remember speaking all the way to the manse with a volubility that surprised ourselves, in that to us till then unknown tongue. The good old man was a physician of the body as well as the soul, and persuaded us to go to bed. The moment we got into the sheets, we felt assured that we had been crazy for the whole of the by-gone week. How exquisite the smooth, cool, clean tact, so different from the rough, hot, furry feel of our unhappy carcass ever since that storm, with the exception of our sleep in the moonlight on the mountain, for the fever had been of the intermittent sort, and that was a lucid interval! Some syrup he gave us that subdued

us into delicious slumber, and the last sound on our ear seemed that of a voice in prayer.

Where had we been all the while we were delirious? We had been seen several times by shepherds, one or more of whom had thought us a queer young gentleman, but as we seemed to be in the act of gathering either stones or plants, they supposed that was our trade, so we had passed for a promising young mineralogist and botanist, in search of specimens. Ill as we knew we had been, we had no idea that it had come to that. Our hat was never seen or heard of among the mountains of Argyshire, and on our complete recovery, we found ourselves in a bonnet. But our anglimania had been too long confirmed to yield to any temporary attack by an inferior force, and we had taken our seat in the minister's pew that Sabbath in character. Our pannier on its accustomed site in the hollow of our back, and our rod, in pieces, however, and all regularly leathered, held professionally before our breast, as an old soldier said, "like a musket at 'present arms!'" But we disturbed not the congregation.

But where had we been? Where few Lowlanders ever were; all over that vast central wilderness of Northern Argyshire lying between Cruachan and Melnatorran, Corryfinuarach and Ben Slarive, a prodigious land; and away out of its wonders over Buchael-Etive, at the head of Glenceran into Glencoe! All thereabouts, to and fro, had wandered poor young crazy Kit, more pitifully than old Lear. Yet he never taxed the elements with unkindness; not he, except perhaps it might be once, when he found that his belt had breathed its last, and then, indeed, as his spirit died within him, he accused the clouds. Is it a sterile region? Very. In places nothing but stones. Not a blade of grass; not a bent of heather; not even moss. And so they go shouldering up into the sky, enormous masses, huger than churches or ships! and sometimes not unlike such and other structures, all huddled together, yet never jostling, so far as ever we saw; and though often overhanging, as if the wind might blow them over with a puff, steadfast in the storm that seems rather to be an earthquake, and moving not a hair's breadth, while all the shingly sides of the mountains—you know shingle, with an inconstant clatter, hurry-scurry—seem to be breaking up into debris.

Is that the character of the whole region? No, you darling; it has vales on vales of emerald; and mountains on mountains of amethyst; and streams on streams of silver; and, so help us heaven! for with these eyes we have seen them, a thousand and a thousand times, at sunrise and sunset, rivers on rivers of gold. What kind of climate? All kinds, and all kinds at once; not merely during the same season, but the same hour. Suppose it three o'clock of a summer afternoon, you have but to choose your weather. Do you desire a close, sultry, breathless gloom? you may have it in the stifling dens of Ben-Anea, where lions might breed. A breezy coolness, with a sprinkling of rain? then open your vest to the green light in the dewy vales of Benlura. Lochs look lovely in mist, and so thinks the rainbow; then away with you ere the rainbow

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fade; away, we beseech you, to the wild shores of Lochan-a-Lurich. But you would rather see a storm, and hear some Highland thunder? there is one at this moment on Unimore, and Stob-Cruachlia growls to Meallanuir, till the cataracts of Clashgour are dumb as the dry rocks of Craig-Teonan.

Next time we visited those regions we were a man. No guide dogged our steps; as well might a red-deer have asked a cur to show him the forest of Braemar, or Beniglo; an eagle where best to build his eyrie have advised with the Glasgow gander. But ever and anon, we were bewildered among past impressions, suddenly revived by the presence of the objects that had fed that delirium of our boyhood. We dimly recognised faces of cliffs that still wore the same dreadful frowns; blind though they looked, they seemed sensible of our approach, and we heard one horrid monster mutter, "What! here again, infatuated peech, begone!" At his impotent malice we could not choose but smile, and shook our staff at the blockhead, as since at many a greater blockhead even than he we have shook, and more than shook, our crutch. But as through "pastures green and quiet waters by," we pursued, from sunrise to sunset, our unaccompanied way, some sweet spot, surrounded by heather, and shaded by fern, would woo us to lie down on its bosom, as it had done many long years ago; and, obedient to that bidding, we relapsed into youth! Then it was that the mountains told us their names, and we got them all by heart, for each characterised its owner by some of his peculiar and more prominent qualities, as if they had been one and all christened by poets, who, dipping their hands in dew, baptised them from a font for ever

"Translucent, pure,
With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod."

O! happy pastor of a peaceful flock! Thou hast long gone to thy reward! One, two, three, four successors hast thou had in that manse, (no, it too has been taken down and the plough gone over it,) and they all did their duty. Yet still is thy memory fragrant in the glen; for deeds like thine "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust!" Under heaven, to thee we owed our life. Yet after we had been wholly cured, sometimes thy face would grow grave, never angry, at our sallies, follies, call them what you will, but not sins. And methinks we hear the mild old man somewhat mournfully say, "Mad boy! out of gladness often cometh grief; out of mirth misery; but our prayers, when thou leavest us, shall be, that never, never, may it be so with thee!" Were those prayers heard in heaven and granted on earth? We ask our heart in awe, but its depths are silent, and make no response.

What a morning that was when the doctor entered the breakfast parlour with his newspaper in his hand!—Saturday's Courant, ten days old—and giving it to us, with his thumb at a long advertisement immediately above the latest news, asked us "to read it up." It ran somewhat thus: "If C. N. will return to his friends, whose wretchedness on his account is extreme, all will be forgotten. And should this advertisement meet the

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eye of any benevolent persons who may have seen a lad answering to the following description, they are implored to write to 'C. S., Turner's land, care of Michael Bogle, Esq., Post-office, Glasgow.' We rather stared as we read this announcement; and, having got thus far, looked up, but such a set of faces! Nora sat with the tea-pot suspended in her pretty paw, that refused to do its office, her father looked through his spectacles like an inquisitor, and wee Donald glowered at us with so gash a face, that we were tempted to break his head. "Proceed!" said the doctor, and hemming, to clear our voice, we continued as follows:—"He left home early on the morning of his birthday, the 19th ultimo, on which he had completed his fifteenth year, and was last seen going through Partick toll, equipped as an angler. He was dressed in a new suit of olive jean, but wore an old hat much dented round the crown, and his hair, which is yellow, very long in front, hanging over the cape, and some even on his shoulders. His cheeks are ruddy, and his eyes are of a light-dark blue, and wild, some think fierce, in their expression; but he is in general quite harmless, only it would be better on taking him to employ stratagem rather than force, especially if there be few persons present at the time, as when thwarted he is subject to violent fits of passion. He is very tall of his age, and seems slenderer in his clothes than he really is, walks very erect, at a great pace, and with a peculiar swing. He is musical, and sings a good song; and is fond of talking Latin. It is conjectured that he is in the Highlands."

One of the first thoughts that occurred to us, after our feelings had somewhat subsided, was that such an advertisement could not have been inserted but at a very considerable expense, and that C. S. was really its author. The description of our person, disposition, mind, manners and accomplishments, whether flattering or not, we could not but feel was far from being uncharacteristic; but what could it mean? And above all, the mysterious words "all will be forgotten!" All what? Had we not written to C. S. the night before our departure, to say that we were off by skriegh o' day, though we did not mention where, and excuse ourself, on the plea of modesty, from assisting at our own birth-day dinner? Surely the porter had not got drunk, and forgot to deliver the letter! At that moment we chanced to put our hand into our breast pocket, and there it was, the identical letter, crumpled up into a sort of ball, for our jacket had many a washing, though no formal one, and though it was no great matter, not a syllable could be read except the signature, *yours, most affectionately*, KIR NORTH. Harmony was soon restored. We promised to write to C. S. by next post, which left Ballahulish every Tuesday, and this was Wednesday; and away to the Leven.

Oh! the Leven! many a beautiful burn we had angled in the lowlands, and one of them, to please a southron friend, we have above feebly described; and we had seen at least one noble river, he of the magnificent falls—the Clyde. But here, in the highlands, we beheld hundreds on hundreds, and many of them flinging themselves headlong

from heaven through the mists, as if they would dash the rocks to pieces, all raging for the sea. We speak of them in spate, for they are often in spate; O Lord! even on the Sabbath, for highland rain comes down in sheets; you may see ten of them at a time, leagues apart, one drenching this moor, and another that glen, and a third attacking yonder mountain, with stormy sunbursts between, that seem to say, "What is gloom without glory; let there be radiance with the rain, when the tempests tirl the roof and blow wide open the windows of heaven!"

No angling then, and what becomes of the fishes no man knows any more than what becomes of the otters. But as the spate exhausts its fury, and the river begins to recover something of its ordinary character, no longer one man-otonous roll, rush and roar: but again showing its pools distinguishable from its streams, and its streams, always deep, separate from what in summer weather are its shallows: then as the subsiding proceeds, and it does so faster than you may be thinking, seize the hour when the drumly is getting darkish, and the eddies are whirling less turbulently in among sandy or grassy bays that ere long will be dry, for they belong not to the main channel, and in with your brandling or yoor minnow: which is the better you must judge for yourself; from notices which a true angler takes of trifles no quill can quote: and you have him in the entrails as sure as death. Don't let him run out into the heart of the unsubsidised spate, or he will break you, for he is full of food, and a heavy fish: trust to the temper of your kirby, and give him the butt at the first spring, and stepping leisurely back five paces, drag him out: though you were to pull his lights and liver through his maw; drag him out, we cry, though his gizzard go: your gut never; and lo! there he is, almost as white as a grilse: his silver scales and golden stars already soiled, as he keeps convulsively rolling over on the sand; and now, all colour eclipsed, he wriggles in among your feet as if he were about to bite you. Ah! the serpent.

We are speaking of that Wednesday's sport in the Leven. He is but a burn-trout after all, and here is his brother; and ho! ho!—so! so! his sister, we declare; confound the cousin, he has committed high-stream robbery, and is off with our tackle! Let us sit down and consider. "What say you, Christopher, to trying the fly? You are some dozen miles or so we guess from the Linnie-Loch: and as for Loch-Leven 'tis but the river grown salt and with a tide: and they can do the distance easy in an hour; for as easily up the flood they shoot as doth an arrow up the sky. Yes—there must be salmon here. Thou art now in thy sixteenth summer, Christopher, yet hast never killed a salmon; be up and doing, and we will back thee at odds for a fish." "Who, oh! who, Christopher, could angle in such a scene as this? That cliff will not suffer us to stir—but it is not with a frown it commands us—for see how softly it doth smile! Pardon o' thou gentle giant, for thinking a few hours ago that thou wert grim. Then through the reeking mist that cave looked like a monstrous mouth that thou didst yawn with—now 'tis like an eye

that has lifted up "its fringed curtains," and looks mildly down the glen. Then too the glen was very fearsome—for it was filled with thunder, and the river was in a rage. The noise is yet loud, but not like thunder now: for the river is appeased, and the powerful should be placable, hollow but not hoarse, it is like the sound of the sea. Then the woods roared too, for they were tormented; now they wave not, the whole long broad green roof majestically still! What's that barking? A fox. No, it is in the sky. Thank God we have at last seen an eagle. Instinctively we know thee, as doth the gor-cock the day he bursts the shell. Not till now had we a Highland heart. O for thy wings! that we might grasp the whole wide glory in one gaze, till, sick with love of the mountains, we shot away, in our distraction, over the devil's staircase, far over the main, "to prey in distant isles:" from the Cliffs of St. Kilda to startle a clamorous cloud of sea-fowl that should eclipse the sun, and darken the sea. Why art thou wheeling so—and what is it that disturbs thee? Ay, dropt from the sun she seems, and thou hast found thy mate. There is dalliance in heaven. Not on the secret top of Bennevis, or Benmore, do ye pair, but you clash in love among the dazzling ether, from weak eyes like ours more concealing than a cloud!"

That was a soliloquy, for there is but one Christopher North. And now let us try the fly. A gaudy, a gorgeous tyke, arrayed in silver and gold, and plumed from the bird of paradise. Nothing is ever found in a salmon's stomach, some blockheads have said, but animalculæ in a state of decomposition. How do they account for his swallowing with avidity a bunch of worms? How will they account for his attempting to swallow this humming-bird? Lord have mercy upon us! was it we that fell there into the water? Thank heaven no, there it is again, a fish! a fish! Shall we let our lure dangle six feet high in air, or let it wet its wings in the Leven? Wet its wi—Mercy, he is on! What will become of us! Hush! hush! stand out of the way. Blast that bloody bush, that cursed cork tree! No, no, no, a harmless hazel. All's right, all's right. The banks are bare on this side for a mile down. But, hang him, the river horse wont swim down, and if he leaps up that waterfall! Sulky already, by Jove! like a stone at the bottom. That is a good omen. He has it in the tongue, and is taciturn. Tom Stoddart would recommend us to go in and kick him. But we would rather be excused. Let us time him. Twenty minutes to—Whew! there goes a watch like winking into the water. Let the Kelpie fob it. Now we call that strong steady swimming, and we are willing to back him against any fish in the river. You could not swim in that style, you villain! but for us. There take the butt, my boy; how are you off for a barb, my darling? If you suppose you are on single gut you are a gudgeon; for let us assure you, sir, that you are snuving on three-ply! Alas! poor fellow, we could pity you; but we cannot let you off. Our character is at stake, and after we have slain thee, we should like to have a shot at yon eagle. Perhaps you are not so much of a monster after all, and we are willing to conclude

a bargain for you at two stone Troy. Well, that beats Bannagher, and Ballyshannon too. Ten loupes six feet high in instant succession! Why when we get you on shore we shall let you astonish the natives, by bouncing in and out a dozen empty barrels all waiting for your brethren when they come to be cured. Didn't we tell you that could not last? Such feats of agility were not becoming—barely decent—in a fish in your melancholy situation—and you should be thinking, without showing it, of your latter end. We begin to suspect in good earnest that we are a great natural genius. Only think of learning how to kill a salmon at a single lesson! "Angling made easy, or every man his own Lascelles." We wonder how long we have had him on; let us look, whew! minus a watch and appendages, what care we for them more than for a leg of mutton and trimmings? Yet, for her sake, we wish we had not lost that exquisitely delicate silk paper, with Cupid upon it pulling his arrow from a bleeding heart. But awake! awake, my love! and come hither; for the rain it is over and gone, and the greensward sleeps in the sunshine: come! oh, come to these longing arms! side foremost, or on thy back—whichever posture suits thee best—languishingly, dyingly, too weak, too faint of thyself to move towards thy lover; but he will assist thee, my jewel, and we two will lie down, in the eye of heaven, in an earth forgetting embrace. Oh! red, red are thy lips, my love! What aileth these small teeth of thine? And what, we beseech thee, hast thou been doing with that dear nose? Not a word in reply, but a wallop between our legs, that capsized us. "AND THUS IT WAS THAT CHRISTOPHER NORTH KILLED HIS FIRST SALMON."

From the London Monthly Review.

Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke. By George Wingrove Cooke, Esq. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1835.

The subject of these memoirs, as all persons versed in general history know, was one of the most celebrated characters of his age, at a period, too, when men of first rate genius were abundant in England. It holds, nevertheless, true, that his name has fallen into disrepute, and that the present work was called for, not only to fill up a void in biography, but to do justice to an illustrious statesman and writer, who has generally been spoken of with indiscriminate censure. Without examination, the generations that have succeeded the stormy era of Bolingbroke's existence have condemned him as most profligate in private life, as most dangerous and erroneous in his moral and religious speculations, and as most unprincipled as a politician. It cannot be questioned that his character, conduct, and opinions, are often of an order that nothing but the splendid powers of the man can recommend him to our study; but when we consider his vaulting ambition, his shining talents, and the vicissitudes of his life, together with the prevalent ignorance and prejudices now existing regarding him, we must hail the present work with high satisfaction, for the addition it

brings to our national literature, by introducing one of the richest subjects of biography. Whenever such talents, such passions, and such inconsistencies unite as they did in Lord Bolingbroke, there must be room for great effect and interest in any full and fair picture that is made of such a man—affording a most curious as well as instructive display. In a light not less favourable than this, have we perused Mr. Cooke's work, in which, though he professes whig principles and Christian doctrines, we do not find any rancorous or exaggerated representations of the torism and infidelity of the subject of his pen.

The previous memoirs of Bolingbroke have been meagre, and are full of errors, it now appears, from the papers and authorities which our author has, with no inconsiderable labour and talent, made use of. It may, however, be matter of wonder, that regarding this man who possessed so many unrivaled qualities, there should have hitherto been such a defect, especially as the brilliant era in which he shone has been very generally illustrated. But faction was then too rife and decided to admit of a fair estimate of St. John's character, whose ambition was towering and despotic; unbounded expressions of admiration or sweeping accusations of public and private turpitude alone occupying a distorting medium in his case. As a writer, the nature of his speculations has not for a long time been popular, nor were they ever perhaps calculated to claim a more permanent regard than what belongs to specious and dazzling displays, at least in so far as his infidelity goes; while the strange contradictions sometimes observable between his conduct and his professions, seem to have led posterity to visit his memory with an usual degree of severity. We shall now lay hold of a few passages in the present work, that are well calculated to exhibit both the vices and the virtues of Bolingbroke in a fuller and juster shape than has ever before been done; and since the result of these is a brighter picture than we have been accustomed to look upon, every honest and benevolent spirit must in so far be delighted. As, however, the celebrated subject of these memoirs is closely connected with the general history of a long and remarkable period, no attempt shall, on our parts, be made to enter into such disquisitions as are supposed to be familiar to every one: the genius, the temperament of the man, being the object of our contemplation, and not the politics of the era, except in so far as these become the field for displaying his character.

Bolingbroke, whose lineage was distinguished in point of antiquity, rank, wealth, and talent, during his infancy and childhood was much in the hands of his grandmother, who was a rigid presbyterian; and it appears that his early education produced impressions very opposite to those which his instructors contemplated. At Eton, and next at Oxford, his wit, genius, and learning soon distinguished him. A prodigious memory, brilliant conversational powers, and debauchery, were equally his characteristics. He also, at an early age showed great jealousy of rivals, assumed a superiority which he was destined always to maintain, and pursued knowledge ardently. He

was compared, by those who remembered the court of Charles II., to Rochester, and he was proud of the comparison. He also cultivated the society of the men of genius and learning who then flourished, and was a patron of merit, to the extent of his means; so that his admirers saw the seeds of better things than his youthful irregularities bespoke. He married, at an early age, a rich heiress, thereby showing a desire to relinquish his excesses, although this step does not seem to have been dictated by any thing purer than convenience, and as a prelude to political pursuits. He succeeded his father as the representative in parliament of a borough.

"His family interest was powerful; but the real and irresistible resources of St. John were seated in himself. It was not long before these were developed. The sparkling vivacity and easy gaiety which his familiar conversations had discovered, were accompanied with other qualities with which they are not commonly allied. Every effort of St. John bore that pregnancy of wit which constitutes genius: it animated his conversation, it glittered in his speech, it flashed in his reply. It is said that, in the delivery of his speeches, there were occasional pauses of reflection; but when he had recovered and arranged his ideas, as he clothed them in words, his language flowed on without either hurry or hesitation in a copious stream of eloquence which equally delighted the ear and convinced the judgment. In all the arts of oratory he seemed to have been endued with a natural proficiency; and even the tactics of debate were not in him the acquirements of experience. Where the weakness of a cause was to be disguised, or the attention of the audience withdrawn from its examination, the wit of the orator shot like a star-shoot athwart the debate; but when the arguments of an adversary were to be sifted and his fallacies exposed, he discovered a wonderful power of analysing his subject at a single glance, and of almost instinctively discovering its capabilities of attack and defence. He united in his reply a subtlety of reasoning, a profundity of thinking, and a solidity of judgment, which fixed attention and commanded admiration."—vol. i. pp. 20, 21.

His father and grandfather had sided with the whigs, that party being also now in power. But St. John was far too independent, ambitious, and eccentric, to enter into the service of an established party, to bow to its leaders, or to rise by slow degrees from the lowest grades of office. Robert Harley was now secretly laying the foundations of the power which he afterwards arrived at; and St. John attached himself to him, not, our author inclines to think, from any mean or insincere motives on the part of the hero of these pages, but in some measure owing to the kindred pursuits in which they took delight, and a sincere friendship, at least at that time, existing, however rancorous and lasting their hatred afterwards became. Queen Anne was in favour of the Tories, and, soon after her accession to the throne, Harley was made secretary of state, and St. John the secretary of war.

"Whatever might have been the influence which placed St. John in the administration, he certainly applied himself with diligence to the efficient discharge of the duties he had undertaken. His friendship for Marlborough was not the mere interchange of hollow professions: of such dissembling St. John was incapable. His temper was sincere almost to rashness, and where his co-

operation was promised, it was given with zeal and conducted with ability. Marlborough was his friend, and he served him with fidelity; he supplied him with abundant succours abroad, and he defended his conduct at home. It was during the administration of St. John that the duke achieved some of his most glorious exploits. At this time the victories of Blenheim and Ramelies immortalised the name of the soldier, and placed another brilliant in the diadem of his country's glory. St. John had been assiduous to strengthen him for the struggle; he was now ardent to reward his success:—he introduced and carried through the commons the bill which conferred Woodstock upon the duke and perpetuated it in his family; and he secured to him other advantages scarcely less acceptable.

"To direct the energies of the nation in support of the war, and to announce the triumphs of her arms, were the peculiar province of St. John; but his activity was equally conspicuous in the other departments of the government. His eloquence was ever ready, his assistance always efficient; and often did the ministers, when discomfited in debate, find protection from the war of words behind the impregnable shield of St. John."—pp. 73, 74.

Godolphin the prime minister, and Marlborough, became jealous of the designs of Harley, and although he ingratiated himself with the queen, they obtained his dismissal, when St. John also resigned his office, preferring rather to forfeit his place than his political consistency, since after the dismissal of the former, the tory party in the cabinet became extinct, and had our hero continued, he must have gone over to the ranks of the whigs. His uncompromising adherence to the principles upon which he started in public life, gained thus the confidence of his friends, and the esteem of his opponents. After his retirement, and till the dissolution, his conduct was moderate, instead of furious in opposition, having at least the semblance of patriotism.

"But, whatever were the motives that influenced his political conduct, his public acts, both in retaining and relinquishing office, were much less exposed to censure than his private life. That eager pursuit of pleasure which had stained his early youth, was the most serious reproach of his manhood. No affairs of state could be sufficiently important in his eyes to postpone a purposed gratification; no call of prudence, not even ambition itself, could moderate the licentiousness of his dissipation. These disgraceful excesses, which have been fairly urged in refutation of the principles he avowed, derived additional infamy from the exalted station in which they were enacted. But, while they load the memory of his private character with reproach, they contribute to vindicate his public conduct from any participation in the tortuous intrigues of his friend. The queen was attached, by education and conviction, to the principles of the church; and, although her zeal was somewhat indiscreet, her sincerity was undoubted. Her practice usually accorded with her profession; and the glaring immoralities of St. John, faithfully detailed to her as they were by the suspicious jealousy of Harley, inspired her with a disgust for his private character, which his political conduct might qualify, but could not destroy. This was too well known to hold out to him any inducements to a frequent attendance at her court, and affords an additional argument for pronouncing him guiltless of bearing part in the scene of duplicity which was played off against Marlborough and Godolphin. The honour of the statesman is of more importance to the community than the virtue of the man; and, perhaps, the object of our criticism would not be unwilling to compound for our approbation

of the secretary by the condemnation of St. John."—vol. i. pp. 100, 101.

No sooner was the parliament dissolved, than St. John withdrew from the representation of the borough for which he had hitherto sat, and while Harley was pursuing his well-concerted schemes, which were to supplant the whig administration, the former retired into the country, and entered upon a most earnest prosecution of study, which he kept up for two years; and he ever afterwards spoke of these two years as the most pleasant and profitable of his life. He was before this inferior to few in the extent and variety of his acquirements, but his great superiority is to be dated from the period now mentioned. Events, however, occurred, which drew him from his retirement, and when Harley formed his ministry on the dismissal of the whigs, though already become jealous of St. John, he was obliged to appoint him secretary of state. He also became leader of the house of commons, soon after which Harley was ennobled. And about the same time it became evident that the hitherto apparent friendship, between the two, no longer was real. By the time St. John was raised to the peerage as Viscount Bolingbroke, the rupture between these statesmen had increased: but we cannot follow the course of public events, in which the hero of these pages figured, more closely than refer to the charges that were brought against him in respect of the pretender, and which led to his exile. His attempts against the press, when his loyalty was impugned, argue of themselves a distrust of the intrinsic defensiveness of many of the points attacked, rather than a dislike of the licentiousness which he himself had so fully indulged in formerly, in regard to the whigs, and still continued to do, by encouraging the scribblers of his own party.

The divisions in the tory cabinet increased; the quarrel between Harley, now Earl of Oxford, and Bolingbroke, became irreconcilable; the ambition of the latter was disappointed; the queen died; and he escaped to France, to avoid the consequences of an impeachment, and a trial for high treason.

"Had Bolingbroke remained to meet the charge, he must have concerted his defence with Oxford, who was involved in the common calamity. 'A sense of honour,' he says, 'would not have permitted me to distinguish between his case and mine own; and it was worse than death to lie under the necessity of making them the same, and of taking measures in concert with him.'

"The recklessness of this hatred, which sacrificed to its indulgence the fortune of himself and of his friends, can be regarded only as the splenetic resentment of disappointed ambition, which, feeling acutely the stroke of adversity, looks around for some object on which it may resent the blow. But if it were folly to indulge old enmities at the expense of present security, it had been madness to wait the attack with no means of repelling it. In rejecting the plan of a reconciliation with Oxford, and the strict union and simultaneous movement of their whole party, he rejected a plan which was bold and feasible, easy of accomplishment, and calculated to compel their enemies to grant them honourable terms. He knew that the only alternatives were death, or flight and proscription.

"For the latter he now prepared. His time for escape

was short; the toils were already closing around him. The whigs had concluded their investigations: even the articles of impeachment were ready;—every night expectation was excited of the opening of the charge—every hour was fraught with danger. Bolingbroke's deportment to the last moment was bold and fearless;—his flight was precipitate and unexpected. When he had received intimation that the charge would be no longer delayed, he appeared the same night at the theatre, where he conversed with all his characteristic gaiety, bespoke a play for the next night, and subscribed to an opera to take place a fortnight after. But immediately the performance was over, he left London with precipitation, traveled rapidly to Dover, crossed the channel in a small vessel, and landing at Calais the next day, found himself an exile.

"Such was the reverse which a few short months wrought in the fortunes of Bolingbroke. Now wielding all the mighty energies of his country, giving an object to the prowess of her arm, directing the thunder of her power, controlling her allies, breaking the resources of her enemies, guiding all the intricate mechanism of her domestic government, diffusing the terror of her name abroad, mitigating the burden of the contest at home, and, lastly, hushing the clangor of war, which for ten years had rung through Europe, into the busy murmur of peace. Now behold the same man, exiled from the country he had governed, proscribed by the people he had ruled, sheltered only by the enemy he had subdued!" vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

For the articles of Bolingbroke's impeachment, we must refer to the work before us, and the history of the times. In so far as regards his connection with the pretender, our author argues, that while minister it is impossible to conclude, from any evidence which has come to light, that he had any treasonable design. When the bill of attainder was passed against him, however, he did accept the office of secretary of state to the fictitious King of England, and although with no great heart for the business, the fact shows that his adherence and fidelity to the house of Hanover was neither consistent nor strong. His connection with the pretender was not, however, of long endurance, and while it is but fair to presume, that prosecution in England, in a great measure, drove him to a rash adhesion to a bad cause, he seems to have looked upon it afterwards as nothing better. But the picture it gives us of patriotism and honour, is forbidding enough, and humiliating in the extreme.

"The circumstances of being secretary of state to two contending parties, and being attainted by both those parties within the short space of twelve months, is peculiar to the fortune of Bolingbroke. The first was a substantial misfortune; the second, so immediately following and so similar in form, appears upon the picture of his life as the shadow of the former. The first was the result of an honourable ambition, tarnished by some sacrifice of principle, and perhaps by too reckless a rivalry; but the second was the worthy reward of a slavish fidelity to a party which scrupled not to adopt the most indefensible means to acquire a selfish end: and even this motive was thwarted by the same spirit which, in the British secretary was ambition, but which, in the adherent of the pretender, deserves no higher title than jealousy.

"There can be no doubt but that the cause of the violent disgust Bolingbroke took for the party of the pretender was a jealousy he soon began to entertain of the Duke of Ormond. To be second in the ca-

binet of England, his ambition could scarcely be second in the tawdry court of a mock prince: his proud spirit almost to madness. He had despised supremacy, had it been undoubtedly his own: he not endure to see his title disputed to what he hardly worthy of his notice. He never forgave for having joined the pretender at all; and it was certainly a step unworthy of him. Upon his arrival in France, he had given his word to the Earl of St. John that he would enter into no such engagement. When he broke that promise, he committed a breach of faith which it is useless to palliate and impossible to justify. He certainly made voluntarily, and without any personal reward. It was also made for the purpose of strengthening his party, and failed of that effect. But neither these considerations can invalidate an honourable engagement, or excuse the weakness of abandoning resolution.

"And what were the men for whom he sacrificed only all claim to real patriotism, but also his independence, his secret sympathies, and his hopes of pardon? With the tories, as a body, he had little community of sentiment: he was bound to them by no save that of party interest; he held in view with no common object save the attainment and preservation of power. While the prize eluded their grasp, they united in its pursuit; but past experience showed should it ever be obtained, they would quarrel and divide. The strongest outlines of the tory scheme of government were to Bolingbroke objects of ridicule and derision. The doctrines of an absolute monarchy, which had so lately resounded through the land from the mouths of the tory clergy, he rejected with a smile of scorn. The very church which inculcated this doctrine, which was the peculiar object of idolatry with the tories, Bolingbroke considered only as a political contrivance, not an edifice to stand venerable and intact amidst the storms of party controversy; but an engine fashioned to the purposes of the statesman, and to be directed to advance the designs of the politician.

"There was no grand principle in politics upon which he and his party agreed. The desire of peace could not be considered, since it was suggested by the emergency of immediate circumstances, and recommended by immediate interest. The persecution of the dissenters could not be so considered, for it was adopted merely to advance a court intrigue; and he has declared that no design against them ever existed in the cabinet.* It was ambition therefore, not principle, which made him nominally a tory. He followed the fortunes of that party as the lion follows the track of the prey, and he seized upon the prey which their incessant quarrels had brought within reach. Ambition influenced him in choosing his station—a respect for consistency forbade him to abandon it.—the one rendered him daring and successful in his rise—the other preserved him dignified after his fall."—vol. ii. pp. 1—4.

We discover in this representation, which is cautious and not over-strained, that sort of cautious ambition which so often distinguishes great men, proving that talent and power are not means the cherishers of human virtue. In passing from his public career to his private life, Bolingbroke appears not to be the best advantage. His first lady and he had long been separated. His French court was a dangerous atmosphere for him. As to her loyalty, it was towards the house of Hanover, and superior to her affection towards her husband. After her death, then

* "Letters upon the Use and Study of History."

which took place in 1718, he was not long a widower.

"Bolingbroke had no love and little esteem for her during her life, and he did not long mourn her death. He had met with a lady who could better appreciate his virtues, and could look with more indulgence upon his vices. This was the widow of the Marquis de Villette, a lady who is described to have combined with the elegances of a highly polished mind the advantage of a lively and amiable temper: she loved the man whom her countrymen honoured and admired, and Bolingbroke found with her that domestic happiness which had been denied him in his first matrimonial connection.

"Bolingbroke's acquaintance with this lady commenced in the early part of this year. She had been ten years a widow: was possessed of some property, which she enjoyed, and was entitled to much more, which was contested. Their intimacy soon ripened into affection; but as his first wife was yet alive, the success of his suit was rather gratifying to his passion than honourable to its object. Whether any levity of conduct is attributable to the marquise, is indeed very doubtful; and the conduct of Bolingbroke was not that of a confident lover. The jealousy which actuated his public conduct appears to have tinged his private character. Among the acquaintance of the marquise was a Scotsman named M'Donald, who held a high (nominal) office under the pretender; this adventurer, since he was a handsome man and assiduous in his attentions, Bolingbroke chose to consider as his rival. Upon this point the violence of his passion sometimes hurried him into acts inconsistent with his dignity. While dining with the marquise at her own house, he was so enraged at some attention which M'Donald paid their hostess, that he hurried towards him to chastise his insolence; but in his hurry and fury he threw down the table at which the company were sitting, and appeared, to the great amusement of his laughter-loving mistress, prostrate among the broken dishes. The Marquis de Matignon, who was present, succeeded in accommodating the affair; but his interference was several times afterwards required by the same parties."—vol. ii. pp. 39, 40.

His second lady, for the recovery of certain property in England, visited that kingdom, and succeeded in obtaining a pardon for her lord, for which he panted. Let us now look to his character as a writer, and as a private man. He was a deist, believing in the existence of a God, but denying that he ever revealed his will to man, and we may safely follow our author when he says, that like others of his caste, his first object was to destroy the fabric which had been raised upon the basis of revelation; and his second to erect upon its ruins a system of his own. He is however not a close or methodical reasoner and impugner, but scatters objections profusely, sometimes ironically, sometimes abusively, and is more formidable from the suddenness and frequency of his attacks than their force. He was more able in defence than attack, and though there was little novelty in his objections to Christianity, there was wariness in the choice of his tenets, so as to trouble his opponents, as in the doctrine on the nature of the soul, maintaining its materiality and denying its immortality. Before passing on to the summary given by our author of his character in the various walks of life, we shall glance at the termination of his long and stirring career, which was cheerless, yet splendid. Though in his day honoured as the first citizen in the repub-

lic of letters, and courted by the most illustrious men, upon a close observation he was seen to be any thing but happy.

"Bolingbroke had ever been the victim of restless and disappointed ambition: the disappointment harassed him after the hope of retrieving it had fled. To this cause of mental inquietude another cause of annoyance was now superadded. We have noticed that his marriage with the Marchioness de Villette was private, and was not acknowledged until two years after it was solemnized. No sooner was this lady dead, than her heirs in France, denying that any marriage had ever taken place, commenced a suit in the French courts for the recovery of the property she had possessed as a widow. Bolingbroke was little inclined to litigate the question: his efforts to obtain legal proofs of the marriage were vain, and he respected the memory of his wife too much to wish to make so delicate a point a subject of public conversation; he made large offers of accommodation, but every proposal was rejected, and his opponents determined to proceed to trial. The result was unfavourable; he lost his cause, and beheld with indignation the memory of a wife whom he yet mourned branded with infamy. The Marquis de Matignon, the friend who had calmed the violence of his jealousy against M'Donald, and who had ever since been connected with him by the ties of friendship, was still in France. To this nobleman Bolingbroke applied to assist him in vindicating the memory of his wife. The marquis entered with ardour upon his commission; an appeal was made to the Parliament of Paris and the necessary proof was procured. The delays of the French courts, however, prolonged the proceedings beyond the life of Bolingbroke: it was not until after his death that the blot upon the fame of his lady was removed. Soon after that event the cause was determined. The sentence of the *Chambre des Enquêtes* was totally annulled; and Montmorier, the original claimant, was condemned to refund the money he had seized in consequence of it."—vol. ii. pp. 242, 243.

But this triumph Bolingbroke was not, as we have just heard, permitted to enjoy. A cancer had attacked his face, and continued slowly to spread. There was, however, something magnificent though dark in the closing scene, as described in these pages:—

"Against so dreadful an assailant, at Bolingbroke's age, surgical aid was vain; he knew that he carried with him the seeds of a speedy dissolution, but he awaited its approach with calm and unshaken stoicism. The principles which he had adopted while death was yet far distant, did not in him, as they have done in many others, quail before the approach of the king of terrors. The crisis he had long expected at length arrived: the disease extended itself to the vital parts. In the agonies of death he was awfully consistent with himself: he rejected without hesitation the proffered offices of a clergyman, and died as he had always lived, but only latterly avowed himself, a deist; affording* in his last moments a melancholy proof of his sincerity.

"Bolingbroke survived his lady but twenty months; he died on the 15th of December 1751, in his seventy-fourth year. His death was hastened by the violence of an empiric to whose treatment he had submitted himself. Walpole was killed by a man of the same description; and his son mentions it as a singular coincidence, that these two men, who had been rivals through life, should owe their deaths to the same misplaced confidence in ignorant men."—vol. ii. pp. 244, 245.

* MS. Letter from a Mr. Lee to Mallet, in the British Museum."

We have seen that, as a writer, the contemporaries of Bolingbroke have placed him at the very head, although posterity, owing in a great measure to the subjects of his works being interesting only to that era, has treated him with neglect, compared with Swift and Addison. He was always vivid and elegant. He neither possessed patience, nor applied the labour which Addison displayed; but he was ready and never commonplace, at least in as far as illustration goes.

"Bolingbroke's writings are characteristic of himself: the style of the author bears a close resemblance to the character of the man. Brilliant and imaginative, manly and energetic, his power of illustration never renders him frigid or bombastic. His energy never degenerates into coarseness. There is an elegance in his antithesis peculiarly his own; and if it occurs sometimes too frequently, the nervous sentiment it breathes tempts us to overlook the traces of art. His words are selected carefully, and combined with skill; nor is it easy to convict him of a tedious or an ill-constructed sentence. But the peculiar charm in Bolingbroke's style is the exact and beautiful propriety of his illustrations. This is characteristic of all his works, but it is more striking in his earlier productions. Let us take one from the numbers which present themselves: it occurs in his letter to Sir William Windham. 'The ocean which environs us is an emblem of our government: and the pilot and the minister are in similar circumstances. It seldom happens that either of them can steer a direct course, and they both arrive at their port by means which frequently seem to carry them from it. But as the work advances, the conduct of him who leads it on with real abilities clears up, the appearing inconsistencies are reconciled; and when it is once consummated, the whole shows itself so uniform, so plain, and so natural, that every dabbler in politics will be apt to think that he could have done the same.' Our language hardly contains an illustration more appropriate in itself, or more elegantly expressed."—vol. ii. pp. 263, 264.

He was splendid rather than solid, and secures our admiration rather than our love. Like the statesman of his age, he was too much guided by merely factious ends. The best interests of the country were unhesitatingly sacrificed to selfish ends. The contest was only for power, and party-honour occupied the place of principle. We are willing, as heretofore, to take our author's view of the character of his hero in another capacity.

"In regarding Bolingbroke as a philosopher, we must carefully separate his practical from his speculative opinions. In the former he is generally right, in the latter as generally wrong. There is a spirit of calmness and content breathing throughout his tracts upon practical philosophy, which declares how well he had studied and how deeply he felt the consolations he recommended. Occasionally, indeed, the gusts of his stormy ambition swept across his mind; but their influence was but transient; they passed away, and philosophy resumed her seat—taught him again to enjoy the present, and to look with indifference upon the past. An enemy has declared, that all his philosophy was but feigned; that he himself was miserable in the retirement which he made delightful to all who were permitted to share it. The assertion is specious, but unjust. In a mind so constitutionally restless and ambitious, we wonder rather that the strongest self-discipline could have gained for philosophy any influence at all, than that resentment and regret should sometimes swell within him, and occasionally burst the fetters by which they had been confined. We have already alluded to the air of resignation which

characterises his familiar correspondence: cool letters have been written by a man who was harassed by the bitterness of disappointed aims. The mask might perhaps have been preserved in formal appearances in public; but would it have been maintained in the unsuspecting interchange of private communications? The philosophy of Bolingbroke was real; in his character, as in that of all other men, there were inconsistencies, but he habitually practised what he taught. The dictates of philosophy were true to his life—his occasional deviations from them an exception."—vol. ii. pp. 273, 274.

His speculative philosophy has already been alluded to; and we are told, that in practice he frequently felt the dreariness of his career. In his letters he even regrets that his reason deprives him of the pleasure of believing that there is a future state. The excuse, however, has not been made, we doubt not, had he been more zealous, regular, and honest enquirer after the truth. As a patron of literature he has been much praised, which proves the openness and liberality of his generousities. And his private life also offers much room for admiration as well as censure.

"Bolingbroke's private, like his public, life offered subject both for praise and blame. His passions were as fiery as his genius; and in his youth he did not control the one, or to regulate the other. A man eminently gifted with those shining qualities which cultivate and ensnare, he took little pains to improve the opportunities he possessed; and his intrigues were rather numerous than select. He was not very cautious in choosing his companions of either sex; and man was more careful in the selection of a friend.

There were few men whom he ever admitted into his friendship, and of these none ever deserted or betrayed him. The ambition which would allow him to be equal in the administration of government, precluded him from domineering in private: his friendship was only to those whose kindred genius marked them as equals, and even by these he could never believe himself to be loved until he was implicitly obeyed. The readiness with which his friendship was held, appears to be a readiness with which the superiority he assumed was conceded; even Pope and Swift owned in him a friend.

"His friendship, when once gained, was as generous; and his correspondence with his true and peculiar friends contains the most genuine effusions of that sentiment. As a letter-writer, he stands unrivalled. The biographer of Swift already admits the superlative excellence of the letters of Bolingbroke. He acknowledges that they are written with an elegance and precision which distinguish them from those of his illustrious friends. 'We see,' exclaimed Lord Orrery, 'that they were not intended for the press: but how valuable must be the most careless strokes of such a pen!'

"The brilliancy of his conversation was to his contemporaries a subject of universal admiration: he had no accomplishment which could enable him to excel in the senate, he was the most eloquent orator; in the drawing-room, the most finished gentleman. To the ordinary accomplishments of his age he added the unusual knowledge of the European languages: he conversed in Italian with ease and purity, and his perfect knowledge of French has already been noticed. Voltaire says of him: '*Je n'ai jamais entendu parler notre langue avec d'énergie et de justesse.*'"—vol. ii. pp. 279—281.

Thus, in a variety of aspects, Lord Bolingbroke's life furnishes a striking and a contradictory subject of biography. It is one

offers the most useful lessons to posterity, whether we regard the bright or the dark side. An exhibition of errors should act as powerfully in the shape of a warning, as that of virtue and merit attract imitation. Our author's work, upon these grounds, is an impressive and instructive addition to biographical literature; while his calm and charitable mode of estimating the character of an eminent man is highly worthy of imitation.

PHYSICO-MECHANICAL SCIENCE.

The blessings which physico-mechanical science has bestowed on society, and the means it has still in store for ameliorating the lot of mankind, have been too little dwelt upon; while, on the other hand, it has been accused of lending itself to the rich capitalists as an instrument for harassing the poor, and of exacting from the operative an accelerated rate of work. It has been said, for example, that the steam engine now drives the power-looms with such velocity as to urge on their attendant weavers at the same rapid pace; but that the hand weaver, not being subjected to this restless agent, can throw his shuttle and move his treddles at his convenience. There is, however, this difference in the two cases, that in the factory, every member of the loom is so adjusted, that the driving force leaves the attendant nearly nothing at all to do, certainly no muscular fatigue to sustain, while it procures for him good, unfailing wages, besides a healthy workshop *gratis*: whereas, the non-factory weaver, having every thing to execute by muscular execution, finds the labour irksome, makes, in consequence, innumerable short pauses, separately of little account, but great when added together; earns, therefore, proportionally low wages, while he loses his health by poor diet and the dampness of his hovel. Dr. Carbutt, of Manchester, says, "With regard to Sir Robert Peel's assertion a few evenings ago, that the hand-loom weavers are mostly small farmers, nothing can be a greater mistake; they live, or rather, they just keep life together, in the most miserable manner, in the cellars and garrets of the town, working sixteen or eighteen hours for the merest pittance."—*Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures*

IMPRESSION OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

M. Marville has given the following curious details on this subject. Doubting, he tells us, the truth of those who say it is natural for us to love music, especially the sound of instruments, and that beasts themselves are touched with it, being one day in the country he made his observations, while a man was playing on a conch shell, (*trompe marine*), upon a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, and some barn-door fowls in a yard under the window on which he was leaning. He did not perceive that the cat was in the least affected, and he even judged by her air that she would have given all the musical instruments in the world for a mouse, for she slept all the while unmoved in the sun; the horse stopped short from time to time at the window, raising his head up now and then as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the players; and the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles very peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing awhile went forward; some little birds which were in an aviary, and others on trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock, minding his hens, and the hens solely employed in scraping in a neighbouring dunghill, did not show in any manner that they took the least pleasure in hearing the music.—*Faculties of Birds*.

VOL. XXVII. NOVEMBER. 1835—62

From the London Court Journal.

FEMALE PARLIAMENTARY INQUISITORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURT JOURNAL.

Sir,—*Homo sum, et, et cetera*; which, being translated, says very plainly, I am an M. P., and whatsoever M. P.'s do, implicates myself. Now, sir, some of them having been busying themselves in preparing the plan upon which the ladies are to be admitted into our awful presence,—and they have already laid that plan before the rest of us for adoption—I avail myself of a gratifying interruption of the business before the house, occasioned by an honourable member rising to speak to order, which cannot fail to put a stop to order for the rest of the evening—to address myself to you, as the most chivalric and devoted of all the champions of the sex.

One of those wicked wags who play off their gunpowder pranks in magazines, has flung a cracker into the just published number of the *New Monthly*, which reports, among other things, that we, the collective independence of the land, are terribly alarmed at one of the consequences of giving admission to the ladies. It is openly insinuated that some of us actually devote our evenings to the enjoyments of the club, the green room, and the various refuges for the destitute lounge, that abound in the western extremity of the metropolis; that we are in all sorts of places, and any where except in the house of commons, where our wives believe us to be, and where they will so soon have an opportunity of finding that we are *not*.

"Several questions to-night, dear Lady Frances, of the first importance. Lord John has requested my attendance. My constituents have written to me imploring a continuance of my exertions; and, I believe, they intend to bring me in, at the next election, free of expense—absolutely free of all expense. The country certainly requires the most unremitting assiduity on the part of its friends; and really the claims of one's country ought to prevail over our fondest domestic inclinations. I had half promised myself the pleasure of accompanying you to the countess's; but I *must* deprive myself of the dear indulgence for once. I should never forgive myself if I were to be absent from the house *to-night*. What would be my reproaches—what would be yours, if I were to suffer the interests of all Europe to be compromised, through yielding to those natural predilections which—(James, my hat!)—to those promptings of affection and * * * I shall be sure to be home, dearest, the instant the division takes place."

Such, in a word or two of insinuation, is supposed to be the after dinner song of many an honourable husband, as he starts off upon his usual evening voyage of discovery, among the unhallowed pleasures of the theatre, the smoking room, or the card table. Truth is a quality for which, though I have been an M. P. for eleven years, I entertain the highest reverence; and truth forbids me to impeach the justice of the surmise. Still it is unfeeling, if not unjust. Ministers, observed our present home secretary, upon a certain occasion—ministers are but human. All members of parliament are, I fear, in the same predicament. The best among us is but man; and what can man do, when a club or a card room is balanced against the country? when there is the temptation of a cigar in one scale, and the interests of a community in the other? I freely admit that scores of us are in the habit of assenting in this way to the doctrine respecting the frailty of the flesh; and that a like number of us may seek to conceal these little innocent delinquencies, by putting on the cloak of public duty, when we put on our hats to quit the private circle of home. Nay, I can easily believe that the dread of being found out by a wife is a far more general terror than the fear of being detected by a constituency; and it is natural to suppose that the success of the motion for admitting the ladies *has* really

excited particular alarm in many quarters, as the effect of it promises to be either to put an end at once to these most comfortable and convenient excuses about the paramount necessity of being at one's post, or to create a risk of being followed to the house by one's patriotic partner, who, after sitting for five hours in the gallery, ascertains to a certainty that one has preferred the Charybdis of the club to the Scylla of the senate.

The scene is then changed upon returning home, an hour and a half after the wondering and speculative wife has escaped from the gallery.

"Very long debates, to-night. I thought I never should get home. Nothing very important, after all, but I was compelled to sit every thing out, lest the question should come on. Very provoking, to think I've lost my evening. How is the countess? I had hoped for the pleasure of driving you down to Beulah Spa, before house time. Disappointed, however! One gets chosen upon so many committees."

"Surely, my dear Ernest, you're not in earnest now. This is merely a jest. Committees! why I never see your name among the chosen many in the *Morning Herald*."

"Private bills, madam, and thousands of things that the papers take no notice of. The fatigue is dreadful!"

"No doubt; but then you must admit it is a little odd, that, so invariably as you attend the house in your resolution to be present upon every division, and so often as you remain till two in the morning, to avoid imputation of neglect of duty upon a single occasion, the *Morning Herald* never inserts your name in the list of voters, whether in the majority or minority. Now, isn't that rather odd?"

"Personal pique, perhaps, on the part of the reporter. I'm very sleepy!"

"But then all the reporters agree in the omission. I never find your name in the *Morning Post*. It is positively a conspiracy!"

"Probably so; you know the press is not to be depended upon. Their lists are always incorrect."

"But some members write!"

"I hate writing to newspapers: you know I do, Lady Frances. How can you suggest such a vulgarity?"

"By the by, Ernest, that speech of yours upon the sugar duties, the other night,"—

"Speech!"

"Yes; don't you remember when you staid so very late, in case you should miss an opportunity of delivering your sentiments this session?"—

"Well, Lady Frances!—I'm cruelly exhausted?"

"I never saw that reported, though I believe you spoke for more than an hour."

"Didn't you? Strange enough. Oh, it must have appeared!"

"No, believe me; here's the very paper. I looked for it immediately upon my return home to-night, from—from—the countess's."

"The paper! Oh, well, let's see. Not reported! Ha, yes, here it is—here—'An honourable member whose name we could not learn!'"

"Indeed!—hum!—But, Ernest, these are not your sentiments; I thought you were pledged against!"—

"Some mistake of my meaning, I suppose. Perhaps the reporter was drowsy: I am—confoundedly!"—

"Really, sir, it is very curious that your name in particular can never be learned by the reporters, and that your voice in particular is always inaudible in the gallery!"

"Come, dear Lady Frances, it is quite time to retire. Was the countess?"—

"I scarcely saw any body. I left immediately, to go down to the ladies' gallery."

"The house! You did! No! How provoking that I

should have been ignorant—strange, too, that I didn't see you!"

"Not so very strange, when one was a long way out of sight. The walls of the house are rather thick, and it is difficult for people outside to see their wives in the gallery."

"Outside! oh, I apprehend your suspicion. So then, Lady Frances, you really imagine, I see you do—you positively suppose, that I have for once, for once in my life, neglected my parliamentary duties; and that—that—well, for once, I have been absent from my post. It's useless to deny it. But, dearest Lady Frances, you are the person of all others from whom I was most solicitous to conceal my solitary transgression. A friend—Sir Jonas, you know—about that affair of his; he carried me out of the house at exactly—when did you arrive there?"

"About half past nine."

"At exactly twenty minutes after nine—and he has remorselessly detained me ever since. I was in a deuced rage, and have almost quarreled with him. Well, now, to think of your finding me out on the only occasion!—But I must be up early in the morning, and get excused from those confounded committees; as I am resolved to indulge myself to-morrow by driving you to Beulah Spa!"

It is possible, sir, that a few such scenes as this might have followed the adoption of the courteous resolution in favour of the ladies, had not the hint of the wicked wag I have alluded to been taken, by the ladies' committee, even before it was offered. Will it be believed, that that committee of gallants have taken the utmost pains to devise a scheme for the deliverance of honourable gentlemen from all such dilemmas? Their plan is this: no lady can be admitted, save by a ticket to be obtained from the individual member introducing her, who is to write her name, with his own annexed, in a book at the gallery entrance. These tickets are not transferable, and no gentleman can ordinarily introduce more than two ladies in the course of a week. The gallery will contain but twenty-four! Thus, sir, will it be impossible for a wife to detect the absence of her husband, for the husband will always have notice of the threatened presence of his wife. Her promise of a visit must be registered. We can search the book for tidings of the approach of the enemy. No good natured friend can lend himself to our detection, for the tickets of admission are not transferable! Is not all this cunningly devised? More cunningly than courteously, I must acknowledge. What the ladies themselves will say to the restricted clauses of this pretended bill for gratifying female curiosity, I fear to guess; but for my own part, with the utmost desire to be liberal and indulgent towards my erring brethren, I think the plan denotes on the part of its framers a strong sense of their own deviations, and a corresponding alarm at the possibility of detection. Liberty of visiting, clogged with such prohibitions, is like emancipation dancing a hornpipe in fetters. It is hardly to be supposed that the ladies will condescend to patronise parliament upon such terms. The "boon" is scarcely acceptable to any but those who think no pleasure so great as that of seeking pleasure in vain. The shabbiness of the restriction as to number—only twenty-four—struck me forcibly at first; but upon reflection, I freely waive my charge of illiberality in that respect. My good nature induces me to attribute the proposed slenderness of number to extreme diffidence and modesty on the part of the committee. They rightly conceive, no doubt, that it might be difficult in this era of female ascendancy—in this golden age of the genius of woman, to find more than two dozen ladies at a time, who would think it at all worth their while to employ two or three precious hours in listening to dialogues so very questionable for sense and wit, as the things which are dignified by the name of "debates" in our honourable assembly. And indeed the house will be

complimented, if, when female intellect and intelligence so universally prevail, they can by any means induce only four-and-twenty ladies to hearken for a whole evening to them.

Allow me to assure you, sir, on my own behalf, that I have not the slightest interest in this question, other than what arises from my interest for that sex which I consider to have been mocked by the mere promise of a "reform." On my own account, I have nothing to conceal; and, therefore, I advocate the admission of ladies under more gracious and gallant regulations. In fact, sir, I court female enquiry into my conduct. I never tell my wife that I am going to vote for economy, when I am going to make one at *écarte*. I never insist that I must speak, when I know I mean to smoke. I do not oppose the printing of authorised lists of the divisions, lest my frequent absences from the house should be noted, not in my borough in the country, but at my house in town. My wife never complains—she cannot. My conduct is exemplary; and, though I have been distinguished from my childhood for my modesty, I unpretendingly believe myself to be the best creature alive. I have not heard a single murmur at home respecting the constancy and punctuality of my attendance to my parliamentary duties, for these five years—having become a widower in the year 1830. M. P.

FONTENELLE.

The intimate society of the Hotel de Breteuil, was composed at most of twenty *habitués*, for whom plates were daily laid out for supper, according to the custom of the times and the hospitality of this opulent and generous house. To give you a brief idea of it, it is sufficient to tell you that my uncle and aunt had, in Paris only, forty-four domestics. Monsieur Fontenelle came there to supper regularly on Thursdays. He was then, forty-five years of age, but one would never have supposed him to be more than thirty-six. He was a pretty handsome man, five feet eight inches high, with an intelligent look. His countenance was open and eminently cheerful. He was the best formed man imaginable; and, though he had acquired the habit of walking bent, all his motions were graceful and easy; in a word, his personal appearance was particularly courtly and elegant. I assure you that Fontenelle was benevolence and charity exemplified; he gave yearly a quarter of his income to the curate of his parish for the poor, and I never heard him accused of egotism or insensibility. He related before me that ridiculous story of the asparagus with oil, but he named it as having happened to a doctor of Sorbonne, and it was forty or fifty years afterwards, when Voltaire had the treachery to produce it again, as if Fontenelle had been its hero. "How can they accuse you of wanting sensibility, my dear and good Fontenelle?" said my aunt one day to him. "Because I am not yet dead," replied he, smiling. He had the greatest confidence in strawberries, in consequence of having regularly had a fever every spring. He used to say, "if I can reach the season of strawberries!"—He had the happiness to reach it ninety-nine times, and it is to the use of strawberries that he always attributed his longevity.—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Créquy*.

A COMPLIMENT TAKEN.—"How very lovely you look," said a gallant cavalier to a brilliant dame, at a recent fancy ball. The lady smiled and simpered, and replied, as she twirled and twisted her jewels, so that the light might shine fitly upon them, "Oh yes! I assure you I've got on thirty thousand pounds!" And so she had, and was fairly worth that sum.

From the Asiatic Journal.

STATE PRISONERS IN INDIA.

There are at present three prisoners of state of very high rank in the Bengal presidency, and it was supposed that the refractory Rajah of Joudpore would be destined to make a fourth. The principal personage of this melancholy triumvirate would excite more compassion, were it not for the treachery and ingratitude which caused him to take up arms against a power with whom he had contracted a friendly alliance. While the government under Lord Hastings was engaged in the Pindarree war, the great Mahratta chieftains, Scindiah, Holkar, the Rajah of Berar, and others of inferior note, combined together to deprive the British of their empire in India. The peishwa, who, though originally a minister of the Rajah of Satara, was looked up to as the real chief of the Mahratta states, agreed to head this confederacy, notwithstanding his obligations to his European allies, and the confidence they reposed in his good faith. Had the design been executed as adroitly as it was planned, there would have been some doubt respecting the issue; but, as usual with native princes, there was a want of proper concert, and of mutual trust. Instead of taking the field simultaneously, they appeared one after the other, and were beaten in detail. The peishwa commenced his aggressions by falling upon a body of Madras troops at Poonah, the capital of his dominions. They made a gallant defence, holding out for two days against their assailants, who expected an easy prey, and who, disappointed by the check they received, and alarmed at its consequences, were obliged to fly. A large force, however, rallied round a leader, who was at that time the prop and hope of the Mahratta states, and he kept the grand army, under Lord Hastings, in full employment during several months. At length, in April 1818, the division commanded by Colonel Adams came up with the peishwa at a place called Sewnee, where he sustained a signal defeat, and he soon afterwards surrendered to Sir John Malcolm. He lost all his camp equipage in this engagement, was obliged to abandon his guns, and an immense quantity of spoil fell into the hands of the victors of that well fought field. Elephants, horses, camels, shawls, jewels, weapons, and camp furniture of every kind, changed masters upon that day. The readiest and most satisfactory mode of appropriating and dividing the plunder taken in battle, is by a sort of drum-head auction, upon the field, in which, besides the great amusement afforded by bidding for the different lots, the proceeds are instantaneously transferred into the pockets of the captors, who are thus saved the slow process which ever precedes a final adjustment, when government takes the affair in hand. The most expert dealers in London never get such bargains; but if property sold for less than its real value, the persons who received the benefit were those who possessed the greatest claim to such an advantage. It is amusing to hear military men dilate upon the glories of the Mahratta war, and describe the shawls, strings of pearls, and other gauds, which fell to their share in combating with an enemy, who seem always to burthen themselves with an immense quantity of wealth during the most hazardous campaigns.

The conduct of the peishwa was deemed to have been so base and unjustifiable, that his deposition was determined upon by the ruling powers, and he was therefore detained a prisoner, and sent to a place of confinement, where his intrigues could no longer endanger the security of the government.

The spot selected for the residence of the ex-peishwa is a small village on the banks of the Ganges, about twelve or fourteen miles above the military station of Cawnpore, called Baitoor. Though placed under constraint, he is not strictly confined, and has every indulgence that the most liberal enemy could grant, consistent

eye of any benevolent persons who may have seen a lad answering to the following description, they are implored to write to 'C. S., Turner's land, care of Michael Bogle, Esq., Post-office, Glasgow.' We rather stared as we read this announcement, and, having got thus far, looked up, but such a set of faces! Nora sat with the tea-pot suspended in her pretty paw, that refused to do its office, her father looked through his spectacles like an inquisitor, and wee Donald glowered at us with so gash a face, that we were tempted to break his head. "Proceed!" said the doctor, and hemming, to clear our voice, we continued as follows:—"He left home early on the morning of his birthday, the 19th ultimo, on which he had completed his fifteenth year, and was last seen going through Partick toll, equipped as an angler. He was dressed in a new suit of olive jean, but wore an old hat much dinted round the crown, and his hair, which is yellow, very long in front, hanging over the cape, and some even on his shoulders. His cheeks are ruddy, and his eyes are of a light-dark blue, and wild, some think fierce, in their expression; but he is in general quite harmless, only it would be better on taking him to employ stratagem rather than force, especially if there be few persons present at the time, as when thwarted he is subject to violent fits of passion. He is very tall of his age, and seems slenderer in his clothes than he really is, walks very erect, at a great pace, and with a peculiar swing. He is musical, and sings a good song; and is fond of talking Latin. It is conjectured that he is in the Highlands."

One of the first thoughts that occurred to us, after our feelings had somewhat subsided, was that such an advertisement could not have been inserted but at a very considerable expense, and that C. S. was really its author. The description of our person, disposition, mind, manners and accomplishments, whether flattering or not, we could not but feel was far from being uncharacteristic; but what could it mean? And above all, the mysterious words "all will be forgotten!" All *what*? Had we not written to C. S. the night before our departure, to say that we were off by skriagh o' day, though we did not mention where, and excuse ourself, on the plea of modesty, from assisting at our own birth-day dinner? Surely the porter had not got drunk, and forgot to deliver the letter! At that moment we chanced to put our hand into our breast pocket, and there it was, the identical letter, crumpled up into a sort of ball, for our jacket had many a washing, though no formal one, and though it was no great matter, not a syllable could be read except the signature, *yours, most affectionately*, KIR NORRH. Harmony was soon restored. We promised to write to C. S. by next post, which left Ballahulish every Tuesday, and this was Wednesday; and away to the Leven.

Oh! the Leven! many a beautiful burn we had angled in the lowlands, and one of them, to please a southern friend, we have above feebly described; and we had seen at least one noble river, he of the magnificent falls—the Clyde. But here, in the highlands, we beheld hundreds on hundreds, and many of them flinging themselves headlong

from heaven through the mists, as if they would dash the rocks to pieces, all raging for the sea. We speak of them in spate, for they are often in spate; O Lord! even on the Sabbath, for highland rain comes down in sheets; you may see ten of them at a time, leagues apart, one drenching this moor, and another that glen, and a third attacking yonder mountain, with stormy sunbursts between, that seem to say, "What is gloom without glory; let there be radiance with the rain, when the tempests tirl the roof and blow wide open the windows of heaven!"

No angling then, and what becomes of the fishes no man knows any more than what becomes of the otters. But as the spate exhausts its fury, and the river begins to recover something of its ordinary character, no longer one monotonous roll, rush and roar: but again showing its pools distinguishable from its streams, and its streams, always deep, separate from what in summer weather are its shallows: then as the subsiding proceeds, and it does so faster than you may be thinking, seize the hour when the drumly is getting darkish, and the eddies are whirling less turbulently in among sandy or grassy bays that ere long will be dry, for they belong not to the main channel, and in with your brandling or your minnow: which is the better you must judge for yourself; from notices which a true angler takes of trifles no quill can quote: and you have him in the entrails as sure as death. Don't let him run out into the heart of the unsubsidised spate, or he will break you, for he is full of food, and a heavy fish: trust to the temper of your kirby, and give him the butt at the first spring, and stepping leisurely back five paces, drag him out: though you were to pull his lights and liver through his maw; drag him out, we cry, though his gizzard go: your gut never; and lo! there he is, almost as white as a grilse: his silver scales and golden stars already soiled, as he keeps convulsively rolling over on the sand; and now, all colour eclipsed, he wriggles in among your feet as if he were about to bite you. Ah! the serpent.

We are speaking of that Wednesday's sport in the Leven. He is but a burn-trout after all, and here is his brother; and ho! ho!—so! so! his sister, we declare; confound the cousin, he has committed high-stream robbery, and is off with our tackle! Let us sit down and consider. "What say you, Christopher, to trying the By? You are some dozen miles or so we guess from the Linnie-Loch: and as for Loch-Leven 'tis but the river grown salt and with a tide: and they can do the distance easy in an hour; for as easily up the flood they shoot as doth an arrow up the sky. Yes—there must be salmon here. Thou art now in thy sixteenth summer, Christopher, yet hast never killed a salmon; be up and doing, and we will back thee at odds for a fish." "Who, oh! who, Christopher, could angle in such a scene as this? That cliff will not suffer us to stir—but it is not with a frown it commands us—for see how softly it doth smile! Pardon us thou gentle giant, for thinking a few hours ago that thou wert grim. Then through the reeking mist that cave looked like a monstrous mouth that thou didst yawn with—now 'tis like an eye

great responsibility, he being placed at Baitoor chiefly as the medium of communication between the ex-peishwa and the government; he is not obliged to remain constantly at his post, and is frequently to be seen at the balls and parties at Cawnpore. He has a house to live in, and handsome allowances, in addition to his regimental pay; it is therefore considered a very eligible appointment, the duties being light, and under no control.

The great drawback to the advantages enjoyed by a person who is handsomely remunerated for comparatively trifling services, is the want of society in the immediate neighbourhood; for, however well disposed natives and Europeans may be towards each other, it is seldom that they derive much pleasure from very intimate association. What in England would be an easy distance, is fatiguing in India, and it would be difficult to keep up a constant communication with Cawnpore in the hot weather. Consequently, during a considerable period of the year, the European family of Baitoor must depend upon its own resources. In a more temperate climate, persons would not be the subject of pity, who had a large garden to amuse themselves in and a good house over their heads; but the impossibility of out-of-door employments of any kind, and the annoyance attendant upon even moderate exertion within doors, completely preclude any thing like rural enjoyment, and render the European residents of Hindoostan totally dependant upon each other. Sometimes we do see a little lean wiry gentleman, burned as black as a coal, who can emulate the natives in their disdain of a thermometer up to a hundred and thirty; or a slight pale lady, who wonders how any body can find the climate too warm, and who plies the needle with nimble fingers, while her companions are fainting from exhaustion: but these are rare cases, and it is seldom that a pair of exiles are so well matched.

A medical officer is also attached to the station, though not resident there, he having other duties, which oblige him to divide his time between Baitoor and Cawnpore. The necessity of visiting patients constantly in the hot weather, entails a very serious inconvenience, and in one instance the life of a lady was sacrificed by an experiment tried between her husband and the surgeon, to ascertain whether he was actually obliged to make daily calls upon the sick. We do not remember how the question was settled, but the subject of the dispute was brought to Cawnpore too late to be benefited by the change. She was beyond all medical aid, and both parties had reason to lament the obstinacy with which they had contested the point.

While Bajee Rao enjoys every advantage which it is deemed prudent to grant to a person whom it is necessary to keep under restraint, together with a dubious reputation,—some being of opinion that he was rather wrought upon by others, than incited by his own evil passions,—his prime minister, Trimluckjee, is kept in much closer confinement. Upon this man the greatest degree of the odium attached to the peishwa's conspiracy has fallen. Whether justly or unjustly, he is accused of a much deeper participation in the deceit and treachery practised at that eventful period, and he is accordingly more strictly guarded. The strong fortress of Chunar, on the banks of the Ganges, on the opposite side to Benares, and higher up the river, has been selected for the place of Trimluckjee's confinement. He is very closely watched, having an European as well as a sepoy guard over the house in which he resides, and never being permitted to stir beyond the cognisance of the sentinels. He had contrived to make his escape from his former prison, at Tannah, near Bombay, which rendered it necessary to pay a greater degree of attention to the security of his person. An air of romance is spread over the circumstances of his flight from Tannah, which was effected by the co-operation of a partisan, apparently a syce, who engaged himself with the governor of the fort-

ress, and attended a horse, picketed beneath Trimluckjee's window. This man amused himself with singing Mahratta songs; a version of one has been given us from the elegant pen of Bishop Heber, and the whole story has been celebrated in a very pretty poem, which appeared in the second volume of the *Bengal Annual*, and for which the editor was indebted to Mrs. Jourdan, the wife of a field officer in the Bombay army. A convenient building has been erected purposely for the accommodation of this enterprising Mahratta, within the walls of the fort; all the windows of this mansion are secured by iron gratings, and the guards are stationed in the surrounding verandahs. While the strictest attention has been paid to the security of the prisoner, care has also been taken to afford him all the alleviations which his situation will admit. The apartments he inhabits are large and airy, and he has the range of a small garden, in which a pagoda has been erected, in order that he may perform his religious duties in the accustomed manner. This temple is shaded by a peepul tree, which is esteemed sacred by the Hindoos, and, being a Brahmin of high caste, he employs the greater portion of his time in the ceremonials enjoined on that peculiarly favoured race. He is fond also of cultivating his garden, which he has planted with flowers, displaying some degree of taste in their arrangement; but these are not the appropriate occupations of an active and irritable temperament, and Trimluckjee does not conceal his distaste for a mode of life so uncongenial to his disposition. Four of his own servants have been retained as his personal attendants, but these men are not permitted to sleep out of the fortress, and they undergo a search whenever they pass in or out. They are useful in bringing news from the town to solace the hours of inaction, which the once bustling, intriguing politician, their master, is now condemned to endure. It is well known that Trimluckjee has not relinquished the hope of obtaining his liberty, nor of mixing himself up again with the public affairs of India. He has never ceased to importune the government to consent to his liberation, promising to give ample security for his future good conduct, and to manifest his gratitude by the performance of the most important services. He is, however, either strongly distrusted, or it is not considered convenient to allow him to be at large. In the mean time, his property, which has been secured to himself and his family, is accumulating to an enormous amount; perchance in the remote expectation of raising up his political fortunes by means of his wealth, he rejoices over the increase of his riches, and, like many other great men reduced to private life, he descends to petty savings in order to add to the mass. In his state of adversity, he has inspired little respect; he is ignorant to an extent which seems scarcely credible, not being able either to read or write; and to judge from casual intercourse, he seems very ill-calculated for the high situation which he held under the peishwa. With other characteristics of his country, Trimluckjee has all the Mahratta partiality for slovenly and dirty attire, taking no pains about his personal appearance, even when in the expectation of receiving distinguished visitors. He is fond of company, and encourages Europeans to pay their respects to him; there is no difficulty in obtaining access, the government not being under any apprehensions that its officers would suffer themselves to be prevailed upon to become the tools of this artful person, however adroit and subtle he might be.

Few places in India have more natural strength than the fortress of Chunar, and were it necessary to do so, it might, like Gibraltar, be rendered impregnable. No native force could effect its capture at present; and, if properly defended, it would make a strong and lengthened resistance against a European army. It is, however, too far from the frontiers to be of much importance in the existing state of our position in India, and it is not

therefore deemed advisable to construct any new defences. It stands upon the summit of a rock, which is surrounded on all sides by steep precipices, and the engineer has displayed no small degree of skill in flanking it with bastions, wherever it was possible to throw up a battery. The summit of the rock is table-land, which is richly clothed with grass in the rainy season, and shadowed at all times by several fine trees. The face towards the river is particularly formidable, projecting very boldly into the water, and, in consequence, boats sometimes find difficulty in passing when the current runs strongly against them. The striking of the boat hooks against the rock produces a curious effect; clouds of birds rush out of their nests, which they have made in the holes and crevices, and their twitterings, and the rustling of their wings, with the dark shadow of the precipice falling over the vessel, and the roar of waters below, give a sort of wild sublimity to the scene, which is very exciting. Beyond the fortress, the burial ground of Chunar lies on the side of a hill, sloping into the river. This is one of the most picturesque cemeteries which the traveller passes in a tour through the upper provinces of Bengal. The monuments are chiefly of black stone, and it requires very little aid from the imagination to fancy that they are groups of mourners, weeping over the dead who are stretched in cold unconsciousness below. Chunar is altogether a very interesting place, possessing more of picturesque beauty than is usually to be found in European stations, convenience being more studied than landscape in the sites they occupy. The houses belonging to Europeans are very prettily situated on a declivity, most luxuriantly clothed with trees, and covered with orchards and gardens, the native town crowning the summit beyond. Many of the buildings are of stone, there being fine quarries in the neighbourhood; but it has lost all its importance as a station, and now forms one of the asylums for invalid soldiers, both European and native, who are equal to the performance of garrison duty. There are, however, many remains to interest those who possess any antiquarian taste. The fort, in itself a great curiosity, contains several buildings well worthy of inspection; one of them, a very ancient Hindoo palace, within the highest defences of the fort, has particular claims to notice, on account of its interior decorations of painting and carving. The apartments, which are vaulted, surrounding a domed chamber in the centre, are extremely dark and very low, the only contrivances which the Hindoos have thought necessary to exclude the heat, natives not appearing to suffer at all from the want of a free circulation of air. The Mussulman invaders, more luxurious, pursued a different plan, and the residence of the Moslem governor, a lofty handsome building, in the Gothic or Saracenic style, now used as an armoury, affords a fine contrast to the narrow gloomy cells of the old palace in its immediate neighbourhood.

Chunar may vie with Benares in the sanctity of its character, and indeed, by those who believe in the tradition which ascribes to the Deity a greater predilection to this spot, than to a city styled, *par excellence*, holy, it must be still more highly venerated. There is a small court, or quadrangle, surrounded by a wall, and darkened by the shade of a large old peepul tree, which contains a slab of black marble, on which it is said that the invisible Creator of the world takes his seat for nine hours every day, while he only spends the remaining three at Benares. A silver bell hangs upon the branches of the tree, and there is a rude hieroglyphic carved on the opposite wall, a triangle enclosing a rose. The gate of this sanctuary is kept locked, and access only given to it at particular times. The Hindoos who obtain entrance, when shown to any casual visiter, evince the most lively satisfaction in the opportunity afforded them of approaching so sacred a spot; and the absence of all idolatrous objects of worship, gives it a degree of holiness even in the eyes of

Christians. The Mussulmans have also a holy place in the neighbourhood of Chunar, the mausoleum of two saints, father and son, and an accompanying mosque, built and endowed by an emperor of Delhi. This *durga* is very beautifully situated, in the midst of a large garden, and does not suffer by a comparison with more celebrated sepulchral monuments. The architecture is extremely beautiful, and the perforated stone lattices, particularly the elaborate workmanship of native chisels, are highly attractive even to those who have seen the splendid marble trellises of Agra and Delhi. The tomb of Sheik Soliman and his son is situated about three miles from Chunar, and forms an object for the evening drives of the European inhabitants. The country round about is very romantic, presenting all the attractions which rock and ravine, hill, wood, and water, tastefully disposed by nature's cunning hand, can afford. Chunar is a striking object from the river; the citadel crowning the rock, and its magnificent trees, with handsome buildings peeping through the vistas, render it altogether not inferior to any of the views obtained upon the Ganges, beautiful and varied, notwithstanding the alleged monotony of that river, as they certainly are. The rocky nature of the country, however, and its sandy soil, materially increase the heat, which is very sensibly felt during the worst seasons of the year.

Allahabad is the residence of a third prisoner, whose subjugation has been, and will be, productive of the most important results to our empire in the east, and to the spread of intellectual cultivation amongst the natives. Doorgun Saul, the usurping rajah of Bhurtpore, is accommodated with snug lodgings in the fort, very much against his inclination. He is a Jaut, a race who sprang into notice after the death of Aurungzebe, and whose pretensions to high caste are not borne out by their origin. They belong to the Sudras, a low tribe, and are not recognised by other Hindoos as Khetris, the military caste, though they assumed that designation immediately upon their conquest of a large territory, including Agra, which they had seized in the decline of the Mahomedan power. The chiefs of the Jauts styled themselves rajahs, a title to which they have no real claim, and they supported their pretensions with the utmost insolence, boasting that they would become the sovereigns of India, and drive out the Europeans with the same ease with which they had triumphed over the Moghul dynasty. Though in strict alliance with the British government, after Shah Allaum was rescued by Lord Lake from the hands of the Mahrattas, the sovereign of Bhurtpore, the capital of the territory, secured to him by the treaty of 1803, exerted himself on behalf of Jeswunt Rao Holkar, after a signal defeat, admitting that chief and the remnant of his army into the citadel, and preparing to withstand the siege which was immediately commenced against it. The result of the operations under Lord Lake is well known. It possessed the Jauts with a notion that they were invincible, and all the restless spirits of the frontiers, who trusted that in time of war they should be able to carve out more brilliant fortunes for themselves than they could hope to attain during a period of inaction, desired nothing so much as a second trial of strength between the people of Bhurtpore and the British government. The lenient measures pursued by the latter were misconstrued into a proof of weakness. The Rajah of Bhurtpore dying in 1824, left a son and successor, who only occupied the throne a single month. The decease of this prince led to the events which ultimately occasioned the complete downfall of Bhurtpore. The heir was an infant, not more than seven years old at the period of his father's death; he was recognised by the British government as the legal successor, and his expiring parent had received an assurance of support and protection from Sir David Ochterlony, to the child who, at so tender an age, was left to struggle his way through life. The uncle of the

young prince was appointed regent, and for a short time affairs went on smoothly. Mean while, the authorities in Bengal were involved in a war with the Burmese, and the opportunity of pursuing his ambitious projects was eagerly seized by Doorjun Saul, a cousin of the reigning prince, who murdered the regent, made the heir a prisoner, and usurped the sovereignty of the state. Lord Amherst, who was governor general at the time, made several attempts to bring the refractory person to reason; but, puffed up with the expectation of maintaining his power against enemies who had another and a distant campaign upon their hands, he refused to restore the legitimate heir to the throne, and openly declared his intention to uphold his usurpation by force of arms. The time occupied in negotiations, which ended in nothing, it is said cost the gallant Sir David Ochterlony his life; he had hoped that the reduction of Bhurtpore would have been the exploit of an army under his command; but the arrival of Lord Combermere in Bengal, as commander in chief, frustrated his expectation. He was superseded by a superior officer, anxious to gather laurels upon Indian ground, and, retiring to a mansion which he had built in the upper provinces, died in a short time, according to public opinion, of a broken heart. It is unnecessary to state the result of this brilliant enterprise. Though the British army, which boasted the highest state of discipline, was restrained from committing those excesses which but too often follow the reduction of an obstinately defended place, the horrors of the capture of Bhurtpore are almost without a parallel. Large bodies of the Jauts clothed themselves in a peculiar sort of armour, made of quilted cotton, studded with metal plates; vast numbers of these men, huddled together amid works which they continued to defend after every chance of effectual resistance was hopeless, perished miserably in the flames which caught their garments; others refused to take quarter, and nothing could exceed the frightful nature of the spectacles which met the eyes of the conquerors at every step. Although the siege had been comparatively of short duration, famine had made great inroads upon the poorer classes of the population, and even while in the act of administering relief, the officers appointed to superintend the distribution of rations, saw numberless miserable victims drop and die, before they could put out their hands to receive the gift.

Doorjun Saul made an attempt to escape with his family, but was captured in his flight, and sent down to Allahabad, guarded by a strong escort, under the command of two British officers. His suwarree on this occasion was very imposing, consisting of numerous elephants, camels, carriages, and horses of every description. He maintained upon the march a sullen sort of state, refusing to see or converse with the officers of his guard in a friendly manner, and yielding to a reverse of fortune with a very ill grace. As a prisoner, Doorjun Saul has no reason to quarrel with the quarters assigned to him at Allahabad; but he is by no means resigned to his fate, and now courts the visits of young European officers, in the hope of inducing them to assist in pleading his cause. He is speedily made acquainted with the arrival of every person of rank at the station, and if he fancies they can in any way be instrumental to the object he has in view, he employs all his powers of persuasion to induce them to exert their influence in his behalf. When his solicitations to receive a visit are granted, young men commonly find him seated on a table, surrounded by numerous attendants, employed in fanning off the flies, or in some other service equally indicative of deference and respect. The conduct of these people towards the guest is regulated by his rank, or the interest he may be supposed to possess. If he be a person of consequence, nothing can exceed the homage he receives; but a casual visitor, from whom no service of importance can be expected, must be content to see all the civility monopolised

by the prisoner, who, in his assumption of greatness, presents rather an amusing spectacle to those who know upon what a baseless foundation his claims must rest. Doorjun Saul has failed to excite any feeling of compassion in his favour. The excesses which he committed, and the murders by which he effected his usurpation of the sovereignty of Bhurtpore, rendered him odious in the eyes of all high-minded persons, and there is nothing in his manners or personal acquirements to make those who converse with him forgetful of his real character, and the conduct he pursued.

Bhurtpore, under the present rajah, Bulwunt Sing, presents a very different appearance from that of former days, when it was wont to keep the surrounding states in awe. The fortress was erected with the product of part of the spoil pillaged from the army of Aurungzebe, during his last march to the Deccan. This monarch, whose attention seems chiefly to have been directed to the subjugation of the Mahomedan princes of the empire, men whom he could easily have made tributaries and allies, overlooked or disregarded the rising power of the Mahrattas and the Jauts; the latter, rich with the spoils of Agra, obtained so strong a position in the upper provinces, that could they have been content with the sovereignty granted them by the treaty with Lord Lake, no native power would have been in so flourishing a state at the present time. The British government had, till very recently, a resident at Bhurtpore, and a small detachment from the garrison at Agra took up their quarters in the citadel. While their European officers were upon duty, they received provisions from the rajah. Nothing can exceed the religious prejudices and the intolerance of the Jauts; no European must hope to eat beef, in any shape, in a city under their control; peacocks are also held so sacred, that it would be a service of great danger to kill them; but as the authorities know that Christians cannot be induced to abstain from animal food, they supply them with fowls and kids, and are not greatly scandalised by the slaughter of mutton. Neither sheep nor goats are objects of the slightest regard in India; the latter are often chosen as acceptable sacrifices to the gods, and in that case their flesh, being sanctified, is eaten by the officiating Brahmans; many who would be shocked at the murder of a fowl, think little of that of a lamb, and it seems to be less an abomination to partake of this food, than of any other (excepting fish) which has breathed the breath of life.

Bhurtpore is still a very interesting place for a visit. Upon entering the palace, the first object which attracts attention in the court yards are the cheetahs, kept for hunting. These fine animals are chained to charpoys, the common native bedstead, and are seen reposing upon them at their ease. When disturbed by strange footsteps, their appearance is rather formidable. They start up, gnash their teeth, and utter sharp growls, showing plainly that, if they should succeed in breaking their chains, there would be no small danger of an attack. The tamest are those which have been taken young, and suckled by goats, these animals readily yielding their milk to the offspring of a fiercer race. The cubs are as playful and as harmless as puppies or kittens, but in advanced years their natural ferocity is apt to break out; their native attendants, however, get exceedingly attached to these savage creatures, and devote all their time to the care of their charges. Twice a day, in the morning and after sunset, they are led out to exercise; a custom common all over India, and which extends to birds. No only are hawks carried upon the wrist to take the air, but parrots share the excursion; the latter, perched upon a stand, to which they are secured by a slight chain, are frequently slung over a man's shoulder, and when accustomed to these daily perambulations, they will not be content to remain at home, screaming and calling to their bearers until their wish is satisfied. A large rock

too, of the writer's acquaintance, if detained beyond his usual hour, might be heard a quarter of a mile off, scolding and vociferating to be taken out. Bhurtpore exhibits many of these curious spectacles: it is a place in which European fashions and customs have as yet made little progress.

The present rajah, still very young, is well spoken of; owing his life, and the inheritance bequeathed to him by his father, to European interference, he does not lament the subjection of the strong fortress, so long the pride of the upper provinces. Notwithstanding the recent period of a signal and unexpected defeat, the people of Bhurtpore either never bore any enmity to their conquerors, or they have forgotten it. Europeans are very courteously treated, and even those who took prominent parts in the capture, are welcomed, when they appear in the train of a governor-general or commander-in-chief, with shouts of "Ram! Ram!" and other demonstrations of joy. The rajah, instead of following the old *dustoor* (custom) of plotting and intriguing to embarrass his allies, employs himself in building and beautifying his capital. Though deprived of all its real strength, Bhurtpore still exhibits a warlike appearance, the ditch of the citadel, when filled with water, looks as if it would present a formidable obstacle to the invader; but, instead of being flanked by batteries and bastions, the land, formerly occupied by artillery, is now under cultivation. The greater portion of the inhabitants have a military air, and though abating somewhat of the swagger which distinguished them before their defeat, look as if they could still win the laurel in some well-contested field. Their dress is rather cumbrous, but picturesque, and the troops of the rajah are well-disciplined and handsomely clothed.

In consequence of the tranquillity of the country, and the complete dispersion of the faction who supported the rival pretensions, Doorjun Saul might be liberated without dread of endangering the state; but neither he nor his fellow sufferers, the Peishwa and Trimbuckjee, can excite any strong degree of sympathy: each has been guilty of great crimes, and is suffering merited punishment.

BURNS.—We do not know to what extent the new edition of Burns has become popular, but we should look upon any neglect of that great poet, as an impeachment of the public judgment and taste. Burns, in our opinion, has not yet attained the eminence to which he is entitled. His character also has, we think, been mistaken, and his acquirements overlooked. He is ranked with uneducated poets, in spite of the clear evidence of cultivation and knowledge, in his letters. Burns was well acquainted with the classic models, both modern and ancient. What difference does it make, whether education has been obtained from a public tutor, in a college—a private tutor, in a mansion—or in a cottage, from the most efficient of all tutors, self? The universities can boast of a Milton and a Newton—but the cottage and the workshop have produced a Burns and a Watt. It is to be lamented, also, that Burns frittered away his genius upon short or occasional pieces; and still more lamentable, that he should have clothed his thoughts in the barbarous dialect of the common people of a province. He had at his command every tone, from tragic pathos to "heart-casing mirth;" every style, from the most grave to the most gay;—eloquence and imagination varied and exhaustless;—had he produced a poem worthy of his genius, in subject, character, and magnitude, he would be the Ariosto of England.—*British and Foreign Review*, No. 1.

From the Court Magazine.

MORAD THE HUNCHBACK.

ALTERED FROM THE NEW ARABIAN TALES OF THE SHEIKH AL MOHDI.
BY W. C. TAYLOR.

Dear, delightful Scheherazade!—who is there that loves not to recall the hours of stolen pleasure devoted to the stories with which, during a thousand and one nights, thou didst delay the stroke of fate, and finally change the stern resolve of the cruel Schahriar? The days are gone when we gave full credence to the marvels of Aladdin's lamp and ring—when the voyages of Sindbad appeared as authentic as those of Ross or Parry, and the feats of the flying horse better substantiated than those of Russell's steam carriages;—but we must confess, notwithstanding the hazard of incurring all the ridicule of this utilitarian age, that we still love to revel in these wild and wondrous scenes of gorgeous imaginings—

The weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

It was with a burst of delight almost amounting to enthusiasm that the announcement of New Arabian Tales by the Sheikh Al Mohdi, secretary to the French government after Napoleon's occupation of Cairo, was read; they were hastily ordered and eagerly devoured. Though the secretary is not likely to rival the princess's fame as a story teller, more than one of his narrations might have been told to Schahriar without any dread of wearying the impatient sultan. The following is selected as a specimen of the work from the sheikh's second volume, entitled "Revelations of the Moristan," or Lunatic Asylum at Cairo, the several narratives being supposed to be related by the inmates of that melancholy abode. It is only necessary to premise that the tale which precedes Morad's is full of extraordinary vicissitudes, and that Morad was afraid lest his auditors, over-excited by a detail of "hair-breadth 'scapes," might refuse attention to his narrative. He must now relate his own story.

"Let not my friend Abd-al-kadir * suppose that he is the only one of our society whom fortune, in cruel sport, gifted with elevated rank and countless wealth. I have been a king as well as others, though I never saw the capital of my kingdom. I have been rich, exceedingly rich; but my own will, not chance, despoiled me of my wealth and my crown.

"All my misfortunes, and I have had an ample share of them, arose from destiny obstinately lending itself to gratify all my desires, to fulfil my every wish, to grant every gift for which I had formed even the slightest inclination.

"'Happiness,' some people say, 'consists in all that we desire.' Well!—according to their definition, the more I was happy, the more was I miserable. If I can justly blame fate for any thing, it is for having mercilessly refused me the consolation of even the slightest contradiction, to moderate a little the torrent of favours with which it pleased destiny to overwhelm me; a torrent

* The storyteller that preceded Morad.

whose waves, after long tossing me about like a plaything, finally buried me beneath its waters.

"I see that this preamble has awakened your attention—I shall therefore cut short my preface and simply relate my adventures.

"I was born at Myt-Rahyneh (a village built on the ruins of ancient Memphis), which, as you know, is near the banks of the Nile, and about a day's march south of Cairo. My father was a simple fellah (peasant) of the village. His name was Fath Allah, and his surname Al Mogrebi (the western Arab), for he was not an Egyptian by birth. My grandfather, Ismail Ebn-al-Modad, was born in one of the tribes that dwell in the mountains of Deren (Atlas) in western Africa; but he left his country and settled in Egypt, where he died, leaving my father all that he had brought from the west: that is to say, the surname Mogrebi, and the wish to make a fortune. It was in fact with this hope that my grandfather had come to Egypt, looking upon this blessed country as the 'sea of concealed treasures, the abundant mine of the liberalities of destiny.'

"His pursuits had not enriched him, but his ardour in the laborious career he had chosen never abated. He believed that his exertions would lead one day or other to the accomplishment of all his desires; and at the very moment of his death, he lamented that fortune, envious of his success, had cut short his course at the very instant when a few efforts more would have put him in possession of the object he had so ardently pursued.

"You will not be surprised that my father, imbued from infancy with the opinions and hopes of the old man, continued the same pursuits, firmly persuaded that, sooner or later, he or his descendants would discover that which they had so eagerly and so obstinately sought.

"Of course, you have guessed that my father and grandfather were 'treasure hunters.' Both spent their lives in excavating at hazard in the desert, sometimes in the plains of Saharah, and sometimes in the sands and rocks that surround the great pyramids.

"In spite of all my father's fatigues he never found a treasure; nevertheless his continued excavations brought to light bits of metal, gems, or some little idols worshiped by the subjects of the Pharaohs. These partial discoveries seeming to promise something more substantial, encouraged him to persevere; and the sale of these objects to curious travellers or to Frank merchants at Cairo, sometimes procured him considerable sums.

"I was destined by my father to the same labours to which he devoted himself every day, and I was to have for my inheritance the same hopes that my grandfather had transmitted to him; but fate, which sports with our projects, was pleased to render me master, without labour or fatigue, of a real treasure—one of unappreciable value, but also of a very singular nature, for to it I owe the long course of misfortunes by which I have been pursued in almost every country in this vast universe.

"Until I was old enough to share my father's labours, I spent my time in sporting with the

other children of the village; and thus without labour or care I attained my sixteenth year, the age which my father had fixed to take me with him in his tours of investigation, which were sometimes extended to a great distance from his habitual residence.

"Near Mit-Rahyneh is a vast tank, or rather a triangular lake, bounded on all sides by a chain of hillocks, supposed to have been formed by the gradual accumulation of sand over the ruins of an ancient city. A grove of palm trees covers these elevations, and encloses the lake with a verdant girdle, whose waving branches reflected in the limpid waters would remind you of the brilliant mirrors, set in plumes of ostrich feathers, which the women of Cairo and of several other countries are so fond of carrying in their hands. It was in this grove that I loved to sport with my juvenile companions; in this lake we loved to bathe and enjoy the varied pleasures of the water.

"One day, plunging into the eastern corner of the lake, I accidentally touched something hard, which my hand mechanically grasped. Returning to the shore, I washed my prize, and having with some toil removed the mud with which it was incrustated, I found it to be a ring of coarse workmanship; the circle was of brass, the centre was a darkish stone rough and unpolished, on which were graven some mysterious characters. I felt a childish joy at this discovery, though I was yet unacquainted with its real value; and placing the ring on my finger, I continued my usual play.

"Some time afterwards, the day came when my father was for the first time to take me with him on his excursions; but before quitting Mit-Rahyneh, he wished to introduce me to a maternal uncle, whom I had never seen, and who lived at Cairo.

"My uncle Ahmed was a saïs (groom) in the establishment of Zú-al-Fykar, one of the first beys of Cairo, and governor of a fertile province; and my father was anxious that I should obtain my uncle's patronage and protection. He conducted me to Cairo, and presented me to Ahmed. I was then in the full bloom of youth and health; my features were considered agreeable and regular, my form was active, light and strong. I was not then a deaf, stammering, asthmatic hunchback, nor had a disastrous sword-cut (may God and his prophet wither the hand that struck the blow!) as yet seamed my countenance with a mark like the broad hem of a garment. My uncle took a great fancy to me, and procured me a situation in the bey's household, which opened to me the most favourable prospects. But it was written on the table of light that I should be neither a treasure hunter nor a groom, but the miserable inmate of the Moristán that you behold.

"On the day of a great festival—I remember well—it was the Muled-en-Nabi (birthday of the prophet)—all the domestics and slaves in the bey's house were permitted to enjoy themselves. I was a great favourite with them all, but was especially caressed by the bey's secretary, a learned Copt, acquainted with all the languages of Egypt. His look accidentally fell upon my ring—which my father believing of little value, had

left with me—and he asked permission to examine it. After a long and tedious scrutiny, he said—

“These characters are neither Arabic, Coptic, Persian, Greek, nor Hebrew; they are Khatt-Asfwá (bird alphabet, or hieroglyphics), and there is only one man alive who can interpret them, a dervish in the valley of the Waterless river. I am about to travel in that direction, and if you intrust me with the ring, I will get him to interpret the inscription.”

“Owing probably to some secret influence of which I was not myself aware, I refused to part with the ring, but offered to accompany him on his journey, if my uncle granted me permission. Leave was easily obtained, and I joyously set out in company with the Copt, though in truth I did not attach any great importance to discovering the meaning of the inscription.

“Every thing pleased me on the journey, until we passed Terráneh, when we quitted the fertile and smiling banks of the Nile to bury ourselves in the desert. The Copt was mounted on a stout donkey, but, trusting to my vigorous constitution, I preferred going on foot with the inferior attendants. I soon found that I had undertaken a very painful task. Our road lay sometimes over moving sands, sometimes over rocks, and sometimes over heaps of rounded pebbles that slipped under our feet. We sank up to our knees in the sand, our flesh was torn by the sharp points of the rocks, and the rolling pebbles often carried us backward in a second through a space that it required many minutes to recover. Our rest was still more painful than our march. The sun in a cloudless sky scorched us with its burning rays; not a tree afforded us shade, no speck of verdure in the wide prospect broke the uniformity of this ocean of rock and sand, the true empire of death and desolation.

“At length, after a painful journey of a day and a night, we reached a summit whence we obtained a sight of the valley of the Waterless river. It is so named because the view of this vast ravine suggests the idea of the bed of a vast river, whose waters had been suddenly dried up by a decree of Omnipotence. After a day’s rest, I was conducted into the presence of the venerable Makarius, the wise man of the desert. He had once been tall, but age had now bent him nearly double. His bald forehead shone like the polished marble of a column; his silvery beard descended below his girdle; he wore a brown robe; a stick surmounted by a cross-piece supported his tottering steps. His feet and head were naked, but though every thing marked his extreme old age, the fire of the eyes that glanced from under his shaggy and wrinkled brows showed that time had not weakened his intellectual powers.

“He examined my ring attentively, and showed some surprise on deciphering the inscription.

“My son,” said he, “this inscription is written in a language more ancient than any of the works of man that have descended to our times, and this is its interpretation—*What does Morad desire? Let him speak, or only think, MORAD WILLS, and his wishes shall be accomplished.*”

“‘I do not know,’ he continued, ‘if the former possessor of this ring really possessed the powers

that the inscription appears to announce, but if so, I doubt if it contributed to his happiness. O, my son! it is not the power of satisfying our desires, but the courage to suppress them, that insures felicity. The heart of man is insatiable, the accomplishment of one wish leads to the formation of a thousand; these are the pregnant sources of evil, like the small kernel that in an almost imperceptible space contains an immense tree, which will soon raise its head to the clouds and destroy all the vegetation under its shade, and whose branches will one day or other break the heads of the children of him by whom it was planted. Moderation in our desires, and contentment with what we possess, constitute the only imperishable wealth.’

“‘My good old man,’ I interrupted, ‘such thoughts may perhaps suit your age. For my part, I entertain very different opinions. I am indeed so weary of my journey hither, and so little satisfied with your fare, that I should be glad to get back to my master’s house at once, I care not by what means. That is what *Morad wishes*, and I—’

“My speech was cut short. I felt myself suddenly hurried through the air, and in an instant was transported to the bey’s court, which I had quitted two days before. I fell as if hurled by a whirlwind into the midst of a large copper tray, from which my old companions were taking their meal. I had not been expected back so soon, and my singular fall, as little foreseen by me as by them, had overturned and broken every thing on the tray. Their first impulse was to punish by a shower of blows the person who had destroyed their dinner. Happily my uncle heard my cries, and rescued me from their hands.

“I related my adventure as it happened, but not a soul would credit my story. The day passed in reproaches for the mischief I had done, and ridicule of my improbable tale. Night promised some respite to my fatigue, but my sleep, though sound, was disturbed by fantastic dreams of the wealth hidden by malignant spirits from the sons of Adam. On waking, I could not avoid dwelling on these visions of splendour. I was especially anxious to witness the glories of the court of the kaliphs, and I involuntarily cried out, ‘O, how happy should I be to contemplate this delicious spectacle! How anxiously does *Morad wish* to be at this moment in the land of so many marvels, in the midst of the city of Bagdad!’

“No sooner had I spoken than I was hurried through the air, above the clouds, and held by a powerful, but unseen hand, over the middle of the Tigris, into whose waters I was soon precipitated. The waves whirled round me and opened a passage for me to the very sand in the river’s bed, whence the rebound immediately brought me to the surface. I swam vigorously, and soon reached the bank. The sun quickly dried my garments. I went through the city, and found that I was really at Bagdad, but that the kaliphs and their glory had long since disappeared, its present ruler being a Turkish pacha.

“My travels having sharpened my appetite discovered with sorrow that I had not a six coin in my pocket. I obtained a few scanty

from the charity of pious Mussulmans, and when evening came I sat down hungry and fatigued under the shade of some trees opposite to the pacha's splendid residence. Lights gleamed from every part of the building; sounds of music announced mirth and joy; slaves clothed in the richest garments crossed and recrossed the courts. This sight aggravated the sense of my forlorn situation.

"How wretched is the lot of Morad!" I exclaimed, 'doomed to darkness, hunger, and cold. Oh! how I wish for some of those delicate viands, for that brilliant illumination, for that delightful music, a faint echo only of which is wafted to my ears!'

"I had not finished speaking, when a long train of slaves, bearing torches, issued from the palace, accompanied by another company bearing golden dishes and vases of porcelain, filled with every delicacy that could gratify the most fastidious palate. Musicians and singers completed the procession, which advanced towards me and formed a circle under the trees by which I was shaded. I had just begun to use the viands thus wondrously provided, when the eunuchs and guards of the pacha rushed to punish the deserters with sticks and clubs, and bring them back to the place they had so mysteriously quitted. I had more than my share of the beating, and as I sank exhausted under the blows, I wished to be in a place of safety.

"Instantly I found myself in a dungeon enclosed on every side, where I believed myself safe, as I found that my persecutors had disappeared. I discovered that I was not alone; and though the darkness hindered me from learning immediately the nature of my asylum, groans and the clank of chains soon revealed to me that I was in the lowest cells of a prison. I spent the night in gloomy reflections. In the morning my companions informed me that I was still at Bagdad, in the dungeons of the fortress,—adding that they had been all condemned to suffer the penalties of treason. Their sobs and despair, when they heard in the court-yard of the prison the awful preparations making for their punishment, were heart-rending. Already through the grated windows they could see the stakes for their impalement fixed on the esplanade of the fortress; the creaking of doors and the clash of arms announced the approach of the executioners. In a few minutes more I should have been involved in the fate of those poor wretches, when I addressed the genius who, I doubted not, had caused my misfortunes: 'Whoever thou art that hast conducted the unfortunate Morad hither, remove him to some spot distant from these butchers; that is what Morad desires with his whole heart and soul.'

"In an instant prisoners and prison had disappeared, and I was in a convent inhabited by idolatrous fakirs, near a large Indian city on the borders of China. The monstrous images that crowded my new abode were hideous and disgusting; but in this sacrilegious temple they received the worship due only to the one God. Each of these horrid figures was surrounded by numerous devotees, and my presence seemed to excite no surprise in the assembly. My new hosts came round me.

'Blessed be heaven!' said they, 'for inspiring you with the design of coming hither to perform penance. Choose yourself the kind of suffering you wish to endure, for heaven is delighted only by voluntary atonements.'

"As I kept silence, each began to recommend his favourite mode of penance.

"'Knock your head against this stone, brother,' cried one, 'until you bruise it as much as mine.'

"'Heaven protect you,' said another, 'it is much better to roast yourself over a fire until your skin is as crisp as mine.'

"'No,' roared a third, 'the deities are better pleased by your driving nails and hooks through your limbs, as large as those by which you see me transfixed.'

"A fourth glaring at me with maniac eyes, said, 'Leave these men whose devotion is so feeble, and come with me to sacrifice yourself beneath the wheels of our great idol Jagga-Nattah (Juggernaut).'

I opened my mouth to declare my dislike of all these seducing proposals, when one of the fakirs, in order to hasten my decision, seized a burning coal in a pair of tongs, and thrust it into my mouth, before I could make any resistance to this act of devout friendship. You will readily conjecture how soon I wished to be delivered from the fakirs. My desire was accomplished the instant it was formed, but a portion of my tongue had been consumed in this holocaust to the gods of India, and since that time I have been, as you perceive, a stammerer.

"Certainly the most diabolical of the fakirs would not have wished to follow me to the spot whither I had been removed. I was in a deep gorge of the mountains of Serendib (Ceylon), placed exactly between a huge tiger and an enormous lion, apparently about to dispute which should have the honour of devouring me. Never did I form a wish more rapidly than for the destruction of these frightful animals. At the same instant they sprang upon each other, and after a dreadful fight fell dead together at my feet. I had nothing more to fear from my two enemies, but I lay at the bottom of lofty precipices, which I could not ascend, and for a day and a night I endured all the pangs of intense hunger. The scent from the carcasses of the lion and tiger brought a cloud of eagles and vultures, and troops of jackals and hyenas, into the ravine. They soon devoured the carrion, and I feared, with reason, that they were about to fall upon me, when I exclaimed, 'Save me, O God, from this gulf of destruction. Morad wishes to be released from this host of ravenous enemies, and to dwell in some place cultivated by man.' Scarcely had this cry of agony issued from my lips, ere dreadful claps of thunder, a thousand times louder than any I had ever heard before, echoed through the sky. I thought the heavens were about to fall upon my head. The jackals and hyenas fled, the eagles and vultures also fled, and I found myself, with a pleasure I cannot express, lying on verdant turf in a rich and luxuriant country. My wish was this time faithfully fulfilled, but the fearful thunder had made me deaf, and you know that I continue so to the present hour.

"I approached the husbandmen whom I saw in the field, and asked them, by signs, for some food. They offered me work, which I eagerly accepted. I was a long time happy with these good people; my days, indeed, were passed in heavy labour, but my toil procured me sufficient for present support, and the friendship of my neighbours left me no disquiet respecting the future. One day, resting from fatigue in my little hut, I could not avoid tacitly comparing my toilsome lot with the luxurious ease of the wealthy. 'How happy are they,' I murmured, half unconsciously, 'who possess money in abundance, while my incessant labours could not produce in a year the comforts that wealth gives them every day. *I wish* that I too had gold—much gold."

"I was suddenly interrupted by want of breath. An extraordinary weight was heaped upon my chest and my limbs, as if the mountains of Kaf (Caucasus) had been thrown over me. I was buried under a mountain of gold, which crushed my lungs, and ever since I have been asthmatic. 'Ah!' thought I 'this treasure will cause my death. I should have desired power rather than wealth. *I wish* I were a king."

"The gold under which I groaned disappeared. I was mounted on a spirited courser, clothed in magnificent robes, surrounded by a numerous army. I was king of Samarcand and Bokhara."

"I was a king, but capricious destiny had badly chosen the moment of my elevation. I said that I was surrounded by an army—I should have said by *two* armies. A fearful battle raged round me. The dead and dying were heaped upon the plain; blood flowed in torrents like the overflowings of our blessed river (the Nile.) The soldiers who defended my royal cause were routed and cut to pieces. I was surrounded by rebels, and before me stood the audacious usurper, full of vigour and rage, his ponderous cimier, already stained with the blood of my faithful subjects, was raised over my head. The desire of escaping impending death passed as rapidly through my mind as a flash of lightning over the sky. I disappeared from the fatal field as the blow began to descend, and to it I owe the ghastly scar which you must confess is no great ornament to my countenance."

"With the desire of being removed from the field of battle, there mingled almost unconsciously a wish to be transported among those beauties that adorned the *harem* of the kingdom I had received. It appears that even my slightest inclination had sway over the mysterious being subject to my ring, who indulged in the cruel sport of showing, by strict obedience, that I was myself but the plaything of his fatal power. I was now transported into a magnificent hall which probably formed a part of one of my palaces. The air was perfumed with the richest odours. Columns of polished marble supported a splendid dome; underneath it was a vast basin of porphyry, filled with limpid water, where four ladies, lovely as the Hours, were enjoying the pleasures of the bath."

"The sudden appearance in this sanctuary of pleasure, of an unknown man, bleeding, covered with dust, in all the disorder of battle and flight, made the four ladies scream with terror. I had

scarcely time to cast a glance around, when four black eunuchs of gigantic size and ferocious aspect rushed upon me with drawn daggers. In a moment the luxuriant images of pleasure vanished from my mind, and I cried, in sudden agony, 'Save me, genius of the ring, from the poniards of these murderers. *Morad wishes* to be any where safe from the violence of such wretches.'

"My ring saved me. I was alone on the sandy shore of an island in the Indian Ocean, which appeared to me deserted. Hunger soon compelled me to explore the interior, and, after clambering over several steep rocks, I came to a grove where I found some wild fruits, which I eagerly devoured. A cavern, formed by nature in the side of the rock, afforded me an asylum during the night, and I soon sank into a profound slumber. When I awoke, I perceived that I was surrounded by a troop of black savages, quite naked, ugly, thin, having their skins tattooed with the most whimsical figures. They tied me neck and heels like a bundle of goods, and carried me to an open park where an immense crowd was assembled. My appearance was hailed with a dissonant shout, compared with which the lion's roar, the culture's scream, the panther's growl, and the serpent's hiss, would have formed an agreeable concert. My bearers placed me near a blazing pile, and I soon discovered that they were worshippers of fire, about to sacrifice me in honour of their infernal deities. They were dragging me to the fatal altar, when I cried out. O genius, save me from these fires. *I wish* to be in my own country, secure from so horrid a fate."

"The genius heard my feeble accents. He transported me into the bosom of my country, far from the barbarians, and beyond all doubt secured from the flames, for I was at the bottom of the lowest well in the citadel of Cairo, four hundred cubits below the surface of the earth. I had forgotten, in my rapid invocation, to ask deliverance from the cords that bound me. It was impossible for me to stir. I was entirely naked. The cold water chilled me to the heart. I sank deeper and deeper, the water was already above my chin, when drawing almost my last sigh, *I wished* to be as far above the earth as I was now beneath it."

"Instantly I was placed on the highest of the pyramids of Ghyzeh. The burning sun scorched, and the pointed rock lacerated my naked frame. Hunger was added to the rest of my sufferings, and hoping to discover some Arab, I succeeded, after much painful toil, in getting my head over the edge of the platform on which I had been placed. Immediately beneath me were two fellows digging a pit in the sand. 'Oh! that one of them were my father,' I exclaimed, aloud. One of them heard my voice, and raised his head. It was in fact my father. To recognise him and to desire to be with him were one and the same thought. At the instant, whether in spite of my bends I had made some imprudent movement, or whether, as is more probable, the infernal genius of the ring took advantage of this half-formed wish to consummate my ruin, I felt myself hurled from the top of the precipice, and after being dashed from stone to stone and rock to rock, I re-

senseless at the very bottom of the pit which my father was digging.

"What ensued I know not. On recovering my senses I was on a bed in my father's hut, suffering intolerable anguish, and attended by a skilful Frank physician. The manner in which I had been tied, probably saved my life. My head, legs, and arms, remained unbroken, but they were dreadfully bruised and stripped of their flesh. My spine and ribs, however, were injured beyond the power of medical science to restore, and since that time I have been a decrepid hunchback.

"Soon after the recovery of my health, my family, either unwilling to bear the expense of supporting helpless deformity, or perhaps discovering that the bruises in my head had produced an aberration of intellect, declared me mad, and stated to the magistrates that there was no probability of my reason being restored. I was consequently placed in the Moristan, and happily time and quiet have abated the fits of frenzy to which I was at first subject.

"I am resigned to my lot, and find happiness in this peaceful asylum, which I have sworn never to quit. I have also formed a firm resolution never again to form a desire or have recourse to the fatal ring, of which my imprudence and folly rendered me so long the sport and victim.

"I have faithfully adhered to this resolution, and certainly if the genius enclosed in it gave me proofs of his ill-humour when I disturbed him by foolish demands, he may now boast of enjoying all the pleasures of complete idleness. He can safely assert that since I came into the Moristan, he has been the least employed of all the genii that ever left Ginnistan (the land of the genii) to meddle with the affairs of the sons of Adam."

After Morad had concluded his story, he showed the ring to his auditors. One of them attempted to snatch it; a struggle ensued, and Morad, on the point of being conquered, threw the ring into the cistern that supplied the Moristan with water. All search after it was vain. It had disappeared, no one knew how.

AN ALARMING PATRON.—Notwithstanding the prohibition of the Koran against paintings and images, the Sultan Mahomed II. had a fancy for the arts, and sent to invite Gentil Bellini, a Venetian painter, to his court. Soon after his arrival at Constantinople, Bellini was directed to paint a picture on the subject of the beheading of John the Baptist. When the picture was finished, the sultan found fault with the representation of the wounded part; and to show him that his taste was correct, he immediately drew his cimeter, and struck off the head of one of his slaves. Bellini, on leaving the presence, thinking he had got hold of "an ugly customer," set sail for Venice the same evening.

BEAUTY.—We are always less prone to admit the perfection of those for whom our approbation is demanded; and many a woman has appeared comparatively plain in our eyes, from having heard her charms extolled, whose beauty might otherwise have been readily admitted.

From the Monthly Review.

The Heavens. By Robert Mudie, author of "A Guide to the Observations of Nature," &c., &c. London: Thomas Ward and Co. 1835.

Mr. Mudie is a writer who never fails to convince us, by the manner and the matter of his productions, that he is a close and earnest observer; and one, too, unguided by any forerunner. His love for the study of external nature must be intense, while his remarkable talent in throwing new light on familiar objects proves his intellect to be suited to his enthusiasm, so as to simplify, at the same time that he entices. In short, he takes an accurate, a direct, and an ardently affectionate view of the works of creation; and clothes his thoughts, his discoveries, and his feelings, in such flowing and warm language, that the reader is suddenly and powerfully led into his strain—improved and delighted at once. This result we have felt carried to the pitch, where alone all lessons and gratification should lead—to a higher and warmer perception of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, than when we sat down to study the author; a result, we think, which every one will experience on a perusal of any part of the present elegant (elegant in every sense) little volume.

We deny not that the author appears to us to be usually diffuse, and not very logical either in arrangement or exact in illustration. But being a man of a strong, ardent, and reflecting mind, his rapid and disjointed, but natural, observations, like pictures taken from one object at various aspects, suit well the character of a popular treatise, and leave behind very distinct impressions with those who are unacquainted with purely technical and scientific discussions.

The preface to this volume is not only a beautiful piece of writing, but it happily points out some highly important truths, and suggests several striking ideas, not less shrewd than original. Mr. Mudie pretends not to the authorship of a system of technical and philosophic astronomy; for, as a science, that of the heavenly bodies is now one of the most perfect and simple, to those who approach it in a systematic manner. But convinced that there is a popular road to this science, both short and easy, he has endeavoured to set up a finger post in this amusing and delightful path, which he has done, "not by describing the end to be arrived at, but by attempting to describe the way." Such is the purpose and method which he has had in view, as he tells us, and his attempt is highly praiseworthy, although, perhaps, it may be improved upon. But still, it is no easy matter to divest exact science of its technicalities, or to perceive the extent and precision of its reach without a knowledge of a tongue unknown to the generality of mankind. We, therefore, without saying how far his attempt may be improved, must feel gratified and pleased with the progress he has made in the present essay respecting the laws and phenomena of the heavens.

Nothing can be more just than Mr. Mudie's observation, that however perfect and satisfactory the science of astronomy may be in the eyes of those who systematically have studied it, and however ready many be to lend to its wonderful

with the measures necessary for his personal security. He could scarcely, at the head of his government, have been surrounded by a greater number of domestics or a more numerous *succarree*, and he keeps up all the state and grandeur of a prince. A very large mansion has been allotted for his residence, and his *succars* and military retainers are under the direction of Ram Chunder, a Mahratta general, who was taken with him, but who has been admitted to his parole, and frequently joins the social circle at Cawnpore. The appearance of this personage at the public balls and parties of the station is very striking. He dresses richly in the Mahratta costume, which is rather cumbersome, and not nearly so graceful or so becoming as the tight fitting vests worn by the natives of the upper provinces of Bengal. Neither can the turban compare with the elaborately plaited *puggrees*, displayed by noblemen and gentlemen of rank, which, though the usual distinguishing mark of a Mahomedan, is sometimes worn by Hindoos. But if the style of Ram Chunder's garments be not so tasteful as that displayed by the exquisites of Lucknow and Delhi, no fault can be found with the splendour of his jewels. He wears a row of pearls, the size of pigeon's eggs, round his neck, which, a princess might covet, nor is this valuable ornament laid by upon ordinary occasions. It forms an appendage to his usual attire, not much in keeping with the everyday dress, which consists in the cold weather of common chintz, lined and wadded. The material is not better than that worn by the domestics of the country, and such as no person of rank would appear in upon any public occasion—shawl, broadcloth, or velvet, being the articles employed; but the Mahrattas have always been notorious for the simplicity, not to say meanness, of their attire. They affect to despise all the effeminate pomp of costly array, and to pride themselves only upon their war equipments, their coats of mail and offensive weapons. A Mahratta horseman, when accounted for the field, is a very splendid, as well as a very picturesque, personage; but it is only as equestrians that these people are seen to great advantage. Ram Chunder, who is of a kindly temperament and social disposition, appears to take considerable interest in the affairs of the Anglo-Indian community at Cawnpore. More than once, he has been introduced, at his own request, to ladies who have attracted attention by their intellectual acquirements; and upon one occasion it was rather amusing to see him looking over the contents of an *album*, belonging to a literary lady, which formed an unique specimen in a place like Cawnpore. He was particularly struck with the drawing of a ship, built by the billows of a stormy sea, and asked a great many questions concerning it. The natives of insulated districts, in the interior of India, entertain very vague notions respecting the ocean, and the vessels which navigate it. Their curiosity seems to be strongly excited upon the subject, though few of the higher orders are at the trouble to gratify it by an excursion to some distant port. Travellers in India are chiefly confined to two classes, those who have business, and those who have religious duties to fulfil, and the majority of the latter belong to the lower orders. Pilgrims of rank and wealth are not rare, but they bear no proportion to the number of the lower classes, who seek remote shrines upon the banks of the Ganges, or devote to men who are able to pay for their passage to heaven and who delegate the less agreeable part of the journey to others. The priests are supposed to derive spiritual advantages equal to those which they procure for their employers, and numbers, therefore, are willing to undertake the toils and hardships of a long journey for a very moderate remuneration. The military title of Ram Chunder is *soubadsh*, literally "captain;" but, under native princes, it gives a larger command than that which persons bearing a captain's commission in the services of European powers, are supposed to hold in

virtue of their rank. Ram Chunder's appointment is fully equal to that of a general officer, and he is usually greeted by that title by Europeans, who, in consequence of the introduction of soubadshs into sepoy regiments, do not attach the same importance to the name as the natives, who are accustomed to hear rulers of provinces entitled soubadshs. Ram Chunder has throughout his life borne a very high character; and the trust now reposed in him, and the liberty he enjoys while in close communication with the ex-peishwa, his master, are the strongest testimonials in favour of his former good conduct.

The great Mahratta leader himself is held in much closer imprisonment, and still remains an object of suspicion, although the position of affairs in India is now so completely altered, that many acute politicians are of opinion that he might be set at liberty without the slightest chance that his appearance, amid the scenes of his former exploits, would endanger the peace of the country. Native influence does not extend over any protracted period; new combinations arise, new interests are created, and the man who a few years ago was the rallying point of thousands, would now find difficulty in attaching a single partisan to his cause. The once renowned and redoubted Bajee Rao, is, at the present period, little better than a dead letter, and it is impossible to speak of his views or his feelings with any degree of certainty, so difficult it is, for those who live in the immediate neighbourhood of the place of his confinement, to learn any thing conclusive concerning them. It is said, that, on the visit of the governor-general to the upper provinces, he was anxious to obtain an interview, but that the great perplexity respecting the ceremonial prevented the meeting. The peishwa could not brook the idea of appearing in the character of a prisoner before the British viceroy, and Lord William would not consent to receive him in any other. This, however, is merely station talk, and perhaps not greatly to be depended upon. At the period of his capture, the peishwa was in the prime of life, and those who have seen him since describe him to be a man of fairer complexion than the generality of natives, with a pleasing countenance, and a figure inclined to corpulency; his manners are affable and condescending, and he has the art of concealing the dark shades of a character stained by the imputation of a thousand crimes. According to common report, no eastern despot ever disgraced the throne by more cold and calculating murders, while the perfidy which brought him to his present condition, has been too indisputably proved to leave a doubt of his being capable of committing the basest acts of treachery. Bajee Rao is happy in his domestic relations; his wife, who shares his captivity, is distinguished for her beauty and the amiability of her character. She receives European ladies, who come to visit her; and gentlemen, paying their respects at the mansion where she resides, sometimes catch a casual glimpse; for, though not openly appearing in public, Mahratta families are less scrupulous of being seen by male eyes, than those belonging to any other native community of India. Imprisonment can make very little difference in the lives of the females of the peishwa's household, since they were never destined to taste the sweets of perfect liberty; and could they, lost to their former dignity, and the power he exercised over a large and important territory, he might be happy, or at least content. He possesses every requisite for domestic enjoyment, without the risk and turmoil attendant upon sovereignty; but it would be difficult to conceive persons suffering under a reverse of fortune, that the change is really for the better, and an ambitious mind especially must chafe at the disappointment of all its schemes. The peishwa is under the charge of a British officer, who resides at Baitoor, but not in the same mansion with the prisoner, with whose personal arrangements he does not interfere. The appointment of this officer is not dictated

ries of the earth itself. What were the consequences of supposing the earth flat?

"The flat earth was regarded as a sort of partition, or, more strictly speaking, a floor, in the universe—if universe it could be called, of which the lateral extremities were so perplexing. The habitable side was, of course, the upper one, above which was the region of light, while below the other side was altogether a region of darkness. The former contained, of course, first the atmosphere, then the region of the sun, moon, and stars, and above that the dwelling of the gods of heathen mythology; all this part of it differing according to the fancy of the describer, but all perfectly incompatible with an accurate knowledge, or any thing approaching to an accurate knowledge, of the true God; because gods which had a particular local habitation in one part of the universe rather than another, must have been, not only finite gods, but material gods, and therefore not gods at all—not creators, but creatures, and creatures not of God's making, but of man's imagining; and yet, however some of the more intelligent among the people, who held this belief, must have been perplexed with its absurdity, no other conclusion could be drawn from the belief that the earth was a flat surface. Hence we have another argument for the necessity of a knowledge of the true system of the heavens for enabling us, in so far as man can know so awful a subject, to have a proper knowledge of the true God.

"All on the under side of the earth, as the place of darkness, was the region of woe, the place of punishment; though according to the then notion that the regions of the gods could be inhabited by the gods only, and by them in proportion to their degrees of godship, it was found necessary to assign the shades or spirits (they were not spirits, however, but thin and vapoury bodies) of good men, as well as those of bad men, to the under or dark side of the earth.

"To us these speculations of the times of ignorance appear very absurd, and yet the men by whom they were held show, by many of those memorials they have left, that, in matters which they did properly understand, they were our equals, if not our superiors; and if the labour of ages in the search of truth, and above all, the destruction of the fancies of heathen mythology by the light of divine revelation, had not enabled us to acquire that knowledge of the system of the heavens, and of the form and magnitude of the earth, which we now possess, as clearly as though the former could be set on the table before us, or we could turn over the latter in the hollow of our hand, we should have been, even at this day, in the same state of ignorance and error that they were, if not worse."—pp. 22—24.

Mr. Mudie, with unusual force and original illustrations, goes on to prove that the earth is a sphere, observing, that nothing can more satisfactorily show the great superiority of the mind over the body, or of the inductions of philosophy over the immediate dictates of the senses, than the difference between the true system of the heavens, including the earth as part of that system, and those notions which we acquire of it by common observation. For though it may be easy to point out many proofs, that might have struck mankind from the beginning, of the impossibility of the earth being a plane surface, from end to end, or of its being stationary, yet these proofs are only clear to us, after the discovery of the truth has been made; so that seeing, for instance, the masts of ships before seeing their hulls, although a matter necessarily familiar to the ancients, and many such facts, went for nothing, until the true or ce-

lestial system was discovered. We must refer our readers, however, to the work before us, for certain, plain and striking illustrations, exhibited by a style and method that has never been employed in any other popular treatise on astronomy with which we are acquainted, and which, fortunately, may be fully understood without a previous knowledge of the subject by any one.

Astronomy, though it treats of the most distant and extensive parts of the universe, as regards the inhabitants of our globe, is yet the most perfect and satisfactory of the whole of the sciences, because it is one of pure observation, and regarding which we can neither hasten nor retard any one result. But to keep by our author's method of observing nature itself, and thereby gathering knowledge, let us see what he says of the *apparent sky*, or celestial space. The imperfections or sources of error that may exist in light as the medium of our knowledge, and in the eye as our organ of perception, which errors may be said to be rendered inveterate by the pictorial representations, the maps and globes so much in use, may be exposed in the following manner, by studying nature, free and open as it is to all.

"Upon what part soever of the earth a spectator is situated, that which appears to him as being 'the framework' of the heavens, always seems of the same form, and, under the same circumstances of the cloudless atmosphere, of the same magnitude. It always appears a portion, nearly but not quite the half, of a hollow sphere or globe, of a blue colour, more or less intense, according to the state of the atmosphere. The point directly over head, or that to which a pole or other tall object, which does not lean to any side, points, always appears the highest in the canopy or dome. Even if it is obscured by clouds, the general shape is not much altered, nor is the apparent size so much lessened as, from the real difference in the length of the view, we might be induced to believe. There is, however, a felt difference in this respect, not only between the clear sky and the cloudy, but between different states of each. The blue sky of day never appears so ample as the raven black sky of night; the night sky, illuminated by the full moon, never appears so ample as the moonless sky does; and in cloudy skies, those in which the clouds are thick and dark never look so distant as those in which the clouds are pale. These differences in the appearance of the sky have some information to give us, if we would think and receive it. The blue sky of day receives its colour from light acting on the earth's atmosphere; and the moonlight sky, though, as the light is less intense, and not quite the same in its composition, it is differently coloured, yet receives its tint from the light acting on the same atmosphere; and this light, produced by the action of the luminaries on the atmosphere, is the reason why the stars are not seen at all when the sun shines, and why they are faint and apparently few in the clear moonlight. There are other circumstances which, when we come to reflect upon them, show us that the apparent magnitude, and also the colour of the apparent sky, depend upon the nature and distance of the substance which acts upon the light, or, rather, perhaps, upon which the light acts. When the upper part of the air is what is called 'gummy,' and there is a ring of reflected light round the moon, or pencils of bearded light round the brighter stars, the heavens always appear of smaller dimensions than when the air is clear. So, also, when the sun or the moon is seen through a fog, which takes off the brilliance of the lustre but allows the form of the disc to be seen, the luminary always appears at a much smaller distance than when it

therefore deemed advisable to construct any new defences. It stands upon the summit of a rock, which is surrounded on all sides by steep precipices, and the engineer has displayed no small degree of skill in flanking it with bastions, wherever it was possible to throw up a battery. The summit of the rock is table-land, which is richly clothed with grass in the rainy season, and shadowed at all times by several fine trees. The face towards the river is particularly formidable, projecting very boldly into the water, and, in consequence, boats sometimes find difficulty in passing when the current runs strongly against them. The striking of the boat hooks against the rock produces a curious effect; clouds of birds rush out of their nests, which they have made in the holes and crevices, and their twitterings, and the rustling of their wings, with the dark shadow of the precipice falling over the vessel, and the roar of waters below, give a sort of wild sublimity to the scene, which is very exciting. Beyond the fortress, the burial ground of Chunar lies on the side of a hill, sloping into the river. This is one of the most picturesque cemeteries which the traveller passes in a tour through the upper provinces of Bengal. The monuments are chiefly of black stone, and it requires very little aid from the imagination to fancy that they are groups of mourners, weeping over the dead who are stretched in cold unconsciousness below. Chunar is altogether a very interesting place, possessing more of picturesque beauty than is usually to be found in European stations, convenience being more studied than landscape in the sites they occupy. The houses belonging to Europeans are very prettily situated on a declivity, most luxuriantly clothed with trees, and covered with orchards and gardens, the native town crowning the summit beyond. Many of the buildings are of stone, there being fine quarries in the neighbourhood; but it has lost all its importance as a station, and now forms one of the asylums for invalid soldiers, both European and native, who are equal to the performance of garrison duty. There are, however, many remains to interest those who possess any antiquarian taste. The fort, in itself a great curiosity, contains several buildings well worthy of inspection; one of them, a very ancient Hindoo palace, within the highest defences of the fort, has particular claims to notice, on account of its interior decorations of painting and carving. The apartments, which are vaulted, surrounding a domed chamber in the centre, are extremely dark and very low, the only contrivances which the Hindoos have thought necessary to exclude the heat, natives not appearing to suffer at all from the want of a free circulation of air. The Mussulman invaders, more luxurious, pursued a different plan, and the residence of the Moslem governor, a lofty handsome building, in the Gothic or Saracenic style, now used as an armoury, affords a fine contrast to the narrow gloomy cells of the old palace in its immediate neighbourhood.

Chunar may vie with Benares in the sanctity of its character, and indeed, by those who believe in the tradition which ascribes to the Deity a greater predilection to this spot, than to a city styled *parvati-nagar*, holy, it must be still more highly venerated. There is a small court, or enclosure, surrounded by a wall, and enclosed by the shade of a large old tree, in which is a slab of black marble, on which it is said that the invisible Creator of the world takes His seat for nine hours every day, while he only spends the remaining three at Benares. A silver bell hangs upon the branches of the tree, and there is a rude hieroglyphic carved on the opposite wall, a triangle enclosing a rose. The gate of this sanctuary is kept locked, and access only given to it at particular times. The Hindoos who obtain entrance, when shown to any casual water, evince the most lively satisfaction in the opportunity afforded them of approaching so sacred a spot; and the absence of all idolatrous objects of worship, gives it a degree of holiness even in the eyes of

Christians. The Mussulmans have also a holy place in the neighbourhood of Chunar, the mausoleum of two saints, father and son, and an accompanying mosque, built and endowed by an emperor of Delhi. This *durga* is very beautifully situated, in the midst of a large garden, and does not suffer by a comparison with more celebrated sepulchral monuments. The architecture is extremely beautiful, and the perforated stone lattices, particularly the elaborate workmanship of native chisels, are highly attractive even to those who have seen the splendid marble trellises of Agra and Delhi. The tomb of Sheik Soliman and his son is situated about three miles from Chunar, and forms an object for the evening drives of the European inhabitants. The country round about is very romantic, presenting all the attractions which rock and ravine, hill, wood, and water, tastefully disposed by nature's cunning hand, can afford. Chunar is a striking object from the river; the citadel crowning the rock, and its magnificent trees, with handsome buildings peeping through the vistas, render it altogether not inferior to any of the views obtained upon the Ganges, beautiful and varied, notwithstanding the alleged monotony of that river, as they certainly are. The rocky nature of the country, however, and its sandy soil, materially increase the heat, which is very sensibly felt during the worst seasons of the year.

Allahabad is the residence of a third prisoner, whose subjugation has been, and will be, productive of the most important results to our empire in the east, and to the spread of intellectual cultivation amongst the natives. Doorgun Saul, the usurping rajah of Bhurtpore, is accommodated with snug lodgings in the fort, very much against his inclination. He is a Jaut, a race who sprang into notice after the death of Aurungzebe, and whose pretensions to high caste are not borne out by their origin. They belong to the Sudras, a low tribe, and are not recognised by other Hindoos as Khetris, the military caste, though they assumed that designation immediately upon their conquest of a large territory, including Agra, which they had seized in the decline of the Mahomedan power. The chiefs of the Jauts styled themselves rajahs, a title to which they have no real claim, and they supported their pretensions with the utmost insolence, boasting that they would become the sovereigns of India, and drive out the Europeans with the same ease with which they had triumphed over the Moghul dynasty. Though in strict alliance with the British government, after Shah Allaum was rescued by Lord Lake from the hands of the Mahrattas, the sovereign of Bhurtpore, the capital of the territory, secured to him by the treaty of 1803, exerted himself on behalf of Jeswant Rao Holkar, after a signal defeat, admitting that chief and the remnant of his army into the citadel, and preparing to withstand the siege which was immediately commenced against it. The result of the operations under Lord Lake is well known. It possessed the Jauts with a notion that they were invincible, and all the restless spirits of the frontiers, who trusted that in time of war they should be able to carve out more brilliant fortunes for themselves, than they could hope to attain during a period of inaction, desired nothing so much as a second trial of strength between the people of Bhurtpore and the British government. The lenient measures pursued by the latter were misconstrued into a proof of weakness. The Rajah of Bhurtpore dying in 1821, left a son and successor, who only occupied the throne a single month. The decease of this prince led to the events which ultimately occasioned the complete downfall of Bhurtpore. The heir was an infant, not more than seven years old at the period of his father's death; he was recognised by the British government as the legal successor, and his expiring parent had received an assurance of support and protection from Sir David Ochterlony, to the child who, at so tender an age, was left to struggle his way through life. The uncle of the

methods of reasoning, that is, of reasoning from quantities of which we can find the magnitude by actual measurement, to other quantities which are millions of miles beyond our reach, in any other way than by the sight, always feel a sort of scepticism when the exact distance, or bulk, or weight, of any such distant body as the sun or the moon is mentioned; and though they do not openly deny the possibility or the truth of such allegations, they refrain from doing so more in deference to the opinion of those whom the world calls wise, than from any conviction in their own minds. They, in fact, give their votes against their consciences—say yes with the lips, when the heart feels no, out of mere deference to the authorities. The 'great men' of science have sometimes, though perhaps unintentionally, done as much mischief to the understandings of men, as other 'authorities' have done to their morals in a way not very dissimilar. With these latter we have, in the mean time at least, no necessary concern; but we certainly wish that, in matters of science, there were no such thing as an authority. Upon a very general and delightful, and as it would seem a very obvious principle, the knowledge of that creation which God has given to all, should be as comprehensible by all as it is free to all, or if there be a *taboo* laid upon any part of it, we can regard that as the taboo of superstition only, and of superstition the more dangerous the less that it is avowed and apparent as such. When we are once in possession of the knowledge of any subject, we begin to wonder why we could have felt, or others can feel, any difficulty about it. It is reported of a very eminent man, that he employed a young tailor as amanuensis in writing a treatise on the science of quantity, which science, as having much of the technical taboo upon it, is always repulsive to the ignorant. The philosopher dictated, and the tailor wrote: 'Do you understand this?' was asked, as every step had been taken. 'Yes,' was the invariable answer. After the work had made considerable progress, the amanuensis, annoyed, perhaps, at the reiteration of the same question, is said to have anticipated it by 'Algebra is a great deal easier than making jackets.' The simplicity of the book, though it is a very profound one, was demonstrated by this single remark, and there was no necessity for again repeating the question.

"In attempting to give some slight popular notice of the means by which the dimensions and weight of the heavenly bodies are obtained, we must confine ourselves to the simple notice of the principles; for the practical operation of those principles requires instruments and experience, the first of which cannot perhaps be properly explained in words, and the second can be learned only, as all other mechanical operations are learned, by practice.

"The foundation of all this branch of our knowledge—that which enables us to connect with each other all those principles and all those results of experience which assist us in this work, is the simplest of all possible figures—a triangle—three straight lines, joined two and two at the ends, and thus having three corners or angles, as well as three sides. This simple figure has many useful properties, and it has this remarkable one, and is the only figure which possesses it—that it is impossible to put it out of shape. We have seen, in a former section, that a circle, which is a very regular figure, can be easily put out of shape, and can be made to pass through all shapes of ellipses till it is flattened to a perfectly straight line. It will be readily understood that a four-sided figure, or one with any number of sides greater than four, may also be put out of shape, while the lengths of the sides remain unaltered; because, if we press any two opposite angles towards each other with sufficient force, the other angles will give and extend outwards. But the triangle is perfectly stubborn, and if we suppose it to be made of three laths, or any other pieces of solid matter instead of imaginary lines, we shall find that, unless the laths are

broken, or separated from each other at the angles, we can in no wise alter its shape.

"In this figure, the sum of the three angles is the same, whatever be the size or form of the triangle; that is, they are equal to half the space round a point; and thus, if we know two of them, we also know, that is, we can at once find, the third one. In all cases there is a constant proportion between the sides and the angles; so that if the three sides of one triangle be proportional to the three sides of another, each to each, that is in the order in which they are placed, the triangles are similar, the angles are equal, and any reasoning founded upon one of them will apply to the other, whatever may be the lengths of their sides.

"On this principle, the sides of an entire set of triangles, answering to every variety of angles, are found by calculation, and expressions for them in numbers are entered in a table, which table is called a table of *sines*. By the help of this, or by reasonings founded upon it, or additional tables in the construction of which it is an element, we are enabled to make use of triangles in extending our mensuration, as far as we can observe with certainty, that there is any determinate magnitude to be measured."—pp. 207—211.

The manner in which the relative weights and magnitudes of the heavenly bodies are ascertained, is with equal accuracy and plainness stated, considering the nature of the subjects treated. Without being acquainted with all the preceding views and reasonings of the volume, the author's doctrine and reference cannot of course be fully understood by unscientific readers. But our last extract shall be his account of the means by which the relative weights of the heavenly bodies are known, as one step towards the ascertaining of their comparative densities, and absolute quantities of matter.

"This may be done by attending to the disturbing influences which any two of them produce upon a third; but the most simple and easily explainable means is that of a planet which has a secondary or satellite revolving round it, and there is no better case than that of the earth and moon. It is true that, owing to the various causes, the motions of the moon are very irregular, but that body is so near the earth, and its parallax, as seen from the earth, so much more accurately determinable than that of any other known satellite as seen from its primary, that it answers best for common illustration.

"If we consider the moon in the opposite points of its orbit—the opposition to the sun and the conjunction with that luminary—we can easily understand that the distance from the sun will be less, and the gravitation towards the sun greater in the conjunction than in the opposition, and that the joint attractions of the sun and moon act upon the earth at that time, while they oppose each other at the opposite part of the orbit. We may consider the centre of gravity of the earth and moon jointly—that round which the moon really revolves as performing a revolution round the earth, at the same average rate as if the whole matter of the two were converted into that point; and therefore the only effect in the opposition and conjunction of the moon will be that, in the former case, their common centre will be a little farther from the sun, and in the latter a little nearer. Now, if we suppose the mean distance of the moon from the centre of the sun, and also from the centre of the earth, to be known, and they may be found in the manner hinted at in the former part of this section, we have, according to the law, the squares of the periodic time of the two in the proportion of the cubes of their mean distances. Now, as the forces (the resulting forces) have the same proportion to each other as the distances divided by the squares of the periodic

times, and also to the masses or quantities of matter divided by the squares of the distances, we have the proportions of the masses as the cubes of the distances divided by the squares of the periodic times.

"Therefore, if we multiply the sun's distance from the earth twice by itself, and divide the last product by the days and parts of a day in a sidereal year once multiplied by itself; and also divide the product of the earth's distance from the moon, twice multiplied by itself, by the length of the sidereal revolution of the moon, in days, multiplied once by itself, we obtain two numbers, which are not indeed the absolute weights or quantities of matter in the sun and earth, but which express the ratio or proportion of those weights to each other. These numbers, obtained from the distances and periods taken on the average, and which are easily found by observation, are, in a rude and easily remembered estimate, about 355,000 for the sun, and one for the earth—the number, by the nearest approximation to the true average distance is, 354,937; but the other number is more easily remembered, and it is sufficient for giving us an idea of what a gigantic body the sun must be—it is equal in weight to about three hundred and fifty-five thousand earths of the same weight as that which we inhabit.

"The mass of every other planet which has satellites may be determined upon principles exactly similar, only, in the case of remote planets, the distance of the satellite from the primary is not so easily obtained with accuracy as that of the moon from the earth; and in the case of several satellites at different distances from the primary planet, the difficulties are increased: so that, in the case of them, the disturbances are more accurate, though, as they depend not upon the mean distances and periodic times, but upon the alterations of place and velocity which are occasioned by the approach of the two planets to each other, they require very nice observation in order to find the true places."—pp. 234—236.

From these extracts, and from what we have said, our readers will be satisfied that Mr. Mudie's work on the heavens, is, like all his former productions, one abounding with the fruits of long and intense observation, and of no inconsiderable share of scientific learning. It contains nothing new in point of principle or knowledge; the author pretends to no such merit: but it attempts and does something which to many is much better than the extending of science: it translates scientific truths, out of the jargon of scholarship into the every-day language of life, to a very considerable extent; and we hope the experiment may be followed up and improved upon by others. As Mr. Mudie says, a midway between ignorance and formal school learning is wanted, and in this service he has already proven himself a zealous and efficient hand.

GIL-BLAS. There is a hand, an octavo edition of *Gil Blas*, in the original French, publishing in London, in shilling numbers, which forms part of a series of the French Classics. It is beautifully printed, and very cheap; but its principal recommendation consists in the quantity of forcible and spirited woodcuts with which the text is interspersed. The designs, by Goussier, a French artist, display a freedom and mastery of style that are rarely seen among our native artists, joined to a grotesque humour, that occasionally runs into extravagance. The conception of character is not so deficient as the scenic effect; and the expression of the faces is characterised by exaggeration rather than truth and delicacy.

From the Asiatic Journal.

ANGLO-INDIAN SOCIETY.

The English in India, and other sketches. By a Traveller.
Two vols. London, 1835. Longman and Co.

Until steam and rail roads shall have brought England and India into closer approximation, so as to increase the ebb and flow of intercourse, the manners of the English residents in the latter country, where adventitious circumstances modify habits, tastes, and opinions, will continue to be discriminated by peculiar traits from those at home. The distinction is strongly defined; yet it is surprising that a society, which is of so anomalous a genus, and which abounds with so many eccentric varieties, should have had so few describers. Some of the species have in fact, become extinct; others are becoming so; and after the lapse of a few years, when the present generation of Anglo-Indians shall be solicited to feed the insatiable appetite of the press with their reminiscences, these by-gone characters will be looked at with the same indefinite sentiments which the specimens of antediluvian animals inspire, whose existence ordinary observers neither wholly deny nor wholly believe;—which seem to occupy an intermediate place between the real and the imaginary. Perhaps the key to the problem may be found in the fact, which is often overlooked, that descriptions of a society are interesting to us in the inverse ratio of its difference from our own. Delineations of manners visible on all sides, in a community of which we form a part, prove infinitely more attractive than the most elaborate portraiture of those remote, either in time or place, from ours: just as we dwell with more complacency upon even the silhouettes of our own families and friends, although the originals are daily seen, than upon finished portraits of ancient heroes, however renowned. The ground of this preference, which appears at first sight repugnant to the natural curiosity which belongs to a rational being, is in reality reasonable enough: in respect to both persons and means, we are in a better condition to appreciate the verisimilitude in one case than in the other.

Whether this exposition of causes and effects will prove consolatory to the few who have attempted pictures of Anglo-Indian manners, and have failed, more or less, in the attempt, we know not: to us, at least, it is a satisfactory solution. Still, there are not wanting encouragements to further attempts. The increasing infusion of Anglo-Indians into the home society, imparting a relish for Indian products, and the social peculiarities of the East, as well as eastern fancies, are becoming more familiar to the world of taste and fashion. Further the fiction of fiction, contrived to serve the purpose of a vehicle, may be attractive; the dialogue may be spirited and piquant; these and other accidents, by all the compensations, may reconcile the reader to the scene and persons of the drama.

The "*English in India*," which has been these reflections, is not a very successful specimen of the permanent elements the veritable and characteristic lines of Anglo-Indian manners. It is a novel, the incidents of which are commonplace

and there is very little art displayed in grouping the characters, or in what painters would call the composition of the piece. Two young ladies, both remarkable for beauty and accomplishments, though forming a contrast to each other in mind and character, proceed from England to India. Introduced into Anglo-Indian society (in the *Mofussil*) under very favourable circumstances, the most striking of the two, Miss Albany, who went out fraught with her mother's precepts, inculcating the sacrifice of sentiment to interest, and whose whole character is formed of artificial qualities, falls at once, contrary to probability, if not to nature, in vulgar love with a man of similar character and accomplishments; handsome, but aspiring, calculating, selfish, and far below the grade to which her mother and herself had confined her matrimonial views. This man, though he admires Miss Albany, loves, as far as he could love, her companion; and after some ineffectual endeavours to seduce him into an offer, Miss Albany marries a person whom she thoroughly despises, but whose official rank reconciles him to her pride. The other lady, Miss Middleton, who proceeded to India with no aspirations after mere rank and wealth, and in whose bosom the chilling airs of affectation and selfishness had not vainly attempted to subdue the voice of nature, becomes the wife of a subaltern of humble expectations though of noble family. Prosperity smiles upon them; the death of an elder brother opens to the Hon. Mr. Travers an avenue to wealth and rank; and he and his amiable wife are soon settled happily in England. Meanwhile, Mrs. Tomkins, (a name not received in exchange for the mellifluous one of Albany without a pang,) after a short career of splendour, as lady resident, commences a clandestine intercourse with Captain Seymour, the man who had captivated her affections, but had mortified her vanity by his tacit refusal of her. Scandal breathes upon her fame; her husband, who is described as insignificant and almost contemptible, but who appears a man of sense and firmness, remonstrates; but she vindicates the justice of the world's surmises by throwing herself unsolicited upon Captain Seymour; and the brilliant Harriet Albany sinks into crime, degradation, and contempt.

Such is the tale chosen to exhibit the character of the "English in India." The chief episodic personages in the novel are Mrs. Huggins, the half-caste wife of a colonel,—a virago, whose vulgarity and insolence are not relieved by a single quality which could make her endurable,—and the satellites of Mrs. Huggins, both ladies and officers, who are supposed to submit tamely to all her vulgar caprices for the sake of having the run of her table and house. These individuals, who are introduced, like Virgil's Gyas and Cloanthus, in order to make up the party, rather than for any thing they say or do, with Colonel and Mrs. Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. Norman, who are seldom seen, and of whom it is difficult to form a definite idea, and one or two every-day characters, constitute the entire list of the *dramatis personæ*.

Where characters are shown in exaggerated shapes and proportions, as most of the characters

in this novel are, it would be absurd to say that there is no individuality. The author is entitled to whatever praise belongs to the limner who paints faces which cannot be confounded together. But there is little or no finish even in the descriptions of the individuals, and when we endeavour to compare those descriptions with the originals, that is, to observe how far conduct and sentiments embody the abstract idea of the author, the attempt, even in the gross instance of Mrs. Huggins, is nugatory. Lieutenant Travers, who is described as an amiable person, neither says nor does any thing whatever to justify this character; and, on the other hand, Major Bing, who is represented as "the most undaunted liar extant," as possessing "no other qualification in the world, the whole man being absorbed in one immense fiction," is really a very modest fib-teller, at the worst, and were we not assured that "his one gigantic intellect propagated unutterable falsehoods," we should have surmised that he was an honest gentleman, slightly addicted to "laxity of narration."

The work has a defect still more fatal than those we have enumerated; it presents scarcely any views of Anglo-Indian manners. But for a few exotic terms and phrases, and some tolerable specimens of Hindustani English, which are not unexceptionable certificates, we should suspect that the author had never visited India at all. Even the portrait of Mrs. Huggins herself, a specimen of a very peculiar race, which has few intellectual and moral features perfectly in common with ours, gives us no other idea of the original, than of an English cook maid, who has become the wife and the bully of her master. The character the author professes to draw is that of "an individual belonging to a peculiar species—a woman born in India—a Hindoo-Briton—possessing some natural wit and shrewdness, but no more education than is attainable at a Calcutta boarding school—that is, just sufficient to pervert the gifts of nature." The author adds, that the character is painted from the life, and that the person "is so generally known in the *Mofussil*, or up-country stations, as to render her character public property." *Tant pis*. Either the selection is an injudicious one, or all the characteristic and distinguishing traits have been lost in the copy, and none but the most superficial and general features retained.

Nevertheless, although we have been constrained to speak of this novel in such disparaging terms, it is not altogether without merit. There is a glow and vivacity in the language, and a colloquial ease in the dialogue, which prevent any sense of *ennui*; and we are strongly disposed to think that, if the author, in another attempt, were to bestow more care and pains upon the construction of the tale, and upon the outline and filling up of the characters, he (or she, for we are somewhat in doubt as to the author's sex) would produce something that might deserve a far more favourable sentence than we can justly pass upon the "English in India."

We subjoin a few extracts from the novel. The following are two of the perpetual guests of the Hugginses:—

"Mrs. Huggins had as many satellites as the Geor-

gium Sidus. At the head of her present list stood Ensign Simms, as gentle a youth as ever red coat blushed upon. He was a very small gentleman, whose delicate proportions seemed as if he were selected by his patroness for the sake of the marked contrast he offered to the magnitude of her full-blown person. He was a smooth-faced, tallow-complexioned youth, evidently designed by nature as a model for the genus that figures on the wrong side of a haberdasher's counter. His genius, moreover, had a decided inclination for that line. His gloves—his stocks—all the paraphernalia of his wardrobe—were selected with the nicest discrimination of their quality, and with a scrupulous regard to their fitting him accurately. Yet, with that *want of keeping* common in poor human beings, with all his finical precision, his leading passion was a fondness for dogs. Wherever his quarters were fixed, it was his first care to erect kennels for the accommodation of the four-footed favourites he carried about with him, and he superintended in person their feeding, &c. &c., with a zeal that contrasted forcibly with his ordinary coldness. His principal recreation was shooting—a pursuit to which he was addicted rather from a predilection for canine society, than from an unamiable propensity to slaughter any part of the creation. He found greater pleasure in the sound of his own 'halloo!' than in the report of his gun; at least this inference was drawn from the fact that he rarely bagged any game. On the whole, he was a very inoffensive specimen of selfishness, following his own inclinations with praiseworthy straightforwardness, and caring very little for the life or death of any individual in the world, except as his own promotion might thereby be advanced. With all these excellent qualities—with the additional negative characteristics of being no swearer, no drunkard, no brawler—it is not surprising that 'little Simms' was declared by the whole regiment, and the society in general, to be 'a very gentlemanly fellow.'

"Scarcely second to Ensign Simms, in the favour of Mrs. Huggins, ranked Lieutenant Mac Wharley; and perhaps there lurked a little of the mischievous acuteness of the lady in placing these two contrasts in the close juxtaposition by which she delighted to honour them. Mr. Mac Wharley was so singularly rough and blunt, as to be unanimously shunned by those who had no taste for being wounded by the bristles of a hedgehog. He spoke with the voice of a stentor, which to fastidious ears was not rendered more tolerable by a broad Scottish accent, that bore undeniable evidence to the land of his nativity. His dress, if not so strictly correct as that of Ensign Simms, was always extremely passable, for, to give the gentlemen of India their due, slovenliness is by no means their besetting sin. He insisted that Scotland possessed all the national virtues that could appertain unto any country, and that every individual Scotsman was a very clever and a very honourable fellow. He never read himself, but he was as insolent as he dared, to any luckless wight who, in his presence, ventured to disapprove either the politics, literature, or principles, either of 'the Edinburgh' or 'Blackwood;' and as it was scarcely possible to speak of them, on the same occasion, without condemning *one*—as it is evident that the same thing cannot be at once black and white—his wrath was excited with considerable frequency. He followed, without being conscious of it, Doctor Farr's never-enough-to-be-commended rule of proceeding with a literary antagonist; 'he never argued: he asserted.' Having no judgment of his own, he thought it amazingly fine to bully other people out of theirs;—thus reducing them to his level. He knew nothing of the 'retort courteous,' and just avoided the 'lie direct,' from an intimate persuasion of the consequences that must infallibly result from his indulging the bent of his humour, and which he was too prudent to encounter. He had the common weakness of his countrymen—an affectation of being well descended,

and an utter contempt for all the ungentilities of commerce; which was the more to be deplored, as it was in the knowledge of certain persons in the cantonment, that his extraction was of such a nature as to entitle him to appear in the society of gentlemen only from having a commission; his family being of the most obscure class in a provincial town in the north of Scotland. With all his love for his country, however, nothing enraged him more than to be pronounced a Scotchman by his accent, as he piqued himself on having entirely overcome it. He was rash, impetuous, and headstrong;—talked very largely of his contempt for every military superior who presumed to interfere with him—but had enough of the 'white feather' to steer clear of any ruinous indiscretion. People who disliked either, used to designate him and Simms, when they appeared together in Mrs. Huggins's train, as 'fire and water,' which was the more applicable, because the two had a secret antipathy, whose occasional effervescence was not unlike the *hissing* produced by plunging red hot iron into cold water."

We now give a full-length view of Mrs. Huggins herself:—

"'So you are come, I see,' said Mrs. Huggins, entering the hall when she had kept her visitors waiting at least five and twenty minutes, whilst she completed her toilette. 'I wish some of you would for once send an excuse, just for the novelty of the thing. I don't know what you'll do for dinner parties when Huggins and I are off for Europe, for you can't fancy he's to stay here all his life, and be superseded just as those people at Madras please—for such a prig too as Middleton. Mrs. Roland, what a fright you have made of yourself in that new gown! Nature has done enough for you in that line, my dear, you may safely leave her to herself. Mac Wharley, that white jacket of yours bears marks of the dog-kennel, and I insist on your sending for another. Simms, there is scandal about you in the cantonment; they say your hair and your skin are made to match; cowslip colour they call the tint of both; what is it like? I know nothing about your English fruits.'

"'Cowslips are flowers,' insinuated Major Bing.

"'Don't tell any lies to me, Bing,' retorted the lady. 'Don't I know they make a slip-slop they call cowslip wine in England? Summers, did you ever laugh in your life? Look at Mrs. Harding's red nose and begin. Dickey, my dear, what are you waiting for? Are we never to have dinner?—Go and call the butler directly; Summers will be famished into an hysterical if he waits longer. Can none of you speak? You get more stupid every day; I am tired to death of every one of you. If Richard Huggins takes my advice, we shall beat a march before you think of it.'

"'I will talk,' said Major Bing, 'with the greatest delight, my dearest Mrs. Huggins, if you will only be so kind as to indulge me with a plate of soup first; my inner man is positively in a state of starvation.'

"'I'll indulge you with two plates of soup, if you will favour me with one word of truth,' said Mrs. Huggins, with acrimony. 'I shall not forget in a hurry your impudent imposture about that Miss Albany!'

"'Be merciful,' said Bing, imploringly; 'my head was mystified at the time, and I confounded her with Lady Catharine Albany, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Albany, who are my second cousins on the grandmother's side.'

"There was a general laugh.

"'Upon my word and honour,' began Major Bing—but he was interrupted by Captain Summers, who ventured to admonish him that that was not an affirmation to be lightly made by an officer.

"'Upon my veracity, then,—'

"The laugh was more vociferous.

"'Hold your tongue, Bing, at present, and give some—'

body else leave to speak. You are always so deucedly talkative, no other soul can manage to insert a word in your parentheses," said Mrs. Huggins.

"You are very hard on me," replied the major. "You complain of our silence, and then chide me who am good enough to exert myself to remove the cause of your displeasure."

"You are too obliging; one kind thought for me and a thousand for yourself. However, Dickey, dinner; don't you hear? Take Mrs. Harding. Mrs. Harding, don't be making a fuss; take the colonel's arm. Summers, come here. Mrs. Roland, take Bing—the others are only subalterns. Mac Wharley, have you changed your jacket?—Very well—don't run after Mrs. Roland as if you were going to knock her down. A subaltern won't do for her, let me tell you, whilst there is the least chance of getting any thing better. Simms, you have some of that beastly lavender water about you. I have a great mind to order you away."

"By the time this harangue was finished, the party were seated round the table, and engaged in discussing the soup, an operation so interesting as to engross the eyes and understanding of the whole assemblage."

"Excellent!" said Captain Summers, with all the emphasis of sincerity, as he sent away his plate. "Mrs. Huggins, allow me the pleasure of wine; you will not take beer at present, I presume?"

"Mrs. Huggins nodded twice; once in acquiescence, and again as she put the glass to her lips."

"Dickey, mind how you carve that ham," said the lady, with an elevated voice. "You spoiled the last—I hate to have any thing at your end of the table that is fit to be eaten. You don't call that carving, I hope; I call it mangling. Simms, draw the dish to you, and cut it. It is the only chance there is of its being eatable; colonel, give Simms the knife and fork."

"This was a command after the colonel's own heart, the very proposition he would have given the world to make, if he had had presumption enough to do so. It was a liberty, however, he never ventured to take in his own house. He was a *behadur* only in those of his friends."

"Mrs. Harding," resumed the lady hostess, now directing her observation to the right side of her table, "I am astonished to see you eating that pilau. It always disagrees with you. I never will have one again when you are coming. Boy, take away Mrs. Harding's plate. Take some of that boiled beef; it will just suit you. Boy, take the pickled limes to Mrs. Harding. Mrs. Roland, are you sending your plate for another slice of ham, the third? Some people have stomachs that can digest any thing. Simms, are you waiting for beer? Boy, a bottle of beer to Simms sahib. Richard Huggins, why don't you ask Mrs. Harding to take beer? dinner will be done before she gets a glass. Mac Wharley, step into the verandah, and see what that bhoi is about? The *punkah* scarcely moves, and I am just dying of heat. I hate to have hot dishes steaming under one's nostrils so long. Eat as much as you like, even you, Summers, but be quick over it."

Our last extract exhibits Miss Albany and Captain Seymour at a native fête:—

"It was as lovely a night as ever relieved the fervours of an Indian day, when all that were most distinguished, most brilliant, and most beautiful, of the society both of the residency and cantonment of Kirkpore, were assembled in the gardens of the summer palace of the rajah. The moon shone brightly, but its light, delicious as it was, was overwhelmed by the glare of the thousand lamps that threw an artificial day over the gay crowd. The air was fragrant with the perfumes of orange trees, limes, myrtles, jessamines—rich, in short, with that peculiar and

spicy aroma, with which the breezes of the East are laden. A band of English musicians are stationed amongst the trees, pouring forth loud strains of spirit-stirring and martial music. The waters of the lake, in the midst of the gardens, sparkled beneath the reflection of the lights in earth and heaven, whilst little illuminated boats scudded over the surface, seeming, as they darted along, like shooting stars. They were freighted with groups of natch-girls, who, during the progress of the evening, poured forth those dramatic strains in which the inhabitants of the East delight. Hindoo nobles, wandering about in their picturesque national costume,—wearing the richest shawls in drapery, or wreathed as turbans, or clad in gay and glittering scarfs of coloured muslin and gold,—added a truly oriental character to the whole spectacle, and reminded the crowds of Europeans that they were near an Asiatic prince, who at that moment was seated in his *darbar*.

"Every thing breathed of regal state, except the port of the sovereign himself. Placed, by the prowess of British arms, on the musnud, from which his family had been expelled by civil dissensions, it seemed as if the young prince had lost, in the miserable and abject obscurity of his boyhood, all those qualities which the vulgar believe inherent in the blood royal. Elevated to a throne, he could not shake off the influence of education, and, leaving the interests of his kingdom to the care of his ministers, he abandoned himself to the voluptuous indulgences of the zenanah, so that his mind had become embodied and embruted, until it had quite lost the divine semblance of its first being." The costly pearls that were suspended from his neck, the magnificent diamonds that flashed like a sun upon his brow, did but increase the meanness of his whole person, by the contrast they forced upon the mind of the spectators. For him,—the lord of the feast,—it seemed as if all that was brightest and most beautiful around him had no charms. He sat amongst his courtiers, with half-closed eyes, gazing languidly upon the forms that flitted before him, apparently oppressed with the most cruel languor, and shrinking beneath the weight of those dignities he was compelled to sustain. His reception of the more distinguished of the English ladies who were introduced to him,—those of the family of the resident and of the commanding officer of the forces,—was in the highest degree ungracious and repulsive. He muttered a few inaudible words as they curtsied, which his *vakeel* interpreted into a compliment of most oriental hyperbole, and appeared to breathe freely only when they had retired from his presence.

"Radiant in all the animation naturally inspired by a scene so novel, Harriet Albany glittered in the throng, as 'some gay creature of the element.' Dressed with the most exquisite taste,—her complexion glowing with the excitement of the hour,—her eyes sparkling with the consciousness of deserving and attracting the most intense admiration,—even Seymour himself for a moment doubted, whether there were not, in her dazzling beauty, something that eclipsed all the soft loveliness of the gentle Florence. Captivated by the witchery of her smile, he found himself near her, and was presently breathing into her ear all those *intangible* tendernesses which mean every thing or nothing, as the speaker and the hearer choose to interpret them. In this case, there was an unfortunate disagreement in the wishes of the two parties most interested. He, who offered that adulation, laid it as incense upon an altar dedicated to the idol of the hour, while she received it as the serious expression of feelings at length strong enough to be irresistible. Alive to emotions as new as they were dangerous, Harriet, at that moment, forgot all the ambition of her character. An indefinite hope of living with and for Seymour possessed her now, for the first time, and imparted to her manner a softness so unusual, that the object of it felt its

danger too strongly to trust himself longer within its sphere. He dreaded being betrayed into crossing the rubicon, whence it would be impossible for him to retrace his steps.

"Assuming a tone of sarcasm, as unlike as possible to the vein of his previous conversation, he commenced his usual amusement of anatomising the manner and style of every person on whom his eye rested. Awakened by the change in him from her momentary dream, Harriet, with one sigh perhaps that thoughts so sweet were but a dream, adopted immediately the tone he thought fit to assume, and assisted him, with admirable tact, in showing up poor Mrs. Huggins, who was parading the gardens in a dress of flame-coloured gauze, and glittering with ornaments in every part of her person on which it was possible to place one.

"'Here comes a spirit of evil,' said he, 'clad in robes whose hue too plainly bespeaks the fiery atmosphere of the place it has quitted.'

"'Or a spirit of light borne earthwards on a rainbow, that has caught the hue of the vehicle by which it passed,' said the lady.

"'I yield to you! A flight like that is quite beyond my poor imagination. I leave Mrs. Huggins in your charitable hands, and she may be thankful to the benevolence of the scraph-face I see yonder, that has inspired me with such tender mercy.'

"Harriet's eye followed the glance of his, and rested, at length, on the radiant face of the angel Florence. Supported by her father's arm, but listening with the most undeviating attention to the conversation of Travers, who was on her left hand, her sweet eyes were lighted up by an animation wholly *spirituel*, and Harriet, even Harriet, with all her vanity, could not but be conscious, that there was a charm in her innocent rival, which whilst she perceived its full force, was unintelligible to herself."

ANIMALS NESTLING IN OR ON THE BODIES OF OTHERS.

At page 137, is an anecdote from Buffon, who says, that a weasel with three young ones were extracted from the carcass of a wolf that had been suspended to a tree by the hind legs. In the thorax of the putrefied carcass, the weasel had formed a nest of leaves and herbage for her young. To this anecdote we shall connect some of a similar nature respecting other animals, which have not naturally this parasitic propensity. Mrs. G. Vasey, in her *Natural Historian*, states that the common hog's hide is so thick, and his fat so insensible to pain, that instances have occurred of mice gnawing their way into the fat on the back without incommoding the animal. (vol. i. p. 236.) In London's *Magazine of Natural History*, the Rev. Mr. Grey, in a very amusing article on the singular nidification of birds, tells us that "at Knowle Hall, Warwickshire, a wren, *Troglodytes Europæus*, built its nest in the skeleton body of a lion, which had been nailed to a garden wall, and formed part of what has been facetiously called 'the countryman's museum.' Another correspondent to the valuable periodical just mentioned, states that a tom tit built its nest and reared its young, for two successive years, in the mouth of Tom Otter, a murderer who was executed and hung in chains. (vol. v. p. 284.) Captain Lyon says, that in the course of one of his voyages, the nest of a snow-bunting, *Lap. ariza Nivalis*, was found built on the neck of a dead d; and Gilbert White records the circumstance of a low having "built its nest on the wings and body of an owl, that happened by accident to hang dead and on the rafters of a barn."

From the London Metropolitan

DIARY OF A BLASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "JACOB FAITHFUL," "THE ADVENTURES OF JAPHET," &c.

(Continued from p. 419.)

CHAPTER X.

Brussels, May 22d.

Among the lions of Brussels, a dog was pointed out to me, as he lay on the pavement in front of the house of assembly. It was a miserable looking cur; but he had a tale extra attached to him, which had magnified him into a lion. It was said that he belonged to a Dutch soldier, who was killed in the revolution, at the spot where the dog then lay, and that ever since, (a period of four years,) the animal had taken up his quarters there, and invariably lain upon that spot. Whether my informant lied, and the dog did not, I cannot pretend to say; but if the story be true, it was a most remarkable specimen of fidelity and ugliness. And he was a sensible dog, moreover; instead of dying of grief and hunger, as some foolish dogs have done, he always sets off for an hour every evening to cater for his support, and then returns to pass the night on the spot. I went up to him, and when within two yards, he thought proper to show his teeth, and snarl most dogmatically; I may, therefore, in addition to his other qualities, state that he was an ill-natured dog. How far the report was correct, I cannot vouch; but I watched him three or four days, and always found him at his post; and after such strict investigation, had I asserted ten years instead of four, I have a prescriptive right, as a traveller, to be believed.

It is singular that it is only in England that you can find dogs, properly so called; abroad they have nothing but curs. I do not know any thing more puzzling than the genealogy of the animals you meet with under the denomination of dogs in most of the capitals of Europe. I am almost tempted to assert, that you may judge of the morality of a capital from the degeneracy of the dogs. I have often, at Paris, attempted to make out a descent, but found it impossible. Even the late Sir G. Naylor, with all the herald's office, even for double fees, could not manage to decipher escutcheons obliterated by so many crosses.

I am very partial to dogs, and one of my amusements when abroad, is to watch their meetings with each other; they appear to me to do every thing but speak. Indeed, a constant and acute observer will distinguish in dogs all the passions, virtues, and vices of men; and it is generally the case, that those of the purest race have the nobler qualifications. You will find devotion, courage, generosity, good temper, sagacity, and forbearance; but these virtues, with little alloy, are only to be found in the pure breeds. In a cur it is quite a lottery; he is a most heterogeneous compound of virtue and vice, and sometimes the amalgamation is truly ludicrous. Notwithstanding which, a little scrutiny of his countenance and his motions, will soon enable you to form a very fair estimate of his general character and disposition.

One of the most remarkable qualities in dogs is the fidelity of their attachments; and the more so, as their attachments are very often without any warrantable cause. For no reason that can be assigned, they will take a partiality to people or animals, which becomes so dominant, that their existence seems to depend upon its not being interfered with. I had an instance of this kind, and the parties are all living. I put up at a lively stable in town, a pair of young ponies, for an hour or two. On my taking them out again, the phaeton was followed by a large coach dog, about two years old, a fine grown animal, but not marked, and in very poor condition. He followed us into the country; but having my establishment of dogs, (taxes taken into consideration,) I ordered

him to be shut out. He would not leave the iron gates, and when they were opened, in he bolted, and hastening to the stables, found out the ponies, and was not to be dislodged from under the manger without a determined resistance. This alternate bolting in and bolting out continued for many days; finding that I could not get rid of him, I sent him away forty miles in the country; but he returned the next day, expressing the most extravagant joy at the sight of the ponies, who, strange to say, were equally pleased, allowing him to put his paws upon them, and bark in their faces. But although the ponies were partial to the dog, I was not; and aware that a voyage is a great specific for curing improper attachments, I sent the dog down the river in a barge, requesting the men to land him where they were bound, on the other side of the Medway; but in three days the dog again made his appearance, the picture of famine and misery. Even the coachman's heart was melted, and the rights and privileges of his favourite snow-white terrier were forgotten. It was therefore agreed, in a cabinet council held in the harness room, that we must make the best of it; and, as the dog would not leave the ponies, the best thing we could do, was to put a little flesh on his bones, and make him look respectable. We therefore victualled him that day, and put him on our books with the purser's name of Pompey. Now the dog proved that sudden as was his attachment to the ponies, it was of the strongest quality. He never would and never has since left these animals. If turned out in the fields, he remains out with them, night as well as day, taking up his station as near as possible half way between the two, and only coming home to get his dinner. No stranger can enter their stables with impunity, for he is very powerful, and on such occasions very savage. A year or two after his domiciliation, I sold the ponies, and the parties who purchased were equally anxious at first to get rid of the dog; but their attempts, like mine, were unavailing, and like me, they at last became reconciled to him. On my return from abroad, I repurchased them, and Pompey, of course, was included in the purchase.

We are none of us perfect—and Pompey had one vice; but the cause of the vice almost changed it into a virtue. He had not a correct feeling relative to *meum* and *tuum*, but still he did not altogether steal for himself, but for his friends as well. Many have witnessed the fact of the dog stealing a loaf, or part of one, taking it into the stables, and dividing it into three portions, one for each pony and the other for himself. I recollect his once walking off with a round of beef, weighing seventeen or eighteen pounds, and taking it to the ponies in the field—they smelt at it, but declined joining him in his repast. By the by, to prove that lost things will turn up some day or another, there was a silver skewer in the beef, which was not recovered until two years afterwards, when it was turned up by the second ploughing. One day as the ponies were in the field where I was watching some men at work, I heard them narrating to a stranger the wonderful feats of this dog, for I have related but a small portion. The dog was lying by the ponies as usual, when the servant's dinner bell rang, and off went Pompey immediately at a hard gallop to the house to get his food. "Well, dang it, but he is a queer dog," observed the man, "for now he's running as fast as he can, to answer the bell."

CHAPTER XI.

May 23d.

With all the errors of the catholic religion, it certainly appears to me that its professors extend towards those who are in the bosom of their own church a greater share than most other sects, of the true spirit of every religion—charity. The people of the Low Countries are

the most bigoted catholics at present existing, and in no one country is there so much private as well as public charity. It is, however, to private charity that I refer. In England there is certainly much to be offered in extenuation, as charity is extorted by law to the uttermost farthing. The baneful effects of the poor laws have been to break the links which bound together the upper and lower classes, produced by protection and good will in the former, and in the latter, respect and gratitude. Charity by act of parliament has dissolved the social compact—the rich man grumbles when he pays down the forced contribution—while the poor man walks into the vestry with an insolent demeanour, and claims relief, not as a favour but as a right. The poor laws have in themselves the essence of revolution, for if you once establish the right of the poor man to any portion of the property of the rich, you admit a precedent so far dangerous, that the poor may eventually decide for themselves what portion it may be that they may be pleased to take, and this becomes the more dangerous, as it must be remembered, that the effect of the poor law is *repulsion* between the two classes, from the one giving unwillingly, and the other receiving unthankfully. How the new poor law bill will work, remains to be proved; but if we may judge from the master-piece of the whigs, the reform bill, from which so much was expected, and so little has been obtained, I do not anticipate any good result from any measure brought forward by such incapable bunglers. But to return.

That the catholic laity are more charitable is not a matter of surprise, as they are not subjected to forced contributions; but it appears to me that the catholic clergy are much more careful and kind to their flocks than our own. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, when even now the majority of our clergymen are non-residents, expending the major part of the church revenue out of the parish, leaving to the curate, who performs the duty, a stipend which renders it impossible for him to exercise that part of his Christian duty to any extent—for charity begins at home, and his means will not allow him to proceed much farther.

But the public charitable institutions abroad are much better conducted than those of England, where almost every thing is made a job by hypocrites, who work their way into these establishments for their own advantage. It is incredible the number of poor people who are effectually relieved on the continent in the course of the year, at an expense which would not meet the weekly disbursements of a large parish in England. But then how much more judicious is the system! I know for a fact, that in the county where I reside, and in which the hard-working labourer, earning his twelve shillings a week, is quite satisfied if he can find sufficient bread for his family, (not tasting meat, perhaps, ten times during the whole year,) that those who were idlers, supported by charity, were supplied with meat three or four times a week; nay, even the felons and prisoners in the county jail were better fed than was the industrious working-man. And this is what in England is called charity. It is base injustice to the meritorious. But most of the charitable institutions in England are, from mal-administration, and pseudo-philanthropy, nothing more than establishments holding out premiums for vice. I should like to be despotic in England for only one year! !

Among the institutions founded by catholics, and particularly deserving of imitation, that of the *Sœurs de la Charité* appears to be the most valuable. It is an institution, which, like mercy, is twice blessed, it blesses those who give, and those who receive. Those who give, because many hundreds of females, who would otherwise be thrown upon the world, thus find an asylum, and become useful and valuable members to society. They take no vows—they only conform to the rules of the sisterhood during the time that they remain in it, and if

truths the fullest acquiescence, there are yet but few who give any thing better than an unreasoning assent, and without knowledge, so that an un-instructive and even blighting result is occasioned, such as words without meaning will always lead to. The form in which those books, intended to teach the science popularly, are written, is blamed by our author, as tending to augment the difficulties necessarily belonging to the nature of the subject; the results being stated, without any notice of the means by which these are arrived at; without any application or teaching of that analogical style of reasoning, by which great things may be judged of accurately by comparison with small. This defect is here in some measure amended, so that for the young, as well as for all on whose parts this sort of study has unexampled attractions, a convenient key is presented, wherewith the reader may learn much of the science of astronomy for himself, in the direct contemplation of what he observes around him. To be sure, it is not every one that can guide and keep up his observations like our author; but when, as here, the method and habit has been pointed out, great facilities are possessed, beyond what the teacher himself had before him, besides a highly interesting example of how a vigorous, inquisitive, and original, capacity proceeded to work.

As we do not purpose doing more than to cull a few specimens of the author's manner and matter, without regard to a continuous or connected account of the volume, we shall first of all copy the heads of the sections as detailed in an analysis of the contents, whereby our readers may judge of the scope and compass of the work, as well as of its spirit and minute execution. The sections run thus; Inducements to the Study of the Heavens;—Necessity and Advantage of the Study of the Heavens; Nature of the Knowledge of the Heavens; Apparent Diurnal Motion of the Heavens;—Stability of the Heavens;—Gravitation and Motion;—Particulars of an Elliptic Orbit; Apparent Place, Magnitude, Distance, and Motion;—Distances, Magnitudes, and Masses of the Heavenly Bodies;—and lastly, System of the Heavens. On the Advantages and Necessity of the Study of the Heavens, we have the following information, and though by no means novel in matter, it is singularly plain and pleasing in manner.

"Time is one of the most important of all considerations to every man, whatever may be his condition in life; and, other than what we derive from the knowledge of the heavens, we have no natural standard of time, and could not, with certainty, keep our appointments, or transact even the most ordinary business with any thing like advantage to ourselves or satisfaction to others. It is true that, in the present improved state of the arts, we have mechanical clocks and watches, which keep more uniform time, for short periods, than that which we obtain from observation of the heavenly bodies; but even these are, in a great measure, results of our knowledge of the laws of celestial motion, and we have no standard, except the heavenly bodies, by which to ascertain whether our mechanical time keepers keep true time or not. For longer periods of time, a knowledge of the motions of the heavenly bodies is absolutely necessary; and it was not till after the science of the heavens had made very considerable progress, that the length of the year, or

time of the earth's annual revolution round the sun, and the length of the day, or time of the earth's rotation on its axis, could be accurately compared with each other. The appearances of the moon, during its revolution round the earth, are so varied, and those nights during which the moon shines are so cheering to persons who have occasion to be abroad, as compared with nights on which there is no moonlight, that the moon early attracted the attention of mankind, and there are nations who still keep time by moons. But as the time of the moon's revolution round the earth is not any even part of that of the earth's revolution round the sun, and as this again does not contain an exact number of rotations of the earth upon its axis, those three methods of counting time cannot be made to agree with each other without a very intimate knowledge of the celestial motions.

"But, independently altogether of those variations in the positions of the sun and moon which are the consequences of those three motions, there are appearances on the surface of the earth itself, which are produced, each by one of these motions; and thus, no one of the motions as a standard of time, will answer for the whole. The day, which is occasioned by the rotation of the earth on its axis, is the most striking of all these phenomena; because, throughout the whole earth at some times, and over the greater part of it at all times, one portion of the day is light, and the other portion dark. The month, which, though different in our calendar, in which the three motions are, as much as possible, adapted to each other, was originally the same as a lunation, or a revolution of the moon round the earth. The tides of the ocean, though they vary, at different seasons and from other causes, yet depend chiefly upon the moon; and to people inhabiting the shores of the sea and the estuaries of tidal rivers, it is often of great consequence to know the times of high and low water long before they occur. The year is determined by the revolution of the earth round the sun; and to all people, and more especially to people who cultivate the ground, a knowledge of the seasons, or times of the growth, maturity, decay, and death of those plants which are cultivated for the use of man, is of the utmost importance; because the cultivator must provide for the general character of every season before it comes, or else his cultivation will be to little purpose.

"Now, in order to adjust the days, months, and years to each other, so that we may be enabled to employ our time to the best advantage, and have from the abundance of the season of growth a sufficient supply for that season at which the earth yields nothing, requires a very intimate knowledge of the motions of the heavenly bodies. No doubt, it is the motions of the earth of which the knowledge is necessary; but those motions are not discoverable, at first hand, any more than people who are below deck in a ship, can know the rate at which that ship makes way through the water. They are discoverable only by the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies, which are (in the case of bodies remaining stationary) at the same rate at which the earth moves, but in the opposite direction. If, however, the body from which the motion is to be determined, has a motion of its own, the rate and direction of that must be known and allowed for, in order to get at the true rate at which the earth moves."—pp. 17—19.

The author after noticing other facts regarding the admeasurement of time, amongst other things, observes that the question of time, simple as it may appear, is one which requires the most intimate knowledge of the heavens before it can be determined with accuracy; and that it is also only by means of a knowledge of the heavens that mankind have arrived at any thing like satisfactory knowledge of the shape and bounds

Saint Brandon, it appears, was a reading man, and amused himself with voyages and travels, but St. Brandon was an unbeliever, and thought that travellers told strange things. He took up the Zoology of Pliny, and pursued his account of "antres vast, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." He read until his patience was exhausted, and in a fit of anger, he threw the manuscript into the flames. Now this was a heavy sin, for a man's book is the bantling of his brain, and to say the least, it was a literary infanticide. That very night, an angel appeared to him, and as a penance for his foul crime, (in the enormity of which every author will agree with the angel,) he was enjoined to *make the book over again*, no easy task in those days, when manuscripts were rare, and the art of book-making had not been invented. The sinner, in obedience to the heavenly mission, goes to work, he charts a vessel, lays in provisions for a seven years' voyage, and with a crew of seven monks, he makes sail, and after going round the world seven times, during which the world went round the sun seven times, he completed his task in seven volumes folio, which are now out of print. Probably, being in manuscript, he took it up to heaven with him as a passport into paradise. For this miracle—and certainly with such a ship's company, it was a miracle—he was canonised, and is now the patron saint of all prose authors, particularly those whose works are measured by the foot rule.

And now that I have made known to my fraternity that we also have a saint, all that they have to do, is to call upon him six or seven times, when their brains are at sixes and sevens. I opine that holy St. Brandon amused himself with hazard during his voyages, for it is quite clear that, with him, *seven's the main*.

May 26th.

Quitted Brussels. I don't know how it is, but I never have been able to get over a very unpleasant sort of feeling, when paying a long bill.

(To be continued.)

From the London Examiner.

*Rosamund Gray: * Recollections of Christ's Hospital, &c.*
By Charles Lamb. Moxon.

This volume may take its place, with every other by the same writer, among the best productions of the best age of English literature. Mr. Lamb's audience hitherto has been few, though not unworthy, but it is now widely extending. He is gathering in at last the public honours he has so long deserved, and from which the very simplicity and apprehensiveness of his genius have been instrumental in withholding him. He has now in a double sense ended his mortal days. The world may congratulate itself upon a gain. It is for those only who enjoyed Mr. Lamb's private friendship to deplore a loss which no chance or time can ever adequately restore.

Besides the matters mentioned in the title, this volume contains some of the most masterly essays of the author—those on the tragedies of Shakspeare and the genius of Hogarth—with all the inimitable things that were published some years ago in Mr. Leigh Hunt's *Reflector*—and the memorable farce of Mr. H—, on the morning of whose performance the sun, according to all accounts, shone so brightly, but which came to an untimely end for its witty tricks, and for want of a better name to pass them off. "Mr. H—, thou wert damned!"

The story of *Rosamund Gray* is a masterpiece of delicacy and pathos. We cannot conceive of any thing, more beautiful, more simple, or more touching. We have read it here for the fiftieth time, with the same effect that it had upon us when we read it first. Its quaint-

ness is exquisite simplicity, its abruptness the most perfect nature, its wanderings of manner delightful in the extreme, and all happily characteristic. The author is in immediate contact with his reader, and writes as if there were no critics in the world to come between. The moral of *Rosamund Gray* is a piece of true sublimity. Nature was never so vindicated in the midst of her most awful and heart-rending sorrows.

Rosamund, a young, and lovely, and artless girl, mild-eyed and with a voice of music, a perfect picture of affectionate innocence and unconscious depth of feeling—is loved by, and loves, Allan Clare. He is worthy of her, and he has a sister worthy of her too,—a creature divinely good. Rosamund lives with her blind old grandmother Margaret, who had brought her up from childhood. One night, for the first and last time, she disobeys old Margaret, and steals out of the cottage, that she may retrace, in view of the warm clear moon, the scenes she had gone over during the day in her first walk with the sister of Allan Clare. Her sensations had become vivid, in her little chamber, even to painfulness, and her bosom ached to give them vent:—

"The village clock struck ten!—the neighbours ceased to pass under the window. Rosamund, stealing down stairs, fastened the latch behind her, and left the cottage. One, that knew her, met her, and observed her with some surprise. Another recollects having wished her a good night. Rosamund never returned to the cottage. An old man, that lay sick in a small house adjoining to Margaret's, testified the next morning, that he had plainly heard the old creature calling for her granddaughter. All the night long she made her moan, and ceased not to call upon the name of Rosamund. But no Rosamund was there—the voice died away, but not till near day-break. When the neighbours came to search in the morning, Margaret was missing! She had straggled out of bed, and made her way into Rosamund's room—worn out with fatigue and fright, when she found the girl not there, she had laid herself down to die."

It was a dreadful night! The villain Matravis, a young man with *gray* deliberation, who had long been watching his opportunity, met Rosamund:—

"Late at night he met her, a lonely, unprotected virgin—no friend at hand—no place near of refuge. Rosamund Gray, my soul is exceeding sorrowful for thee—I loathe to tell the hateful circumstances of thy wrongs. Night and silence were the only witnesses of this young maid's disgrace—Matravis fled. Rosamund, polluted and disgraced, wandered, an abandoned thing, about the fields and meadows till day-break. Not caring to return to the cottage, she sat herself down before the gate of Miss Clare's house—in a stupor of grief. Elinor was just rising, and had opened the windows of her chamber, when she perceived her desolate young friend. She ran to embrace her—she brought her into the house—she kissed her—she spake to her; but Rosamund could not speak. Tidings came from the cottage. Margaret's death was an event which could not be kept concealed from Rosamund. When the sweet maid heard of it, she languished, and fell sick—she never held up her head after that time. If Rosamund had been a sister, she could not have been kinder treated, than by her two friends. Allan had prospects in life—might, in time, have married into any of the first families in Hertfordshire—but Rosamund Gray, humbled though she was, had yet a charm for him—and he would have been content to share his fortune with her yet, if Rosamund would have lived to be his companion. But this was not to be—and the girl soon after died. She expired in the arms of Elinor—quiet, gentle, as she lived—thankful that she did not die among strangers—and expressing by signs rather than words, a gratitude for the most trifling services, the common offices of humanity. She died uncomplaining; and this young maid, this untaught Rosa-

* Rosamund Gray is now republishing in Waldie's Library.

mund, might have given a lesson to the grave philosopher in death."

Is the effect of Richardson's famous novel equal to this? Do the eight volumes of dear Clarissa's sufferings express a deeper agony? The wonderful refinement of sentiment and trembling delicacy of pathos with which the story is conducted, through many years after this, to its close, have no equal, that we are acquainted with, in any prose writer whatever.

We hope that the spirited publisher of this volume will meet with sufficient encouragement to enable him to present to the world a complete and uniform edition of the works of Mr. Lamb. What a delightful issue of monthly volumes they would make!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SISTER'S GRAVE.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

I had a little sister once,
And she was wondrous fair;
Like twined links of the yellow gold
Was the waving of her hair.

Her face was like a day in June,
When all is sweet and still,
And the shadows of the summer clouds
Creep softly o'er the hill.

O, my sister's voice—I hear it yet,
It comes upon mine ear,
Like the singing of a joyous bird,
When the summer months are near.

Sometimes the notes would rise at eve,
So fairy-like and wild,
My mother thought a spirit sang,
And not the gentle child.

But then we heard the little feet
Come dancing to the door,
And met the gaze of brighter eyes
Than ever spirit wore.

And she would enter full of glee,
Her long fair tresses bound
With a garland of the simple flowers
By mountain streamlets found.

She never bore the garden's pride,
The red rose, on her breast;
Our own sweet wild-flower ever loved
The other wild-flowers best.

Like them she seemed to cause no toil,
To give no pain or care,
But to bask and bloom on a lonely spot
In the warm and sunny air.

And oh! like them, as they come in Spring,
And with Summer's fate decay,
She passed with the sun's last parting smile,
From life's rough path away.

And when she died—'neath an old oak tree
My sister's grave was made;
For, when on earth, she used to love
Its dark and pensive shade.

And every spring in that old tree
The song-birds build their nests,
And wild-flowers blow on the soft green turf
Where my dead sister rests:

And the children of our village say
That on my sister's tomb
The wild-flowers are the last that fade,
And the first that ever bloom.

There is no stone raised there to tell
My sister's name and age,
For that dear name in every heart
Is carved on memory's page.

We miss her in the hour of joy,
For when all hearts were light,
There was no step so gay as hers,
No eyes so glad and bright.

We miss her in the hour of wo,
For then she tried to cheer,
And the soothing words of the pious child
Could dry the mourner's tear.

Even when she erred, we could not chide,
For though the fault was small,
She always mourned so much—and sued
For pardon from us all.

She was too pure for earthly love—
Strength to our hearts was given,
And we yielded her in her childhood's light,
To a brighter home in Heaven.

A

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DEPARTURE AND RETURN.

A TALE OF FACTS.

When I entered the churchyard it was i morning—a morning one of the serenest sweetest of the season; summer had robe earth in luxuriant beauty: save a few fleecy clouds, far on the ethereal depths, the whole of the sky was blue and beautiful; and with a silent rejoicing, seemed to bask in warmth of the genial sun. All around was quail, the hum of busy life was hushed, and inanimate nature seemed to feel and own the sense of the Sabbath. The murmur of the stream came on the ear like "a tender lapping," and the lark that sprung from the tufted grass by my feet, caroling fitfully as it fluttered and soared, appeared in the ear of imagination to chime its wild lyric notes to something of a sad melody.

As I stood looking at the old church, the magic in the remembrances connected with it. The whole structure appeared less than it had done to the eye of boyhood, and scarcely could I make myself believe that it was the same; but proof of its identity, there was the self-same tower from which a school-fellow and myself had loined a green linnet's nest, still keeping its tortured roots steadily fastened in the crevice of the mouldering stones on the abutment of the ivied tower. While casting my eyes up the steeple, which still from its narrow iron red lattices looked forth in grayness, the ringing of the bell commenced, and its sonorous ding-dong resounded through the air, like the voice of a guardian spirit watching over the steps of the old temple. I sauntered a few steps from the walls, and some urchins, dressed out "in their Sunday's best," all neatly were wandering amid the mossy tombs picking king-cups and daisies. The oldest child in her arms, seemingly a little sister, was spelling out the inscription on one square pillar.

So unperceived is the lapse of time, and so gradual the change of circumstances, that it is only by contrast we come to perceive the startling alterations which years have produced. When last I had stood in that calm field of graves, I was a youth, with hopes buoyant as a spring morning, and full of that animation and romantic delight which cares only to look on the sunny side of things. Nature was then as a magnificent picture; the affections of the heart a dream of love. When attendant on memory we travel through the past, how often do we stumble on green spots and sunny knolls—on scenes and on persons which endeared life, which awaken “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,” and pleasant remembrances of what hath been, never to be again,—too pleasant to be pondered on, except on a bright holiday. As I leant my elbow on an old moss-greened tombstone, I gazed on the country around—I knew it all—it was the same, and unchanged; but the feelings with which I had once viewed it were withered for ever!

It was in my nineteenth year when I left home, and at that age life has not lost its romantic interest, nor earth its fairy hues. The serious occupations of life had been hardly commenced; but trifles were allowed instead to assume undue importance. Yet what events may spring from veriest trifles—trifles seemingly unworthy remembrance, far less record. Nevertheless, such influenced my fate—changed all my views—and gave the colour to my future destiny.

Reader—I was then in love. If you have never been so, put aside this brief narrative, until that consummation happens to you, for it will appear unnatural and overstrained. If you have been, or are, I throw myself on your tender mercies.

Catherine Wylie, before she left home to spend a few days with a relation a mile or two distant, had given me a promise to return on a particular evening—the Friday evening—at a particular hour, and I was to be in waiting as her escort. The days passed over, and the evening came.

The clock had just struck six; it was summer time, the middle of a delicious June, and, shutting my book, I was proceeding to the door, when lo! it opened, and in bounced my thoughtless friend, Frank Lumsden.

“I am just come over to spend an hour with you,” he said, tapping me on the shoulder; “or what say you to a stroll on this fine evening? They say a Danish vessel has come into our little harbour to-day. Let us go down, and have a look of it.”

What could I do—what could I say? Love is bashful as it is secret; and the tongue of a lover fails when most required. It would have been rudeness to have shaken him off; and had I plead out of doors engagement, ten to one he would have proposed accompanying me. Frank was a general acquaintance.

Out we went; there was no help for it. I was angry with myself and him. The evening passed over; every minute seemed an hour. I cursed the Danish vessel, and all that it concerned. Frank stuck to me like an evil conscience; and not till an hour after all hopes of seeing Miss Wylie had

expired, did he leave me to myself, to chew the cud of my bitter thoughts.

The next noon I called in the expectation that some chance might have been afforded me to plead my apology, and to express at once my regret and disappointment. I only saw Mrs. Wylie; Catherine was indisposed. For several successive days I made enquiries. She was better, but had not left her room—she was now nearly quite well—she was out at a short walk;—Catherine was invisible. What could this mean? Offence, if offence had been given by me, was involuntary. Faulty or not, why condemn me without affording opportunity either of a hearing or an explanation?

At that period, all the passions of youth burned hotly in my heart, and all within was in a tumult. By fits I was sorrowful and angry—jealous—doting—implacable—forgiving; “every thing by turns, and nothing long,” except in the ardour of an affection which I railed against, but could not cast from me.

Previous to this, I had been urged by my friends to accept of a lucrative mercantile situation in Demerara; but this offer, although not positively refused, I had kept in abeyance solely on account of my reluctance to leave all in the world that was then held dear by me. In the delirium of my thoughts I imagined that this bar was now removed; and that not only had I a right to go where I pleased, but that I was ready at a moment’s warning to do so. She shuns me; she despises me;—at all events she condemns me unheard; she wishes to get rid of me; her affections may have been alienated to another; I shall not distress her; she shall soon be rid of my presence.

But perhaps I had procrastinated too long. Was the situation still open? I wrote on the instant to my friend at Liverpool. By return, an answer came; summoning me to be ready with all speed, as the vessel was ready for sailing, and that he had secured my passage. In two days I was off on my journey. Headstrong and impetuous, I had not time—I gave myself not time—to reflect on my conduct. The steps I had taken were irretrievable.

Did Miss Wylie know my motions? I had every reason to believe that she did not; and I even triumphed in the supposition (may Heaven forgive me!) that she would feel the cruelty of her conduct to me, and suffer for it—oh, not suffer—that is too strong a word—but be sorry for it when too late.

The morrow was my starting time. I was to leave my native land, and all I loved in the world, in search of uncertain gains. My mind was dissatisfied and dark, and I could have wished for death, were it for no other reason than that my bones should rest in the same churchyard with those of my family and forefathers. The love of country may be much stronger in some bosoms than in others; but if the latent glow is at any time to be called forth, it must be when a man is leaving it for a dim and indefinite period—perhaps with little prospect of return.

At morning the carriage, with trunks laced on top and front, rattled to the door. We drove off;

passed through the well known streets, like people who are hurrying to a scene of gaiety; and before I had recovered enough from my reverie to be altogether conscious of what was passing, we were several miles from my native place—from the home of Catherine Wylie. I remember, even in the midst of my hardy bravery, being more than once overcome with the softnesses of humanity, and starting up to the windows of the chaise, to cast a last, and yet another last look backwards. The young day was serene and beautiful; the birds were singing in the fields, and the wayside traveller whistling in vacant joyfulness of heart. The town was still visible, as it lay on the side of a gentle hill. The blue smoke from a hundred happy hearths was ascending up through the quiet morning air, and the weathercock on the town-house steeple glittered brightly in the sunshine.

Thirty years!—what a chasm in human life—thirty years passed over my head in a foreign land, as, changed in form and mind, I set my foot on the native soil to which I felt I had almost grown an alien. The high-hearted passionate stripling had become transformed into the sallow valetudinarian, the almost penniless youth into the man of substance. On the morning after my arrival, as I thought of my early years, I looked at my face in the mirror, and could not help heaving a sigh over the ravages of time.

Need I say that few, very few of my early friends remained to bid me welcome back? The scythe of time had made dreadful havoc. The old had passed away “like a tale that is told;” the mature, such as remained of them, were gray-headed, and bending under the weight of years. Boys were transformed into the thoughtful fathers of families, and jocund thoughtlessness had given place to the furrowing lines of care. Around me was a generation, which, mushroom-like, had sprung up in my absence, and more than once I mistook the children for their parents—pictured in my remembrance as if they had been destined never to grow old. The parents of Miss Wylie—the mistress of my heart in its heyday—were long since dead; and she gone, many, many years ago, none knew whither.

I now almost repented me that I had returned home. Much better had it been had I lingered on and on, thinking that many old acquaintances might await me there, if ever I determined to bend my way thitherwards—much better had it been to have indulged in this pleasing reverie of hope—to have died in it—than to have the dreadful certainty exposed to me of all my deprivations—the careless misery of being left alone in the world.

From having passed my time in the bustle of commercial speculations, the monotony of the country, uncheered by cordial sociality, was insupportable; and I thought that things would go better on if I placed myself, even though but as a spectator, amid the thoroughfares of life. In such a hope I removed to Liverpool.

In a few days one of the clergymen called on me. He was a frank, free and easy, good natured sort of a person, and we became rather intimate after a short acquaintance. Being a bachelor, and unencumbered with family matters, he not un-

quently did me the honour of stepping in to share with me my sometimes solitary meal, and to enliven it by his pleasant conversation. Nor was the smack of my port disagreeable to his palate, if I may credit his repeated confessional.

We had been for some time in the habit of taking a forenoon saunter together, in the course of which he took me to different places of public resort. I remember his one day saying to me, “if you have no objections, we will now visit a scene not less gratifying, though far less ostentatious, than any we have hitherto paid our devoirs to. It is an orphan school, taught without fee or reward, by an old widowed lady.”

He led me to one of the oldest and most obscure parts of the town, where the buildings seemed congregated together in direct opposition to all regularity or order—a confused and huddled mass, where squalor and poverty showed but too many signs of their presiding dominion.

Proceeding down one of those lanes, we came to a low-browed doorway, and he entered without the ceremony of tapping. There were three windows in the apartment, but from the narrowness of the lanes on either side, the light was so much obscured, that a degree of indistinctness seemed permanently thrown over all the objects within. In a few seconds, however, the vision adapted itself to the place, which insensibly brightened up, and discovered to us some thirty or forty little urchins, all poorly but cleanly habited, arranged on wooden benches—the girls on the one side, and the boys on the other. The governant had risen from her chair on our entrance.

While my reverend friend was addressing her—this recluse from the world, who had devoted her life to the sole purpose of doing good—an indescribable emotion awoke within me. The remembrance of—I knew not what—flashed across my memory. She was a lady-looking person, somewhere on the worst side of fifty, rather tall and thin. We stopped for a little, while she explained to my friend some alterations and arrangements she had been recently making in her teaching-room. After which we heard two or three of her pupils con over their lessons, and repeat a hymn, and making our bows, wished her a good morning.

“What is that lady’s name?” I asked. “Does she belong to this town?”

“I believe not,” was the reply. “But she has been for a long time here,—some fifteen or twenty years, I dare say. I do not know much of her history; but she is the widow of a Captain Smith—a West India captain. Her own name, I believe, was Wylie, or some such thing.”

I could have sunk into the ground. “Wylie did you say?”

“Yes, Wylie, I am sure that is the name. Perhaps you overheard her invitation for my dining at their house to-morrow. They are most excellent people, and I am on the most easy terms with them. As you seem interested, do accompany me—and I will vouch for your receiving a hearty and sincere welcome.

The drawing-room into which we were ushered was large, and although smacking somewhat of the fashion of years gone by, yet not without pretension to elegance. Mrs. Smith, our hostess, received us with much cordiality, and introduced us to two or three female friends, who were to make up our party.

The window, near which my chair was placed, looked into a very pretty flower garden, and I was making some passing compliment on the manner in which it was laid out, when the same indefinable sympathy between the lady's voice and something relating to the past, again obtruded itself. I gazed at her more attentively, when opportunity offered; and as she chanced to be seated with respect to me so that her profile was exhibited, revolved a thousand circumstances in my mind, which, however, like the windings of the Cretan labyrinth, led to nothing, and left me in doubt. And yet her name could be Wylie! Strange coincidence. But she of yore had fair hair, this had dark. To dream of their identity were a thing impossible.

In a few minutes, the door opening, a tall spare figure entered, whom my reverend friend introduced to me as Mrs. Smith's cousin.

"Miss Catherine Wylie—my friend, Mr. —."

I shall not attempt to describe my emotions. The whole truth stood in a twinkling revealed before my mind's eye. Thirty long years were annihilated—and the day of my departure from my native country, "all things pertaining to that day,"—its hopes—its fears—its regrets—its feelings were in my mind; and, prominent over all, the image of Catherine Wylie, the wayward, the young, the beautiful. I glanced across the room—I looked on that picture and on this—there could be no mistake—"alike, but oh how different!" What a change! could so much lie within the narrow compass of human life? It were less had she been dead—vanished for ever. Then would she have been Catherine Wylie still, the peerless in the eye of imagination; but here gloomy reality put an extinguisher on fancy. The spring's opening rose of beauty had matured only to wither like the commonest weeds around, and to droop beneath the unsparing blasts of age's approaching winter. The vision of long years was disenchanting. The romance of life had waned away into the cold and frigid truth; and my heart bled to behold its long cherished idol moulded of the same perishable elements as the daily groups around. She was plainly dressed. Care and thought and the ravages of time were visible on her countenance, that yet, in eclipse, betrayed of what it had been, as the western sky retains the illumined footprints of the departed sun. She was looking wistfully into the fire, as she leaned her cheek on her thin pale fingers, one of which was circled by a mourning ring.

Dinner passed over, but no symptoms of recognition on her part were perceptible. I had contrived to place myself by her side; yet I dared scarcely trust myself to enter into conversation with her. Her cousin—our hostess, Mrs. Smith—I identified with a young lady whom I had seen at her aunt's house in the days of yore, and who was an especial friend of Catherine. General

topics were discussed—more especially those of a serious and sedate nature—but I could take no share in either eliciting or keeping up the flow of thought. My heart was full of unutterable things; and often, in spite of every repressing effort, an unmanly tear would gather itself in the corner of my eye. Happily all this was unperceived, and my absence of manner excited no attention. Here were the long sundered fortuitously brought together, after seas had rolled between us for more than a quarter of a century!—and yet it seemed as if we had never met before.

Having on our walk home been informed by my reverend friend that our hostess was regular in her forenoon attendance on the labours of love amid which we had formerly found her engrossed, I thought I might sinlessly, and without breach of friendship, make a visit next forenoon. I did so—and found Catherine at home.

She had not the least suspicion of me. I tried her on various topics, and occasionally verged very near the truth. But how could it be? She was a girl when last we parted. Through a long sequence of years, in which she had seen all the world changing, she had heard nothing of me, and the chances were as one to five hundred that I could yet be alive.

"You mentioned Darling-port, Miss Wylie," said I; "are you acquainted with any of the families there?"

"Oh yes," she answered—"or rather, I should say, I once was. Indeed it is twenty years since last I had foot on its streets. Our burying place, however, is there, and I must pay it yet another visit, when I am unconscious of all."

"May it be long till then, Miss Wylie! It is still a longer period since I took up my abode there;—but I lately paid it a visit. Do you know if any of the family of the G——s are still alive?"

She turned pale.

"I scarcely think so. G——, did you say? I knew them well, long, long ago. The two daughters married, and settled with their families in London. James, the youngest son, went to India, when a mere boy. My enquiries have thrown no light upon his destiny since. Richard went out to a mercantile house at Demerara. But that is thirty-two years ago."

"Indeed," said I, almost trembling, as I took a small gold locket from my waistcoat pocket. "Did you ever see that before?"

"Merciful heavens! is it possible?" she exclaimed. "How came that into your possession, and—and who are you? Does Richard — still live; or, dying, did he transmit that remembrancer through you, to be given to her who once owned it?"

"Nay, Catherine," I answered; "look at me. Am I indeed changed so much that you—even you—do not recognise me?"

She started back, half in agitation, and half in alarm, gazing at me for a second or two in breathless silence, then, sinking into a chair, extended to me her hand, which (I trust pardonably) I pressed to my lips. The hour was a melancholy one—but it was an hour of the heart, and worth many years living for. In it the mystery of life

was unriddled, and the paltby nucleus on which its whole machinery may revolve fully disclosed to view.

"I remember well," she said, "the evening you allude to; but you blame me without cause, when you say that I dismissed you, without deigning an explanation. I had been urged by the family whom I was visiting to extend my stay for a few days longer; but no—I held in mind your promise to meet me, and all their entreaties were in vain. Let me add, that I had been that very day told that you were about to be married to another. This I could scarcely lend an ear to; yet it would be prudery in me at this distance of time to deny the effect on my excited feelings.

"When I descended from the carriage at the appointed spot, for I would not allow it to proceed with me nearer home, I gazed anxiously along the road. No one was there; and, as twilight was already deepening, I made what speed I could homewards. I confess it was now only that what I had heard began to make a serious impression on my mind, and from what had happened I felt vexed and agitated. Come what might, in this peevishness of spirit I determined on denying myself to you for a few days, to evidence my displeasure, as well as my doubt. That by this determination I was sorely punishing myself I do not deny; but the resolve was strengthened from my learning, the same night, that you had twice passed my window, leaning on the arm of Frank Lumsden, the brother of your reputed bride.

"What could I think, young and inexperienced—and in a case that precluded me from daring to ask advice, or acquire information? I kept my apartment, feigning illness—ah! not feigning it. The sickness of the heart was mine; more intolerable in the endurance than aught of corporeal suffering. Doubt was with me night and day. It clouded my day dreams—it haunted my nightly pillow. A pocket copy of Milton, which you had the week before presented me with, was my only companion—but I could not peruse it. My sorrows were too entirely selfish to allow my thoughts being alienated from my inward feelings. But in the calm of after years, I have often read it since—there it is," she added, reaching a carefully preserved volume from the mantel piece. "But my doubts and my hopes deferred at length ended in despair. The first thing I heard was, that you had embarked for a foreign country, and I vowed a separation, so far as Christian duties permitted, from the things and thoughts of this world. No one has possessed the place which you, and now I speak of you as a being of the past, once possessed in my affections, and I have striven to keep my vow unbroken before Heaven."

These passages from the story of human life need no comment. He who knows not to control his passions, and bear with the frailties of those around, instead of freeing himself from difficulties and annoyances, will only plunge himself more inextricably into the slough. Behold what "trilles light as air" had an overpowering sway in our destinies, as if they had been "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." But regrets are now vain. Five minutes of explana-

tion would to both have altered the hues of tiny, and saved thirty long years of melan separation.

We lived in calm friendship for two years this meeting, when my poor Catherine was denly called to pay the debt of nature; and was the sorrowful privilege of laying her head the grave. I often visit the spot, and on the name engraved on her simple tomb. Not the time be far distant when my ashes shall laid beside hers, and our spirits meet again another world to part no more.

From the London Metropolis

LOVE IN ADVERSITY.

BY L. M. MONTAGU.

Though the *last* hope we cherished
Is faded and gone,
Yet love, ever faithful
To death, will live on;
And the frowns of the cold world
We fly from, shall be
But as seals to the bond
Of affection to thee.

Though we fly to the desert,
Like Eden's lost pair,
Yet green spots will rise
When thy footsteps are there;
And the waterless sands
Yield their fountains of life
To the cares, the devotion,
The tears of a wife.

Oh! it was not when fortune
And friendship were thine,
Thou couldst judge of a heart
So devoted as mine;
When joy hung its light
On each garland I wove;
Ah! where was the *test*,
Or the *trial* of love?

From the darkness and depth
Of the waters of wo,
Like the pearl that it cradled
In ocean below,
Love rises above
The dark breakers that roll,
To shine as a gem
In the crown of the soul.

Then say not rude fate, love,
Has stript us of all,
Nor lament that I wed thee;—
I would not recall
The vow that I plighted,
For aught 'neath the skies,
The fortune I wedded
Is still in those eyes.

WORTHY OF A BRUMMELL.—"By heavens!" draw out a Brummellite of the first water, who was breakfasting with some friends one morning, "by heavens! dreadfully distressed, unspeakably fatigued, already absolutely exhausted. These mornings are horrid! Why can't we do without mornings? Will you, dear madam," continued he, addressing a young lady who sat next to him, "will you be so obliging as to open that muffin for me? for positively I have no strength; and in the mean time I'll make an effort to flirt with this bit of toast!"

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

THE PRISON INQUEST.

BY THE "CLERGYMAN IN DEBT."

I had always a passion for the survey of external and universal nature. I have been a far traveller; my shadow has deepened among the gloomier shades of the forests of the new world, and I have seen it play at evening, lengthened by the moon, over the snows of an Apennine or an Alp; fire-flies have lighted me along my tropic path, and the mute stars have shone listening on the oars that rowed my gondola over Venetian waters; the sunny vineyards of Italy—the fair fields of France—the bright radiance of the sparkling sands in the Arabian desert—the brighter pomp of the Indian city—the faded glories of the Alhambra—and the embrowned richness of the Spanish grove—on all these have I feasted my sight and soul, gathering up the living beauties of one landscape and the everlasting wonders of another, as food and manna for the worship and adoration of the God who made them all! In the pursuit of nature in other lands, and in the fond contemplation of "wonders that lead to piety," I fancied, as a young man, that I was laying in a store of proper knowledge for the heart, losing myself rashly, but perhaps pardonably, in the loveliness of the natural world, and forgetting that from my very calling, MAN, in the image of his Maker, should have been my study—not as he is studied by the physician, for his bodily advantage—but in the pulses of his heart—in the promptings of his spirit—in the fiery impetus of his passions—the milder suggestions of his reason—and the busy workings of his brain! that I should watch all in short—not severely, but in all benevolence—for the sake of the salvation of a few!

It is a confession that may not perhaps tell much to my advantage, that this truth first flashed upon me within the walls of a prison—that it was when I had been merged as it were into the pressing difficulties of poverty, and learned "how hard a thing it is to want"—when I had seen man fallen more in credit that humanity—a father wondering how his children should live—a mother dreading lest they should die:—yes, it was when I had seen different ages—different grades—different degrees of poverty, of sorrow, and of shame—that I began for the first time to feel that I should centre and concentrate all my energies in the study of the human mind:

"That vast unbounded thing,
That liveth in no space!
That hath a soul upon its wing!
A glory in its face!"

* * * * *

In a prison! Yes, reader, in a dangerous and detestable prison, I, as a young man, fond of truth—fond of philosophy—fond of religion—gained an insight into the human heart—saw it in its various shades and phases—like a many-coloured glass, that being broken in a thousand pieces, was shaping forth its hues and fashions in the great kaleidoscope of the world!

All prisons are dreadful, but a debtor's prison is the most dreadful of all. There men who have committed no crime are criminals, for their pun-

ishment is the punishment of the dishonest. The poor man sits down by the side of the swindler, and yet both pay to justice the same retribution. Oh, Goldsmith! you who first sent your pious vicar into the heart of a prison where the debtor and the thief mixed in the same circle; where the horse stealer, prating of the "cosmogony of the world," spouted his spurious learning to the parson, who was rich in the revelation of the gospel; you, Johnson, who proposed to hunt from society the harsh despoiler of a peaceful home, and to cover with obloquy the man who prevented another from earning the bread with which his children should be fed; why were not your humane doctrines as extensively practised as they were universally read, and your wisdom followed as much as it was loved?

Well-a-day! but it was in a jail that my poor experience of what man is capable of enduring, both bodily and mentally, has been gained and garnered.

* * * * *

Towards the end of summer, or rather the beginning of autumn, in the last year, I was a prisoner in the king's bench. My incarceration took its rise out of a bill which I had signed for a friend; the amount was considerable; he *had* not paid it; I *could* not; *he* gained time; *I* a prison! Upon me imprisonment would have pressed sadly and severely, but for my occupation; in the field before me the duties of the clergyman overcame the selfishness of the man. *Labor omnia vincit*; and what I had to perform conquered what I had to bear! Sometimes I had to cheer the honest; sometimes to endeavour to reform the unworthy; often to administer consolation to affliction; oftener to reprove the levity of youth; more than once too I waited and watched by the bed of sickness, and registered in my own heart the last prayer of men whose spirits, as I hoped, were fleeing above sorrow and

"Beyond the reach of sin."

Well might I exclaim with Byron,

"Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul tako wing
In any shape—in any mood."

And add to this,

"I've seen it rushing forth in blood;
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swollen convulsive motion."

And then,

"I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin, delirious with its dread."

This, reader, is the worst of all; and this was what I saw, and sorrowed over, in a debtor's jail.

* * * * *

I have said that I had a passion for the study of external nature. It was a bright night, and towards the end of August, that I left my dreary and desolate chamber to imbibe the air of heaven upon the racquet-ground within the walls of the King's Bench. I knew that the leaves had fallen from the trees, although I could not roam upon the paths where they were scattered. Neither woods nor waters, cities nor fields, were before

me or around me, or on either side, but above; yes, *above* me there was a glorious and cloudless heaven, radiant with moonlight and studded with stars, and upon that I could gaze, and wonder, and rejoice; gaze on the great glory of Providence; wonder at the marvellousness of its mystery, and rejoice in those shining emblems of its mercy and its love! I began to speculate, not less upon the promises and marvels which I fancied I saw recorded in the sky, than upon those bright figures and parables in revelation, each in itself as much a beacon to the human spirit as particular stars are signals to the mariner upon the deep! And I am not the only one who has drawn a moral from the stars within a prison's walls—De Berenger watched them in France, through his grated bars.

Ay, and now, reflected I, in the words of the French lyricist,

"And now, what other star is that,
That shoots, and shoots, and disappears?"

Perhaps it is emblematic of some poor fellow who, even to-day, may have been taken from a bright station in society to be thrust into this gloomy jail or perhaps it is indeed a type of death, and "*un mortel expire!*"

It was a quiet autumn night; I had ventured out because I found a greater stillness prevailed than was usual within the walls of the prison; the hour was late, and I must have been perambulating a "weary while" from one end to the other of the racquet-ground and back, when a shooting star called to my mind the fanciful supposition of Berenger's "*un mortel expire.*" "If so be that a mortal dies," said I, musingly, "peace follow him to the grave."

Several times I continued to pace backwards and forwards, dreaming awake, as it were, of death; its fit preparation and its appalling presence. Men often familiarise with the lips a sentence that has struck suddenly upon the mind, and I, as I strode over the prison ground, in thought kept repeating to myself the words which the shooting star had awakened in my memory, "*un mortel expire, un mortel expire.*"

"My husband is dying," cried a woman who had approached me unnoticed and laid her hand upon my arm, "for God's sake come; come and administer to him the last consolations of religion!"

"*Un mortel expire*; there is a man dying," said I, almost mechanically, surprised in the very tenor of my thought; "Heaven save his soul."

"Holy virgin!" exclaimed the woman, "the clergyman is mad, and my poor husband 'll die widout a sacrament!" and she bounded away from me with the speed of despair.

Her words brought me to my senses, and I soon arrested her progress. "Stop, stop," said I, "is your husband really dying?"

"I fear so."

"Is he a catholic?"

"No, no, I am a catholic, but my poor William is a protestant. Och, for God's sake, come and save his soul! come," said she, "come!"

I followed her up two flights of stone steps in one of the front staircases of the King's Bench. The door of her room, as she opened it, creaked

gently upon its hinges, and was answered by a quiet groan.

"Hush," whispered she, as if in addressing the patient she were drowning the noise of the door; "hush, dear William, are ye in pain?"

"No, I'm in no pain now, but I hav'nt long to live; don't cry now, Ellen, you've been always a kind creature to me, and be sure I'll love ye to the last."

"Papa's not well," lisped a child who lay dreaming on the floor in one corner of the apartment. I tapped gently at the door.

"Come in, sir; och, come in for the love of God!" sobbed the distracted wife.

I entered; the husband, exhausted with the few words he had spoken, dozed half insensibly, and I sat myself down by his bed.

"He had better not be disturbed," whispered I.

"No, sir, not now," said the wife; "but the docther 'll be here directly, and afther he's done wid him, ye'd better talk to him, sir. Nothing can save him now."

I continued sitting by the bed; and in the interval which elapsed before the doctor's arrival, I took note of the interior of the room. Like all the apartments of the prison, it was small in its dimensions, about twelve feet square; the walls were green, here and there darkened with a spot of damp; there was no carpet on the floor, and either the fire was extinguished, or the embers were the wreck of some former day's warmth. A rushlight, twisted round with paper, and stuck in a bottle—there was no candlestick—threw a faint sad flicker over the chamber, like a meteor through mist, shedding mingled light and gloom. The bed on which the patient lay was of French make, but its curtains had long been pledged for food; the counterpane was gone too, and the upper sheet, so that the dingy and worn blankets were the invalid's only coverings. In one corner of the room, upon a mattress on the floor, lay two children—a boy and girl; the girl, about eight years of age, slept soundly; the boy, younger by three years, had just awakened, and seeing a stranger in the room, lay with his bright blue eyes fixed upon my figure in a wide inquisitive stare. The eldest daughter of the dying man, a pretty slim girl, some three years older than either of the other children, nursed an infant by the window, while the mother stood near the foot of the invalid's bed, and watched his pale lips as he lay breathing away the last moments of his life.

For about ten minutes after I had sat down by the bed-side, there was a silent stillness in the room. The man continued dozing, and the poor wife, who seemed to fancy that in that short sleep her husband's suffering was lulled, controlled her sobs and tears in her intense anxiety that he should rest peacefully.

A gentle opening of the door, and a repetition of the same slight creak which I before noticed, announced the arrival of the doctor, but the patient did not move. The medical attendant stood as he had entered, and the wife did not change her earnest listening posture; she stood like a frail vessel between the Scylla and Charybdis of human destiny—her own heart vibrating betwixt hope and fear. The patient too dozed in a sort of

doubt, whether he should wake to woo the fair spirit of existence, or sleep on till he became united with the darker angel of death. So pondered the Lord Thomas of the olden ballad between his two brides!

For about two minutes, this sort of awful quiet prevailed in the room; it was interrupted, and the prisoner awakened, by the faint cry of the child whom his eldest daughter was nursing. The patient, who had evidently been dreaming, seeing me as he awoke, suddenly started and enquired, "Are you the man?"

"What man, William, dear? who do you mean?" said the wife, bending over him; "this is our good clergyman, and as you were ill, I thought you might like to talk to him."

"Thank you, Ellen," said the prisoner faintly, "I thought it was you—"

"What, William?" asked the wife gaspingly, as if fearful of what was coming.

"Oh, I must have been dreaming, dear," was the evasive answer. "Ellen, did you not say this gentleman was a clergyman?"

"Yes, and happy if he can afford you consolation in your sad illness," rejoined I.

"Thank you, sir, thank you, I know I must die soon, and I do stand in need of consolation. Oh, that horrid dream!"

The prisoner paused.

"Ellen, dear," resumed he, "I should like to take the sacrament! will you receive it with me?"

"I am a catholic, William," said the wife with a faint smile.

"Ah! I forgot; then, sir, I will take it alone," said he, turning to me; "but, Ellen, bring our childred to my bed-side, and do you sit by me; I would have you all see that I trusted in Christ to the last."

The woman turned away her head; the tears rolled rapidly over her cheeks, and she for a moment hid her face in her handkerchief. Then she bent over the mattress on which her children lay, and the little boy smiled, and asked "What is it, mother?"

The poor woman now uttered a sob, and the girl awoke. She then motioned her to approach with the infant.

The girl advanced. The doctor sat himself in her vacant chair. The prisoner watched me as I opened a small pocket prayer book; moved towards the cupboard for the fragment of bread upon its shelf, poured into a glass some wine which had been sent to him medicinally, and consecrated both in the customary solemn manner.

During this time the mother had taken the infant from her daughter's hands, and laid it by the side of its father. She had placed the young boy kneeling at the foot of the bed, (on it,) and the child, as all children are taught, closed together the palms of his little hands, and held them up towards heaven. The wife herself knelt down by the bed, with one daughter on either side of her, and the doctor raised his hat from his head, and held it over his face. With a tone as solemn as I could command, I commenced the sacred duty which I had to perform, with a short, but earnest exhortation to the dying man. I then

chose from the service a few of those passages which I thought would apply most consolingly. "Godliness is great riches, if a man be content with that he hath: for we brought nothing into the world, neither may we carry any thing out."—1 Tim. vi.

There were one or two sentences which I avoided, fearful of raising in his mind an angry feeling towards those who had imprisoned him. Such as—"Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"—1 St. John. iii.

During the time I went through the service, there was not the slightest interruption; from the unsleeping smiling infant by the sufferer's side, to the agonised mother by his bed, all were mute listeners; and when the sacrament was administered, the prisoner took the bread, and drank of the wine, with the fervent earnestness of a Christian, who put all trust in God, and who hoped to be redeemed by his Son!

When it was all over, he seemed much comforted, but his serenity was suddenly disturbed, and by an incident the most affecting I ever beheld. His little boy, who had remained kneeling with his hands clasped in most lamb-like innocence at the foot of his bed, as if glad to be released from his cramped position, let fall his arms upon the couch, and crawling over to his father, kissed him on the cheek, and asked, "Father, are you going to die?"

The poor man pressed the boy to his bosom, and sobbed out "Yes!"

The effect was electric; the young half-conscious child burst into tears—the mother buried her face in the bed clothes—the younger girl ran to her mattress on the floor, and flung herself upon it in hysteric grief. I found my own fortitude failing, and the doctor, unable to control his emotions, ran out of the room.

I followed hastily, and called him back. "What can you do for him?" said I.

"Nothing! he is dying gradually, and is beyond the reach of medicine. I would help him if I could, but he is *your* patient now, not mine, and such scenes I cannot stand."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when a clap of thunder, the loudest I ever heard in *this* country, burst over the prison, and went roaring round the walls with the strange strong echoes which they return to all loud sounds. A shriek followed, and we both ran back into the room. Wild fulfilment of a fearful destiny! Strange closing of a sad career! The prisoner was in loud, strong, screaming hysterics. The wife snatched the children from the bed, and laid them upon the ground, and they all huddled together upon their mattress, in silent, but deep terror.

"Oh, dear! Oh, mercy! It's all me," cried the woman despairingly, as she hurried to the water jug, for the usual remedy for hysterics.

The doctor held her back—"Water will not do now," said he, "you must let nature take its course."

"Oh, God! oh, God! I fear I have killed my husband. Oh, my poor William!" She turned back to the couch.

Meanwhile some dozen prisoners, men and women, alarmed by the shrieks, had gathered in the room, and now stood round the bed. The thunder without continued rolling over the building, growing more appalling as its echoes grew fainter, and its sounds diminished, until they likened the groaning away of the human spirit. More than one start, and shudder, and scream, did it awaken in the chamber; but none screamed like the dying man. He still remained in convulsive hysterics; his shrieks, shrill and loud at first, seemed to exhaust themselves, growing fainter and fainter, until they died away in a sort of gurgle, which brought the white foam to the sufferer's lips. Then it frothed for a moment, and its bubbles burst and disappeared; and at the same time the pulse stopped in his heart, and the sense left his spirit, and light was extinguished in the prisoner's brain. His wife stood there a lonely widow, while his children were left orphans, to the protection of the Lord.

When the room was cleared of its idle guests, and the poor woman, who had long been prepared for her husband's death, although not for its coming in so awful a form, had in some measure regained her composure, I enquired of her why she had charged herself with being the cause of the prisoner's last strong fit.

"Oh, sir," she replied, "it was very unfortunate, and quite furthest from my heart to think he would have been so strangely affected; but you know, sir, he said he had had a dream, and it seemed to hang upon his mind, so when you left the room with the docther, I just asked him what it was, and he told me. 'Ellen, dear,' said he, 'I dreamt that old Wentworth Stokes was not dead, but that he had come home from over the seas and'—'My own dream, William! My very own dream last night,' said I hastily; and then the loud clap of thunder came; and my poor husband, who was, like all sailors, superstitious, took it, I think, as some fearful confirmation of his vision—for he started, and shrieked, and fell into those wild, dreadful hysterics, which took him out of the world."

The poor woman's tears flowed afresh; and I left her for a time, telling her that I would return in an hour or two; and first bidding her pray to God, according to the dictates of her own heart and conscience, to calm for her the troubled waters of affliction, and enable her to support her trials!

I then sent the nurse from the prison infirmary, to pay the requisite attentions to the dead, directing her to leave the room as soon as she should have performed her sad duty. I deemed it well that the sacred sorrows of the widow, and the orphans' first tears of mourning, should be suffered to flow undisturbed. Still was my curiosity unsatisfied as to the cause of the prisoner's hysteric shock, and it had been little enlightened by the dream that "Old Wentworth Stokes had come home from over the seas." The mystery enveloped in this sentence was afterwards cleared up; and I shall unfold it to the reader in the following narrative.

The father of Ellen Maurice (the widow's

maiden name) had been, many years back, a clothes salesman, in a respectable way of business, in Dublin; and much of his trade consisted in the outfit of sailors leaving or coming into port. He was a widower, and Ellen being his only child, he did not suffer her to be much away from him. In young girlhood, she used to play about the shop; and when she began to ripen into the woman, it was part of her occupation to wait behind the counter. Old Maurice was doubtless fond of her, so far as his notions of affection went; but he was by nature a fierce harsh man, and his daughter lived more in fear of him than love.

But young warm spirits do not long endure loneliness of heart; there is a well of sympathy in the human soul, that in youth does not remain long unstirred; feelings fresh and early spring up in the fervour and loveliness of affection;—feelings—

"that bind
The plain community of guileless hearts
In love and union."

Ellen Maurice could not love her father as she longed to love, but she soon felt that she *must* love somebody. She could not endure to live, and think and feel, in the selfishness of the heart's solitude. Moreover, she was not without opportunities of choice, if in truth she had not been rather fastidious.

Many a joyful and jolly tar would buy a jacket or a neckcloth at her father's shop, for the sake of being served and smiled upon, by Ellen;—but then a common sailor was below her in station; and as yet none of them had made what is called "an impression." But by and by her heart had to undergo a regular course of siege from the attacks made upon it, not by a common sailor, but by William Moystyn, the handsome and good tempered *mate* of one of the government transports in the bay. He was of good courage too, and he reduced the fortress so, that poor Ellen yielded at, or rather without, discretion. And so William Moystyn and Ellen Maurice were now fairly betrothed to each other by their own promises, and in their own hearts; but the poor girl feared her father too much to ask his consent; and their innocent wooing was carried on in secret. At last troops were ordered for embarkation on board the transport, and the vessel herself was put under sailing orders for the West Indies. William sailed in her, having first bought his outfit of Ellen, and promised to return a captain, and ask her father's consent to their marriage. And in this I suppose there would have been no difficulty; old Maurice would have allowed his daughter to marry a captain; but he would have been enraged at the thought of her being in love with a *mate*. Ellen could not see the wisdom of this. And so Ellen continued in *her* love—though somewhat in sorrow—on account of the absence of its object; a sort of memory of fondness once indulged; flowers of affection which it was the duty of constancy to keep in bloom.

"Dai bei rami scendea,
Dolce ne la memoria."

Soon after Moystyn's departure, an accession of fortune accrued to Ellen and her parent. A

relative in England had died and left between father and daughter a neat independent income; whereupon the pride of old Maurice became mightily raised, and he sold off his old clothes, packed up his traps, and, with characteristic patriotism, left his country the moment he found himself in a condition to live comfortably in it. Away he started in the first steamer, without bothering himself to bid good-b'ye to his friends; and having passed the ordeal of a rough sea and a longish journey through Holyhead, &c., (every Irishman knows the route,) he found himself, one fine evening, just in time to dine with his daughter at the Swan-with-two-Necks in Lad-lane.

Once in London, old Maurice set himself down in peace, as he said, to enjoy his prosperity; and, having nothing else to do, he thought of busying himself in finding a husband for Ellen, whom he now considered an heiress. The first requisite for his daughter's spouse, in his idea, would be money,—the next, a sociable power of companionship; in short, a person who had wherewith to pay for his grog,—the will to drink,—and the wit to relish it in evening conversations with old Maurice.

Maurice had brought with him an introduction to a person who was to him described as "a respectable merchant," residing in the borough of Southwark, and by name Mr. Wentworth Stokes. This Mr. Wentworth Stokes was a gentleman who might have said to his forty-ninth year what Kennedy the poet said to the year 1833—

"Thou art gone, old year, to thy fathers,
In the stormy time of snow."

It was near Christmas, and Mr. Stokes was fifty! So much for his age: in other respects he was such a man as Maurice wanted for his daughter. He *said* he had money; he proved he had a pleasant, plausible tongue; and all that Christmas he drank gin and water with old Maurice during the long evenings. Poor Ellen! as her heart was not much engaged in these proceedings, I have not forced her to make a frequent personal appearance; but when new year's day came, she was united in the bands of matrimony to Mr. Wentworth Stokes, in St. George's church in the borough first, and afterwards by a priest of her own religion.

Almost immediately after her marriage, her father died; and Mr. Wentworth Stokes, having at his disposal the property both of parent and child, and being, as before described, "a respectable merchant," immediately applied it to the purpose of freighting a ship to the West Indies, of which he determined to be supercargo himself. Either there must have been something wrong in Mr. Stokes' character, or else a merchant of fifty feels less compunction in leaving a newly-married bride than would a young high-born gentleman. Certain it is, that, as soon as he had engaged an active and intelligent captain to take charge of his vessel, he conveyed Mrs. Stokes to Herne Bay, and having procured her a first floor in a row of houses facing the sea, bade her farewell, and proceeded to Gravesend, there to embark on board his own ship for a tropic clime.

Strangely indeed runs the current of human

destiny. Poor Ellen was now alone in the world; left as no other young and attractive child of nature was ever, perhaps, forsaken in her inexperience before. She felt no grief for her husband's absence; her heart was too often artlessly—and, as she believed, almost innocently—wandering after her early love: but she found herself desolate,—a flower with no shelter from the storm,—a reed that might be shaken in the wind.

For the first few days after her husband's departure, she whiled away her time in watching, from the window of her apartment, the vessels that were continually passing the bay. It was an occupation that more than any other filled her mind with thoughts in which she ought not to have indulged, but it seemed thrown in her way, and she could not resist. Often it awakened tears for the love and memory of a being for whom they should no longer have dared to flow. One morning, after a fitful night, in which poor Ellen's dreams had been hardly less stormy than the bellying waves that ever and anon awakened her as they dashed under the windows, the lonely and unhappy girl approached her casement and gazed upon the ocean before her raging like an angry lion, with a sudden and mysterious foreboding that those turbulent billows had been working out a passage in her destiny, and were by some wild agency commingled with her future fate. As she cast her eye over the waters, all unstilled as they tossed, and ever bristling with the white foam, she saw numerous vestiges of wreck, and knew that more than one noble fabric of human industry had been shattered, and that many lives must have been lost. One vessel had been within sight totally wrecked, and boats of such as dared venture were now putting off with a view of rendering assistance while there was yet a chance. But, with the exception of one person who had been brought on shore, all the crew of *that* vessel had perished. Ellen's curiosity now prompted her to enquire the name of the ship that had been so totally destroyed. The answer was, it was the "ELLEN;" all the crew were drowned along with the *owner*; the captain was the only person saved,—he was at the ——. But Ellen did not hear the rest: her wild delirious sensations overpowered her, and she had fainted away. Her presentiment was surely fulfilled—"She was a widow!"

As soon as they had recovered her, she sent for the captain of her husband's ship, who was at the neighbouring inn, and who, on learning that she was the owner's wife, immediately attended her summons. A few minutes and his knock was heard at the door: a strange foreboding tremor pervaded her frame as he ascended the stairs. The door opened,—Ellen raised her eyes and started to see before her the figure of WILLIAM MOYSTYN!

* * * * *

William Moystyn and Ellen had been married some years, meeting with occasional reverses, but industriously working their way through the world. William was religiously inclined, and a man of much faith in the mercy of his Redeemer: what he suffered, he endured patiently; when he was blessed, he returned his blessing unto God. He lived happily, though sometimes hardly, with

his wife; and he rejoiced in the affections of a parent for his children. He was of that very numerous English class of "poor but honest." Ellen's property was all gone,—gone with her former worthless husband (for it turned out that he was worthless) and his ship,—and Moystyn had nothing but what he earned. One day at the end of a hard quarter, he was arrested,—he could not tell for what;—he did not even know by whom. On the back of the writ upon which he was taken, was the name of Miller, but he knew nobody of that name. The attorney who had issued the writ was not to be found, and, as far as that action went, Moystyn to the day of his death never discovered who was the plaintiff. It took him, however, in the first instance, to Horse-monger-lane jail, and as soon as he could get money enough he moved upon it to the King's Bench prison through the form of a *habeas*. When there, one or two fresh suits were commenced against him by real creditors; detainers were sent down, and he became sadly embarrassed. Long time he tried to battle against misfortune; but, after his furniture was sold, and his wife and family turned into the streets, he almost despaired in his penniless condition, and gave himself up for lost. Ellen—fate-persecuted as she was—joined him with her children in his jail, and there they subsisted upon a sum of five shillings per week, allowed Moystyn from some seaman's society, three and sixpence of county money, and whatever little pittance his wife and his eldest daughter could earn by their needle. The family, however, suffered a great deal from illness: the prison at one time became full, and they had to pay five shillings per week to a *chum*; and at last their indigence and destitution became excessive and miserable. Moystyn could never raise money enough to go through the Insolvent Court, and his imprisonment dragged on year after year, wasting his constitution and consuming his frame, so that Ellen, who nursed him with affection to the last, might truly be said to have joined him in a prison like an angel of kind comfort to tend him on his journey to the grave. How he died it was my fate sorrowfully to witness; but the *denouement* to Ellen's history did not transpire till the next day.

The day after my last visit to him, Moystyn was carried out in a coffin. Poor fellow! death had released him from his creditors. An inquest was held upon his body, as is customary when men die in prison. The jury in such cases invariably consists of prisoners, some of them taken from inside the walls, others chosen from the rules. On the melancholy occasion in question, I was called in to give evidence, and to witness, as it turned out, one of the strangest and most terror-striking events that ever occurred, perhaps, within the charmed pale of coincidence. In the course of the enquiry, I detailed to the jury the leading features of the story I have just narrated, and it commanded the most earnest attention from all present. When I had concluded it, with the sad portrayal of the scene in the deceased's room where I administered the sacrament to him the evening before, there was a momentary silence,—a stillness, the effect of mingled sympathy, ex-

citement, and surprise. It was broken by the fall of one of the jury from his chair in a fit of paralysis. He was an old man, and had attended from the rules.

"He had better be taken home," said the coroner. "Who knows where he lives?"

"I know who he is," said one of the turnkeys; "but I must look in the books to see where he lives." He turned into the lobby and brought the book back.

"John Miller, *alias* Wentworth Stokes, Melina-place."

"Wentworth Stokes!" cried the whole room in astonishment. "Wentworth Stokes!" shrieked Ellen, (who had been dismissed after her evidence, but was then standing in the lobby.) "where, where?—let me see." And, as they pointed to the door, she rushed in, and identified the body of her first husband!

"Poor William! then," exclaimed she, "our dreams are both fulfilled. He had, indeed, come home from over the seas!" But how he had come—or whence—or in what manner he had escaped from the wreck of his vessel, still remains untold, for Wentworth Stokes never spoke again.

It appeared that he had been for some years a prisoner in the rules under his right name of John Miller, living upon a small income which he had preferred remaining in prison to giving up; and this (when the facts were stated) his creditors, instead of dividing amongst themselves, generously consented to assign to the hapless Ellen and orphan family. It will keep them from a recurrence of the poverty they have so long patiently endured.

From the London Metropolitan.

DRYBURGH ABBEY BY MOONLIGHT.

The Muse of Scotland leaning over the tomb of Scott, her head crowned with cypress, and a harp lying at her feet, solemn music is heard in the distance, after which the Muse repeats the following

INVOCATION.

Ye splendid visions of the shadowy night,
Ye spectral forms, that float in fields of light;
Spirits of beauty, that in mid air dwell,
Come to the shrine of him who loved you well!
Shades of departed heroes from the tomb,
Covered with dust of ages, hither come,
In your bright panoply and crested might,
Such as he called you forth to life and light.
And ye, too, brethren of the cloister'd vow,
And ye, pale sisterhood, that loved to bow
Your virgin beauties to the holy thrall,
Come to this festival of death: come, all!
Ye mighty ones of earth uncrown your brows,
A mightier head lies here; and sweeter vows
Than ever king received, embalm this spot,
Where sleeps the king of song:—*immortal Scott*.
Come, sportive lovers of the moonlight hour,
Ye fairies, that, obedient to his power,
Played off your merry pranks in hall and bower—
But, chief of all, come nature, holy wells,
Yielding your silver tribute, freshest bells,
Plucked from the blooming heather, echoes fair,
Chanting his golden lays, till earth and air
Are full of melody. Come all! come all!
Ye nations too, come at the solemn call!

And first, his own dear land ! bring offerings meet,
Such as his spirit loved, bright flowers and sweet ;
For he has sung your beauties, he has thrown
A magic round them greater than their own,
And o'er thy charms his soul enamoured hung,
"Till not a mountain reared its head unsung ;"
Come, then, awake the harp, and let earth ring,
With one deep dirge of woe from voice and string !

*At the end of the invocation a solemn symphony is played,
after which a chorus of voices sing the following*

DIRGE.

He's gone from the halls that resounded with mirth,
The light is gone out from the once blazing hearth,
And the bard of the bright lay lies coldly in earth,

Oh ! never again shall we look on his face :
The glory of Scotland, the pride of his race,
Is gone, and there's none that can fill up his place.

Bring garlands as bright as his fancy could twine,
Bring odours, bring gems of the far distant mine,
Bring all that is costly to lay at his shrine.

And, oh ! bring his own harp, all bosoms to move ;
Let earth do him homage, and friendship and love
Sing peace to his spirit the bright stars above.

C.

From the United Service Journal.

A SPORTING ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

Extract of a Letter from Lieut. Clarke, of the 26th Native Infantry,
Bombay.

In June, 1833, I set out from Cutch to join my regiment, then lying at Deesa. On the night of the 22d, my tent was pitched about twenty miles from a village called Ghousnard, on the banks of the river Burnasse. I traveled with a double set of servants, camels, &c., and by keeping one set constantly in advance, I had nothing to do but ride from tent to tent, every thing being prepared for my reception. Devotedly fond of field-sports, I had pursued them with the utmost avidity since my first arrival in India. I had enjoyed peculiar facilities for so doing, from having been almost constantly on detachment. The country I was now traveling through abounded in game, particularly hog and black buck, and I anticipated, with the delight a sportsman alone can feel, the havoc I should make amongst them.

Early on the morning of the 23d I traversed the distance from where I had slept to my tent near Ghousnard, on a Hirkara camel, and having partaken of a capital breakfast, I eagerly interrogated my shikaree as to what prospect of sport. He told me "there was plenty of hog." I gave immediate directions to get out the horses, and was soon mounted on a favourite Arab, that had been at the death of as many hogs as any horse in India, my chaluck sewar riding my second horse with a spare spear ; a syce leading a third ; and another with my rifle : these, with fourteen coolies or beaters, completed the party. It was an undulating country, and interspersed over it were numerous small covers of tamarisk, &c. At this time of year there were no signs of cultivation. We had beaten a considerable quantity of ground without success, moving only a few pigs that were too small to ride after ; and my patience

and good humour were rapidly evaporating, when my shikaree pointed out the pug or track of a large boar ; it appeared quite fresh, and I determined to follow it. We proceeded for above a mile, every moment in the hope of rousing him : when turning the angle of a small cover, we suddenly came upon a dead bullock ; about twenty yards to the right of it was another ; and not a hundred in advance was the hog we were pursuing. The coolies collected round it, and I heard them repeating the word "Lions ! lions !"

Enraged at being baffled of my expected sport, and my blood up, I dismounted, and my shikaree showed me the lions' track. We could make out distinctly that there were six ; and as it is their habit to return at night and devour their prey, I made no doubt that they were still in the immediate neighbourhood. I seized my rifle, and after considerable remonstrance, and with some difficulty, I persuaded my coolies to follow them up, and taking the lead we tracked them into a tamarisk nulla or ravine, running at right angles, and into the bed of the river. The tamarisk resembles the cypress, and is about the height of a man's head, forming a very thick cover, extending over four or five acres. After a short pause we entered, not knowing but that the next step might throw us into the lions' jaws. We, however, beat through without any adventure, and then we discovered they had stolen away, five taking down the bed of the river, the other, which by the track appeared a very large one, had doubled back into cover, broke higher, and made up the bed of the Burnasse. This last I determined upon following. We soon tracked it into a small jungle on the edge of the river. I had just entered when I heard a shout, and running round a bush that intercepted my view, I saw an enormous lioness making off with tremendous bounds ; I fired and missed her. I shouted to my sewar to keep her in sight. He put his horse to speed, and in a short time returned and told me she had taken refuge in a large vellew break. He guided me to the spot, and I got within thirty yards ; she was crouched, glaring on us as we approached. I raised my rifle and fired,—she uttered a tremendous roar and rushed out,—I had wounded her in the shoulder ; for as she crossed the bed of the river she went on three legs. My sewar again followed, but she turned on and pursued him, roaring terribly. He, however, found no difficulty in getting away ; and she retreated and took her stand under a single tree, much resembling our thorn, but larger, and called here a bauble tree.

There she stood in full view, appearing almost as large as a bullock, with her tongue out, lashing her sides with her tail, and roaring most appallingly. I now sent back all my followers, and, cocking my rifle, steadily approached till within thirty yards, when I gave her my fire. I struck her, I believe in the belly. When she received my shot, she lowered her head and rushed towards me as if mortally wounded ; but suddenly, when within ten paces, turned off and again made down the bed of the river for a short distance, then crossed to the opposite bank, and entered a large jungle.

The natives crowded round me and assured me she had received her death-blow. I was greatly elated,—thought her a cowardly skulking beast,—and imagined I had nothing to do but take possession of my prize. I quickly reloaded, and though the sun was at its meridian and the heat intense, I still pursued on foot. We now entered the jungle into which we had marked her; it was so thick I could hardly see a yard before me. I walked for some time without success, at length one of the coolies exclaimed, "Sahib! sahib! hush, hush, do you not hear any thing?" There was a dead silence for a moment, and then I distinctly heard the panting of some huge beast near me. I looked earnestly in the direction, but still I could not see any thing. By this time all the coolies had decamped, leaving me alone with my shikaree. "There, sahib! there in that bush." I now caught sight of her sitting up like a dog, with her tongue out and glaring on us. I raised my rifle, but my hand shook so from the excitement and extreme heat and exertion, that I felt certain I should miss. I lowered it, and turning to my shikaree told him he must shoot her. He was a capital shot: I have seen him break a bottle at a hundred yards with a ball. "No, no, sahib, me not shoot, me afraid me not hit him." I threatened to shoot him if he hesitated, putting the rifle into his hands, and in order to give him confidence I advanced forward a little to his left. He fired and missed, threw down the rifle and fled. The moment the enraged beast heard the report she rushed out. For a second I paused—then turned and ran for life. It was a heavy sand, and I had on spurs and gaiters; I could not have ran far before I heard her roaring tremendously, close behind. I cast a look back, she was within a few yards. I attempted to dodge: my courage died away, my legs failed me. She sprang and dashed me to the earth. The first blow must have been certain death, but her leg being broken she could not strike. She seized me by the lower part of the back, shaking me as a cat would a mouse, lacerating and tearing me dreadfully; then threw me to the ground on my face. She now caught me by the left arm, muzzling and biting it: the agony was so intense that I threw up my right arm and caught her by the ear. She quitted her hold and seized my wrist. I inwardly prayed for death to relieve me. Apparently exhausted, she now crouched at full length, one leg resting on my right thigh, the other a little drawn back between my legs; her tongue out, panting like a tired hound, glaring on me full in the face. I had some indistinct feeling at the time that my eye might awe her; and thus with my head a little raised, (for she had thrown me on a bank,) we lay looking on each other.

My native servant, a sewer, who had been in my service ten years, had now approached to within twelve paces of me; I heard him exclaim. "O God! oh God! sahib, what shall I do; the horse will not approach nearer?" "Turn it loose and assist me;" but he came not. I dared not move my head or turn my eye. "Great God! Chard Cawn! you will not let your master die this dog's death, and not help him?" but still he came not. I reproached him with every term I

could call to mind, but could only hear in reply his exclamations of horror and fear. At length, when sight began to fail and death appeared inevitable, the monster sprang from me, ran about twenty paces, and fell dead.

The whole party now crowded round, they placed me in a cummerbund, and bore me to the nearest village. I was almost naked, my clothes were torn to ribands. I fainted two or three times before I arrived there. They washed my wounds with warm water, bound them with linen rag, put me on a bed, and carried me to my tent. Chard Cawn went off express on one of my camels, to a brother officer, Lieutenant Green, who was on a march with a detachment for Deesa: he traveled forty miles before he found him. Green quitted his detachment, and was with me by seven that evening: to his unremitting kindness and care, of which I can never show myself sufficiently grateful, I am indebted for my life. I was a hundred miles from medical assistance: it was three days before my wounds were dressed, the rags being merely moistened to prevent them from sticking. During that time he constantly rode by my bed, which was borne by natives, never quitting me night or day. It was the middle of the fourth day before I arrived in camp; and seven weeks before I quitted my bed.

I retain the skull of my formidable opponent: the trophy of my hard-earned victory. My general health is so much impaired, that you may soon expect me in England to recruit.

NEW EDITION OF THE BIBLE.—For some time past, very active exertions have been making at the Pitt press, Cambridge, under the superintendence of Mr. J. W. Parker, of London, to prepare a new and unique edition of the Bible, of which a splendid copy, printed upon vellum, with red borders, is to be presented to his majesty. The first sheets of this extraordinary production were ready to be worked off during the late installation of the Chancellor; and as the illustrious and noble visitors to Cambridge upon that occasion, felt strong curiosity upon the subject, they requested Mr. Parker to allow them to go into the printing office—a request which was, of course, readily complied with. After inspecting the mysteries of the place, some of the visitors thought they should like to take to printing themselves, and that nothing could be more worthy of a trial of their skill than the copy of the Bible intended for his majesty. They were, therefore, conducted to the several presses, and the first sheets of this splendid work were struck off by the hands of the Chancellor, (Marquess Camden,) the Vice Chancellor, the Lord High Steward, (the Duke of Northumberland,) the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Cumberland, Prince George of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, and the Earl of Hardwicke.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes choose to make of one's sense, and what's worse, of one's rhymes. But a week or two since, in my ode upon Spring, which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing, where I talk'd of the "dew drops from the freshly blown roses!" the rasty things made it "from freshly blown noses!" And once, when to please my cross aunt, I had tried to commemorate some saint of her clique, who'd just died, having said he "had taken up in heaven his position," they made it, he'd "taken up to heaven his physician!"—*Moore's Fudges in England.*

From the London Court Magazine.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE
CHARLES MATHEWS.

WITH SIX ORIGINAL LETTERS.

(Continued from page 423.)

The most striking characteristic which presented itself to notice in a personal intercourse with Mathews, was that extraordinary versatility of mind which caused him, not merely to seem, but to be, all things by turns, according to the tone and colour of the society in which he found himself. I never knew any one who possessed this chameleon quality to so great an extent as Charles Mathews, and it was no doubt the secret of his wonderful endowments and success. What remained to him of his own natural character at the period of my first acquaintance with him (which be it remembered, was not till he had reached the very meridian of his fame and success), I shall endeavour to trace hereafter, as it will, I think, offer a very curious and interesting point of enquiry. In the mean time, I am about to notice what I always looked upon as the mere superficialities of his character—the form and features which had been given to it by the perhaps unequalled extent of his intercourse with the remarkable men of all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest, and by the singular impressibility and plasticity which constituted the leading qualities of his mind and his physical powers. But this extraordinary versatility, while it caused his perhaps unparalleled success in the appropriate line of public life to which it impelled him, produced any thing but a corresponding effect upon his private character. To that it gave an artificial coat and colouring, which effectually concealed its real form and substance from all eyes but those that were made quick by an intense personal interest in his character, and at the same time were permitted, in virtue of that interest, to see what was studiously concealed from all others. Notwithstanding the popularity which Mathews's unrivalled social qualities secured for him among his intimates in private life, he was very generally looked upon even by them as a man of a cold, cautious, and suspicious nature; selfish in his feelings and habits; hard and severe in his judgment of others; unreasonable in his demands of admiration towards his own merits; intolerant of merit in others, if it was at all of a nature to interfere with his own; restless, irritable, and unhappy, except when he was receiving the coarse and clamorous meed of vulgar applause:—whereas the truth is that he was naturally and in reality the very reverse of all this. When not held in and confined by the reins and trammels which a too indiscriminate intercourse with the world had cast about him, he was ardent, open, and trusting as a boy; generous to profuseness; liberal and considerate towards the claims of others, and modest even to diffidence regarding his own; and I am convinced he was better pleased to enjoy a quiet tête-à-tête table-talk with a real friend (if, indeed, a man rejoicing in such an "acquaintance" as he did, could persuade himself that he had one—which, in Mathews's case at least, I doubt), over a temperate glass of wine by his own fire-

side, than to listen to the noisy and indiscriminating applause of a whole theatre of empty laughers. I have often heard Mathews spoken of, by those who profess to know him, as a vain egoist, greedy of admiration for itself alone, and careless by what expedients he obtained it. But there never was a man—at least a public man—of whom this was less true. He despised and repudiated any applause which did not come in the right place; and as to seeking it by illegitimate means, or forcing forward his claims to it on inappropriate occasions, so little liable was he to these latter charges, that he might with some show of reason have been taxed with an affectation of their opposites: for as an actor his style was severe and simple even to baldness, and in private life he shrank with almost painful reluctance from any thing which seemed like a courting of notice, or which differed in any degree from the even and quiet tenor of well-bred society. The fact is that Mathews felt too much curiosity and interest in human nature, and all that constituted and concerned it, to allow of his own individual feelings and concerns absorbing any great portion of his thoughts. His regards were too catholic and all-embracing to permit the petty bigotry of selfishism to interfere with their range. Had it been otherwise he could not have created and put on record—so far, at least, as regards the living generation—so vast a range of individual characters, scarcely inferior, in number and variety, at least, to those of Shakspeare himself; and yet not one of them to be found there, or any where else, except only in the ever-renewing family springing from the union between natural and artificial life. It was indeed the error and failing of Mathews's personal character that it had little or no individuality belonging to it. Its original qualities and tendencies were merged and almost lost in the crowd of new and curious combinations with which his memory and imagination had peopled it. Most people try to look at and become acquainted with the world through the petty and miserable medium of self, which, like a badly reflecting mirror, shows them little but their own individual features more or less disfigured and distorted. But men imbued like Mathews with a fine and philosophic spirit of observation, look at the world about them as astronomers look at the heavens, through a lucid instrument that brings to the view a thousand wonders and beauties invisible to less favoured eyes.

Another remarkable result of an intimate private intercourse with Mathews was the great comparative height to which it raised your estimate of his intellectual powers, above that which his public performances, admirable as they were, might have led you to form of those powers. It requires a very limited intercourse with actors to satisfy one that a very high capacity for their admirable art is not inconsistent with the most commonplace qualities in all other respects. As far as we have any authentic annals of that art, they show us that all its most distinguished ornaments in both of its departments have been in every other particular commonplace persons. Even Garrick was not an exception to the hitherto universal application of the rule; for his dramas

are those of an experienced actor and play-wright merely. Of course, Shakspeare, who had no distinguished merit as an actor, does not come within the scope of the remark. But Mathews offers something like an exception to it: for he was not only the greatest dramatic artist of the day in his line, but he himself *created* every one of the characters by which he will be remembered; and in the intercourse of private life he gave daily evidence of being qualified to do even more than this. When he was sure of his audience, and impelled by the character of it to put forth his best powers, he used to do things that required more intellectual talent than the whole concoction and performance of one of his public entertainments. I have heard him get up after dinner, and, without a moment's hesitation or previous preparation, make a speech of half an hour's length, in the character of Coleridge, Curran, or some other distinguished orator, whose health has been proposed on the speculation of Mathews replying to the call—not merely adopting the voice, appearance, and external manner of the party imitated, but assuming the very tone of his thoughts and the cast of his sentiments, and putting them into language whose impassioned eloquence was not inferior to that of the persons imitated. And I am convinced that, when he was in the proper cue for it, he would, if he could have felt sufficient confidence in his audience and in himself to have dared attempt it, have *improvised* a more amusing and instructive "At Home" than any that he ever yet produced by a formal union of his own talents with those of his literary assistants in those entertainments.

I remember the first evidence I witnessed of his extraordinary talents in this way was at our second meeting at Boxhill, in the Epsom race week. The elections were going on at the time, and on the first evening, just as we had quitted the after-dinner table, and were going to the stables to see that our horses were attended to, our attention was attracted, by a voice that was quite strange to us, shouting, "Gentlemen! In appearing before you on this occasion," &c. On turning to the spot whence the sounds came, there was Mathews, mounted on an empty hay cart, from which he delivered an electioneering speech that, without being in the smallest degree exaggerated or caricatured in its tone and language, kept us in roars of laughter from beginning to end, by the exquisite satire on such harangues which every phrase and period of it displayed. Those who knew Mathews will agree with me when I state my belief that he never premeditated or prepared himself for any thing of this kind—on the contrary, that if he had done so he would certainly have failed to accomplish it: for his reluctance to any thing like making a show of himself in private life, even when among his most intimate associates, amounted to a degree of morbid sensitiveness that paralysed all his powers.

With the exception of Garrick, no other actor—perhaps I might say no other public man—ever enjoyed so extensive an intimacy with the distinguished persons of his day in every class of life, as Mathews did: and he was regarded by all

with a degree of respect and consideration which (still with the exception of Garrick) was never accorded to any other actor. The reasons for this were not far to seek. In the first place, Mathews was essentially a gentleman—in manner, in mind, in feeling, in acquirements, and, above all, in the negative quality of a total absence of every thing *professional* in his habits and bearing. He was also above that paltry affectation which is the besetting vice of his professional brethren and sisterhood—a pretended contempt for the calling which had raised him to fortune and distinction. He used often to lament, with an earnestness that amounted to the pathetic, the low estimation in which his noble art was held; and there was no sacrifice he would not have made to raise it in the public esteem. But he sought no distinctions that were disconnected from it, never for a moment affected to place his intellectual pretensions beyond its pale, and loved and honoured it to the last, as ardently as he did when its attractions first fixed his youthful imagination. Another reason why Mathews was so universally respected by all classes, was, that he was equally incapable of requiring external respect from his inferiors in station, as he was of suing or cringing for it to his superiors. He had in fact that due and fitting degree of pride, in the wise and honourable sense of the term, in the absence of which we can form no just appreciation of the moral and intellectual pretensions of any one, least of all of ourselves. Another cause of his favourable reception by all classes of society was the excellent taste and tact with which he fell in with the tone and feelings of all, without seeming in the smallest degree to abandon his own position, by condescension on the one hand, or assumption on the other. I have never known any other man who was so much "all things to all men," yet so essentially himself in all.

Mathews used often to refer with great delight, and even with a tinge of personal pride, (it would be unjust to call it vanity,) to his intimacy with Walter Scott, whom he visited several times at Abbotsford, when the poet was at the height of his fame and popularity as "The Great Unknown." Indeed, I do not call to mind a single instance, except that of Scott, in which his references to his intimacy with the great and distinguished of the world were blended with any appearance of exultation or self-satisfaction. But in the case of Scott he evidently piqued himself upon the intercourse, as if he felt it to be an honour and a favour. I remember his relating two facts of that intercourse, which he deemed decisive of the authorship of the Scottish novels—a question which was far from being absolutely decided at the time I speak of. One of these proofs presumptive was that when he was staying some days at Abbotsford, Scott, one morning before breakfast, took him into his study—his *private* study, where he wrote—and in the course of conversation, pointed to two manuscripts lying open on two separate writing stands, saying that he generally wrote standing, and often on two different works at the same time; that is, that he went from one to the other, backwards and forwards, without a minute's interval between his application to each, and that

he found the alternation to invigorate and refresh rather than fatigue or confuse him.

The other proof which Mathews adduced as to the authorship of the novels, was more decisive than the above, but I have forgotten the precise particulars of it. It consisted, however, in an inadvertent phrase dropped by Scott at the head of his own dinner table, when the conversation had turned on the novels. An old friend of Scott's had remarked on some particular point of local scenery, as described in the last novel, (then just out,) and Scott, for a moment thrown off his guard by the association of ideas which had dictated the description, exclaimed—"Ah! I remember as if it was yesterday, the occasion on which I—" Then checking himself suddenly, he was silent, and evidently annoyed at the inadvertence into which he had been led. Mathews added that there was a lengthened pause in the conversation, and a feeling of awkwardness upon the company for several minutes after this slip, which every body present seemed to have noticed, while no one dared make the slightest reference to it, either openly or to his neighbour. Mathews described Scott's manners and bearing as simple and unaffected to a degree of plainness, and at the same time so warm and cordial, as to excite a feeling of personal regard and kindness, even at the very first interchange of words with him; and he used to imitate the poet's tone, manner, and mode of speech, in a way that was quite delightful to those who, like myself, had never seen that illustrious man. This was the more striking, from a remarkable resemblance which the eyes and brow of Mathews bore to the portraits, at least, of Scott. I believe, I was the first to remark this resemblance, and Mathews was evidently not a little pleased at the observation. It was particularly conspicuous in a bust of Mathews (by Behnes, I think) which used to form part of his theatrical gallery at Kentish town.

Speaking of his celebrated theatrical gallery, I may here remark that the formation, arrangement, and perpetually occurring additions, alterations, and improvements in it, furnished an inexhaustible source of interest and excitement to Mathews, in the absence of which, the long intervals of his leisure could by no other means have been made to afford adequate amusement to his ever restless mind and temper, subject as these were to that painful reaction which is the almost necessary consequence of the extraordinary bodily and mental exertions he underwent during his public performances, and the immediate preparations for them. And this amusement was especially needed in London: for during his country professional excursions, it was furnished to him by perpetual change of place. His theatrical gallery was in fact, a perfect hobby to him, and it was his only one. Though he desired it to be considered a strictly private collection, made to gratify his personal tastes and associations merely, yet his friends could not please him more than by asking his permission to send some friend to view it—always provided the party sent was able to feel (or feign) a sufficient personal interest in the subjects exhibited to them; for you could not possibly annoy him more, than to send any one to him

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who would walk coldly through the gallery, gaze on its contents "with lack lustre eye," and then walk away again with a polite and formal thanks and leave taking. He never forgot a mistake of this kind in his acquaintance. On the other hand, the advent of any who added, to a warm feeling for the art, a personal recollection of any of its distinguished professors of the days gone by—the Parsons, Dodds, Kings, Edwins, Quicks, &c.—was a perfect god-send to him. He at once hailed such a one as a personal intimate, conducted him through the gallery with an air of triumph, pointed to the choice specimens with feelings of exultation, and was a happy man for the rest of the day. I remember his describing to me, as an era in his life, Charles Lamb's visit to his gallery, and the beautiful paper on the subject, published afterwards in the London Magazine, as a sufficient payment for all his trouble and cost in getting the gallery together.

I will here relate, while it occurs to me, an anecdote which he told me of Lamb, as having happened on the visit in question. Lamb had been brought by Coleridge to visit the gallery; and after they had looked at the pictures, Coleridge and Lamb were standing side by side, and an old lady of some note, (I forget who she was,) who was also present, and was sitting on the other side of Lamb, began to make a long speech to him about some outrageous *Lamb-ism* that he had just uttered. Seeing, however, that Lamb's attention was absorbed by a picture on which he was intently looking, she stopped, and said—

"But I'm afraid, Mr. Lamb, what I'm saying won't do you much good, for—"

"No, ma'am," said Lamb, "but I dare say it will do this gentleman (pointing to Coleridge) a great deal of good, for it goes in at this ear (pointing to *her* side) and out at this," pointing to the side next to Coleridge.

Knowing the peculiar nature of Mathews's feelings about his gallery, and the unlimited estimation in which he held many of its chief ornaments, it was not without considerable hesitation that I undertook to furnish to the public curiosity a critical notice of its contents, in the pages of the New Monthly Magazine; for though I knew that such a notice could not fail to gratify him in a general point of view, yet to do it without disappointing or displeasing him in the details, was a work of no small difficulty, and one in which to this day, I have never dared to ascertain whether or not I succeeded. He too, I fancy, was not without some doubts and misgivings on the subject: so at least I judge from a note I find of his, replying to my application for his permission to do it. Here it is.

"Highgate, Jan. 13.

DEAR P—E,—I have just returned from Suffolk, where I have been spending Christmas, and have found your note. I am, unfortunately, going off to Manchester, on Friday or Saturday night, and therefore fear I cannot receive you this week to dinner, as I am engaged on Thursday. If you can come early on Friday morning, and dine with me if I do *not* go that night, and thus take your chance, so be it. Any morning this week will

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suit us for you to have the gallery to yourself. *I should prefer that you put off the article until March.* I shall be at home the 30th, and then we could see you and Mrs. P——e, if agreeable to her. But do as you like.

"Yours in a gallop,

"To save the post,

"C. MATHEWS."

Here is another letter on the same subject, written a year afterwards, which will be read with interest, as it contains Mathews's own opinions, in his own words, of many of the pictures, &c., in his gallery. It was written in reply to one in which I stated to him that the article on his gallery was about to be reprinted in a permanent form, and requested him to name to me any additions, &c., to the gallery, that had taken place since the first appearance of the paper:—

"*Kentish Town, May 24, 1824.*

"DEAR P——E,—I thank you for the opportunity you offer me of alteration or addition respecting the account of the gallery. I should merely suggest the addition of a few names that were passed over in the first list. The correction respecting Palmer, Smith, and Mrs. Beverley, which appeared as a note, of course you will attend to. You cannot speak too highly of the scene from King John as a work of art. You omitted the name of the artist, Mortimer, who stood very high in his day. It is a brilliant specimen of his pencil. It might be inferred also, that Bensley was the king, and Powel Hubert, as it stands. It was exactly the reverse. There are several portraits of Cooke—one by Green in Iago, one in Kately by Singleton, and the last he sat for in America, by Stewart. Also, a vigorous mask taken when living by G. Bullock; a drawing of Sir T. Lawrence of Kemble, perfect as to likeness, and an elegant specimen of Sir T's; a crayon portrait also of him [Kemble] by Downman; the sandals which he wore the last night of his appearance in Coriolanus, should be mentioned in the second part, and which I begged and received from him on that occasion; Betterton in Hamlet; Mr. and Mrs. Barry in Hamlet and Queen, by Roberts; Tate Wilkinson, the wandering patentee (faithful likeness); Doggett, the only one known of him; Old Bannister in the Quaker, by Pie; two of Hogarth's, Quin, and Rich's family; two very fine specimens of Russell, in crayons; Bannister in Dr. Lenitive, and the other John Palmer; Henderson in two places, by Romney and Beech, the former in Macbeth; Edwin, by Gainsborough, a brilliant head; another by Beech, in Peeping Tom; Madame Storaice, by Sharp; two of Hull; a large whole-length of Miss O'Neil in the Tragic Muse, by Joseph (purchased since I saw you), to be placed where Master Betty was, who is to support Miss O'Neil on the left, while Charles Kemble in Douglas, by Kearsley, the same size, will support her on the right. This has been presented by the latter to me lately. These three pictures, nearly of a size, will present a noble front in a few days. Kearsley was a great genius who was lost to the world, like Harlowe, at an early age. It is a beautiful picture. I have found

an undoubted picture of Shakspeare's mother, which, if you can give me a day or two more, I can give you a particular account of. I have also acquired a bust of Young, by Behnes (perfect). I should wish you to mention this, as it may serve the artist, a young man of great talents. The bust of Shakspeare you should say is a cast from the monument at Stratford, by G. Bullock.

"So no more from your loving humble servant,
"C. MATHEWS."

Mathews was not without the weakness of all his profession, touching the newspaper and other dramatic critics of the day. Abstractedly, he hated them all—certainly not for any ill will that he owed the existing race of them on his own account—for few actors have been so uniformly and universally treated with favour, or rather with justice, as he was, so far as regarded his general pretensions, especially during the last fifteen years of his theatrical career. But it must be remembered that the line of performance which he adopted during that period was not the one of his choice, but was forced upon him by what he conceived an inadequate appreciation of his powers as a comic actor. And this he attributed in a great measure to the newspaper critics who held sway at the period of his early performances. Having unluckily exhibited his extraordinary powers of mimicry, as distinguished from those of dramatic personation, his early critics fell into what he justly deemed the ridiculous blunder of supposing and contending, that because he was a great mimic he could not be a great actor; and accordingly, to the day of his death, he was more generally spoken of at least, if not felt to be, the former than the latter. This was a subject of the most bitter and perpetual annoyance to him, and he revenged himself for it by not merely entertaining, but *cherishing*, a profound hatred and contempt for all newspaper critics, great and small.

As one of the most interesting and characteristic of the "Recollections" of my intercourse with him is connected with this topic, I will relate it here. At any early period of his career in London Mathews was advertised to perform Rover in "Wild Oats," on a certain night, and his name was continued in the bills up to the time of the performance; but in consequence of a sudden illness he could not play, and at a late hour the performance was changed. Those who knew his irritable nature may judge of his rage and astonishment at seeing, in the Morning Chronicle of the next day, a detailed account of his performance of Rover the night before, accompanied by *sundry* proofs and arguments, showing that the (alleged) performance was a total failure, and that the actor should never have attempted it! Mathews learned that this criticism was written by the late William Hazlitt—whom he willingly admitted to be (when he pleased) the best dramatic critic of the day. Not knowing the excuse (such as it was) for the unlucky blunder in question, he ever afterwards adduced it as evidence of the utter worthlessness of *all* dramatic criticisms. Now, the excuse for the blunder was, that Hazlitt had seen him play Rover some nights before, but had been prevented from making his remarks on the

performance by the pressure of other matters in the paper; and seeing the play advertised for the night referred to, wrote and sent his criticism, without taking the trouble to satisfy himself that the performance actually took place on that particular night. This circumstance happened many years before my acquaintance with either Mathews or Hazlitt; but hearing the thing mentioned by Mathews at a time when I enjoyed a strict intimacy with both of those distinguished men, and learning on enquiry, the true explanation of it, I was glad of an opportunity which shortly afterwards seemed to present itself, of doing away the bitter feeling against Hazlitt which literally rankled in Mathews's mind, for what he had always deemed a base and deliberate attempt to crush him in his early career in London. Hazlitt's interest having been excited towards Mathews's gallery, by the many references to it in Lamb's beautiful paper on "The Old Actors," he happened to say to me how much he should like to see the gallery; and I offered to take him to Kentish-town for that purpose, without, however, venturing to hint at the obnoxious topic—which I knew was a very sore one with Hazlitt—but intending of course to see my way pretty clear before me in case Hazlitt did not object to go. I was not more surprised than pleased at Hazlitt's reply. He at once recognised the obstacle of the unlucky criticism, and fully explained to me the occasion of it; but seemed to think, that under the circumstances, it was impossible for him to go to Mathews's house, without a special invitation from himself. At the same time he expressed his strong desire to go, if it were only to do away the impression which, as he had always heard, Mathews had taken up about him in consequence of the occurrence referred to. I accordingly undertook to at least sound Mathews on the subject, which I did at the first opportunity; and I found that, after the proper explanations, Mathews was as anxious to get rid of his injurious impressions about Hazlitt as the latter was to see them done away; for Mathews's personal feelings did not prevent him from entertaining a just notion of Hazlitt's great powers as a writer. Briefly then, it was settled that in a day or two Mathews should write to me, fixing a day for Hazlitt to dine with him and see the gallery; and this arrangement was made known to Hazlitt, who did not absolutely object even to the dining part of the business, though at that period of his life nothing was so difficult as to persuade him to go any where under the bare chance of meeting strangers.

Thus matters stood for more than a week, without my hearing any thing further from Mathews on the subject; a delay which greatly annoyed me, because I knew it would suggest to Hazlitt's almost diseasedly sensitive feelings on matters of this nature, a suspicion that Mathews had consented rather than *desired* to receive him; and on seeing him, such in fact I found to be the case; nor could any thing I was able to say remove the suspicion from his mind. It was evident that he fancied I had got him into a scrape, in seeming to obtrude his presence on a man whom he felt that he had outraged and injured;

and the result was, that he expressed his determination not to go at all, even should the tardy invitation at last arrive. In this position I let matters stand for three or four days longer, and then I wrote to Mathews, frankly stating to him my fears as to what Hazlitt's feelings would and ought to be in consequence of the delay, and adding a wish that, as I could not now take upon myself the risk of repeating to Hazlitt the proposition, he (Mathews) would look upon the matter as if it had never been mooted between us.

This letter brought an instant reply to me in the following terms:—

"Ivy Cottage, Kentish Town, April 24.

"I have not time to write you such a trimmer as you deserve, my dear sensitive P——e. You have not a notion of the number of letters, notes, &c., that I am compelled to write almost daily. I do not know whether you admit such a term as *miffy* into your vocabulary. It is a very expressive word to me. A *miffy* person is a great torment. I meet with many among what I call matter-of-fact people; but I hardly expect such fancied affronts from men of your understanding. I cannot enter into a laboured defence. But briefly, you are all wrong in your conjectures, and rather unjust in punishing me with your angry remarks: you must think very meanly of me if you supposed I could say I should be very happy to see Mr. Hazlitt, if I were not sincere. I am sure I said so, but I was not aware that I was bound to time. Now, the whole of the delay has arisen from a simple circumstance,—that my gallery has been so completely deranged, for the purpose of hanging the pictures in an improved manner, that I did not like to exhibit them in an incomplete state. I did not know Charles Lamb's address, but I have enquired about it two or three times unsuccessfully. I never had such a notion in my mind as to neglect your application—very far from it. This I declare upon my honour. Now, if you will say as much to Mr. Hazlitt, and fix your day (informing me in the mean time of Mr. Lamb's address,) I shall be much obliged to you. Will you call in at the English Opera House, either Thursday or Saturday, and talk it over? Perhaps it will be more satisfactory to Mr. Hazlitt if I drop him a note previously to his visit. Pray let me see or hear from you, in justice to my feelings—for you have annoyed me.

"I am yours, very truly,

"C. MATHEWS."

I showed this letter to Hazlitt, who was perfectly satisfied with it. A day was immediately afterwards fixed by another note from Mathews; the parties met, and the day went off with more mutual satisfaction (as I afterwards learned) to each party, than I ever remember to have witnessed on any similar occasion;—Hazlitt having received a much higher impression of Mathews's intellectual powers by these few hours of personal intercourse, than he had acquired from all his public performances; and Mathews, on his part, having been perfectly delighted with Hazlitt, whom he had hitherto been taught to look upon as little less than a demon incarnate.

have repeatedly heard him speak of the meeting afterwards, as offering to him the most remarkable proof he had ever met with, of the strength and extent to which *personal* prejudices may be carried, in opposition to the truth. The only persons present on this occasion besides Hazlitt and myself, were the late Charles Lamb, and Mr. Leigh Hunt. Three more accomplished talkers in their respective ways were perhaps never brought together; and each being in excellent cue on this occasion, I never remember to have passed so pleasant a day of its kind, even in Mathews's house,—which, during his residence at Kentish-town, was the resort of more intellectual society, gathered together from a greater variety of sources, than perhaps any other that could be named during the same period.

It was here I first met Coleridge, who for several years, I believe, went to Mathews's oftener than to any other house. And what is remarkable, he did not "hold forth" so much there as he was accustomed to do elsewhere. I have met him several times at Mathews's, and do not remember a single occasion there on which he absorbed more of the conversation than fairly fell to his share. On the first occasion of my meeting him there, I sat next to him at dinner, and was favoured with the chief share of his wondrous talk; and though I found it in all respects answerable in its *good* qualities to the reports I had previously heard of it, I perceived none of the opposite qualities that were alleged against it. We spoke together much before quitting the dinner-table, during which time, though it was a small party (as Mathews's always were, never more than from eight to twelve persons) he did not once seem to claim the whole attention of the company to himself; and when he rose from table, he and I (having just entered into a dissertation on dreams—a glorious theme for his inspired tongue!) instead of following the rest of the guests to the drawing-room, wandered out into the grounds, (for it was a beautiful summer's night,) and I listened to, while he talked, a flood of inspired eloquence, which seems to echo in my ears at this moment as I write, and the mere thought of which recalls to me every particular of time, place, personal appearance of the speaker, the sound and expression of his voice, the rise, flow, and fall of his impassioned intonation, as if it were but yesterday. And there Mathews came and found us as the clock struck midnight, and after all the other guests were gone, still talking and listening beneath the rich moonlight, as if "time and the hour" were made for nothing else.

Another occasion on which I met Coleridge at Mathews's, had reference to a circumstance worth, perhaps, a detailed notice. For two or three years, without intermission, Mathews had devoted the whole of his leisure time and thoughts to a project for erecting a splendid monument to Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon; and he had taxed, to the very utmost, his extensive interest in the great and the literary worlds, in furtherance of his plan. At length a committee of the most brilliant names of the country was formed—the plan was matured—the king's (George the Fourth's) direct patronage and personal sanction

were obtained—the sculptor was appointed—and every thing was ready for placing the matter before the public with a view to the necessary subscriptions, except an appropriate "address" to accompany the proposals. This address, after repeated applications to Coleridge to prepare it, and his repeated promises and failures, Mathews asked me to write, and I had (not without some reluctance and hesitation) promised to do so—he engaging to bear me harmless through the matter as regarded Coleridge. The following little note is characteristic of the almost boyish eagerness and warmth with which he pursued and persisted in any project which he took up.

"Dear P—e,

"I only wait for you. The king has given me full permission to publish. Therefore despatch, mon ami! If possible, give me a look in to-morrow evening at the E. O. (English Opera House.)

"Thine in sincerity,

"C. MATHEWS.

"Highgate, May 1."

The address was written, and entirely approved of by Mathews and his friends; but Coleridge having been asked to write one, it was deemed indispensable (by myself in particular) that it should be submitted to him for his approval; which was accordingly done by Mathews. He returned it with his unqualified sanction to every part, except one phrase, which phrase had happened to please Mathews more than any other in the address; and so loth was he to part with it, that not liking to remonstrate himself with Coleridge on his objection to it, he persuaded *me* to engage to do so; for which purpose he arranged that we should meet at his house, when he would casually introduce the subject, without giving Coleridge the least idea *who* had written the address, and then leave me to manage the matter in the best way I could—he being at hand to aid me in this my somewhat perilous enterprise, of testing a point of literary taste with a man whom we both looked upon as the greatest literary genius of the day. We met accordingly; and after a long discussion, I had the satisfaction of bringing Coleridge completely round to Mathews's and my own opinion as to the passage in question—which it was now agreed should stand precisely as it was originally written.

I'm afraid the reader may think that, in the above details, I have claimed his attention to a topic not worth more, at best, than a momentary reference. But in reading details of this kind, of however trifling a nature, about such men as Coleridge and Mathews, I have ever felt a deep and lively interest; and I have been willing to believe that others may be similarly constituted. Of the project above referred to, it is a characteristic fact, that nothing has been heard, from the completion of the preliminary arrangements, to the present day, except that, I believe (but am not sure) the address, names of the committee, &c., were published by way of advertisement, in one newspaper. The public, I believe, did not respond to the appeal in the way Mathews wished and expected; this (as it always did in whatever he

undertook) checked his ardour in the enterprise: he ceased to busy himself about it, and it fell to the ground; a result which I had all along anticipated, and in some measure hoped for: deeming, as I did, that a monument to the memory of Shakspeare was at best a superfluity, not necessary to complete or consolidate *his* fame, and called for, if at all, only by the feelings entertained of him by his countrymen. In this view of the matter, it may be said (in a paradoxical spirit) that the greatest monument existing to the fame of any human being, is the fact, that to this day, even his own country has erected *no* public monument to Shakspeare.

Having been led to the subject of Shakspeare, I will here place before the reader a letter from Mathews's pen, which will be read with additional curiosity and interest, when I state that it presents him (for the first and last time probably,) in the novel character of a contributor to the periodical literature of the day! It was sent to, and appeared in, a weekly literary journal, in which theatrical affairs received marked attention. The subject of it was a favourite crotchet with Mathews. He had not common patience with any body, and especially any public writer, who, whether in ignorance or from "malice prepense," spelt Shakspeare's name in any but one way; and his proofs as to which that way should be, as adduced in the following letter, are pretty decisive—at least if we admit that a family is to be permitted to settle the orthography of their own name—which is not so apparent.

SHAKSPEARE *versus* SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of the ———.

SIR,—As you "take the liberty of enquiring why the players pronounce the first syllable of Shakspeare's name as if it were written *Shaks*," I take the liberty of enquiring why you have written it *Shake*, and from what authority? There is not an instance on record of any one of the family having inserted the *e*; and therefore I would enquire of you why you pronounce *Shakspeare* (which is the true way of spelling the name) *Shakespeare*. "Glorious John" Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Malone, Steevens, *cum multis aliis*, invariably pronounced his name in the way his brother Charles has directed the performers in the new piece* to pronounce it. Malone at one time thought he had settled the question, and concludes the argument in favour of *Shack*, by saying, "therefore let this set the question at rest, for there can be no doubt but the name was pronounced so by every body during the lifetime of the bard." Mr. Davenport, the present vicar, near ninety years of age, vouches for the pronunciation at Stratford from his earliest days. In Prynne you will find the following passage:—"Shackspeer's plaies are printed in the best crown paper, far better than most bibles." The only autograph now in existence of William's is in Doctors' Commons; it is Shakspeare.—The name of the bard's father occurs 166 times under different modes of orthography, in the coun-

cil book of the corporation of Stratford: Shacksper, 4; Shackspeare, 2; Shakspeyr, 17; Shakspeare, 9; Shaxpeere, 9; Shaxpere, 18; Shaxpeare, 69!!! This, then, surely is conclusive as to the *pronunciation* of his name, and rescues the players from the charge of "offensive affectation;" for though we are aware that in those days orthography was very loose, yet the recurrence of Shaxpeare above 100 times, in my mind proves the mode of pronouncing his name to be arbitrary.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant, Y.

I have no idea to this day, whether any one, even of his own family, who may have read this letter, except myself, is aware of its being written by Mathews.

As I have been led to give incidental specimens of Mathews's epistolary style, I will close my Recollections of this month with one which is capital of its kind. As an example of the laconic style, it perhaps stands alone. It was written in reply to a note saying, that I would dine with him at Kentish-town on a certain day, if there was nothing in the way to prevent it, on his part.

"Dear Pat.

"Come.

"Yours, "MAT."

"12th.

[Since the first part of the foregoing Recollections was written, I have seen that a work is advertised by Mr. Murray, entitled "The Life and Opinions of the late Charles Mathews, begun by himself and continued by his son." It is impossible to conceive any class, or even individual, of "the reading public," who may not look forward to this production with intense interest and curiosity, no less on account of the unequalled number and variety of the themes for observation which must have presented themselves to the writer's pen, than for his wonderful truth and delicacy of tact, and his excellent taste and uncommon skill and facility in giving the benefit of his remarks to others, whether by voice or pen. I am happy to add, that in all these particulars the gentleman who will aid in completing the work, is worthy to follow the steps of his gifted father.]

From the London Metropolitan.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still!
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers:
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, thy lover is calling,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

* "The early days of Shakspeare."

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(Continued from p. 430.)

I think some people shook me by the hand, and others shouted as I walked in the open air, but I recollect no more. I afterwards was informed that I had been relieved, that I had been sent for, and a long exhortation delivered to me, for it was considered that my life must have been one of error, or I should have applied to my friends, and have given my name. My not answering, was attributed to shame and confusion—my glassy eye had not been noticed—my tottering step, when led in by the jailers, attributed to other causes; and the magistrates shook their heads as I was led out of their presence. The jailer had asked me several times where I intended to go. At last, I had told him to seek my father, and darting away from him, I had run like a madman down the street. Of course he had no longer any power over me; but he muttered, as I fled from him, "I've a notion he'll soon be locked up again, poor fellow! it's turned his brain for certain." As I passed along, my unsteady step naturally attracted the attention of the passers by; but they attributed it to intoxication. Thus was I allowed to wander away in a state of madness, and before night I was far from the town. What passed, and whither I had bent my steps, I cannot tell. All I know is, that after running like a maniac, seizing every body by the arm that I met, staring at them with wild and flashing eyes; and sometimes in a solemn voice, at others in a loud, threatening tone, startling them with the interrogatory, "Are you my father?" and then darting away, or sobbing like a child, as the humour took me, I had crossed the country, and three days afterwards I was picked up at the door of a house in the town of Reading, exhausted with fatigue and exposure, and nearly dead. When I recovered, I found myself in bed, my head shaved, my arm bound up, after repeated bleedings, and a female figure sitting by me.

"God in heaven! where am I?" exclaimed I, faintly.

"Thou hast called often upon thy earthly father during the time of thy illness, friend," replied a soft voice. "It rejoiceth me much to hear thee call upon thy Father which is in heaven. Be comforted, thou art in the hands of those who will be mindful of thee. Return thy thanks in one short prayer for thy return to reason, and then sink again into repose, for thou must need it much."

I opened my eyes wide, and perceived that a young person, in a quaker's dress, was sitting by the bed, working with her needle; an open prayer book was on a little table before her. I perceived also a cup, and parched with thirst, I merely said, "Give me to drink." She arose, and put a teaspoon to my lips; but I raised my hand, took the cup from her, and emptied it. O how delightful was that draught! I sank down on my pillow, for even that slight exertion had overpowered me, and muttering, "God, I thank thee!" I was immediately in a sound sleep, from which I did not awake for many hours. When I did, it was not daylight. A lamp was on the table, and an old man, in a quaker's dress, was snoring very comfortably in the arm-chair. I felt quite refreshed with my long sleep, and was now able to recall what had passed. I remembered the condemned cell, and the mattress upon which I lay, but all after was in a state of confusion. Here and there a fact or supposition was strong in my memory; but the intervals between were total blanks. I was, at all events, free; that I felt convinced of, and that I was in the hands of the sect who denominate themselves Quakers; but where was I? and how did I come here? I remained thinking on the past, and wondering, until the day broke, and with the daylight roused up my watchful attendant. He yawned, stretched his arms, and rising from the chair,

came to the side of my bed. I looked him in the face. "Hast thou slept well, friend?" said he.

"I have slept as much as I wish, and would not disturb you," replied I, "for I wanted nothing."

"Peradventure I did sleep," replied the man; "watching long agreeth not with the flesh, although the spirit is most willing. Requiest thou any thing?"

"Yes," replied I, "I wish to know where I am?"

"Verily, thou art in the town of Reading, in Berkshire, and in the house of Pheneas Cophagus."

"Cophagus!" exclaimed I; "Mr. Cophagus, the surgeon and apothecary?"

"Pheneas Cophagus is his name; he hath been admitted into our sect, and hath married a daughter of our persuasion. He hath attended thee in thy fever and thy frenzy, without calling in the aid of the physician, therefore do I believe that he must be the man of whom thou speakest; yet doth he not follow up the healing art for the lucre of gain."

"And the young person who was at my bedside, is she his wife?"

"Nay, friend, she is half-sister to the wife of Pheneas Cophagus by second marriage, and a maiden, who was named Susannah Temple at the baptismal font; but I will go to Pheneas Cophagus and acquaint him of your waking, for such were his directions."

The man then quitted the room, leaving me quite astonished with the information he had imparted. Cophagus turned quaker! and attending me in the town of Reading. In a short time, Mr. Cophagus himself entered in his dressing-gown. "Japhet!" said he, seizing my hand with eagerness, and then, as if recollecting, he checked himself, and commenced in a slow tone, "Japhet Newland—truly glad am I—hum—verily do I rejoice—you, Ephraim—get out of the room—and—so on."

"Yea, I will depart, since it is thy bidding," replied the man, quitting the room.

Mr. Cophagus then greeted me in his usual way; told me that he had found me insensible at the door of a house a little way off, and had immediately recognised me. He had brought me to his own home, but with but much hope of my recovery. He then begged to know by what strange chance I had been found in such a desolate condition. I replied, "that although I was able to listen, I did not feel myself equal to the exertion of telling so long a story, and that I should infinitely prefer that he should narrate to me what had passed since we had parted at Dublin, and how it was that I now found that he had joined the sect of quakers."

"Peradventure—long word that—um—queer peech—very good—and so on," commenced Mr. Cophagus; but as the reader will not understand his phraseology quite so well as I did, I shall give Mr. Cophagus's history in my own version.

Mr. Cophagus had returned to the small town at which he resided, and on his arrival he had been called upon by a gentleman who was of the society of Friends, requesting that he would prescribe for a niece of his, who was on a visit at his house, and had been taken dangerously ill. Cophagus, with his usual kindness of heart, immediately consented, and found that Mr. Temple's report was true. For six weeks he attended the young quakeress, and recovered her from an imminent and painful disease, in which she showed such fortitude and resignation, and such unconquerable good temper, that when Mr. Cophagus returned to his bachelor's establishment, he could not help reflecting upon what an invaluable wife she would make, and how much more cheerful his house would be with such a domestic partner. In short, Mr. Cophagus fell in love, and like all elderly gentlemen who have so long bottled up their affections, he became most desperately enamoured; and it is he loved Miss Judith Temple when he witnessed her patience and resignation

suffering, how much more did he love her when and that she was playful, merry, and cheerful, with-
ing boisterous, when restored to her health. Mr.
gus's attentions could not be misunderstood. He
er uncle that he had thought seriously of wedding
-white favours—marriage—family—and so on;
the young lady he had put his cane up to his nose
scribed, "A dose of matrimony—to be taken im-
tely." To Mr. Cophagus there was no objection
by the lady, who was not in her teens, or by the
who had always respected him as a worthy man,
good Christian; but to marry one who was not of
rsuasion, was not to be thought of. Her friends
not consent to it. Mr. Cophagus was therefore
sed, with a full assurance that the only objection
offered was, that he was not of their society.

Cophagus walked home discomfited. He sat
on his easy chair, and found it excessively uneasy
at down to his solitary meal, and found that his
company was unbearable—he went to bed, but
that it was impossible to go to sleep. The next
ng, therefore, Mr. Cophagus returned to Mr. Tem-
id stated his wish to be made acquainted with the
nce between the tenets of the quaker persuasion
at of the established church. Mr. Temple gave
outline, which appeared to Mr. Cophagus to be
atisfactory, and then referred him to his niece for
particulars. When a man enters into an argument

full desire to be convinced, and with his future
ness perhaps depending upon that conviction; and
further, those arguments are brought forward by
the prettiest voices, and backed by the sweetest of
it is not to be wondered at his soon becoming a
ite. Thus it was with Mr. Cophagus, who, in a
discovered that the peace, humility, and good will,
which the quaker tenets are founded, were much
songenial to the true spirit of the Christian revela-
an the Athanasian creed, to be sung or said in our
shed churches; and with this conviction, Mr.
gus requested admission into the fraternity, and
after his admission, it was thought advisable by
friends that his faith should be confirmed and
thened by his espousal to Miss Judith Temple,
hom, at her request—and he could refuse her no-
-he had repaired to the town of Reading, in which
ations all resided; and Phineas Cophagus, of the
of Friends, declared himself to be as happy as a
ould be. "Good people, Japhet—um—honest
Japhet—don't fight—little stiff—spirit moves—
on," said Mr. Cophagus, as he concluded his nar-
and then shaking me by the hand, retired to shave
ess.

all an hour afterwards Ephraim came in with a
t, which I was desired to take by Mr. Cophagus,
n to try and sleep. This was good advice, and I
d it. I awoke after a long, refreshing sleep, and
Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus sitting in the room, she at
nd he occupied with a book. When I opened my
nd perceived a female, I looked to ascertain if it
young person whom Ephraim had stated to be
sh Temple; not that I recollected her features,
but I did the contour of her person. Mrs. Co-
was taller, and I had a fair scrutiny of her person
they perceived that I was awake. Her face was
easing, features small and regular. She appeared
bout thirty years of age, and was studiously neat
an in her person. Her quaker's dress was not
t some little departure from the strict fashion and
ufficient to assist, without deviating from, its sim-
If I might use the term, it was a little coquettish,
need that the wearer, had she not belonged to that
ould have shown great taste in the adornment of
son. Mr. Cophagus, although he did not think so
; as I afterwards found out, was certainly much

improved by his change of costume. His spindlc-shanks,
which, as I have before observed, were peculiarly at
variance with his little orbicular, orange-shaped stomach,
were now concealed in loose trousers, which took off
from the protuberance of the latter, and added dignity to
the former, blending the two together, so that his round-
ness became fine by degrees, and beautifully less as it
descended. Although, the quaker dress added very
much to the substantiality of his appearance, and was a
manifest improvement, especially when he wore his
broad brimmed hat. Having satisfied my curiosity, I
moved the curtains so as to attract their attention, and
Cophagus came to my bedside, and felt my pulse. "Good
—very good—all right—little broth—throw in bark—on
his legs—well as ever—and so on."

"I am indeed much better this afternoon," replied I:
"indeed, so well, that I feel as if I could get up."

"Pooh!—tumble down—never do—lie a bed—get
strong—wife—Mrs. Cophagus—Japhet—old friend."

Mrs. Cophagus had risen from her chair, and come to-
wards the bed, when her husband introduced her in his
own fashion. "I am afraid that I have been a great
trouble, madam," said I.

"Japhet Newland, we have done but our duty, even if
thou wert not, as it appears that thou art, a friend of my
husband. Consider, me, therefore, as thy sister, and I
will regard thee as a brother; and if thou wouldst wish
it, thou shalt sojourn with us, for so hath my husband
communicated his wishes unto me."

I thanked her for her kind expressions, and took the
fair hand which was offered in such amity. Cophagus
then asked me if I was well enough to inform him of
what had passed since our last meeting, and telling me
that his wife knew my whole history, and that I might
speak before her, he took his seat by the side of the bed,
his wife also drew her chair nearer, and I commenced
the narrative of what had passed since we parted in Ire-
land. When I had finished, Mr. Cophagus commenced
as usual, "U'm—very odd—lose money—bad—grow
honest—good—run away from friends—bad—not hung
—good—brain fever—bad—come here—good—stay with
us—quite comfortable—and so on."

"Thou hast suffered much, friend Japhet," said Mrs.
Cophagus, wiping her eyes; "and I would almost ven-
ture to say, thou hast been chastised too severely, were it
not that those whom He loveth, He chastiseth. Still thou
art saved, and now out of danger; peradventure thou wilt
now quit a vain world, and be content to live with us;
ay, as thou hast the example of thy former master, it
may perhaps please the Lord to advise thee to become
one of us, and to join us as a friend. My husband was
persuaded to the right path by me," continued she, look-
ing fondly at him; "who knoweth but some of our maid-
ens may also persuade thee to eschew a vain, unright-
eous world, and follow thy Redeemer in humility."

"Very true—um—very true," observed Cophagus, put-
ting more quakerism than usual in his style, and draw-
ing out his ums to treble their usual length; "Happy
life—Japhet—um—all at peace—quiet amusements—
think about it—um—no hurry—never swear—by and
by, heh!—spirit may move—um—not now—talk about
it—get well—set up shop—and so on."

I was tired with talking so much, and having taken
some nourishment, again fell asleep. When I awoke in
the evening, friend Cophagus and his wife were not in
the room; but Susannah Temple, whom I had first seen,
and of whom I had made enquiry of Ephraim, who was
Cophagus's servant. She was sitting close to the light
and reading, and long did I continue to gaze upon her,
fearful of interrupting her. She was the most beautiful
specimen of clear and transparent white that I ever had
beheld; her complexion was unrivalled—her eyes were
large, but I could not ascertain their colour, as they
were cast down upon her book, and hid by her long

fringed eyelashes—her eyebrows arched and regular, as if drawn by a pair of compasses, and their soft hair in beautiful contrast with her snowy forehead—her hair was auburn, but mostly concealed within her cap—her nose was very straight, but not very large, and her mouth was perfection. She appeared to be between seventeen and eighteen years old, and as far as I could ascertain, her figure was symmetrically perfect. Dressed as she was in the modest, simple garb worn by the females of the society of Friends, she gave an idea of neatness, cleanliness, and propriety, upon which I could have gazed for ever. She was, indeed, most beautiful. I felt her beauty, her purity, and I could have worshiped her as an angel. While I still had my eyes fixed upon her exquisite features, she closed her book, and rising from her chair, came to the side of the bed. That she might not be startled at the idea of my having been watching her, I closed my eyes, and pretended to slumber. She resumed her seat, and then I changed my position and spoke, "Is any one there?"

"Yes, friend Newland, what is it that thou requirest?" said she, advancing. "Wouldst thou see Cophagus or Ephraim? I will summon them."

"O no," replied I; "why should I disturb them from their amusements or employments? I have slept a long while, and I would like to read a little, I think, if my eyes are not too weak."

"Thou must not read, but I may read unto thee," replied Susannah. "Tell me, what is it that thou wouldst have me read? I have no vain books; but surely, thou thinkest not of them, after thy escape from death."

"I care not what is read, provided that you read to me," replied I.

"Nay, but thou shouldst care; and be not wroth if I say to thee, that there is but one book to which thou shouldst now listen. Thou hast just been saved from deadly peril—thou hast been rescued from the jaws of death. Art thou not thankful? And to whom is gratitude most due, but to thy Heavenly Father, who hath been pleased to spare thee?"

"You are right," replied I; "then I pray you to read to me from the Bible."

Susannah made no reply, but resumed her seat, and selecting those chapters most appropriate to my situation, read them in a beautiful and impressive tone.

If the reader will recall my narrative to his recollection, he must observe, that religion had had but hitherto little of my thoughts. I had lived the life of most who live in this world, perhaps not quite so correct in morals as many people, for my code of morality was suited to circumstances; as to religion, I had none. I had lived in the world, and for the world. I had certainly been well instructed in the tenets of our faith when I was at the Asylum, but there, as in most other schools, it is made irksome, as a task, and is looked upon with almost a feeling of aversion. No proper religious feelings are, or can be, inculcated to a large number of scholars: it is the parent alone who can instil, by precept and example, that true sense of religion, which may serve as a guide through life. I had not read the Bible from the time that I quitted the Foundling Hospital. It was new to me, and when I now heard read, by that beautiful creature, passages equally beautiful, and so applicable to my situation, weakened with disease, and humbled in adversity, I was moved even unto tears.

Susannah closed the book and came to the bedside. I thanked her; she perceived my emotion, and when I held out my hand she did not refuse hers. I kissed it, and it was immediately withdrawn, and she left the room. Shortly afterwards Ephraim made his appearance. Cophagus and his wife also came that evening, but I saw no more of Susannah Temple until the following day, when I again requested her to read to me. I will not detain the reader with an account of my recovery. In

three weeks I was able to leave the room; during that time, I had become very intimate with the whole family, and was treated as if I belonged to it. During my illness I had certainly shown more sense of religion than I had ever done before, I do not mean to say that I was really religious. I liked to hear the Bible read by Susannah, and I liked to talk with her upon religious subjects; but had Susannah been an ugly old woman, I very much doubt if I should have been so attentive. It was her extreme beauty—her modesty and fervour, which so became her, which enchanted me. I felt the beauty of religion, but it was through an earthly object; it was beautiful in her. She looked an angel, and I listened to her precepts as delivered by one. Still, whatever may be the cause by which a person's attention can be directed to so important a subject, so generally neglected, whether by fear of death, or by love towards an earthly object, the advantages are the same; and although very far from what I ought to have been, I certainly was, through my admiration of her, a better man. Moreover, I was not a little in love. As soon as I was on the sofa, wrapped up in one of the dressing-gowns of Mr. Cophagus, he told me that the clothes in which I had been picked up were all in tatters, and asked whether I would like to have others made according to the usual fashion, or like those with whom I should, he trusted, in future reside. I had already debated this matter in my mind. Return to the world I had resolved not to do; to follow up the object of my search appeared to me only to involve me in difficulties; and what were the intentions of Cophagus with regard to me, I knew not. I was hesitating, for I knew not what answer to give, when I perceived the pensive, deep blue eye of Susannah fixed upon me, watching attentively, if not eagerly, for my response.

It decided the point. "If," replied I, "you do not think that I shall disgrace you, I should wish to wear the dress of the society of Friends, although not yet out of your body."

"But soon to be, I trust," replied Mrs. Cophagus.

"Alas!" replied I, "I am an outcast!" and looked at Susannah Temple.

"Not so, Japhet Newland," replied she, mildly; "I am pleased that thou hast of thy own accord rejected that vain attire. I trust that thou wilt not find that thou art without friends."

"While I am with you," replied I, addressing myself to them all, "I consider it my duty to conform to your manners in every way, but by and by, when I resume my search——"

"And why shouldst thou resume a search, which has proved unavailing, and but leads thee into ever-increasing trouble? I am but young, Japhet Newland, and perhaps so able to advise, yet doth it appear to me, that the search can only be availing when made by those who left thee. When they wish for thee they will seek thee, but thy seeking them is vain and fruitless."

"But," replied I, "recollect that enquiries have already been made at the Foundling, and those who enquired have been sent away disappointed—they will enquire no more."

"And is a parent's love so trifling, that one disappointment will drive him from the seeking of his child? No, no, Japhet; if thou art yearned for, thou wilt be found, and fresh enquiries will be made; but thy search is unavailing, and already hast thou lost much time."

"True, Susannah, thy advice is good," replied Mr. Cophagus; "in following a shadow, Japhet hath neglected the substance; it is time that thou shouldst settle thyself, and earn thy livelihood."

"And do thy duty in that path of life to which thy blessed God to call thee," continued Susannah, when Mrs. Cophagus walked out of the room.

Cophagus then took up the conversation, and pointed

out the uselessness of my roving about, and the propriety of my settling in life, proposed that I should take an apothecary's shop, for which he would furnish the means, and that he could ensure me the custom of the whole society of Friends in Reading, which was very large, as there was not one of the sect in that line of business. "Become one of us, Japhet—good business—marry by and by—happy life—little children—and so on." I thought of Susannah, and was silent. Cophagus then said, I had better reflect upon his offer, and make up my determination. If that did not suit me, he would still give me all the assistance in his power.

I did reflect long before I could make up my mind. I was still worldlyly inclined; still my fancy would revel in the idea of finding out my father in high life, and of once more appearing as a star of fashion, of returning with interest the contumely I had lately received, and re-assuming as a right that position in society which I had held under false colours.

I could not bear the idea of sinking at once into a tradesman, and probably ending my days in obscurity. Pride was still my ruling passion. Such were my first impulses, and then I looked upon the other side of the picture. I was without the means necessary to support myself; I could not return to high life without I discovered my parents in the first place, and in the second, found them to be such as my warm imagination had depicted. I had no chance of finding them. I had already been long seeking in vain. I had been twice taken up to Bow-street—nearly lost my life in Ireland—had been sentenced to death—had been insane, and recovered by a miracle, and all in prosecuting this useless search. All this had much contributed to cure me of the monomania. I agreed with Susannah that the search must be made by the other parties, and not by me. I recalled the treatment I had received from the world, the contempt with which I had been treated, the heartlessness of high life, and the little chance of my ever again being admitted into society.

I placed all this in juxtaposition with the kindness of those with whom I now resided; what they had done already for me, and what they now offered, which was to make me independent by my own exertions. I weighed all in my mind; was still undecided, for my pride still carried its weight; when I thought of the pure, beautiful Susannah Temple, and, my decision was made. I would not lose the substance by running after shadows.

That evening, with many thanks, I accepted the kind offers of Mr. Cophagus, and expressed my determination of entering into the society of Friends.

"Thou hast chosen wisely," said Mrs. Cophagus, extending her hand to me; "and it is with pleasure that we shall receive thee."

"I welcome thee, Japhet Newland," said Susannah, also offering her hand, "and I trust that thou wilt find more happiness among those with whom thou art about to sojourn, than in the world of vanity and deceit, in which thou hast hitherto played thy part. No longer seek an earthly father, who hath deserted thee, but a heavenly Father, who will not desert thee in thy afflictions."

"You shall direct me into the right path, Susannah," replied I.

"I am too young to be a guide, Japhet," replied she, smiling; "but not too young, I hope, to be a friend."

The next day my clothes came home, and I put them on. I looked at myself in the glass, and was any thing but pleased; but as my head was shaved, it was of little consequence what I wore; so I consoled myself. Mr. Cophagus sent for a barber and ordered me a wig, which was to be ready in a few days; when it was ready I put it on, and altogether did not dislike my appearance. I flattered myself that if I was a quaker, at all events I

was a very good looking and a very smart one; and when, a day or two afterwards, a reunion of friends took place at Mr. Cophagus's house to introduce me to them, I perceived, with much satisfaction, that there was no young man who could compete with me. After this I was much more reconciled to my transformation.

Mr. Cophagus was not idle. In a few weeks he had rented a shop for me, and furnished it much better than his own in Smithfield; the upper part of the house was let off, as I was to reside with the family. When it was ready I went over it with him, and was satisfied; all I wished for was Timothy as an assistant, but that wish was unavailing, as I knew not where to find him.

That evening I observed to Mr. Cophagus that I did not much like putting my name over the shop. The fact was, that my pride forbade it; and I could not bear the idea, that Japhet Newland, at whose knock every aristocratic door had flown open, should appear in gold letters above a shop window. "There are many reasons against it," observed I. "One is, that it is not my real name—I should like to take the name of Cophagus; another is, that the name, being so well known, may attract those who formerly knew me, and I should not wish that they should come in and mock me; another is——"

"Japhet Newland," interrupted Susannah, with more severity than I ever had seen in her sweet countenance, "do not trouble thyself with giving thy reasons, seeing that thou hast given every reason but the right one—which is, that thy pride revolts at it."

"I was about to observe," replied I, "that it was a name that sounded of mainmorn, and not fitting for one of our persuasion. But, Susannah, you have accused me of pride, and I will now raise no further objections. Japhet Newland it shall be, and let us speak no more upon the subject."

"If I have wronged thee, Japhet, much do I crave thy forgiveness," replied Susannah. "But it is God alone who knoweth the secrets of our hearts. I was presumptuous, and you must pardon me."

"Susannah, it is I who ought to plead for pardon; you know me better than I know myself. It was pride, and nothing but pride—but you have cured me."

"Truly have I hopes of thee now, Japhet," replied Susannah, smiling. "Those who confess their faults will soon amend them; yet I do think there is some reason in thy observation, for who knoweth, but, meeting with thy former associates, thou mayst not be tempted into falling away? Thou mayst spell thy name as thou listest; and, peradventure, it would be better to disguise it."

So agreed Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and I therefore had it written *Gnowe-land*; and having engaged a person of the society, strongly recommended to me, as an assistant, I took possession of my shop, and was very soon busy in making up prescriptions, and dispensing my medicines in all quarters of the good town of Reading. And I was happy. I had employment during the day; my profession was, at all events, liberal. I was dressed and lived as a gentleman, or rather, I should say, respectably. I was earning my own livelihood. I was a useful member of society; and when I retired home to meals, and late at night, I found, that if Cophagus and his wife had retired, Susannah Temple always waited up, and remained with me a few minutes. I had never been in love until I had fallen in with this perfect creature; but my love for her was not the love of the world; I could not so depreciate her—I loved her as a superior being—I loved her with fear and trembling. I felt that she was too pure, too holy, too good, for a vain worldly creature like myself. I felt as if my destiny depended upon her and her fiat; that if she favoured me, my happiness in this world and in the next were secured; that if she rejected me, I was cast away for ever. Such was my feeling for Susannah Temple, who, perfect as she

his wife; and he rejoiced in the affections of a parent for his children. He was of that very numerous English class of "poor but honest." Ellen's property was all gone,—gone with her former worthless husband (for it turned out that he was worthless) and his ship,—and Moystyn had nothing but what he earned. One day at the end of a hard quarter, he was arrested,—he could not tell for what;—he did not even know by whom. On the back of the writ upon which he was taken, was the name of Miller, but he knew nobody of that name. The attorney who had issued the writ was not to be found, and, as far as that action went, Moystyn to the day of his death never discovered who was the plaintiff. It took him, however, in the first instance, to Horsemonger-lane jail, and as soon as he could get money enough he moved upon it to the King's Bench prison through the form of a *habeas*. When there, one or two fresh suits were commenced against him by real creditors; detainers were sent down, and he became sadly embarrassed. Long time he tried to battle against misfortune; but, after his furniture was sold, and his wife and family turned into the streets, he almost despaired in his penniless condition, and gave himself up for lost. Ellen—fate-persecuted as she was—joined him with her children in his jail, and there they subsisted upon a sum of five shillings per week, allowed Moystyn from some seaman's society, three and sixpence of county money, and whatever little pittance his wife and his eldest daughter could earn by their needle. The family, however, suffered a great deal from illness: the prison at one time became full, and they had to pay five shillings per week to a *chum*; and at last their indigence and destitution became excessive and miserable. Moystyn could never raise money enough to go through the Insolvent Court, and his imprisonment dragged on year after year, wasting his constitution and consuming his frame, so that Ellen, who nursed him with affection to the last, might truly be said to have joined him in a prison like an angel of kind comfort to tend him on his journey to the grave. How he died it was my fate sorrowfully to witness; but the *dénouement* to Ellen's history did not transpire till the next day.

The day after my last visit to him, Moystyn was carried out in a coffin. Poor fellow! death had released him from his creditors. An inquest was held upon his body, as is customary when men die in prison. The jury in such cases invariably consists of prisoners, some of them taken from inside the walls, others chosen from the rules. On the melancholy occasion in question, I was called in to give evidence, and to witness, as it turned out, one of the strangest and most terror-striking events that ever occurred, perhaps, within the charmed pale of coincidence. In the course of the enquiry, I detailed to the jury the leading features of the story I have just narrated, and it commanded the most earnest attention from all present. When I had concluded it, with the sad portrayal of the scene in the deceased's room where I administered the sacrament to him the evening before, there was a momentary silence,—a stillness, the effect of mingled sympathy, ex-

citement, and surprise. It was broken by the fall of one of the jury from his chair in a fit of paralysis. He was an old man, and had attended from the rules.

"He had better be taken home," said the coroner. "Who knows where he lives?"

"I know who he is," said one of the turnkeys; "but I must look in the books to see where he lives." He turned into the lobby and brought the book back.

"John Miller, *alias* Wentworth Stokes, Melina-place."

"Wentworth Stokes!" cried the whole room in astonishment. "Wentworth Stokes!" shrieked Ellen, (who had been dismissed after her evidence, but was then standing in the lobby,) "where, where?—let me see." And, as they pointed to the door, she rushed in, and identified the body of her first husband!

"Poor William! then," exclaimed she, "our dreams are both fulfilled. He had, indeed, come home from over the seas!" But how he had come—or whence—or in what manner he had escaped from the wreck of his vessel, still remains untold, for Wentworth Stokes never spoke again.

It appeared that he had been for some years a prisoner in the rules under his right name of John Miller, living upon a small income which he had preferred remaining in prison to giving up; and this (when the facts were stated) his creditors, instead of dividing amongst themselves, generously consented to assign to the hapless Ellen and orphan family. It will keep them from a recurrence of the poverty they have so long patiently endured.

From the London Metropolitan

DRYBURGH ABBEY BY MOONLIGHT.

The Muse of Scotland leaning over the tomb of Scott, her head crowned with cypress, and a harp lying at her feet, solemn music is heard in the distance, after which the Muse repeats the following

INVOCATION.

Ye splendid visions of the shadowy night,
Ye spectral forms, that float in fields of light;
Spirits of beauty, that in mid air dwell,
Come to the shrine of him who loved you well!
Shades of departed heroes from the tomb,
Covered with dust of ages, hither come,
In your bright panoply and crested might,
Such as he called you forth to life and light.
And ye, too, brethren of the cloister'd vow,
And ye, pale sisterhood, that loved to bow
Your virgin beauties to the holy thrall,
Come to this festival of death: come, all!
Ye mighty ones of earth uncrown your brows,
A mightier head lies here; and sweeter vows
Than ever king received, embalm this spot,
Where sleeps the king of song:—*immortal Scott*.
Come, sportive lovers of the moonlight hour,
Ye fairies, that, obedient to his power,
Played off your merry pranks in hall and bower—
But, chief of all, come nature, holy wells,
Yielding your silver tribute, freshest bells,
Plucked from the blooming heather, echoes fair,
Chanting his golden lays, till earth and air
Are full of melody. Come all! come all!
Ye nations too, come at the solemn call!

And first, his own dear land ! bring offerings meet,
Such as his spirit loved, bright flowers and sweet ;
For he has sung your beauties, he has thrown
A magic round them greater than their own,
And o'er thy charms his soul enamoured hung,
"Till not a mountain reared its head unsung ;"
Come, then, awake the harp, and let earth ring,
With one deep dirge of woe from voice and string !

*At the end of the invocation a solemn symphony is played,
after which a chorus of voices sing the following*

DIRGE.

He's gone from the halls that resounded with mirth,
The light is gone out from the once blazing hearth,
And the bard of the bright lay lies coldly in earth,

Oh ! never again shall we look on his face :
The glory of Scotland, the pride of his race,
Is gone, and there's none that can fill up his place.

Bring garlands as bright as his fancy could twine,
Bring odours, bring gems of the far distant mine,
Bring all that is costly to lay at his shrine.

And, oh ! bring his own harp, all bosoms to move ;
Let earth do him homage, and friendship and love
Sing peace to his spirit the bright stars above.

C.

From the United Service Journal.

A SPORTING ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

Extract of a Letter from Lieut. Clarke, of the 26th Native Infantry, Bombay.

In June, 1833, I set out from Cutch to join my regiment, then lying at Deesa. On the night of the 22d, my tent was pitched about twenty miles from a village called Ghousnard, on the banks of the river Burnasse. I traveled with a double set of servants, camels, &c., and by keeping one set constantly in advance, I had nothing to do but ride from tent to tent, every thing being prepared for my reception. Devotedly fond of field-sports, I had pursued them with the utmost avidity since my first arrival in India. I had enjoyed peculiar facilities for so doing, from having been almost constantly on detachment. The country I was now traveling through abounded in game, particularly hog and black buck, and I anticipated, with the delight a sportsman alone can feel, the havoc I should make amongst them.

Early on the morning of the 23d I traversed the distance from where I had slept to my tent near Ghousnard, on a Hirkara camel, and having partaken of a capital breakfast, I eagerly interrogated my shikaree as to what prospect of sport. He told me "there was plenty of hog." I gave immediate directions to get out the horses, and was soon mounted on a favourite Arab, that had been at the death of as many hogs as any horse in India, my chaluks sewar riding my second horse with a spare spear ; a syce leading a third ; and another with my rifle : these, with fourteen coolies or beaters, completed the party. It was an undulating country, and interspersed over it were numerous small covers of tamarisk, &c. At this time of year there were no signs of cultivation. We had beaten a considerable quantity of ground without success, moving only a few pigs that were too small to ride after ; and my patience

and good humour were rapidly evaporating, when my shikaree pointed out the pug or track of a large boar ; it appeared quite fresh, and I determined to follow it. We proceeded for above a mile, every moment in the hope of rousing him : when turning the angle of a small cover, we suddenly came upon a dead bullock ; about twenty yards to the right of it was another ; and not a hundred in advance was the hog we were pugging. The coolies collected round it, and I heard them repeating the word "Lions ! lions !"

Enraged at being baffled of my expected sport, and my blood up, I dismounted, and my shikaree showed me the lions' track. We could make out distinctly that there were six ; and as it is their habit to return at night and devour their prey, I made no doubt that they were still in the immediate neighbourhood. I seized my rifle, and after considerable remonstrance, and with some difficulty, I persuaded my coolies to follow them up, and taking the lead we tracked them into a tamarisk nulla or ravine, running at right angles, and into the bed of the river. The tamarisk resembles the cypress, and is about the height of a man's head, forming a very thick cover, extending over four or five acres. After a short pause we entered, not knowing but that the next step might throw us into the lions' jaws. We, however, beat through without any adventure, and then we discovered they had stolen away, five taking down the bed of the river, the other, which by the track appeared a very large one, had doubled back into cover, broke higher, and made up the bed of the Burnasse. This last I determined upon following. We soon tracked it into a small jungle on the edge of the river. I had just entered when I heard a shout, and running round a bush that intercepted my view, I saw an enormous lioness making off with tremendous bounds ; I fired and missed her. I shouted to my sewar to keep her in sight. He put his horse to speed, and in a short time returned and told me she had taken refuge in a large yellow break. He guided me to the spot, and I got within thirty yards ; she was crouched, glaring on us as we approached. I raised my rifle and fired,—she uttered a tremendous roar and rushed out,—I had wounded her in the shoulder ; for as she crossed the bed of the river she went on three legs. My sewar again followed, but she turned on and pursued him, roaring terribly. He, however, found no difficulty in getting away ; and she retreated and took her stand under a single tree, much resembling our thorn, but larger, and called here a bauble tree.

There she stood in full view, appearing almost as large as a bullock, with her tongue out, lashing her sides with her tail, and roaring most appallingly. I now sent back all my followers, and, cocking my rifle, steadily approached till within thirty yards, when I gave her my fire. I struck her, I believe in the belly. When she received my shot, she lowered her head and rushed towards me as if mortally wounded ; but suddenly, when within ten paces, turned off and again made down the bed of the river for a short distance, then crossed to the opposite bank, and entered a large jungle.

a lady in a frame—with the huge and fatal coffer below—is good; but the figure itself wants lightness, and the face is thick and indistinct. There are also two charming views of Arqua, to which Petrarch has bequeathed the noble legacy of his memory. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Petrarch was one of the most learned men of his time—the able and trusted friend of princes of statesmen. But we remember him for "his love's sweet sake," for the green valleys in which he delighted, and the human affection with which he made their shadows musical. These delicious and poetical engravings are well accompanied by the graceful chronicles of Rogers. We never meet with a passage which makes us "breathless with adoration;" there are none of those creations which "seen, become a part of sight;" none of those touches of thought and music which "remain a joy for ever;" none, in short, of the signs and tokens of the great poet. But Rogers is a man of fine taste, and cultivated mind. He visits the most interesting places, whose very names are poems in themselves, and gathers together their picturesque and romantic memories in flowing and elegant verse. He is full of poetry, though scarce a poet.—*ib.*

The Modern Dunciad, Virgil in London, and other Poems. William Pickering: London.

To war with dulness is a task more easy than to overcome it; but it is the least easy of all to make it, in ridiculing it, a source of wit. The "Modern Dunciad" is satirical without humour. Its strain of vituperation is cutting, its sarcasm searching: but still it is mere vituperation. The philosophy of the maniac, who was astonished at the officer carrying a sword to kill those who would so soon die if left alone, might be well studied by writers of this class, who are so valorous in the slaughter of small wits. We must concede to the author of these poems much power as well as polish of versification, and a more than sufficient quantity of that venom, which, like aqua fortis, blackens whilst it burns. There are, through the satirical parts, no delicate touches, nothing that makes us wish to confess a brother in the lampooner, or when he praises, to find a friend in the panegyrist. His maledictory verses are but musical abuse, his eulogium a variation upon the words good, good, good. Besides, we find in these pages many things repulsive to correct taste. What moral purpose can be answered in ill-naturedly recording the obesity of Theodore Hook, or torturing the crookedness of Sir Lumley Skellington in exhalations of bad jokes? Of the poems professedly satirical we like best, "The Conversazione." Of the serious pieces that follow, we request the author to think seriously, if ever his "Dunciad" should reach another edition. Certainly that caustic poem will not be complete without there be a niche in it constructed to receive the author of "Immortality," "An Ode to the Nativity," and several very pious little hymns. We have found the notes the most amusing part of the work—the more amusing, as the author has shown by quotations that he has been thought worthy of abuse, which is something in these days of literary and worthless pretension. *Metropolitan.*

The works of William Cowper. Edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A. M., rector of Burton, and vicar of Biddenham, author of the "Life of the Rev. Leigh Richmond." With an essay on the genius and poetry of Cowper, by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, A. M., vicar of Harrow. Saunders and O'ley, Conduit street.

The seventh volume of this ably edited and successful edition has, for its frontispiece, a well engraved portrait of Cowper's mother, engraved by E. Finden. It is a quiet pleasing face, without any thing remarkably striking about it. The vignette title-page is also by E. Finden,

after a drawing by Harding, of the town of East Dereham, a very fine specimen of art. This volume is principally occupied by "The Task." It also contains the "Tyrocinium," and many of the author's minor and humorous poems. His melancholy, at times, could be exquisitely humorous. "John Gilpin" figures conspicuously among these. As this volume contains merely the text of Cowper, we cannot have possibly any thing to say, by way of commentary, on that which is so well known and appreciated.—*Metropolitan.*

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a journal of his tour to the Hebrides. By James Boswell, Esq., To which are added, Anecdotes by Harkins, Piccini, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Stevens, &c., and notes by various hands. 8 vols. John Murray, Albemarle St.

This sixth volume boasts a frontispiece after that excellent artist, Stanfield, and engraved by Finden. It is a romantic view of Dove Dale. The vignette title-page is a portrait of the gravid doctor, from a bust of Nolcken. The volume is full of anecdote and highly-amusing conversational traits. In every other respect, as far as the getting of it up is concerned, it is quite equal to the best of its predecessors.—*Ibid.*

The Linwoods. By Miss Sedgwick, author of "Hope Leslie." 3 vols. London: Churton.

A more striking example of the versatility of female talent, as displayed in fiction, could hardly be shown than by comparing this American novelist with the scourge of American domestic manners, and drawing a parallel between "Tremordyn Cliff" and "The Linwoods." Both are strong, but the strength of the latter lies in gentleness, of the former, in sudden bursts of vivacity—both are acute observers, but the one finishes her domestic scenes and characters with a mellow and delicate pencil, while the other, as it were, scratches them off with the stump of a pen. Mrs. Trollope works the vein of terror with great skill; Miss Sedgwick has no slight command over the fountain of tears: but they are both highly gifted women.

Miss Sedgwick is one of the few American writers who rose into deserved popularity in their own country, without waiting for the approving sanction of European critics. By the more trained and fastidious of her countrymen, she is considered the first of American novelists—we should rather say, the first of their female novelists; and to us, the character of her mind, as manifested in her works, is essentially feminine—always easy and graceful—always calm and equable—never extravagant. We incline to think that this, her last work, is her best: she has chosen a most interesting period of national history, and enhanced thereby the interest of her story, without having produced, or, we should imagine, attempted, that most frequent of all failures, a strictly historical novel. Washington, and General Putnam, and Governor Clinton, it is true, all of them figure in her pages, but merely as accessories to the true-hearted, noble Isabella Linwood, and the beautifully gentle and melancholy Bessie Lee. Seldom has a sweeter creation risen upon a novelist's eye than this fair frail-minded girl—brought down to the dust by the faithlessness of him in whom she has trusted, but, even in the midst of the wreck of her reason, preserving a child-like and trustful piety, which serves her in the stead of Uca's lion, and pilots her through difficulties and dangers till her errand is safely achieved. Her false city lover is sufficiently detestable: her brother is a noble fellow, a true republican hero; plain in his manners, and scanty in his profession, but prompt and courageous in his actions, and, besides fervent affections, bearing in his heart such a high consciousness as must pervade the demeanour, and utterly destroy the charge of awkwardness and rudeness. There is no

From the London Court Magazine.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE
CHARLES MATHEWS.

WITH SIX ORIGINAL LETTERS.

(Continued from page 423.)

The most striking characteristic which presented itself to notice in a personal intercourse with Mathews, was that extraordinary versatility of mind which caused him, not merely to seem, but to be, all things by turns, according to the tone and colour of the society in which he found himself. I never knew any one who possessed this *cameleon* quality to so great an extent as Charles Mathews, and it was no doubt the secret of his wonderful endowments and success. What remained to him of his own natural character at the period of my first acquaintance with him (which be it remembered, was not till he had reached the very meridian of his fame and success), I shall endeavour to trace hereafter, as it will, I think, offer a very curious and interesting point of enquiry. In the mean time, I am about to notice what I always looked upon as the mere superficies of his character—the form and features which had been given to it by the perhaps unequalled extent of his intercourse with the remarkable men of all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest, and by the singular impressibility and plasticity which constituted the leading qualities of his mind and his physical powers. But this extraordinary versatility, while it caused his perhaps unparalleled success in the appropriate line of public life to which it impelled him, produced any thing but a corresponding effect upon his private character. To that it gave an artificial coat and colouring, which effectually concealed its real form and substance from all eyes but those that were made quick by an intense personal interest in his character, and at the same time were permitted, in virtue of that interest, to see what was studiously concealed from all others. Notwithstanding the popularity which Mathews's unrivalled social qualities secured for him among his intimates in private life, he was very generally looked upon even by them as a man of a cold, cautious, and suspicious nature; selfish in his feelings and habits; hard and severe in his judgment of others; unreasonable in his demands of admiration towards his own merits; intolerant of merit in others, if it was at all of a nature to interfere with his own; restless, irritable, and unhappy, except when he was receiving the coarse and clamorous meed of vulgar applause:—whereas the truth is that he was naturally and in reality the very reverse of all this. When not held in and confined by the reins and trammels which a too indiscriminate intercourse with the world had cast about him, he was ardent, open, and trusting as a boy; generous to profuseness; liberal and considerate towards the claims of others, and modest even to diffidence regarding his own; and I am convinced he was better pleased to enjoy a quiet tête-à-tête table-talk with a real friend (if, indeed, a man rejoicing in such an “acquaintance” as he did, could persuade himself that he had one—which, in Mathews's case at least, I doubt), over a temperate glass of wine by his own fire-

side, than to listen to the noisy and indiscriminating applause of a whole theatre of empty laughers. I have often heard Mathews spoken of, by those who profess to know him, as a vain egotist, greedy of admiration for itself alone, and careless by what expedients he obtained it. But there never was a man—at least a public man—of whom this was less true. He despised and repudiated any applause which did not come in the right place; and as to seeking it by illegitimate means, or forcing forward his claims to it on inappropriate occasions, so little liable was he to these latter charges, that he might with some show of reason have been taxed with an affectation of their opposites: for as an actor his style was severe and simple even to baldness, and in private life he shrank with almost painful reluctance from any thing which seemed like a courting of notice, or which differed in any degree from the even and quiet tenor of well-bred society. The fact is that Mathews felt too much curiosity and interest in human nature, and all that constituted and concerned it, to allow of his own individual feelings and concerns absorbing any great portion of his thoughts. His regards were too catholic and all-embracing to permit the petty bigotry of selfishism to interfere with their range. Had it been otherwise he could not have created and put on record—so far, at least, as regards the living generation—so vast a range of individual characters, scarcely inferior, in number and variety, at least, to those of Shakspeare himself; and yet not one of them to be found there, or any where else, except only in the ever-renewing family springing from the union between natural and artificial life. It was indeed the error and failing of Mathews's personal character that it had little or no individuality belonging to it. Its original qualities and tendencies were merged and almost lost in the crowd of new and curious combinations with which his memory and imagination had peopled it. Most people try to look at and become acquainted with the world through the petty and miserable medium of self, which, like a badly reflecting mirror, shows them little but their own individual features more or less disfigured and distorted. But men imbued like Mathews with a fine and philosophic spirit of observation, look at the world about them as astronomers look at the heavens, through a lucid instrument that brings to the view a thousand wonders and beauties invisible to less favoured eyes.

Another remarkable result of an intimate private intercourse with Mathews was the great comparative height to which it raised your estimate of his intellectual powers, above that which his public performances, admirable as they were, might have led you to form of those powers. It requires a very limited intercourse with actors to satisfy one that a very high capacity for their admirable art is not inconsistent with the most commonplace qualities in all other respects. As far as we have any authentic annals of that art, they show us that all its most distinguished ornaments in both of its departments have been in every other particular commonplace persons. Even Garrick was not an exception to the hitherto universal application of the rule; for his dramas

"quality" is rather more questionable. We are assured that, on the poet's entrance into Bannow, "he was met by a large assemblage of persons, who insisted on his getting from his own carriage into an open phaeton decorated with laurels and flowers, and nine young women, habited as the muses, crowned the Irish bard with a wreath of laurels and myrtles." This triumphal car, with the crowned poet, was then drawn by the people to its place of destination; and the ceremony ended with an "eloquent address" from Erin's chosen bard! Nine young women habited as the Muses! Our informant should have specified their "united ages;" and, besides, he should have described their costume. Habited as the Muses! Ah, would we had been at Bannow! But the poet himself must have been the prettiest part of the show, especially if he kept his countenance. How did he contrive that? Never could he have felt more strongly inspired, more tempted to exclaim, "Descend, ye nine!" than when the band of persevering laurel-givers arose to crown him in his car. But how shall we receive the poet when he returns to England? All honours will be absurdities after those of Bannow. A lady habited as Britannia, with a Newfoundland dog to personate the British lion, might be engaged to meet him at Holyhead; but no, the idea of the nine Muses carries every thing before it.—*Leigh Hunt's Journal*.

PAGANINI.

It is some days since a letter was received in London conveying the intelligence of the sudden death, by cholera, of this extraordinary man. It is said that he expired after a few hours of extreme suffering. The cholera is unquestionably raging with fatal virulence in Genoa, where the marvelous violinist is said to have perished; yet we almost cling to a hope, to a half hope, that he is not among the victims. Is that arm, that hand, palsied, shrunk up, lifeless? Is that one string, that linked us with the world of music, snap? Is that spirit of thought, that soul of feeling, that inexpressible skill, that superhuman expression,—is all this gone out, evaporated, lost—as it were only the departing of a poor fiddler from the orchestra of life? Is it not hard to think so? Wonderful Paganini! Hadst thou left thy hands free, for a moment, just to touch thy instrument—hadst but a finger remained unparalysed—thou hadst been saved. Had Death listened for one instant he had spared thee. This is hardly a conceit or an extravagance. No creature ever impressed us with a sense of something beyond mortality being visible, in our very presence, as Paganini did. Die who might, he seemed destined to survive. He was ideal—formed in a freak of nature—a supernatural existence, whom we all agreed to go and hear as often as possible, with delight, not with alarm: for it was a part of the bargain, that he was not to blow the roof off (which he seemed able to do with a flourish of his bow), and that we should pay him for his magic what ever he should choose to ask. We all felt him to be more than human; and therefore made a most vociferous outcry when he affected to put on the little human failing of penury. We had none of the divinity that stared within him; and we resented his affliction of the grossness that belongs to ourselves. Penurious! He was the most prodigal of all profuse creatures. He scattered priceless pleasures about him wherever he went. We paid him half a guinea one night for a precious burden of sweet feeling and harmonious fancy, that will weigh fondly upon our memory through life. And then—we must all drown his music in sharp impertinent discord, because he did not give what we had so wisely paid him, to the poor! We never rated Mr. Braham for not building almshouses. We never got outraged with Sir Walter Scott because he did not shower shillings among the poor, or showered blessings upon him as he walked amongst

them. Oh! but Paganini was a foreigner; true, it is only a foreigner who is to be plundered of his fair gain—who is to enchant us for nothing—who is to be our good genius gratis! Illustrious violinist, we did not deserve another visit from thee! It is something, however, to say, that we have heard Paganini. Where is the instrument, the bow of the magician? It should be preserved as a relic. We would enshrine it in some solemn, silent nook of the British Museum.—*Id.*

Notabilia.

SIR JOHN'S REWARDS.—The Empress of Russia has within these few days presented to Sir John Ross, through the Russian Ambassador, a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, valued at a thousand guineas.

SIGN OF AN APPROACHING ELECTION.—The Earl of Wichester has recently been very profuse in his distribution of fawns to various individuals residing in the village around Haverholm. Beneficent as his lordship may appear to be, some of his lynx-eyed neighbours have discovered that the noble earl has conferred his presents of young deer only upon such as are qualified to vote at the ensuing earnestly-anticipated tory-feared contest. Truly, most noble Marquis of Nottingham, this looks somewhat like *faunting*.—*Stamford Mercury*.

APPOINTMENT.—Lord Melbourne has appointed Mr. Robert Napier, (son of Professor Napier, of the University of Edinburgh, and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, to be one of the clerks of the treasury.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The British Association of Sciences has applied to government to send out an expedition to the Antarctic regions, for the purpose of discovering the southern magnetic pole.

OFFICIAL BREVITY.—The following speech was delivered by the governor of Barbadoes, in opening the session of the house of assembly:—"Proceed to your duties, gentlemen; I have no observation to offer on any subject whatever!"

STOUTS.—23,216,272 gallons have been distilled in the United Kingdom in the year 1831. The return for England is 4,652,838 gallons; Scotland, 9,133,091; Ireland, 9,370,343. The amount of duty stands thus: England, 2,866,612*l.*, 17*s.*, 6*d.*; Scotland, 1,007,597*l.*, 3*s.*, 4*d.*; Ireland, 1,362,318*l.*, 6*s.*, giving a total of upwards of five millions sterling.

The first Indian mail by way of Alexandria, and the Red Sea, which was despatched from Falmouth on the 3d of March, in the African steamer, arrived at Bombay on the 22d of April, in fifty days from England. The passage by this route may now be generally accomplished in fifty days, viz., seventeen days from Falmouth to Malta, five days from Malta to Alexandria, and twenty-eight days from Alexandria to Bombay, including stoppages.

A splendid specimen of the great American ake, the stem of which is twenty feet high, may now be seen in full flower at Bute House, Old Brompton. There are upwards of 900 flowers on the plant. Viscountess Dilke, to whom the plant belongs, has given her gardener permission to show it to the public.

The third session of the scientific congress of France will be opened at Douay on September 6th. Among the many distinguished persons who have promised to attend this literary meeting, are the Marquis of Douro, Lord Mansfield, Lord Brougham, Mr. Wakefield, the Prince and Princess de Salm. It is expected that this meeting will be much more numerous than that of last year at Poitiers, which was attended by 210 members.

At the commencement of 1700, the population of London, within the walls, was calculated at 110,000, as deduced from the parish registers; and the annual mortality

was as one to twenty of that number. In 1750, the population had decreased to 87,000; and, fortunately for the health of the citizens, space continues to become more and more valuable for warehouses and counting houses than for human habitations; so that the population of the city, within the walls, became 78,000 in the year 1801, and is now diminished to 55,778, the mortality being now less than 1 in 40.

LIFE PROLONGED BY CIVILISATION.—If we collect England, Germany and France in one group, we find that the average term of mortality which, in that great populous region, was formerly one in 30 people annually, is not at present more than one in 38. This difference reduces the number of deaths throughout these countries from 1,900,000, to less than 1,200,000; and 700,000 lives, or one in 83 annually, owe their preservation to the social ameliorations effected in the three countries of western Europe, whose efforts to obtain this object have been attended with the greatest success.—*Paris Advertiser*.

NEW STEAM ENGINE.—We understand the Rev. W. Morris, minister of Deanrow chapel, Wilmslow, in this county, has invented a new steam engine, the expense of erecting which will be less than a tenth part of the cost of a steam engine of equal power. In consequence of not being able to secure to himself any remuneration for his trouble in the invention, he intends to present it to the public, and make known the time and place of exhibition shortly, taking only such means as shall secure publicity that the invention is entirely his own.—*Chester Chronicle*.

T. CAMPBELL, ESQ., AND THE EXILE OF ERIN.—A Mr. Hamilton has addressed a letter to Campbell from Annandale cottage, Dublin, proffering him the *amende honorable* for having contributed to the circulation of a rumour that he was not the author of the *Exile of Erin*. "I cannot," says Mr. Hamilton, "permit a single day to pass without thus voluntarily offering the sincere expression of my sorrow that, under an erroneous impression, I may possibly have originated the temporary impeachment of your just claims to that interesting little offspring of your pen." The circumstances of the mistake are then explained.

The sum of 640*l.* has been lately given for the bulb of a new tulip, called the "Citadel of Antwerp." This sum was paid by M. Vandermeek of Amsterdam, a florist, formerly a captain in the Dutch navy.

STATUE OF CUVIER.—The inauguration of the statue of this late eminent naturalist, by David, took place at his native town of Monthellard on the 23d ult., with great ceremony. Deputations from several learned bodies were present, and various orations were delivered in honour of the occasion. The house in which Cuvier first saw the light was very tastefully decorated, and the following inscription was placed on it—*Ici naquit G. Cuvier, le 23 Aout, 1769*. The ceremony of the banquet was succeeded by a grand concert and ball.

THE EYE.—The use of shades and bandages, on every trifling affection of the eye, is an evil that cannot be too strongly reprobated; for the action of light and air being thus excluded, and the organ rigidly compressed, ophthalmia, and even total blindness, is not unfrequently the consequence of that which, being perhaps merely a slight inflammation of humor, or a little extravasated blood, would have subsided in a few days, if judiciously treated, or even if left to itself.—*Curtis on the Eye*.

BREAD.—Several bakers in Paris having imperfectly baked their bread, in order to render it heavier, the matter has been laid before the academy of sciences; and this body has been requested to publish a standard of the degree of baking necessary for wholesomeness.

A young student at Oxford, having lampooned one of the proctors in some offensive lines, was asked by his companions if it was a *sonnet* that he had sent. "Oh, no," replied the offender, "it was a *mad-rig-all*!"

AN ODD WAGER.—On Monday afternoon a vast assemblage of persons took place in Chiswell street, Finsbury square, and the neighbourhood, in consequence of a very singular feat being performed by Mr. Alexander, proprietor of an extensive repository for the sale of horses in Chiswell street, who had undertaken for a bet of five hundred guineas, to drive the Wells mail round the extensive premises of the late Mr. Lackinton, bookseller, of Finsbury place. The wager was made by some high sporting characters, and odds were against the accomplishment of the feat. After the horses were harnessed, the mail went first round Finsbury square, and then entered the folding doors at a gentle trot, and thrice circumnavigated the library, keeping within the pillars under the galleries. On Mr. Alexander driving out, after succeeding in the undertaking, he was loudly cheered. During the lifetime of Mr. Lackinton, about forty-two years back, a similar feat was attempted, but in that instance was attended with failure from the unskilfulness of the driver.

ENIGMA.

I dwell in the stars by night,
In the sun's beam through the day,
And the moon—the beautiful and bright—
Involves me in her ray.

I dwell in a lady's breast,
And yet not in her eyes,
Nor heed her feelings, though exprest
In looks, and thoughts, and sighs.

I am a part of pain,
And yet come forth in pleasure;
Without me what were gain?
What few may term a treasure!

Thou'lt view me in the stream
Which down the mountain strays;
And basking in the beam
Which on its surface plays.

In the depths of earth and ocean,
On the confines of the sea,
While this rolling world hath motion,
I shall all changeless be.

ANTIDOTE TO ARSENICAL POISON.—We mentioned some time ago, that Doctors R. W. Bunsen and A. Berthold, in Göttingen, relying on experiments made on animals, recommended oxyhydrate of iron as an antidote to the poison of arsenic: their experiments were confirmed by Soubeiran, Miquet, Monat, and Leseur, at Paris. Dr. Buzorini, physician of the bailiwick at Chingen, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, has proved the efficacy of this remedy, in a medico-legal case, on two persons poisoned with arsenic. One of them, a woman fifty years of age, had taken half a drachm, and her son, twenty-four years old, a scruple of white arsenic, after both of them had, besides, repeatedly taken smaller portions, administered to them in their food several days before, and when medical aid was not immediately at hand. Yet the symptoms of poison were quickly allayed in a few hours after the oxyhydrate of iron was administered; on the following day they were both out of danger; and now, a fortnight having elapsed, they are perfectly well.

Mlle. MARS.—Most of our readers are probably aware that Mlle. Mars was a warm Bonapartist, (as the admirers of Bonaparte were termed after his abdication,) and that she took every opportunity to let the world know her opinions. Upon one occasion, after the restoration of Louis XVIII., the *garde du corps*, which was composed of ultra-royalists, were marching through the streets of Paris, and happened to hiss the carriage of the above lady. "Ah!" said one, "there is that Bonapartist, Mlle.

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(Continued from p. 430.)

I think some people shook me by the hand, and others shouted as I walked in the open air, but I recollect no more. I afterwards was informed that I had been relieved, that I had been sent for, and a long exhortation delivered to me, for it was considered that my life must have been one of error, or I should have applied to my friends, and have given my name. My not answering, was attributed to shame and confusion—my glassy eye had not been noticed—my tottering step, when led in by the jailers, attributed to other causes; and the magistrates shook their heads as I was led out of their presence. The jailer had asked me several times where I intended to go. At last, I had told him to seek my father, and darting away from him, I had run like a madman down the street. Of course he had no longer any power over me; but he muttered, as I fled from him, "I've a notion he'll soon be locked up again, poor fellow! it's turned his brain for certain." As I passed along, my unsteady step naturally attracted the attention of the passers by; but they attributed it to intoxication. Thus was I allowed to wander away in a state of madness, and before night I was far from the town. What passed, and whither I had bent my steps, I cannot tell. All I know is, that after running like a maniac, seizing every body by the arm that I met, staring at them with wild and flashing eyes; and sometimes in a solemn voice, at others in a loud, threatening tone, startling them with the interrogatory, "Are you my father?" and then darting away, or sobbing like a child, as the humour took me, I had crossed the country, and three days afterwards I was picked up at the door of a house in the town of Reading, exhausted with fatigue and exposure, and nearly dead. When I recovered, I found myself in bed, my head shaved, my arm bound up, after repeated bleedings, and a female figure sitting by me.

"God in heaven! where am I?" exclaimed I, faintly.

"Thou hast called often upon thy earthly father during the time of thy illness, friend," replied a soft voice. "It rejoiceth me much to hear thee call upon thy Father which is in heaven. Be comforted, thou art in the hands of those who will be mindful of thee. Return thy thanks in one short prayer for thy return to reason, and then sink again into repose, for thou must need it much."

I opened my eyes wide, and perceived that a young person, in a quaker's dress, was sitting by the bed, working with her needle; an open prayer book was on a little table before her. I perceived also a cup, and parched with thirst, I merely said, "Give me to drink." She arose, and put a teaspoon to my lips; but I raised my hand, took the cup from her, and emptied it. O how delightful was that draught! I sank down on my pillow, for even that slight exertion had overpowered me, and muttering, "God, I thank thee!" I was immediately in a sound sleep, from which I did not awake for many hours. When I did, it was not daylight. A lamp was on the table, and an old man, in a quaker's dress, was snoring very comfortably in the arm-chair. I felt quite refreshed with my long sleep, and was now able to recall what had passed. I remembered the condemned cell, and the mattress upon which I lay, but all after was in a state of confusion. Here and there a fact or supposition was strong in my memory; but the intervals between were total blanks. I was, at all events, free; that I felt convinced of, and that I was in the hands of the sect who denominate themselves Quakers; but where was I? and how did I come here? I remained thinking on the past, and wondering, until the day broke, and with the daylight roused up my watchful attendant. He yawned, stretched his arms, and rising from the chair,

came to the side of my bed. I looked him in the face. "Hast thou slept well, friend?" said he.

"I have slept as much as I wish, and would not disturb you," replied I, "for I wanted nothing."

"Peradventure I did sleep," replied the man; "watching long agreeth not with the flesh, although the spirit is most willing. Requiest thou any thing?"

"Yes," replied I, "I wish to know where I am?"

"Verily, thou art in the town of Reading, in Berkshire, and in the house of Pheneas Cophagus."

"Cophagus!" exclaimed I; "Mr. Cophagus, the surgeon and apothecary?"

"Pheneas Cophagus is his name; he hath been admitted into our sect, and hath married a daughter of our persuasion. He hath attended thee in thy fever and thy frenzy, without calling in the aid of the physician, therefore do I believe that he must be the man of whom thou speakest; yet doth he not follow up the healing art for the lucre of gain."

"And the young person who was at my bedside, is she his wife?"

"Nay, friend, she is half-sister to the wife of Pheneas Cophagus by second marriage, and a maiden, who was named Susannah Temple at the baptismal font; but I will go to Pheneas Cophagus and acquaint him of your waking, for such were his directions."

The man then quitted the room, leaving me quite astonished with the information he had imparted. Cophagus turned quaker! and attending me in the town of Reading. In a short time, Mr. Cophagus himself entered in his dressing-gown. "Japhet!" said he, seizing my hand with eagerness, and then, as if recollecting, he checked himself, and commenced in a slow tone, "Japhet Newland—truly glad am I—hum—verily do I rejoice—you, Ephraim—get out of the room—and—so on."

"Yea, I will depart, since it is thy bidding," replied the man, quitting the room.

Mr. Cophagus then greeted me in his usual way; told me that he had found me insensible at the door of a house a little way off, and had immediately recognised me. He had brought me to his own home, but without much hope of my recovery. He then begged to know by what strange chance I had been found in such a desolate condition. I replied, "that although I was able to listen, I did not feel myself equal to the exertion of telling so long a story, and that I should infinitely prefer that he should narrate to me what had passed since we had parted at Dublin, and how it was that I now found that he had joined the sect of quakers."

"Peradventure—long word that—um—quaker people—very good—and so on," commenced Mr. Cophagus; but as the reader will not understand his phrasology quite so well as I did, I shall give Mr. Cophagus's history in my own version.

Mr. Cophagus had returned to the small town at which he resided, and on his arrival he had been called upon by a gentleman who was of the society of Friends, requesting that he would prescribe for a niece of his, who was on a visit at his house, and had been taken dangerously ill. Cophagus, with his usual kindness of heart, immediately consented, and found that Mr. Temple's report was true. For six weeks he attended the young quakeress, and recovered her from an imminent and painful disease, in which she showed such fortitude and resignation, and such unconquerable good temper, that when Mr. Cophagus returned to his bachelor's establishment, he could not help reflecting upon what an invaluable wife she would make, and how much more cheerful his house would be with such a domestic partner. In short, Mr. Cophagus fell in love, and like all elderly gentlemen who have so long bottled up their affections, he became most desperately enamoured; and if he loved Miss Judith Temple when he witnessed her patience and resignation

r suffering, how much more did he love her when and that she was playful, merry, and cheerful, with-
ing hoisterous, when restored to her health. Mr.
agus's attentions could not be misunderstood. He
her uncle that he had thought seriously of wedding
—white favours—marriage—family—and so on;
to the young lady he had put his cane up to his nose
prescribed, "A dose of matrimony—to be taken im-
ately." To Mr. Cophagus there was no objection
d by the lady, who was not in her teens, or by the
s, who had always respected him as a worthy man,
a good Christian; but to marry one who was not of
persuasion, was not to be thought of. Her friends
d not consent to it. Mr. Cophagus was therefore
ssed, with a full assurance that the only objection
h offered was, that he was not of their society.

r. Cophagus walked home discomfited. He sat
on his easy chair, and found it excessively uneasy
sat down to his solitary meal, and found that his
company was unbearable—he went to bed, but
d that it was impossible to go to sleep. The next
ing, therefore, Mr. Cophagus returned to Mr. Tem-
nd stated his wish to be made acquainted with the
ence between the tenets of the quaker persuasion
that of the established church. Mr. Temple gave
an outline, which appeared to Mr. Cophagus to be
satisfactory, and then referred him to his niece for
particulars. When a man enters into an argument
a full desire to be convinced, and with his future
iness perhaps depending upon that conviction; and
s, further, those arguments are brought forward by
of the prettiest voices, and backed by the sweetest of
s, it is not to be wondered at his soon becoming a
lyte. Thus it was with Mr. Cophagus, who, in a
s, discovered that the peace, humility, and good will,
which the quaker tenets are founded, were much
congenial to the true spirit of the Christian revela-
than the Athanasian creed, to be sung or said in our
lished churches; and with this conviction, Mr.
agus requested admission into the fraternity, and
ly after his admission, it was thought advisable by
Friends that his faith should be confirmed and
ghened by his espousal to Miss Judith Temple,
whom, at her request—and he could refuse her no-
—he had repaired to the town of Reading, in which
elations all resided; and Pheneas Cophagus, of the
ty of Friends, declared himself to be as happy as a
could be. "Good people, Japhet—um—honest
e, Japhet—don't fight—little stiff—spirit moves—
so on," said Mr. Cophagus, as he concluded his nar-
s, and then shaking me by the hand, retired to shave
dress.

half an hour afterwards Ephraim came in with a
ght, which I was desired to take by Mr. Cophagus,
hen to try and sleep. This was good advice, and I
ved it. I awoke after a long, refreshing sleep, and
d Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus sitting in the room, she at
and he occupied with a book. When I opened my
and perceived a female, I looked to ascertain if it
the young person whom Ephraim had stated to be
Miss Temple; not that I recollected her features
ly, but I did the contour of her person. Mrs. Co-
us was taller, and I had a fair scrutiny of her person
e they perceived that I was awake. Her face was
pleasing, features small and regular. She appeared
about thirty years of age, and was studiously neat
clean in her person. Her quaker's dress was not
out some little departure from the strict fashion and
sufficient to assist, without deviating from, its sim-
y. If I might use the term, it was a little coquettish,
vinced that the wearer, had she not belonged to that
would have shown great taste in the adornment of
erson. Mr. Cophagus, although he did not think so
elf, as I afterwards found out, was certainly much

improved by his change of costume. His spindle-shanks,
which, as I have before observed, were peculiarly at
variance with his little orbicular, orange-shaped stomach,
were now concealed in loose trousers, which took off
from the protuberance of the latter, and added dignity to
the former, blending the two together, so that his round-
ness became fine by degrees, and beautifully less as it
descended. Although, the quaker dress added very
much to the substantiality of his appearance, and was a
manifest improvement, especially when he wore his
broad brimmed hat. Having satisfied my curiosity, I
moved the curtains so as to attract their attention, and
Cophagus came to my bedside, and felt my pulse. "Good
—very good—all right—little broth—throw in bark—on
his legs—well as ever—and so on."

"I am indeed much better this afternoon," replied I:
"indeed, so well, that I feel as if I could get up."

"Pooh!—tumble down—never do—lie a bed—get
strong—wife—Mrs. Cophagus—Japhet—old friend."

Mrs. Cophagus had risen from her chair, and come to-
wards the bed, when her husband introduced her in his
own fashion. "I am afraid that I have been a great
trouble, madam," said I.

"Japhet Newland, we have done but our duty, even if
thou wert not, as it appears that thou art, a friend of my
husband. Consider, me, therefore, as thy sister, and I
will regard thee as a brother; and if thou wouldst wish
it, thou shalt sojourn with us, for so hath my husband
communicated his wishes unto me."

I thanked her for her kind expressions, and took the
fair hand which was offered in such amity. Cophagus
then asked me if I was well enough to inform him of
what had passed since our last meeting, and telling me
that his wife knew my whole history, and that I might
speak before her, he took his seat by the side of the bed,
his wife also drew her chair nearer, and I commenced
the narrative of what had passed since we parted in Ire-
land. When I had finished, Mr. Cophagus commenced
as usual, "Um—very odd—lose money—bad—grow
honest—good—run away from friends—bad—not hung
—good—brain fever—bad—come here—good—stay with
us—quite comfortable—and so on."

"Thou hast suffered much, friend Japhet," said Mrs.
Cophagus, wiping her eyes; "and I would almost ven-
ture to say, thou hast been chastised too severely, were it
not that those whom He loveth, He chastiseth. Still thou
art saved, and now out of danger; peradventure thou wilt
now quit a vain world, and be content to live with us;
nay, as thou hast the example of thy former master, it
may perhaps please the Lord to advise thee to become
one of us, and to join us as a friend. My husband was
persuaded to the right path by me," continued she, look-
ing fondly at him; "who knoweth but some of our maid-
ens may also persuade thee to eschew a vain, unright-
eous world, and follow thy Redeemer in humility?"

"Very true—um—very true," observed Cophagus, put-
ting more quakerism than usual in his style, and draw-
ing out his ums to treble their usual length; "Happy
life—Japhet—um—all at peace—quiet amusements—
think about it—um—no hurry—never swear—by and
by, heh!—spirit may move—um—not now—talk about
it—get well—set up shop—and so on."

I was tired with talking so much, and having taken
some nourishment, again fell asleep. When I awoke in
the evening, friend Cophagus and his wife were not in
the room; but Susannah Temple, whom I had first seen,
and of whom I had made enquiry of Ephraim, who was
Cophagus's servant. She was sitting close to the light
and reading, and long did I continue to gaze upon her,
fearful of interrupting her. She was the most beautiful
specimen of clear and transparent white that I ever had
beheld; her complexion was unrivaled—her eyes were
large, but I could not ascertain their colour, as they
were cast down upon her book, and hid by her long

fringed eyelashes—her eyebrows arched and regular, as if drawn by a pair of compasses, and their soft hair in beautiful contrast with her snowy forehead—her hair was auburn, but mostly concealed within her cap—her nose was very straight, but not very large, and her mouth was perfection. She appeared to be between seventeen and eighteen years old, and as far as I could ascertain, her figure was symmetrically perfect. Dressed as she was in the modest, simple garb worn by the females of the society of Friends, she gave an idea of neatness, cleanliness, and propriety, upon which I could have gazed for ever. She was, indeed, most beautiful. I felt her beauty, her purity, and I could have worshiped her as an angel. While I still had my eyes fixed upon her exquisite features, she closed her book, and rising from her chair, came to the side of the bed. That she might not be startled at the idea of my having been watching her, I closed my eyes, and pretended to slumber. She resumed her seat, and then I changed my position and spoke, "Is any one there?"

"Yes, friend Newland, what is it that thou requirest?" said she, advancing. "Wouldst thou see Cophagus or Ephraim? I will summon them."

"O no," replied I; "why should I disturb them from their amusements or employments? I have slept a long while, and I would like to read a little, I think, if my eyes are not too weak."

"Thou must not read, but I may read unto thee," replied Susannah. "Tell me, what is it that thou wouldst have me read? I have no vain books; but surely, thou thinkest not of them, after thy escape from death."

"I care not what is read, provided that you read to me," replied I.

"Nay, but thou shouldst care; and be not wroth if I say to thee, that there is but one book to which thou shouldst now listen. Thou hast just been saved from deadly peril—thou hast been rescued from the jaws of death. Art thou not thankful? And to whom is gratitude most due, but to thy Heavenly Father, who hath been pleased to spare thee?"

"You are right," replied I; "then I pray you to read to me from the Bible."

Susannah made no reply, but resumed her seat, and selecting those chapters most appropriate to my situation, read them in a beautiful and impressive tone.

If the reader will recall my narrative to his recollection, he must observe, that religion had had but hitherto little of my thoughts. I had lived the life of most who live in this world, perhaps not quite so correct in morals as many people, for my code of morality was suited to circumstances; as to religion, I had none. I had lived in the world, and for the world. I had certainly been well instructed in the tenets of our faith when I was at the Asylum, but there, as in most other schools, it is made irksome, as a task, and is looked upon with almost a feeling of aversion. No proper religious feelings are, or can be, inculcated to a large number of scholars; it is the parent alone who can instil, by precept and example, that true sense of religion, which may serve as a guide through life. I had not read the Bible from the time that I quitted the Foundling Hospital. It was new to me, and when I now heard read, by that beautiful creature, passages equally beautiful, and so applicable to my situation, weakened with disease, and humbled in adversity, I was moved even unto tears.

Susannah closed the book and came to the bedside. I thanked her; she perceived my emotion, and when I held out my hand she did not refuse hers. I kissed it, and it was immediately withdrawn, and she left the room. Shortly afterwards Ephraim made his appearance. Cophagus and his wife also came that evening, but I saw no more of Susannah Temple until the following day, when I again requested her to read to me. I will not detain the reader with an account of my recovery. In

three weeks I was able to leave the room; during that time, I had become very intimate with the whole family, and was treated as if I belonged to it. During my illness I had certainly shown more sense of religion than I had ever done before, I do not mean to say that I was really religious. I liked to hear the Bible read by Susannah, and I liked to talk with her upon religious subjects; but had Susannah been an ugly old woman, I very much doubt if I should have been so attentive. It was her extreme beauty—her modesty and fervour, which so became her, which enchanted me. I felt the beauty of religion, but it was through an earthly object; it was beautiful in her. She looked an angel, and I listened to her precepts as delivered by one. Still, whatever may be the cause by which a person's attention can be directed to so important a subject, so generally neglected, whether by fear of death, or by love towards an earthly object, the advantages are the same; and although very far from what I ought to have been, I certainly was, through my admiration of her, a better man. Moreover, I was not a little in love. As soon as I was on the sofa, wrapped up in one of the dressing-gowns of Mr. Cophagus, he told me that the clothes in which I had been picked up were all in tatters, and asked whether I would like to have others made according to the usual fashion, or like those with whom I should, he trusted, in future reside. I had already debated this matter in my mind. Return to the world I had resolved not to do; to follow up the object of my search appeared to me only to involve me in difficulties; and what were the intentions of Cophagus with regard to me, I knew not. I was hesitating, for I knew not what answer to give, when I perceived the pensive, deep blue eye of Susannah fixed upon me, watching attentively, if not eagerly, for my response.

It decided the point. "If," replied I, "you do not think that I shall disgrace you, I should wish to wear the dress of the society of Friends, although not yet one of your body."

"But soon to be, I trust," replied Mrs. Cophagus.

"Alas!" replied I, "I am an outcast;" and looked at Susannah Temple.

"Not so, Japhet Newland," replied she, mildly; "I am pleased that thou hast of thy own accord rejected vain attire. I trust that thou wilt not find that thou art without friends."

"While I am with you," replied I, addressing myself to them all, "I consider it my duty to conform to your manners in every way, but by and by, when I resume my search——"

"And why shouldst thou resume a search which must prove unavailing, and but leads thee into error and misfortune? I am but young, Japhet Newland, and not perhaps so able to advise, yet doth it appear to me, that the search can only be availing when made by those who left thee. When they wish for thee they will seek thee, but thy seeking them is vain and fruitless."

"But," replied I, "recollect that enquiries have already been made at the Foundling, and those who enquired have been sent away disappointed—they will enquire no more."

"And is a parent's love so trifling, that one disappointment will drive him from the seeking of his child? No, no, Japhet; if thou art yearned for, thou wilt be found, and fresh enquiries will be made; but thy search is unavailing, and already hast thou lost much time."

"True, Susannah, thy advice is good," replied Mrs. Cophagus; "in following a shadow, Japhet hath much neglected the substance; it is time that thou shouldst settle thyself, and earn thy livelihood."

"And do thy duty in that path of life to which it hath pleased God to call thee," continued Susannah, who with Mrs. Cophagus walked out of the room.

Cophagus then took up the conversation, and pointing

out the uselessness of my roving about, and the propriety of my settling in life, proposed that I should take an apothecary's shop, for which he would furnish the means, and that he could ensure me the custom of the whole society of Friends in Reading, which was very large, as there was not one of the sect in that line of business. "Become one of us, Japhet—good business—marry by and by—happy life—little children—and so on." I thought of Susannah, and was silent. Cophagus then said, I had better reflect upon his offer, and make up my determination. If that did not suit me, he would still give me all the assistance in his power.

I did reflect long before I could make up my mind. I was still worldlyly inclined; still my fancy would revel in the idea of finding out my father in high life, and of once more appearing as a star of fashion, of returning with interest the contumely I had lately received, and re-assuming as a right that position in society which I had held under false colours.

I could not bear the idea of sinking at once into a tradesman, and probably ending my days in obscurity. Pride was still my ruling passion. Such were my first impulses, and then I looked upon the other side of the picture. I was without the means necessary to support myself; I could not return to high life without I discovered my parents in the first place, and in the second, found them to be such as my warm imagination had depicted. I had no chance of finding them. I had already been long seeking in vain. I had been twice taken up to Bow-street—nearly lost my life in Ireland—had been sentenced to death—had been insane, and recovered by a miracle, and all in prosecuting this useless search. All this had much contributed to cure me of the monomania. I agreed with Susannah that the search must be made by the other parties, and not by me. I recalled the treatment I had received from the world, the contempt with which I had been treated, the heartlessness of high life, and the little chance of my ever again being admitted into society.

I placed all this in juxtaposition with the kindness of those with whom I now resided; what they had done already for me, and what they now offered, which was to make me independent by my own exertions. I weighed all in my mind; was still undecided, for my pride still carried its weight; when I thought of the pure, beautiful Susannah Temple, and, my decision was made. I would not lose the substance by running after shadows.

That evening, with many thanks, I accepted the kind offers of Mr. Cophagus, and expressed my determination of entering into the society of Friends.

"Thou hast chosen wisely," said Mrs. Cophagus, extending her hand to me; "and it is with pleasure that we shall receive thee."

"I welcome thee, Japhet Newland," said Susannah, also offering her hand, "and I trust that thou wilt find more happiness among those with whom thou art about to sojourn, than in the world of vanity and deceit, in which thou hast hitherto played thy part. No longer seek an earthly father, who hath deserted thee, but a heavenly Father, who will not desert thee in thy afflictions."

"You shall direct me into the right path, Susannah," replied I.

"I am too young to be a guide, Japhet," replied she, smiling; "but not too young, I hope, to be a friend."

The next day my clothes came home, and I put them on. I looked at myself in the glass, and was any thing but pleased; but as my head was shaved, it was of little consequence what I wore; so I consoled myself. Mr. Cophagus sent for a barber and ordered me a wig, which was to be ready in a few days; when it was ready I put it on, and altogether did not dislike my appearance. I flattered myself that if I was a quaker, at all events I

was a very good looking and a very smart one; and when, a day or two afterwards, a reunion of friends took place at Mr. Cophagus's house to introduce me to them, I perceived, with much satisfaction, that there was no young man who could compete with me. After this I was much more reconciled to my transformation.

Mr. Cophagus was not idle. In a few weeks he had rented a shop for me, and furnished it much better than his own in Smithfield; the upper part of the house was let off, as I was to reside with the family. When it was ready I went over it with him, and was satisfied; all I wished for was Timothy as an assistant, but that wish was unavailing, as I knew not where to find him.

That evening I observed to Mr. Cophagus that I did not much like putting my name over the shop. The fact was, that my pride forbade it; and I could not bear the idea, that Japhet Newland, at whose knock every aristocratic door had flown open, should appear in gold letters above a shop window. "There are many reasons against it," observed I. "One is, that it is not my real name—I should like to take the name of Cophagus; another is, that the name, being so well known, may attract those who formerly knew me, and I should not wish that they should come in and mock me; another is—"

"Japhet Newland," interrupted Susannah, with more severity than I ever had seen in her sweet countenance, "do not trouble thyself with giving thy reasons, seeing that thou hast given every reason but the right one—which is, that thy pride revolts at it."

"I was about to observe," replied I, "that it was a name that sounded of maimon, and not fitting for one of our persuasion. But, Susannah, you have accused me of pride, and I will now raise no further objections. Japhet Newland it shall be, and let us speak no more upon the subject."

"If I have wronged thee, Japhet, much do I crave thy forgiveness," replied Susannah. "But it is God alone who knoweth the secrets of our hearts. I was presumptuous, and you must pardon me."

"Susannah, it is I who ought to plead for pardon; you know me better than I know myself. It was pride, and nothing but pride—but you have cured me."

"Truly have I hopes of thee now, Japhet," replied Susannah, smiling. "Those who confess their faults will soon amend them; yet I do think there is some reason in thy observation, for who knoweth, but, meeting with thy former associates, thou mayst not be tempted into falling away? Thou mayst spell thy name as thou listeth; and, peradventure, it would be better to disguise it."

So agreed Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and I therefore had it written *Gnowe-land*; and having engaged a person of the society, strongly recommended to me, as an assistant, I took possession of my shop, and was very soon busy in making up prescriptions, and dispensing my medicines in all quarters of the good town of Reading. And I was happy. I had employment during the day; my profession was, at all events, liberal. I was dressed and lived as a gentleman, or rather, I should say, respectably. I was earning my own livelihood. I was a useful member of society; and when I retired home to meals, and late at night, I found, that if Cophagus and his wife had retired, Susannah Temple always waited up, and remained with me a few minutes. I had never been in love until I had fallen in with this perfect creature; but my love for her was not the love of the world; I could not so depreciate her—I loved her as a superior being—I loved her with fear and trembling. I felt that she was too pure, too holy, too good, for a vain worldly creature like myself. I felt as if my destiny depended upon her and her fiat; that if she favoured me, my happiness in this world and in the next were secured; that if she rejected me, I was cast away for ever. Such was my feeling for Susannah Temple, who, perfect as she

was, was still a woman, and perceived her power over me; but, unlike the many of her sex, exerted that power only to lead to what was right. Insensibly, almost, my pride was quelled, and I became humble and religiously inclined. Even the peculiarities of the sect, their meeting at their places of worship, their drawling, and their quaint manner of talking, became no longer a subject of dislike. I found out causes and good reasons for every thing which before appeared strange—sermons in stones, and good in every thing. Months passed away—my business prospered—I had nearly repaid the money advanced by Mr. Cophagus. I was in heart and soul a quaker, and I entered into the fraternity with a feeling that I could act up to what I had promised. I was happy, quite happy, and yet I had never received from Susannah Temple any further than the proofs of sincere friendship. But I had much of her society, and was now very, very intimate. I found out what warm, what devoted feelings were concealed under her modest, quiet exterior—how well her mind was stored, and how right was that mind. Often, when I talked over past events, did I listen to her remarks, all tending to one point—morality and virtue; often did I receive from her at first a severe, but latterly a kind rebuke, when my discourse was light and frivolous; but when I talked of merry subjects which were innocent, what could be more joyous or more exhilarating than her laugh—what more intoxicating than her sweet smile, when she approved of my sentiments? and when animated by the subject, what could be more musical or more impassioned than her bursts of eloquence, which were invariably followed by a deep blush, when she recollected how she had been carried away by the excitement?

There was one point upon which I congratulated myself, which was, that she had received two or three unexceptionable offers of marriage during the six months that I had been in her company, and had refused them. At the end of that period, thanks to the assistance I received from the Friends, I had paid Mr. Cophagus all the money which he had advanced, and found myself in possession of a flourishing business, and independent. I then requested that I might be allowed to pay an annual stipend for my board and lodging, commencing from the time I first came to his house. Mr. Cophagus said I was right—the terms were easily arranged, and I was independent. Still my advances with Susannah were slow, but if slow, they were sure. One day I observed to her, how happy Mr. Cophagus appeared to be as a married man; her reply was, "He is, Japhet; he has worked hard for his independence, and he now is reaping the fruits of his industry." That is as much as to say that I must do the same, thought I, and that I have no business to propose for a wife, until I am certain that I am able to provide for her. I have as yet laid up nothing, and an income is not a capital. I felt that, whether a party interested or not, she was right, and I redoubled my diligence.

(To be continued.)

From the London Metropolitan.

MY MARRIED DAUGHTER COULD YOU SEE!

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

My married daughter could you see,
I'm sure you would be struck;—
My daughters *all* are charming girls,
Few mothers have such luck.
My married one—my eldest child—
All hearts by magic wins;
And my *second* so resembles her,
Most people think them twins!

My married daughter spoils her spouse,—

She's quite a pattern-wife;
And he adores her—well he may—
Few men lead such a life!

She ne'er had married mortal man
Till he had won her heart;
And my *second* darling's just the same,—
They're seldom known apart.

Her husband oft has press'd my hand,
While tears were in his eyes,
And said, "You brought my Susan up—
With *you* the credit lies."
To make her a domestic wife,
I own was all my aim;
And my *second* is domestic too,—
My system was the same.

Now, do you know, I've often thought
The *eldest* of the two
(*She's* married, so I *may* speak out)
Would just have suited *you*!
You never saw her?—how shall I
My *eldest* girl portray?
Oh! my *second* is her counterpart,
And *her* you'll meet to-day.

Critical Notices.

Life and Times of Washington.

The current number of the *Family Library* commences a work on this interesting subject, from the pen of Mr. C. R. Edmonds; who has brought down his narrative to the battle of Monmouth, in June 1778. The author declares in his preface, that his book "pretends no higher character than that of a compilation;" and clear and interesting compilation he has produced; though affected by the same essential fault which is noted in Mr. Trevor's *Life and Times of William Third*—a medley of history and biography. The character and exploits of Washington are too often lost; of whilst the reader is informed of the designs of British ministry, and the spread of dissatisfaction in America, and treated to copious extracts from such collections as the speeches of Burke, Fox, and Chatham. A disposition to copy rather than to compress, seems to be a habit with Mr. Edmonds. It was quite right to place under Washington's own hand any letters that manifest his personal character, or strongly expressed the difficulties he had to contend with as commander-in-chief; several are not of this nature, and many public documents quoted are state papers,—valuable and interesting doubt, but out of place in a popular work, where statement of their substance would have sufficed.

These remarks apply to the career of Washington: the commencement of the differences with the country; his early life has more unity. Mr. Edmonds tells us slightly, but agreeably, of the general's love for arithmetic and geometry; just notes his employment as a land surveyor; and describes, from Mr. Sparks, his military training in the colonial wars against France, and the high opinion which his countrymen entertained of his abilities. He also touches upon his private life, his retreat at Mount Vernon; but perhaps confines himself too much to the development of Washington's professional character. It may be true, as Mr. Edmonds asserts, that Washington "had no private history;" we think Mr. Sparks's collection would have furnished materials for the fuller exhibition of his "individual character."

In despite of all these drawbacks, and of a style rhetorical and exaggerated, the book is readable; and will furnish a useful compendium of the American

enlivened by the details of biography. With the account of the former we shall not meddle, but we will take a few anecdotes from the latter.

Washington Surviving.—Since you received my letter of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed; but after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bearskin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. Nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubt is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit of my going out; and sometimes six pistoles. The coldness of the weather will not allow of my making a long stay, as the lodging is rather too cold for the time of year. I have never had my clothes off, but have lain and slept in them, except the few nights I have been in Fredericktown.

Washington's Farms.—On his estate at Mount Vernon, he engaged himself extensively in the business of agriculture, and is said to have been remarkable for the judgment he displayed in the improvement of his lands. Every branch of business was conducted upon system. Exact method and economy were carried into every department of his domestic concerns. He personally inspected the account of his overseers every week; the divisions of his farms were numbered, and the expense of cultivation, and the produce of each lot were exactly registered; so that at one view he could determine the profit or loss of any particular crop, and ascertain the comparative advantage of various modes of husbandry. He became one of the largest landholders in North America. Besides other tracts of great extent and value, his Mount Vernon estate consisted of nine thousand acres, which were entirely under his own management; and from it alone he, in one year, raised seven thousand bushels of wheat and ten thousand of Indian corn. His establishment, agricultural and domestic, consisted of no fewer than a thousand persons; and though the greater part of his farming implements were obtained from London, the linen and woollen cloth required in his business were chiefly manufactured on the estate.

Precision.—It may be remarked that the habits of exactness to which reference has been made, were sometimes carried to an eccentric and whimsical excess. One or two instances of this peculiarity may not be inappropriate in this place. On one occasion, General Stone, while traveling across the country with his family, found it necessary to cross a ferry belonging to Washington, and offered the ferryman a moidore in payment. The man refused it, saying that he had no means of weighing it, which his master would most assuredly do; and in case it should fall beneath the standard weight, the loss, as well as the displeasure of Washington, would be visited upon him. General Stone, upon this, offered the man three-pence more to compensate for every possible deficiency of weight. The ferryman received and duly paid it to his employer. On weighing it, it was found to be below weight to the value of three halfpence; upon which Washington wrapped up the remaining three halfpence, and presented it to General Stone. Upon another occasion, while Washington was from home, a room in his house was plastered by his order. On his return, he measured the room; and on inspecting the workman's account, discovered that he had charged fifteen shillings more than was due. Some time after, the plasterer died, and his wife married another man, who advertised in the provincial newspapers that he was ready to pay and receive all that was due from or to his wife's former husband: Washington, on seeing the paper, immediately substantiated his claim for the fifteen shillings, and received the amount!

Oration on his appointment as Commander-in-Chief.—"Although," said he, "I am truly sensible of the high

honour done me in this appointment, yet I feel great distress from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive trust. However, as the congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation.

"But lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavourable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in this room, that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity, that I do not think myself equal to the command I am honoured with. I beg leave, sir, to assure the congress, that as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic care and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. These I doubt not they will discharge, and this is all I desire."

There is not much abstract political speculation in this volume, but we must warn the reader against what there is. Were we disposed for minute and microscopic discussion, the second paragraph in the book would afford ample opportunity. We scarcely remember to have met, in a work of character, so many false facts, or such false conclusions from facts, contained in so short a compass.—*Spectator*.

Tremordyn Cliff. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Bentley.

"Tremordyn Cliff," or the "Distressed Countess," or the "Interesting Embarrassment." We beg to suggest the two last titles, as they would clearly express the style of books to which these volumes belong. Certainly a more absurd story was never written by a feather plucked from the wing of an owl, even in the most flourishing days of the Minerva press. A young lady has, most unfortunately, a younger brother, who deprives her of the title and succession that, till fourteen, she had considered her own. For nearly twenty-one years she is making up her mind to kill him; however, she marries him instead—or rather, has him married to a pretty English girl whom he meets in Switzerland. She does the mother with laudanum, has the toothache herself, and ties up her face with a silk pocket handkerchief; and by these notable contrivances, contrives to conceal all evidence of the marriage. Why, a fifth-rate farce writer would have managed the intrigue better. The brother dies; and at the age of forty, or thereabouts, Lady Augusta rises upon the fashionable world a beauty of the most appalling order. Then comes "injured innocence," and an interesting widow; a good deal of dialogue, half flippant and half dull; and at last, a girl, whose history is singularly indelicate, and unfit for detail, steals the marriage certificate, which the countess had kept in a box on her table, for no earthly cause, but with every possible reason to prevent her doing it. The injured wife and child are restored to their rights, and Lady Tremordyn politely drives to the cliff of that name, and throws herself into the sea. Certainly we do give Mrs. Trollope most extraordinary credit for the genius she has displayed in collecting together the improbable and the absurd. If the word trash had never been used before, it would have been invented on this especial occasion.—*Court Journal*.

The Works of S. Rogers, Esq. Vol. VII. Moxon.

There are some delicious things in this seventh number of Rogers's works. "The Brides of Venice" represent a group as graceful as the description. But the "Tournament" is the gem—nothing can be more rich, airy, and spirited. We almost see the movement of the two knights who are dashing on "to meet the keen encounter." The setting of Geneva—i. e. the portrait of

a lady in a frame—with the huge and fatal coffer below—is good; but the figure itself wants lightness, and the face is thick and indistinct. There are also two charming views of Arqua, to which Petrarch has bequeathed the noble legacy of his memory. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Petrarch was one of the most learned men of his time—the able and trusted friend of princes of statesmen. But we remember him for "his love's sweet sake," for the green valleys in which he delighted, and the human affection with which he made their shadows musical. These delicious and poetical engravings are well accompanied by the graceful chronicles of Rogers. We never meet with a passage which makes us "breathless with adoration;" there are none of those creations which "seen, become a part of sight;" none of those touches of thought and music which "remain a joy for ever;" none, in short, of the signs and tokens of the great poet. But Rogers is a man of fine taste, and cultivated mind. He visits the most interesting places, whose very names are poems in themselves, and gathers together their picturesque and romantic memories in flowing and elegant verse. He is full of poetry, though scarce a poet.—*ib.*

The Modern Dunciad, Virgil in London, and other Poems. William Pickering: London.

To war with dulness is a task more easy than to overcome it; but it is the least easy of all to make it, in ridiculing it, a source of wit. The "Modern Dunciad" is satirical without humour. Its strain of vituperation is cutting, its sarcasm searching: but still it is mere vituperation. The philosophy of the maniac, who was astonished at the officer carrying a sword to kill those who would so soon die if left alone, might be well studied by writers of this class, who are so valorous in the slaughter of small wits. We must concede to the author of these poems much power as well as polish of versification, and a more than sufficient quantity of that venom, which, like aqua fortis, blackens whilst it burns. There are, through the satirical parts, no delicate touches, nothing that makes us wish to confess a brother in the lampooner, or when he praises, to find a friend in the panegyrist. His maledictory verses are but musical abuse, his eulogium a variation upon the words good, good, good. Besides, we find in these pages many things repulsive to correct taste. What moral purpose can be answered in ill-naturedly recording the obesity of Theodore Hook, or torturing the crookedness of Sir Lumley Skeffington in exhalations of bad jokes? Of the poems professedly satirical we like best, "The Conversazione." Of the serious pieces that follow, we request the author to think seriously, if ever his "Dunciad" should reach another edition. Certainly that caustic poem will not be complete without there be a niche in it constructed to receive the author of "Immortality," "An Ode to the Nativity," and several very pious little hymns. We have found the notes the most amusing part of the work—the more amusing, as the author has shown by quotations that he has been thought worthy of abuse, which is something in these days of literary and worthless pretension. *Metropolitan.*

The works of William Cowper. Edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A. M., rector of Burton, and vicar of Biddenham, author of the "Life of the Rev. Legh Richmond." With an essay on the genius and poetry of Cowper, by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, A. M., vicar of Harrow. Saunders and Otley, Conduit street.

The seventh volume of this ably edited and successful edition has, for its frontispiece, a well engraved portrait of Cowper's mother, engraved by E. Finden. It is a quiet pleasing face, without any thing remarkably striking about it. The vignette title-page is also by E. Fin-

den, after a drawing by Harding, of the town of East Dereham, a very fine specimen of art. This volume is principally occupied by "The Task." It also contains the "Tyrocinium," and many of the author's minor and humorous poems. His melancholy, at times, could be exquisitely humorous. "John Gilpin" figures conspicuously among these. As this volume contains merely the text of Cowper, we cannot have possibly any thing to say, by way of commentary, on that which is so well known and appreciated.—*Metropolitan.*

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a journal of his tour to the Hebrides. By James Boswell, Esq. To which are added, Anecdotes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Stevens, &c., and notes by various hands. 8 vols. John Murray, Albemarle St.

This sixth volume boasts a frontispiece after that excellent artist, Stanfield, and engraved by Finden. It is a romantic view of Dove Dale. The vignette title-page is a portrait of the gravid doctor, from a bust of Nollekens. The volume is full of anecdote and highly-amusing conversational traits. In every other respect, as far as the getting of it up is concerned, it is quite equal to the best of its predecessors.—*Ibid.*

The Linwoods. By Miss Sedgwick, author of "Hope Leslie." 3 vols. London: Churton.

A more striking example of the versatility of female talent, as displayed in fiction, could hardly be shown than by comparing this American novelist with the scourge of American domestic manners, and drawing a parallel between "Tremordyn Cliff" and "The Linwoods." Both are strong, but the strength of the latter lies in gentleness, of the former, in sudden bursts of vivacity—both are acute observers, but the one finishes her domestic scenes and characters with a mellow and delicate pencil, while the other, as it were, scratches them off with the stump of a pen. Mrs. Trollope works the vein of terror with great skill; Miss Sedgwick has no slight command over the fountain of tears: but they are both highly gifted women.

Miss Sedgwick is one of the few American writers who rose into deserved popularity in their own country, without waiting for the approving sanction of European critics. By the more trained and fastidious of her countrymen, she is considered the first of American novelists—we should rather say, the first of their female novelists; and to us, the character of her mind, as manifested in her works, is essentially feminine—always easy and graceful—always calm and equable—never extravagant. We incline to think that this, her last work, is her best; she has chosen a most interesting period of national history, and enhanced thereby the interest of her story, without having produced, or, we should imagine, attempted, that most frequent of all failures, a strictly historical novel. Washington, and General Putnam, and Governor Clinton, it is true, all of them figure in her pages, but merely as accessories to the true-hearted, noble Isabella Linwood, and the beautifully gentle and melancholy Bessie Lee. Seldom has a sweeter creation risen from a novelist's eye than this fair frail-minded girl—down to the dust by the faithlessness of him in whom she has trusted, but, even in the midst of the wreck of her reason, preserving a child-like and trustful piety, which serves her in the stead of Una's lion, and pilots her through difficulties and dangers till her errand is safely achieved. Her false city lover is sufficiently detestable; her brother is a noble fellow, a true republican hero; plain in his manners, and scanty in his professions, but prompt and courageous in his actions, and, besides fervent affections, bearing in his heart such a high consciousness as must pervade the demeanour, and utterly destroy the charge of awkwardness and rudeness. There is no

vulgarity like the *plated* courtesy of meanness! We must here close our notice, and hope that what we have said will sufficiently recommend "The Linwoods" to all such of our readers as delight in a story of deep natural interest and beauty.—*Athenæum*.

Useful Arts.

UNIVERSAL SEA LANGUAGE.

[The following is a copy of a paper presented to the British Association by Sir John Ross.]

This *Universal Sea Language* is a complete system of communications between the crews of ships of different nations, without any knowledge of each other's language.

This ingenious and simple code of signals was first communicated to me by the gallant inventor, Captain Rhode, of the Royal Danish Navy, at Copenhagen, in July 1834; and, in September last, I had the honour of submitting the English MS. to our excellent king, who, having perused it with attention, commanded me to transmit it to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, at the same time expressing his high approbation of the system. Here, however, it met with some delay, probably from the changes which took place in that board, and from the circumstance that no less than three codes of signals were at the same time under the consideration of their lordships; and it was not until April last, when I had an interview with Lord Auckland, that their report on this interesting subject was obtained;—this could not but be favourable, and the usual number of copies were subscribed for, as also by the Hon. E. I. Company, the committee of Lloyd's, corporation of the Trinity House, &c.; and at length the English edition is in progress. The French edition, which is also a translation from the original Danish, has been already printed, the government having subscribed for no less than 200 copies. The German and Spanish translations are soon to follow.

The advantages of this method of communication by signal, over every other, are briefly these:—

In the first place, it will be found by far the cheapest, the whole expense being the price of the book, which is only sixteen shillings; the purchase of flags or other symbols being unnecessary. Secondly, the only materials required on board any ship are the flags under which she sails, jack, ensign, and pendant (the colour being immaterial), and two white flags, for which two tablecloths, or if there are none on board, two shirts, or anything that will represent a flag will suffice; so that every thing required is to be found even in the smallest craft. By these simple and ready means, communications of any and of every kind may be made by an English vessel to a foreign one, and *vice versa*, without the least knowledge of each other's language, and under circumstances of peril and distress which have rendered every other mode impracticable. Again, those on the sea coast, who would wish to save their fellow creatures from a watery grave, might point out to the stranger an unknown harbour or creek, or the best place to run on shore, and these invaluable signals, convey to a perishing crew any nation every information required to assist their humane endeavours; while, on the other hand, the crew of a stranded ship might convey to the spectators of their perilous situation every thing that is requisite—even the perishing foreigners' last farewell to relations and friends.

I can safely assure the section, that, during my services in his majesty's navy, of above forty years, had I been in possession of these signals, and, had they been generally distributed and published in different languages, as they are now intended to be, I should have witnessed the saving of hundreds of lives, and thousands of pounds in valuable property.

SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIGO.—We look with interest to whatever relates to the extension of the chemical arts of this country, as opening new channels for the exercise of its productive industry, and as so little attention is unfortunately paid to their fosterment through the medium of public societies, so a greater duty devolves upon the public press to distinguish between the meritorious and the meretricious. It is a matter of surprise that the progress of the chemical arts has not hitherto kept pace with that of the mechanical, although the former has lately begun to participate in the spirit of improvement. By a substitution of scientific principles for the vague and uncertain directions of the workman, improvement, instead of being a matter of mere fortuity, is now one of greater certainty; alterations and modifications of processes are dictated by a knowledge of the principles which produce the changes in the substance operated on, and instead of remaining a matter of speculative uncertainty, the results may be safely anticipated, whilst the practice of the manufacturer confirm the prediction.

Amongst other chemical problems, the improvement of the manufacture of colours has been one that has engaged no ordinary share of attention from scientific as well as practical men, for the purpose of producing articles of a greater degree of permanence and brilliance. In dyeing, indigo has heretofore formed the almost exclusive basis of many colours, as blues, blacks, and browns; but in addition to the great expense of this valuable commodity, it has long been considered desirable to substitute for it some mineral substance which, whilst it would be possessed of the greater durability natural to such colours, would not be acted upon in the same manner as the former by heat, light, and a variety of the simplest chemical agents. This substitute, it has been suggested, might be found in Prussian blue, provided some menstruum were discovered capable of dissolving it, which would neither destroy the fibre nor harden the texture of the material. This appears to be realised in the specimens furnished by a company for the introduction of a substitute for indigo, whether judging from the cloth recently dyed, or those which have been long exposed to the influence of those agents which impair the qualities of indigo. Specimens of cloth worn almost threadbare still retain the full brilliancy of the recently dyed cloth.

As in this country immense individual resources may at once be brought forward to bear for the furtherance of meritorious designs, the formation of a company for purposes like the present may possibly be viewed with suspicion, but we have seen sufficient to warrant our expressing an opinion favourable to the merits of the invention. We do not see why eventually this substitute for indigo may not form an article of large export, whilst it has the advantage of bringing into use resources which have hitherto proved not only unavailable but obnoxious,—such as refuse animal matters, fish, and even animal dung, extensively used in the manufacture of the prussiate of potash employed in the process.

A SMALL ENGINE.—An inhabitant of Sheffield has constructed a beautiful model of a steam engine of an extraordinarily small size. Notwithstanding the weight of the whole, including the fly-wheel, does not exceed two ounces and a half, and its size scarcely exceeds that of a hen's egg, yet the most minute parts are fitted up in a style of the utmost perfection, and the motions are performed with the greatest velocity.

MOORE AND THE MUSES.

Cordially do we join our humble note of congratulation to those with which men of all parties have hailed the award of a pension to the poet of Ireland; as cordially do we assent to the "quantity" of the honour with which his country has greeted him on his visit. The

"quality" is rather more questionable. We are assured that, on the poet's entrance into Bannow, "he was met by a large assemblage of persons, who insisted on his getting from his own carriage into an open phaeton decorated with laurels and flowers, and nine young women, habited as the muses, crowned the Irish bard with a wreath of laurels and myrtles." This triumphal car, with the crowned poet, was then drawn by the people to its place of destination; and the ceremony ended with an "eloquent address" from Erin's chosen bard! Nine young women habited as the Muses! Our informant should have specified their "united ages;" and, besides, he should have described their costume. Habited as the Muses! Ah, would we had been at Bannow! But the poet himself must have been the prettiest part of the show, especially if he kept his countenance. How did he contrive that? Never could he have felt more strongly inspired, more tempted to exclaim, "Descend, ye nine!" than when the band of persevering laurel-givers arose to crown him in his car. But how shall we receive the poet when he returns to England? All honours will be absurdities after those of Bannow. A lady habited as Britannia, with a Newfoundland dog to personate the British lion, might be engaged to meet him at Holyhead; but no, the idea of the nine Muses carries every thing before it.—*Leigh Hunt's Journal*.

PAGANINI.

It is some days since a letter was received in London conveying the intelligence of the sudden death, by cholera, of this extraordinary man. It is said that he expired after a few hours of extreme suffering. The cholera is unquestionably raging with fatal virulence in Genoa, where the marvelous violinist is said to have perished; yet we almost cling to a hope, to a half hope, that he is not among the victims. Is that arm, that hand, palsied, shrunk up, lifeless? Is that one string, that linked us with the world of music, snapped? Is that spirit of thought, that soul of feeling, that inexpressible skill, that superhuman expression,—is all this gone out, evaporated, lost—as it were only the departing of a poor fiddler from the orchestra of life! Is it not hard to think so? Wonderful Paganini! Had disease left thy hands free, for a moment, just to touch thy instrument—had but a finger remained unparalysed—thou hadst been saved. Had Death listened for one instant he had spared thee. This is hardly a conceit or an extravagance. No creature ever impressed us with a sense of something beyond mortality being visible, in our very presence, as Paganini did. Die who might, he seemed destined to survive. He was ideal—formed in a freak of nature—a supernatural existence, whom we all agreed to go and hear as often as possible, with delight, not with alarm: for it was a part of the bargain, that he was not to blow the roof off (which he seemed able to do with a flourish of his bow), and that we should pay him for his magic what ever he should choose to ask. We all felt him to be more than human; and therefore made a most vociferous outcry when he affected to put on the little human failing of penuriousness. We had none of the divinity that stirred within him; and we resented his affectation of the grossness that belongs to ourselves. Penurious! He was the most prodigal of all profuse creatures. He scattered priceless pleasures about him wherever he went. We paid him half a guinea one night for a precious burden of sweet feeling and harmonious fancy, that will weigh fondly upon our memory through life. And then—we must all drown his music in sharp impertinent discord, because he did not give what we had so wisely paid him, to the poor! We never rated Mr. Braham for not building almshouses. We never got enraged with Sir Walter Scott because he did not shower shillings among the poor, who showered blessings upon him as he walked amongst

them. Oh! but Paganini was a foreigner; true, it is only a foreigner who is to be plundered of his fair gain—who is to enchant us for nothing—who is to be our good genius *gratis*! Illustrious violinist, we did not deserve another visit from thee! It is something, however, to say, that we have heard Paganini. Where is the instrument, the bow of the magician? It should be preserved as a relic. We would enshrine it in some solemn, silent nook of the British Museum.—*ib*.

Notabilia.

SIR JOHN'S REWARDS.—The Empress of Russia has within these few days presented to Sir John Ross, through the Russian Ambassador, a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, valued at a thousand guineas.

SIGN OF AN APPROACHING ELECTION.—The Earl of Winchelsea has recently been very profuse in his distribution of fawns to various individuals residing in the village around Haverholm. Beneficent as his lordship may appear to be, some of his lynx-eyed neighbours have discovered that the noble earl has conferred his presents of young deer only upon such as are qualified to vote at the ensuing earnestly-anticipated tory-feared contest. Truly, most noble Marquis of Nottingham, this looks somewhat like *faunting*.—*Stamford Mercury*.

APPOINTMENT.—Lord Melbourne has appointed Mr. Robert Napier, (son of Professor Napier, of the University of Edinburgh, and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*), to be one of the clerks of the treasury.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The British Association of Sciences has applied to government to send out an expedition to the Antarctic regions, for the purpose of discovering the southern magnetic pole.

OFFICIAL BREVITY.—The following speech was delivered by the governor of Barbadoes, in opening the session of the house of assembly:—"Proceed to your duties, gentlemen; I have no observation to offer on any subject whatever!"

SPIRITS.—23,216,272 gallons have been distilled in the United Kingdom in the year 1834. The return for England is 4,652,838 gallons; Scotland, 9,193,091; Ireland, 9,370,343. The amount of duty stands thus: England, 2,866,612*l*, 17*s*, 6*d*.; Scotland, 1,007,597*l*, 3*s*, 4*d*.; Ireland, 1,369,318*l*, 6*s*, giving a total of upwards of five millions sterling.

The first Indian mail by way of Alexandria and the Red Sea, which was despatched from Falmouth on the 3d of March, in the African steamer, arrived at Bombay on the 22d of April, in fifty days from England. The passage by this route may now be generally accomplished in fifty days, viz., seventeen days from Falmouth to Malta, five days from Malta to Alexandria, and twenty-eight days from Alexandria to Bombay, including stoppages.

A splendid specimen of the great American aloe, the stem of which is twenty feet high, may now be seen in full flower at Bute House, Old Brompton. There are upwards of 900 flowers on the plant. Viscountess Dillon, to whom the plant belongs, has given her gardener permission to show it to the public.

The third session of the scientific congress of France will be opened at Douay on September 6th. Among the many distinguished persons who have promised to attend this literary meeting, are the Marquis of Douro, Lord Mansfield, Lord Brougham, Mr. Wakefield, the Prince and Princess de Salm. It is expected that this meeting will be much more numerous than that of last year at Poitiers, which was attended by 210 members.

At the commencement of 1700, the population of London, within the walls, was calculated at 110,000, as deduced from the parish registers; and the annual mortality

was as one to twenty of that number. In 1750, the population had decreased to 87,000; and, fortunately for the health of the citizens, space continues to become more and more valuable for warehouses and counting houses than for human habitations; so that the population of the city, within the walls, became 78,000 in the year 1801, and is now diminished to 55,778, the mortality being now less than 1 in 40.

LIFE PROLONGED BY CIVILISATION.—If we collect England, Germany and France in one group, we find that the average term of mortality which, in that great populous region, was formerly one in 30 people annually, is not at present more than one in 38. This difference reduces the number of deaths throughout these countries from 1,900,000, to less than 1,200,000; and 700,000 lives, or one in 83 annually, owe their preservation to the social ameliorations effected in the three countries of western Europe, whose efforts to obtain this object have been attended with the greatest success.—*Paris Advertiser*.

NEW STEAM ENGINE.—We understand the Rev. W. Morris, minister of Deanrow chapel, Wilmslow, in this county, has invented a new steam engine, the expense of erecting which will be less than a tenth part of the cost of a steam engine of equal power. In consequence of not being able to secure to himself any remuneration for his trouble in the invention, he intends to present it to the public, and make known the time and place of exhibition shortly, taking only such means as shall secure publicity that the invention is entirely his own.—*Chester Chronicle*.

T. CAMPBELL, ESQ., AND THE EXILE OF ERIN.—A Mr. Hamilton has addressed a letter to Campbell from Annandale cottage, Dublin, proffering him the *amende honorable* for having contributed to the circulation of a rumour that he was not the author of the *Exile of Erin*. "I cannot," says Mr. Hamilton, "permit a single day to pass without thus voluntarily offering the sincere expression of my sorrow that, under an erroneous impression, I may possibly have originated the temporary impeachment of your just claims to that interesting little offspring of your pen." The circumstances of the mistake are then explained.

The sum of 610*l.* has been lately given for the bulb of a new tulip, called the "Citadel of Antwerp." This sum was paid by M. Vanderninck of Amsterdam, a florist, formerly a captain in the Dutch navy.

STATUE OF CUVIER.—The inauguration of the statue of this late eminent naturalist, by David, took place at his native town of Montbéliard on the 23d ult., with great ceremony. Deputations from several learned bodies were present, and various orations were delivered in honour of the occasion. The house in which Cuvier first saw the light was very tastefully decorated, and the following inscription was placed on it—*Ici naquit G. Cuvier, le 23 Aout, 1769*. The ceremony of the banquet was succeeded by a grand concert and ball.

THE EYE.—The use of shades and bandages, on every trifling affection of the eye, is an evil that cannot be too strongly reprobated; for the action of light and air being thus excluded, and the organ rigidly compressed, ophthalmia, and even total blindness, is not unfrequently the consequence of that which, being perhaps merely a slight irritation of humor, or a little extravasated blood, would have subsided in a few days, if judiciously treated, or even if left to itself.—*Curtis on the Eye*.

BREAD.—Several bakers in Paris having imperfectly baked their bread, in order to render it heavier, the matter has been laid before the academy of sciences; and this body has been requested to publish a standard of the degree of baking necessary for wholesomeness.

A young student at Oxford, having lampooned one of the proctors in some offensive lines, was asked by his companions if it was a *sonnet* that he had sent. "Oh, no," replied the offender, "it was a *mud-rig-all*!"

AN ODD WAGER.—On Monday afternoon a vast assemblage of persons took place in Chiswell street, Finsbury square, and the neighbourhood, in consequence of a very singular feat being performed by Mr. Alexander, proprietor of an extensive repository for the sale of horses in Chiswell street, who had undertaken for a bet of five hundred guineas, to drive the Wells mail round the extensive premises of the late Mr. Lackinton, bookseller, of Finsbury place. The wager was made by some high sporting characters, and odds were against the accomplishment of the feat. After the horses were harnessed, the mail went first round Finsbury square, and then entered the folding doors at a gentle trot, and thrice circumnavigated the library, keeping within the pillars under the galleries. On Mr. Alexander driving out, after succeeding in the undertaking, he was loudly cheered. During the lifetime of Mr. Lackinton, about forty-two years back, a similar feat was attempted, but in that instance was attended with failure from the unskilfulness of the driver.

ENIGMA.

I dwell in the stars by night,
In the sun's beam through the day,
And the moon—the beautiful and bright—
Involves me in her ray.

I dwell in a lady's breast,
And yet not in her eyes,
Nor heed her feelings, though exprest
In looks, and thoughts, and sighs.

I am a part of pain,
And yet come forth in pleasure;
Without me what were gain?
What few may term a treasure!

Thou'lt view me in the stream
Which down the mountain strays;
And basking in the beam
Which on its surface plays.

In the depths of earth and ocean,
On the confines of the sea,
While this rolling world hath motion,
I shall all changeless be.

ANTIDOTE TO ARSENICAL POISON.—We mentioned some time ago, that Doctors R. W. Bunsen and A. Berthold, in Göttingen, relying on experiments made on animals, recommended oxyhydrate of iron as an antidote to the poison of arsenic: their experiments were confirmed by Soubeiran, Miquet, Monat, and Lescour, at Paris. Dr. Buzorini, physician of the bailiwick at Chingen, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, has proved the efficacy of this remedy, in a medico-legal case, on two persons poisoned with arsenic. One of them, a woman fifty years of age, had taken half a drachm, and her son, twenty-four years old, a scruple of white arsenic, after both of them had, besides, repeatedly taken smaller portions, administered to them in their food several days before, and when medical aid was not immediately at hand. Yet the symptoms of poison were quickly allayed in a few hours after the oxyhydrate of iron was administered; on the following day they were both out of danger; and now, a fortnight having elapsed, they are perfectly well.

Mlle. MARS.—Most of our readers are probably aware that Mlle. Mars was a warm *Bonapartist*, (as the admirers of Bonaparte were termed after his abdication,) and that she took every opportunity to let the world know her opinions. Upon one occasion, after the restoration of Louis XVIII., the *garde du corps*, which was composed of ultra-royalists, were marching through the streets of Paris, and happened to pass the carriage of the above lady. "Ah!" said one, "there is that Bonapartist, Mlle.

Mars." "Yes," replied another, "there she is, leaning back in her carriage, as though she were afraid to look at us." "What," observed Mlle. Mars, "what have the *garde du corps* to do with MARS?" This sharp retort, to men who wore their military garb for show, and not for service, arrested them effectually from making further observations.

A DISCOVERY.—There has lately been discovered at Cuxac, a village about a league from Narbonne, a bronze statue of Venus, resembling the Venus de Medicis in so far that the body inclines forward, resting upon the left leg; the head is gracefully and slightly turned towards the left, and the arms are so placed as to conceal with modesty the charms of her person. There is, however, this difference, that the head is ornamented with a diadem, and the hair, though partly tressed up, falls in part in elegant ringlets on the shoulders. A large vase of terra cotta, four feet in diameter, containing ashes and burnt bones, a statue of the Bona Dea, a small serpentine stone, and a great quantity of Roman bricks, have also been found. It is believed that the spot at which these relics have been picked up, was formerly the site of an ancient villa, on the banks of the lake called Rubresus.

NEW COMET.—The journal of the Two Sicilies, of June 10, states that Sr. Bogalowski, director of the Royal Observatory at Breslaw, discovered a new telescopic comet on the 20th of April, in the constellation Patern, to which, if still visible, the attention of other astronomers is directed.

MASSIVE NATIVE GOLD.—A very rare and curious specimen of massive native gold, found in the mine Chuquigillo, at a short distance from La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, has excited considerable attention among the mineralogists of London. It contains three different qualities of gold, of twenty-two, twenty-three, and twenty-three and a half carots, without the admixture of any ore, and weighs nearly two pounds. The specimen of native gold in the Royal Museum at Madrid, weighs forty pounds; but this is nothing more than *gold ore*, and it cannot be properly termed a specimen of massive native gold. The piece brought from La Paz, is supposed to be *unique*.

EXPORT.—The produce of cotton has this year amounted to 250,000 quintals. The average price at which it has been sold being 25 dollars, the pacha has thus realised the sum of 6,250,000 Spanish dollars.

A bedstead and table of solid gold, two massive chairs of silver, two elephants, two Arabian horses, two dwarf buffaloes, and many valuable shawls, worth 80,000*l.*, have been presented by the king of Oude to the king of England. The elephants have been presented one to each of the Zoological gardens.

BOTANY AND GARDENING.—The "Gardeners' Magazine" contains an account of the Duke of Devonshire's new arboretum at Chatsworth, in which Mr. Paxton remarks that an estate of three acres may be planted, with an eye to beauty as well as science, with 1200 species of trees and shrubs. At Chatsworth there will be 2000 species, each with all the accommodation a tree could desire, and there is room for 2000 more if they should be discovered. There are already 1670 kinds of trees in 75 natural groups, covering about forty acres.

OLD COINS.—A vast quantity of silver and gold coins, of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the First, were lately discovered in the sands at Conway, Wales, by a poor girl of that neighbourhood. Several of them are in the possession of Mr. Griffiths, the governor of Shrewsbury county jail, and in good preservation. Those of Elizabeth (1582) describe her as queen of France and Ireland; those of James, as king of Great Britain, France, and Hibernia; with the characteristic motto, "States which God hath joined, let no one separate."

The interesting *Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa*, of Nathaniel Isaacs, Esq., are nearly ready.

Literary Intelligence.

Mr. Bulwer has just committed to the press the work to which he alluded in his last publication, "The Student," and on which he has been so long engaged; it is, we believe, entitled "Athens; its Rise and Fall, with Views of the Arts and Sciences, the Literature and Commerce of the Athenian People."

Miss Landon has, we hear, nearly completed the printing of her new poem, "The Vow of the Peacock," illustrating, it will be recollected, the beautiful picture by Madame Lise, in the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Dr. Hogg's interesting *Travels in the East*, entitled "A Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, &c.," will appear early in the present month.

Mr. Chorley, whose lively *Sketches of a Sea-port Town*, have been so much admired, has in press a *Series of Tales*, the scene of which is, we believe, chiefly laid in Italy.

The author of "Pictures of Private Life," Miss Stickney, will shortly present to the public a work of an original character, entitled "The Poetry of Life."

A second edition of Mr. Bulwer's new work, "The Student," will appear in a few days.

The third edition of that elegant little work, "The Language of Flowers," much improved, and revised by the editor of the "Forget Me Not," has just appeared.

The Rev. Robert Montgomery, has nearly ready for publication, a fourth edition revised, of his powerfully conceived work, entitled "Satan, a Poem."

Mrs. Jameson has just committed to the press, a new edition, being the third, of her much admired work, "The Characteristics of Women."

The second and concluding volume of M. de Tocqueville's interesting work, "Democracy in America," translated by his friend, Mr. Reeve, with a map of the United States, is now ready.

"A History of English Literature, Critical and Philosophical," by Mr. D'Israeli.

A new edition of the works of Sir John Suckling, with a Life of the Author, and Critical remarks on his Writings and Genius. By the Rev. Alfred Suckling, LL.B.

Researches on the Organisation, Functions, and Diseases of Membranes Secreting Textures; with Original Plans, showing the Inflections and Continuity of Membranes. By Thomas Turner, M.R.C.S.L. &c. &c.

History of the Condition of Women, in all Ages and Nations. By Mrs. Childs, author of "Child's Own Book," "Mother's Book," &c.

Graphics: a Manual of Drawing and Writing, for the use of Schools and Families. By R. Peale.

An interesting volume, entitled "Recollections of the Private Life of General Lafayette," is about to be published by Messrs. Galignani, of Paris. It is written by his friend and surgeon, M. H. Choquet, who was furnished with the materials by the general himself. An English edition, translated under the eye of the author, will be published in London on the same day the original will appear in Paris.

Among the novelties, for the forthcoming season, we have to announce a new work to be called the *English Annual*, two volumes of which have already appeared, but the whole of the editions have been exported to America and the continent. The volume, in consequence of certain facilities, which the proprietor exclusively enjoys, will be offered in a form considerably larger and cheaper than similar publications, and in all respects equal to them in its graphic and literary contents.

The *Oriental Annual* for 1836, by the Rev. H. Caunter, B.D., will exceed either of its predecessors, in the variety and beauty of the illustrations from the pencil of W. Daniell, Esq. R.A., as the great success of the last two years has encouraged the proprietor to spare no expense to render it still more worthy of public patronage.

From the London Court Journal.

THE FOSTERMOTHER'S CURSE.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

Though I have scarce passed the summer of life, my soul is sick with affliction that cannot be assuaged, my body bent to the earth by premature decay. I bear the burning brand of Cain upon my forehead, yet I never knowingly injured any human being, much less could my hand have been steeped in the blood of a brother. My tale is simple, and bears its own moral; to record it is a relief to my mind. I am dwelling in a land of strangers, and when the grave has closed over me, this writing will assign a cause for those peculiarities of habit and temper which now render me an object, sometimes of fear, always of compassion, to my kind-hearted neighbours.

I was born in the north of Ireland, and am the younger of two sons. Nature had been bountiful to my brother, in external as well as intellectual endowments; upon me she had bestowed a sickly constitution and a weak frame. Unable to join in the bodily sports of my schoolfellows, I had recourse to the misdirected pleasures of the imagination. Acted upon by the traditionary legends related to me by the neighbouring peasantry, I had become gloomy and suspicious, and I revelled in the delight of imagining horrible things. Even the most simple transaction, in my heated fancy, covered some horrid deed; and I shall scarcely be credited when I say that the painful excitement awakened by such thoughts was sought for by me as a source of enjoyment. As some men find pleasure in the excitement of danger, mine lay in that of terror, almost to the bereavement of my senses. I had besides, and perhaps as a natural consequence of these feelings, an insatiable curiosity to penetrate whatever seemed mysterious, and to give utterance to my own conjectures upon all that baffled my research. Thus I was at sixteen years of age, and though my heart yearned with kindness and love, my prying disposition had rendered me an object of dread and detestation to my father's neighbours.

One summer evening I had been rambling at some distance from home. My father was then absent, having gone to Dublin upon business. During my walk I had conjured up a thousand dreadful phantoms connected with the past and present, and had wrought up my mind to a more than usual degree of excitement, when at a little distance before me I perceived a woman who had nursed my brother. She was standing alone, and the bright beams of the moon in a cloudless sky enabled me to perceive that she was looking on every side as if in alarm. As she evidently sought to shun observation, I resolved to discover what she was doing. Under the concealment of a large tree, I succeeded in getting within five or six paces of her. Fancying nobody near, she washed her hands in a brook that flowed close to the tree whose broad trunk concealed me from her view. Having concluded her ablutions, she lifted up her hands as if to examine them by the light of the moon; then suddenly exclaiming, "There are blood-spots still," tore off the wristband of her

gown, upon which I either perceived, or fancied I perceived stains of blood, and taking up a broken stick, dug a hole in the earth, placed in it the torn fragment of her gown, and replaced the earth as before; after which, she again washed her hands in the stream, and departed.

I watched her narrowly till she was out of sight; then proceeding to the spot where she had buried the linen, an impulse for which I cannot account led me to place over it a large stone.

I returned home in an agony of excitement and fear. I could not forget the scene I had just witnessed, and it preyed the more on my mind because I had no one to consult in my father's absence.

I knew Moya Bourke too well to be mistaken in her person; and in what but guilt could have originated the mysterious conduct I had observed?

I rose at dawn, after a sleepless night, determined to seek Moya at her own cottage, and demand an explanation. The path from my father's house to her little dwelling lay along the banks of the brook. When near the spot where I had stood on the preceding evening, I was startled at beholding Moya before me. She was searching for something on the ground. I walked rapidly towards her.

"What! here again, Moya?" said I. She turned to me in evident trepidation.

"Is that you, Masther Shamus?" she said, without noticing my question. "Troth, an' it's 'arly ye're up this mornin'."

"I could not sleep, Moya," I replied. "I had bad dreams—I dreamt of murder." She changed colour.

"Never heed drames, Masther Shamus, dear."

"Some dreams are true, Moya."

"Hush! hush! Come, now, isn't it a pity for a likely young jintleman like yourself to be croaking like an ould crone?"

"I dreamt I saw you here by moonlight, Moya," said I, "and—"

"Me here?"

She tried to laugh, but her voice was hoarse and the sound awful and hollow. She attempted to turn the conversation, and was evidently anxious to get rid of me, but I was resolved to obtain her secret. She had aroused dreadful suspicions within me, which her manner tended to confirm. At length I determined to leave her, and go to her cottage during her absence. I reached the door, but it was locked, and I looked in at the window. A turf fire was smouldering on the hearth, before which hung a gown that I had given to Moya;—it was of coloured cotton—I recognised it by the pattern. I now seated myself upon a flowery bank near the little garden to await Moya's return, and fixed upon various phrases wherewith to accost her. When she appeared, I perceived that she was surprised at my being there. I now found it impracticable to speak as I had intended:—I could not utter a word. Who has not felt this? Who is there that has not conned over a dozen set phrases in the absence of him they would accuse, or of her they love, and yet is powerless to utter them when the person appears to whom they were to be ad-

dressed? Thus it was with me. To gain time, I asked Moya for a drink of milk.

"An' welcome," she replied, entering her cottage. I followed her. A shudder crept through my frame as I took the wooden bowl and held it to my lips; but my feelings are easier conceived than described, when, on raising the sleeve of the gown which hung by the fire, I perceived that the wristband was torn off. I rushed out of the cottage. On reaching home, I shut myself up in my own apartment, and threw myself upon a chair. Here an impulse suddenly seized me to seek my father; and the stage-coach passing almost at the same instant that the thought occurred, I entered it with a small bundle containing a change of clothes. That night I reached Dublin. My journey had been solitary during the greatest part of the road, and my feelings were so exacerbated, by solitude, that by the time I arrived I was in an alarming state of nervous irritation.

Immediately the coach stopped, I entered a car, and ordered the driver to proceed at his swiftest pace to the hotel at which my father usually lodged. He was not there. I again entered the vehicle and drove to the house of a friend with whom he had frequent mercantile transactions, and to my surprise and dismay learned that four days previously he had sailed for England, and had said that he should probably be obliged to go to France.

"I will follow him," said I.

Mr. Dwyer stared at me.

"Follow him! my dear James," he said. "What mean you? What has occurred, my dear boy, to agitate you in this manner?"

I threw myself upon a couch, and burst into tears. Mr. Dwyer soothed me, and strove to persuade me to reveal the source of my uneasiness, and the reason of my having left home. I requested him not to question my motives any further that evening, but to allow me the night to reconsider all. He complied with my wishes. A room in his house was speedily prepared for me, and I shortly after retired to bed. Strange and horrible dreams haunted me, shapeless forms flitted before my eyes, and yells of pain and despair rang in my ears. I awoke in a high fever; delirium soon followed, and at length my loud ravings brought Mr. Dwyer and some of the domestics to my bed-side. In my frenzy I told all that I had witnessed, and my reasons for seeking my father. I related the particulars so clearly that my host considered it his duty to see the lord lieutenant, and state to him all that had occurred. Being a personal friend of the viceroy, he had no difficulty in obtaining an interview; and while they were conversing, an official paper was placed in Lord —'s hands, dated from my native place, and signed by three magistrates, requesting assistance from the capital to discover what had become of one Robert Smithson, a tithe proctor, who had been two days missing, and for whom search had been made in vain. The lord lieutenant handed the paper to Mr. Dwyer, who agreed with his lordship that its contents appeared to have some connection with the tale I had revealed.

Orders were immediately despatched for the apprehension of Moya Bourke, on suspicion of being

concerned in the disappearance of Smithson. I had been unintentionally her accuser. A brain fever, which brought me to the verge of the grave, (from which I have lived to lament that I was snatched,) prevented my knowing any thing of passing events. But it appears that I had been most circumstantial in my tale, having related even the fact of my placing a stone to mark the spot where Moya had buried the torn wristband. The place was examined and the wristband found. It matched in pattern, and fitted the tear in her gown. Neither did Moya deny its being hers. To this was added a circumstance that seemed to place her guilt beyond a doubt. On the evening in question, Smithson was seen to enter her cottage before nightfall, and just after dusk, either a wounded person or a corpse was carried out of it by four men, but whither conveyed no one knew. Of this person, whom Moya stated to be a wounded man, she refused to give any further account. The assizes took place a few days after her committal, and the unhappy woman was convicted of the murder of Smithson. She heard the awful sentence of the law with much calmness, but persisted in asserting her entire innocence of the foul crime of which she was accused. She declared she had paid her tithe to Robert Smithson, and he had left her house alive and well, on the evening in question. The day appointed for Moya's execution soon arrived. The wretched victim was on her knees preparing for her last sacrifice, when she heard loud shouts from without the prison walls.

"Great God!" she exclaimed, "who would have thought they'd be so impatient for the death of a fellow Christian, as to begrudge me a few moments of life when they have days, and months, and years before them."

At that moment the clergyman entered her cell.

"Is it time?" she asked, with composure.

"I came to speak a few words to you, Mrs. Bourke," returned Mr. Lynch, evading a reply. "I wish to ask if you still persist in denying the murder of Robert Smithson?"

"As I am a Christian woman, I swear now in my last hour that I am perfectly innocent."

"I believe you, Moya," said the clergyman. "I all along believed you guiltless, and now others are of my opinion."

"Thank God!" said Moya, the tears streaming from her eyes; "when I am gone, *all* will not say, 'Moya Bourke had the stain of blood upon her soul.'"

By degrees Mr. Lynch broke to the poor condemned one the tidings that Robert Smithson had made his appearance at the very door of the prison, and had presented himself before a magistrate; that this fact had been stated to the lord lieutenant, who had sent an order for her immediate release. Though this intelligence was communicated with great caution, the revulsion of feeling was too great, and Moya fell senseless upon the floor.

* * * * *

My brother Edward, as soon as he had finished his school studies, had been sent to Trinity College, with a liberal pecuniary allowance from my father. Being a lively, good-natured, and gene-

rous youth, he soon became a general favourite with his fellow students. Poor Edward! at home, all loved him. He danced well, was an excellent hurler, sang a merry and a sentimental song equally well, and was universally liked by the gentler sex. His thoughtlessness frequently led him into scrapes, from which, however, his quick and ready wit never failed to extricate him. He had deep blue eyes and curly hair; and his almost constant smile exhibited a perfect and beautiful set of teeth.

At college, though none knew when he studied, he cut a very respectable figure; and at the period my unhappy tale commences, he had just taken his degree with some *éclat*.

At a ball, Edward first met Blanche O'Ferrall, whose beauty made a strong impression upon him. Her father, a needy man with a large family, soon perceived the effect of his daughter's charms upon my brother, and sedulously exerted himself to increase and render it permanent.

Edward was invited to the house, parties were formed on his account; he had constant opportunities of seeing the young lady, and his admiration of Blanche soon ripened into a strong attachment.

She evidently perceived my brother's regard, and the lover attributed a certain restraint in her manner to reciprocal feeling. But he was shortly awakened from his joyous dream of requited love. One evening, as he was taking leave of Blanche, she contrived to slip a note into his hand unobserved, and to whisper in his ear, "Read it when you are alone." He smiled, pressed the taper fingers of the fair girl, and departed. On reaching his apartment, he eagerly opened the billet, which contained these words:

"We are never, as you may perceive, left alone for a single instant, and I am narrowly watched, or I should long since have informed you that my affections were engaged long before our acquaintance commenced. This my parents know, but they little suspect that I am the wife of him I love. I rely upon your honour not to betray me. My father is making arrangements to procure for my husband an appointment abroad, thinking thus to separate us for ever. When the situation becomes his beyond power of recall, we purpose avowing our marriage, and I will share his exile. But were our secret suspected, my father would, by depriving him of the appointment, condemn us both to poverty. Make any excuse you please, but desist, I implore you, from your attentions to me. Above all things, keep my secret.

"BLANCHE."

The effect of this note upon Edward was terrible; a bitter pang shot through his heart. Young, ardent, and loving for the first time,—

The first, the very first,

—he imagined he could never recover the blow inflicted upon his peace. He instantly decided on not seeing Blanche again, for some time at least. He knew not how he should account to her family for the cessation of his attentions; he, however, wrote a few lines, saying, he was com-

pelled to leave Dublin suddenly—and he intended to have done so on the following day—but on the receipt of his note, Mr. O'Ferrall came to my brother's chambers, and in the presence of several of his friends, made use of such language, that a hostile meeting was the consequence.

It took place early on the ensuing morning, and O'Ferrall fell, mortally wounded as it was feared. Edward had also received a severe wound, but as he had still strength to walk, he was advised to make the best of his way to a place of concealment. With great difficulty he got into a post-chaise, driven by a ragged, curly-headed, and bare-footed postilion, picked up in the streets of Dublin, and proceeded from stage to stage, till he reached the cottage of his nurse, Moya Bourke. On arriving there he fainted, and his wound appeared of a more serious character than he had at first imagined. The faithful creature was deeply and sincerely grieved when she saw her foster-son in this condition,—but still more so, when, in reply to her entreaties to be allowed to send for "the docther," Edward informed her that he had, he feared, killed a man, and came to her to conceal him from the police.

"Ohone, Ohone ma gra! and are ye hidin' yerself from the peleece. That I should live to see my own garcoon in dhread of a jail. My darlint ye wor ever and always, and it's your ould nurse that 'ill hide ye. Wait now till I put some dressing on yer wound. Oh! the rascal, to be afther hurting ye. Bad luck to him a thousand times every day he sees a pavin'-stone, and ten thousand times every day he does not!"

While thus lamenting his misfortunes, Moya Bourke acted as Edward's surgeon, applying to his wound such simple remedies as she could procure. She did not wish him to leave her, but he feared being traced to her cottage, and bringing trouble on his faithful and affectionate nurse. He therefore insisted on seeking concealment in a small hut in the mountains, where illicit distillation had formerly been carried on, but which was now deserted. Hither he was borne by four of Moya's neighbours, on whose discretion and fidelity she could depend. She herself accompanied him, carrying for his use some oat cakes, butter, hard boiled eggs, a small jug of milk, and a bottle of whiskey. She made him a rude bed of fern, and imploring the blessings of Providence on his head, left him. It was on her road homeward that I saw and watched her. Her affection for her foster-child led her to exaggerate his danger. Should he be found, she imagined that a disgraceful death on the gallows would be his doom. The blood on her sleeve and hands had flowed from my brother's wound. As it caught her eye, she hastened to obliterate the stains, lest they should excite enquiry. Would that on the following morning, when I sought an explanation, Moya had given me one!—but she feared my inquisitive disposition and nervous irritability, and thought that if I knew of my brother's danger, my alarm would betray him, particularly if, as she expected would be the case, the police should search my father's house for him. With regard to Smithson, some of the peasantry, who had long owed him a grudge, had, on

the same evening that my brother reached Moya cottage, whither the tithe proctor had gone the very evening and received his tithe, way and carried him to the mountains. What had been their original plans and intentions I know not, but on hearing of the imprisonment and condemnation of Moya Bourke, they liberated Smithson, after first administering to him a solemn oath that he would immediately, on reaching the town, show himself at the prison, and also to a magistrate; that he would not by any means, direct or indirect, betray who were his captors or detainers; and, finally, that he would quit Ireland before that day month. All this he faithfully executed.

The moment Moya was liberated from the prison, she sped to my father's house. He had but that morning returned, and had learned, with equal surprise and sorrow, that his old servant, who had nursed his son, and been the valued attendant of my departed mother, was about to suffer an ignominious death.

But, however much he lamented her fate, his thoughts were otherwise and sadly occupied. Edward, whom he had left at Dublin, had disappeared immediately after the duel with O'Ferrall, and from that period no tidings of him had been received. My father's anxiety respecting him was intense. Mr. O'Ferrall was quite out of danger, so that there was no longer any necessity for concealment; and in those days duels were of such common occurrence in Ireland, that they were soon forgotten.

Moya now told my father where Edward was concealed, and they proceeded together to the hut. On opening the door, my poor brother lay there a corpse, and evidently had been dead some days. Wounded and helpless, he had been unable to obtain assistance, for the hut lay in an unfrequented spot, or to open the door which Moya in her anxiety had locked when she left him. Edward had died of starvation! . . .

The faithful Moya gazed with a vacant stare at the disfigured remains of her foster-son. My father attempted to rouse her, but in vain. From that hour Moya was a maniac.

Oh! never can I forget the first time she beheld me after this event! So changed in look, in tone, in every thing.

"Shamus," she cried, "my curse be upon you, for you are a murderer. You said I had killed Robert Smithson, but you have destroyed your own brother. Had I not, through your devilish spirit, been thrown into prison, my darling would be alive now. Out, out of my sight, and may the curse of a broken-hearted woman rest on you for ever."

And that curse still clings to me. I have wandered over most parts of the world—I have sought, in distant lands, forgetfulness of those dreadful occurrences,—but Moya's curse pursues me every where. Despair has whitened my head, as with the frost of years, and my broken spirit awaits with impatience its call to other spheres. I have

been prepared to die—consumption has fixed fangs upon me, and has found me an easy prey. I would fain see my
before I sink into the repose of

I
the sod of my na-
more, and Moya
madness, the moun-
As she is per-
to roam whither
the house of my
birth. I could not bear to see her—I dare not
trust to the chance of meeting her. I must sleep
my last sleep in this foreign land.

From Fraser's Magazine.

BOMBARDINIO IN ITALY.

Contrasted faults through all their manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew."—GOLDENIE.

If, on leaving Baden, you propose going to Munich, or into the interior of Germany, you had better go round by Tübingen, instead of taking the usual road by Carlsruhe and Stuttgart; because the former, though longer, leads through an interesting and romantic country, whereas the latter only traverses a stale, flat, and unprofitable district.

"Ah! *mon prince*, how do you do? How are the lancers of his Imperial Majesty's guard? I hope you have recovered the fatigues of the Polish campaign?" "You shall hear all that to-morrow as we travel along," said the Prince de W—; "I suppose you are going to Munich—what else can bring a man to Stuttgart? I am traveling the same way, and there is a place in my *droska* for you. It is more convenient than your seat in the diligence." Now, a seat in a prince's *droska* is, I know, better than a seat in a German diligence; but, knowing that it has its disadvantages, I refused at once, saying, that though I was going to Munich, yet my mode of traveling was so very different from that of all other mortals, that I could not think of being a burden on his highness. But no excuse would satisfy him; "he was an idler like myself, and I should be director-general on the road." I knew pretty well, from former experience, what this meant; but, as the prince was evidently tired of traveling by himself, and as I had, in truth, no very valid excuse to offer, we set off together for the Bavarian capital.

There is certainly nothing between Stuttgart and Augsburg worth turning round to look at; but I had lately been reading Raumer's *History of the Hohenstauffen*. It is a dry, stiff, and elaborate work, but interesting from the mass of valuable information which it contains. No traveller or historical student should leave it unread; and Lord Francis Egerton should immediately translate it into English. He can afford to work for fame; and here is a book the translation of which will confer fame. His lordship may dedicate it to me for my advice. The reading of this book had made me take a sort of fancy to every thing connected with the heroic race of the Swabian emperors, who, from lords of a simple castle, raised themselves to the sovereignty of Germany, Italy, and Sicily; and one of the objects of my tour was to see the hill of Hohenstauffen, where stood the fortress cradle of that noble and ill fated

family. I had told the prince this at starting; and he was delighted with the idea, "the very thing he wanted to see himself—particularly obliged to me for reminding him of it." Well, when we arrived at the hamlet of Göppingen, not far from the foot of the hill, I proposed, that before the horses were put to the droska, we should get guides, and ascend the mountain. "But is there any thing to see there now?" said the prince. "Hardly a stone of the castle left," was the response. "Why, then, should we give ourselves all this trouble? It will be late before we get to Ulm, and you know how unpleasant it is to arrive late at a German inn; we shall get no supper." "*Vous verrez cela une autre fois, mon cher,*" said his highness. "*A vos ordres, mon prince,*" said we, laughing inwardly at our folly for having placed our trust in princes.

I have related this little misadventure, in order to show how difficult it is to meet with a good traveling companion. One man prefers a dinner to every thing else; another is absolutely idle, and cannot be moved; a third is restless and fidgety, and never happy but when he is whirling along the road. You have to dread the listless traveller, who takes no interest in any thing, as well as the simple and inquisitive traveller, who plagues all the world with silly and useless questions. Then there is the querulous traveller, who disputes the simplest proposition, as well as the cheapest bill, and who is in constant dread of being imposed upon. Next comes the extravagant traveller, who gives himself airs upon the strength of your purse, even more than on the strength of his own. Travel alone, therefore; and if any sight of real interest is to be seen, be sure you go alone. As to lady travellers, the pretty dears are, no doubt, more enthusiastic, and show more feeling for the beautiful than what men do; but they require too much attention, and sometimes take off too much attention, so that I would hardly recommend them for traveling companions, unless for a mere pleasure tour, where no inconvenience is likely to be experienced. It is distressing to see them want their little comforts when you cannot relieve them; and yet it is strange how willingly they brave every difficulty, merely for the fashionable honour of having been on the continent.

"*Au revoir, mon prince:* keep a good quarter for me at the Golden Lamb at Vienna." My traveling companion was going by the way of Salzburg; I was proceeding towards the Danube, so that we parted for a time at Munich.

The prince and I had discussed many questions of tactics, literature, and politics, but had argued none; by which mode of proceeding we had gained pretty nearly all the information we could well derive from each other, without for a moment losing our temper or equanimity. I would recommend all travellers—I might say all the world—to follow the same rule; for to attempt a regular train of argument, or demonstration, in ordinary society, when you are sure to be interrupted at every sentence by persons who get into a rage, in order to avoid being convinced, is pure folly. Some men want logical heads, and cannot draw the most simple conclusion; others want the knowledge on which you can alone found de-

monstration, for you cannot on all occasions go back to the A B C of a subject. Few possess even the decent politeness required for listening with common courtesy, and still fewer possess temper. This is saying nothing of the numerous class who have always a budget of facts ready to support any silly theory they may feel disposed to advance. Never, therefore, attempt to argue a point except pen in hand. If you wish to obtain information from any one, discuss the subject politely, just hinting or expressing a doubt now and then, so as to draw out your informant. With foreigners, you had better be complimentary, and say as many fine things of their country as you can well reconcile to your conscience; this will throw them off their guard, and make them speak freely. You must, of course, sift the information thus required, and try its value by your own knowledge, and by the opinion you may entertain of your informant. To swear, as many people do, to the truth of every statement that a foreigner may give respecting his particular country, is absurd. To argue subjects of national policy with them is also useless: of England they know nothing; and if you touch upon the weak points of their own country, its government or manners, you instantly throw them on the defence, and they stick at no trifles to maintain their cause. The Russians, in particular, pull the long bow in support of their country's grandeur, at a rate that would startle even Ferdinand Mendez Pinto himself. A Russian nobleman of high military rank, wishing to impress some British officers with a just idea of Russian courage, told us of a certain Muscovite admiral, who was so indomitably brave, that he required to have two men placed near him in battle, merely for the purpose of pouring buckets of cold water over him, in order to keep his fiery valour within moderate bounds. A sort of stately politeness should also be observed towards all chance traveling acquaintances. This is no bar to cheerfulness and good humour, but is the best protection against the selfish and loutish coarseness always so ready to break out during a journey. By vapid exclusiveness, you only make yourself ridiculous, and make nothing of others.

For the present I must leave Germany, but cannot take my departure without first relating a sort of adventure that befell me at Passau, on the Danube.

I had, as usual, ascended the highest steeple in the place, in order to get a good view of the country. The regular guardian of the church happening to be out of the way, his daughter, a fine plump, bright eyed, rosy cheeked, and auburn haired girl of five and twenty or so, had attended me; and I was just stepping out of the belfry, after giving her, owing to her cheerfulness and good humour, a few pence perhaps above the usual fee, when she seized my hand, and, with her own cherry-ripe lips, actually imprinted a kiss upon it. I was totally unprepared for any thing so novel and extraordinary. The pressure of a pair of fine female lips upon your ungloved hand, has, in truth, a strange effect: it felt something like a galvanic shock, and went from the kissed hand right through the heart to the very extremities of the fingers of the other hand, and for an

instant it almost arrested my breath, so that I could think of nothing better than returning the kiss from whence it came. But, finding that this kissing of hands was the custom of the country, I took care to be on my guard ever afterwards, and would recommend you to follow my example.

Unless you are very deaf indeed, you must have heard a great deal about the politeness of foreigners, and their attention to strangers. I believe I am the only person who has ventured to declare, that the people of the continent are, generally speaking, very far behind the people of these islands in every thing that can be termed real politeness. The rudeness which our countrymen, and countrywomen also, experience, and put up with, abroad, particularly in Italy and Switzerland—the most boorish countries within the range of the grand tour—leads them to mistake a mere absence of insolence for politeness. During the tour, of which I am here giving the majestic world so learned and incomparable an account, I travelled from London to Vienna, and from thence to Naples, and back to London, and was never once addressed or spoken to by a foreigner with any view of ordinary courtesy or politeness. I am known at first sight to be an Englishman, and a *spiadado*. I wear a good coat, and, as Burghart can tell, I am particular about its make, without condescending to know what others deem fashion; I am, therefore, addressable. On entering a public room, I also make it a point to say something to the waiter or the landlord in the language of the country, so that no supposed ignorance on this point can be pleaded; and yet was it only at Passau that a foreigner addressed me, not then to show me any attention, but to show that he could speak a little English, which indeed was so little, that we were forced to translate every sentence back into German. The constant forcing of bad English on an Englishman who speaks their own language fluently, is another proof of continental bad manners. Will any one make me believe that a stranger, known to be such, could travel all through England without experiencing one single mark of ordinary politeness? I never saw a foreigner on the top of a stage coach, who was not courteously treated by the rest of the passengers: I have even seen women holding on the poor frightened things. We Britishers have faults and failings in abundance, but a want of natural politeness is not among the number. Fashion orders us not to be polite towards each other, unless under certain circumstances, and according to certain foolish rules, which I formerly exposed; and we are absurd enough to follow her dictates; but the interdiction extends not towards foreigners, and we generally treat them with courtesy. Who ever saw them return the compliment?

Venice is still enthroned on her hundred isles; harse-like gondolas still float upon her hundred and forty-seven canals, and pass under her three hundred and six bridges. Her thousand years of empire still cast a glory round her; but it is a dying glory, for her days are numbered: and however much her former greatness may engage our sympathies, we are, nevertheless, bound to confess that she well deserved her fate. The
of her base and selfish mercantile aristocracy

had the same of her bright
casts the deepest
Many states have
dissension, weak-
fallen, some with
without honour, beneath the arms of
powerful aggressors; but it remained for Venice
to show the world an instance of infamy abso-
lutely unparalleled in the annals of human base-
ness. Venice was perfectly safe; she was pro-
tected by her own fleet, and could, if necessary,
call an English fleet also to her aid. The Aus-
trians were descending from the Tyrol,—Napole-
on's retreat was already cut off,—the republic had
fifteen thousand disposable men at command, who
at that moment could have turned the tide of war
against the French. The Venetians knew the
fate that awaited them, in case of Napoleon's suc-
cess, for he had proclaimed their doom; but so
far from having the courage to strike a single
blow for their own or for the general cause, they
first allowed Austria, their present ruler, to fall
prey; and, though inaccessible in their la-
goes, they sent their own ships to bring over the
conquerors, who had not even a boat at their dis-
posal. When the assembled senate came to the
final resolution of yielding, the doge, a dotard of
the house of Manin, declared, that "their deci-
sion could be ascribed only to the direct aid of
the Virgin, the high protectress of Venice, who
had evidently enlightened their minds, and in-
spired them with wisdom."

Speedy retribution followed. The French, from the moment of their landing, treated the conquered as slaves. Most of the nobles had grown rich at the expense of the commonwealth, and were all indebted to the state, to a large amount, for arrears of taxes and other charges, from which the law did not exempt them, but from which they had by degrees exempted themselves. The French instantly claimed these arrears, interest and all, for the service of the republic. The blow ruined the greater part of the Venetian nobility at once; those who could not immediately raise the money bribed the French commanders, just as base and corrupt as the conquered, with statues, pictures, and other articles of *virtù*. Many were forced to pledge all their property to Jews, who are to this day the real owners of some of the finest palaces in Venice: indeed, there is hardly one of these princely man-
sions that is now kept up in a manner denoting any thing like ease or affluence on the part of the proprietor. Some are entirely deserted, others are store and warehouses, and many are going to ruin, merely for the want of the most ordinary attention; some have even been pulled down for the value of the materials. As far back as 1814, six thousand houses, and four hundred so called palaces, had already, owing to the blessings of French sway, been demolished. Of the six hundred patrician families that governed Venice, two hundred have become extinct since the fall of the republic; and of those that remain, not thirty are in affluent or easy circumstances. The population of the town is said to decrease at the rate of three thousand souls a year; but this must be exaggerated.

"I stood at Venice," not on the Bridge of Sighs, for it is built up, but on the Place of St. Marc. The history of a thousand years flashed before me. I knew the crimes of which the republic had been guilty; I knew the meanness which led to its fall: and yet was it impossible to stand where I stood, with the venerable church of St. Marc and its Corinthian steeds on my left, the flag-staffs from which floated the standards of the conquered kingdoms, Candia, Morea, and Cyprus, on my right, without feeling for the fate and fall of a people who had, once at least, achieved great things.

Even the church of St. Marc makes an impression on the mind, and calls forth emotions of respect and veneration for names, times, and generations long passed away, that no other edifice can inspire. The sanctity of place expels from the heart all recollections of the deeds of sin and sorrow committed by the lords of Venice, and for a moment, a brief moment perhaps, you think of their greatness only. The church was commenced in the tenth century, and built after the model of the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. During several succeeding centuries, it grew with the growth of the republic, and was enriched according to the augmenting wealth of the state. All the art which that remote period could display, all the splendour it possessed, were expended on the construction of this Christian temple. Whatever object of value could be collected from the isles of Greece, or along the shores of that unhappy land; whatever could be found at Constantinople, Jerusalem, or Alexandria, was applied to enrich and embellish this revered pile. The architecture is of all ages and nations; but the air of still and earnest grandeur which reigns within its venerable aisles, gives to the whole a look of uniformity that its mere design may possibly want.

Away from the chapel of the Madonna de Mascio! its dedication recalls the state of morals in Italy during the fourteenth century, and the very recollection is horrible.

The Scian horses again adorn the porch of St. Marc. Unchanged barometers of the fate of empires! what do you here? Ye fled from your first post of honour when Corinth sunk in blood and flame; from Rome when the world's mistress fell from her high estate: ye abandoned conquered Byzantium, degraded Venice, and the humbled metropolis of vain-glorious France! Why linger here amid the ruins of greatness passed away? Can Venice fall still lower? and must the waves of the Adriatic sweep over the domes of its former empress?

Thiersh, the grammarian, a very great goose, no doubt, but a very good scholar, says these horses are not Grecian but of Roman origin. He assigns as a ground for this opinion, the clumsy figure of the steeds, which, by his account, resemble the horses represented on Roman coins and monuments of the time of the emperors, without having the least likeness to those represented by Greek artists of the earlier period. There is certainly some truth in the remark.

We shall now go to a Venetian *soirée*, and then be off.

"Le Colonel Bombardinio," said my friend,

promoting me, according to good continental custom, as he presented me to the Countess de B., one of the leading fashionables of Venice. In a spacious but very moderately furnished apartment were assembled, besides the lady of the mansion, five or six other ladies, all of a certain age, as young ladies hardly ever make their appearance in parties. They were seated in a cluster together, while fourteen or fifteen gentlemen were standing round the circle, talking,—sometimes addressing the entire party, at other times speaking only to a neighbour. The conversation, general and particular, was carried on in French, as there were foreigners present, as well as in Italian. Scandal, literature, and even politics, formed the topics of discourse; all were treated with nearly equal dulness. From nine o'clock till twelve, the company were constantly changing—some taking their leave, while others were arriving. At no time were there more than twenty-five persons present in the room, though more than a hundred must have passed through it during the evening. This is, I understand, the constant routine of Venetian society. Bating the exclusion of young ladies, the system might be adopted with advantage in other countries, provided always, that people would go into company with the simple view of pleasing and being pleased; instead of going, as they invariably do, for the purpose of showing off, and acting a part different from any for which nature intended them. The consequence of this eternal striving after effect is, that men and women become so stupid in society, that they are actually obliged to eat and drink in each other's company, because they have no other means of filling up time, or of employing their hands. In Venice, society, though totally free from affectation, is dull, because the people are extremely ignorant; in many other countries it is dull, because the people, though not ill-informed, are outrageously affected. This is, above all places in the world, the case in Edinburgh. The modern Athenians, though not so well informed by many degrees as they fancy themselves, are at least upon a par with their neighbours; but, owing to the affectation of the people, their constant striving after grandeur and effect, together with their boundless adoration of rank and wealth, as well as the fortune-hunting propensities of ladies and gentlemen, the society of the place is an actual burlesque on the name. All this is the more to be regretted, because the elements of pleasant society are not wanting in Edinburgh. I shall some day or other describe the routine of the thing, and at the same time publish a collection of love-letters, addressed to various Scottish heiresses, and now in my possession.

Just let us look into the theatre before we leave Venice. A new opera: the audience call, long and loudly, for the repetition of a song that has no political allusion whatever. The actors are willing to comply, and solicit the necessary permission from the police officer stationed behind the scenes. The little mean functionary refuses, in order to show his mighty power; the audience persist, and a regular theatrical row ensues, which ends, of course, to the advantage of the man in authority. "He is a German, I am sure," said a

hands than your own—abroad, the chances are that it will only go from one shabby fellow to another. But, as I told you before, you travel for fashion's sake, and to say that you have been abroad; as if you could not say so without the trouble of crossing the channel! If you start without knowledge, you will assuredly bring none back. And as to the point of conscience, let it not trouble you: ignorance and affectation combined, will make you tell more falsehoods in your attempts to describe foreign scenes and manners, than you could possibly be guilty of in describing your travels on the mere authority of an ordinary guide-book.

Bologna: a piazzad town; cold, dull, and monastic in its appearance. The university has been shut since the revolution. The students, who were learning to draw out deeds and to make up recipes, thought themselves perfect in the simple art of legislation, and undertook, accordingly, to draw up constitutions. To draw a trigger, was, however, what none of the liberal and enlightened legislators had bargained for; so that, without firing a single shot, they fled at the first sight of the Austrian troops. The conduct of the Italians during their late attempts at revolution, would make one think that the cowardice of men is, after all, greater than their stupidity. Every country and every army can, no doubt, produce specimens of the aguish quality. We have seen men look *queer* even under the British uniform—we have seen Spaniards and Portuguese taking ground to the rear with the most marvellous rapidity; but, truly and fairly spoken, we never saw a British soldier, of any rank or grade, leave the field; and on many occasions Spaniards and Portuguese, particularly the latter, fought right nobly by the side of their allies. Italy, on the contrary, never produced, during her struggles for freedom, a single man who stood a manly blow. There was not one man engaged in the cause who possessed enough of noble feeling to make him prefer death to dishonour—no! not one of the trembling slaves feared disgrace and infamy; the caitiff feared only death. Having got on the subject of *Coraggio*, I must here relate an adventure that befel a gentleman of the press, whom want or chance had pressed into the service.

The love of potheen had probably rendered poor O. L. unfit to continue in the conduct of a provincial newspaper of which he had been editor. He joined the army, and was promoted from some other regiment to a lieutenancy in the corps in which the present writer then served. Our new recruit was a strange, odd, unmilitary person, both in manners and appearance. Owing to his continued love of the "creature-comfort," he was dreadfully absent—never, indeed, seeming to be very conscious of what was going on around him. His thin, spare, and stooping figure, always ill-dressed, corresponded perfectly with his character; but, except fancying himself mortally wounded at Salamanca, when he was only scratched, he had shown no indication of wanting nerve. Many, indeed, thought that the scenes of battle never rose upon his mental vision till some days after the fighting was over; for he

would then speak, with horror depicted in his countenance, of the slaughter which he had witnessed. Well would it have been had this unconsciousness continued. But on one occasion he was awakened from his trance by a peal of thunder, more tremendous, perhaps, than any that ever burst upon the ears of man,—it was the fire opened from the walls of St. Sebastian against the assaulting columns of the British. O. L. awoke,—he awoke to a scene of death and fear that earthly pen must fail to describe; his shattered nerves could not stand the shock, and he took shelter behind the projecting angle of a work. The eye of his commanding officer discovered him, and poor O. L. was dragged up by the collar of his coat. He would have paid the forfeit of his weakness; but his simple and harmless conduct, together with his good temper, had made him a sort of favourite. The officers of the corps interceded for him; and the commander, as kind and generous as he was brave, not wishing, after so many honourable fields, to have an officer of the regiment tried for such an offence, forgave the unhappy culprit. O. L. afterwards fell at Waterloo, and was the only regular gentleman of the press I ever knew in the army.

According to an old Italian proverb, the Genoese are the proudest, the Venetians the most magnificent, and the Bolognese the most treacherous people of Italy. What truth there may be in the first part of the saying, I know not; but certain it is, that the Bolognese are to this day the greatest rogues in the Peninsula.

There are still some good pictures at Bologna: they are described in every guide-book and book of travels that you like to take up. The *private catalogues* of some of the private collections, in which the prices are marked in *guineas* opposite the pictures, furnish amusing illustrations of the folly of our countrymen. The sums often asked for absolute daubs, not worth the canvass on which they are painted, show what a reputation for ignorance the English have acquired in the foreign *virtù* market. Horse dealers and picture dealers are the only persons who now state the price of their wares in *guineas*. Both classes are alike distinguished for roguery; but there is this great difference between them, that horse dealers are mostly good judges of horses, whereas picture dealers never know any thing about pictures. The fools often pretend to warrant pictures as originals, as if such warrants could ever be proved or disproved, or could be worth a single farthing. Julio Romana deceived even Raphael himself by passing upon him the copy of one of his, Raphael's, own pictures, for the original.

The Apennines between Bologna and Florence are dry, barren, and chalky, and prove that even mountain scenery may be totally destitute of picturesque beauty. It is, of course, difficult to give any just idea of the scenery of Italy, because so extensive a country naturally presents a great variety of landscape. Lombardy and the north-eastern provinces are generally flat, level, and unpicturesque, but pretty well cultivated. The west coast, on the other hand, from Terracina, almost to the gulf of Spezzia, including the Campagna and the Pontine Marshes, is low, barren,

and unproductive; and frequent tracts of the same kind of country appear along the Neapolitan coast, sometimes stretching to a great extent inland. Such are the infectious plains of Pæstum, and the deadly salt marshes round Tarentum. The south and southeastern parts of the Peninsula, together with its northwestern angle, are mountainous, and are joined by the ridge of the Apennines that traverse the entire of the country from one extremity to the other. These mountain districts present many bold outlines and romantic sites of towns and castles, but little of what I would call picturesque or beautiful scenery; simply because there is a want of verdure about them, there being hardly any verdure in Italy, except during a few weeks in spring, and the scenery not being of itself sufficiently grand and wild to lack that most beautiful of all nature's ornaments. The landscape, therefore, looks dry, dusty, and, strange to say, ruinous; and can neither mix nor harmonise with the clear, blue, and unclouded sky, the strong light of which gives to the whole an arid look, and the appearance of an unfinished picture, of which the outlines only are sketched, and the sky entirely omitted.

Well, after many a laugh on the part of the wise, and many a growl from the foolish, here we are at Florence. It is the height of the season, and every inn, from Schneider's to the York, is crowded with strangers, so that if you arrive in any conveyance short of your own carriage and four, preceded by a rogue of a courier, you will run a good chance of being turned right insolently away from the door; for of all the mean, filthy, cringing, and insolent rascals, the Italian innkeeper is, without exception, the greatest. And the greater the inn, the greater the rascality; for, off the high-road you sometimes find the little *alberge* host or hostess well enough. But in large towns, the innkeepers have found out our English weakness of exclusiveness, and flatter the paltry pride of our wealthy countrymen, by refusing to receive those who appear in moderate circumstances: they make no such vile distinction with foreigners. No people on earth are so speedily corrupted in this manner as the Italians. Removed from the vices of large towns, you meet with worth, honesty, and kindness in abundance; but the slightest contact with regular and avowed knavery, instantly ruins the men. They seem to have no power of resisting the contagion of evil example; the women have far more character in this respect.

Florence, the Etrurian Athens, has become a sort of English colony, though for what reason it is difficult to guess. The climate is detestable; it is Icelandic in winter, and Bengalee in summer; the air being all the time so rarified as hardly to fill a pair of rational English lungs. As to the beauty of the place, I, for one, could not discover it. The so-called palaces look exactly like jails, and the churches, from the dark and marble-built Duomo downwards, being all as poor and miserable things as you could well wish to see. But then, the monuments in the Santa Croza and the chapel of St. Lorenzo! Go and look at them, and you will then understand what

nonsense tourists write and blockheads recite. The chapel of St. Lorenzo is abused even in the notes to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, though the writer (I forget whether it was Hobhouse or Byron who wrote the notes) was afraid to denounce the statues by Michael Angelo, which it contains. These statues are vile and disgusting, but the towering name of Buonarrotti awed the critics. Of all the men buried in St. Croza, who but the "starry Galileo" can excite interest? Of Angelo Alfieri, the vain, cold, stiff egotist, I have spoken before; and though Sir Morgan O'Doherty mentions Machiavelli as something great, I should like to know in what his greatness consisted? As a poet and playwright he was only licentious; as a historian, he was ignorant and unphilosophical; and as a politician, as the author of the *Prince*, he was at the best so obscure, that the meaning and object of his work still remains an enigma with the learned. The least valued of his works is by far the best, and that is his *Essay on the Art of War*. True, it is only a feeble imitation of the feeble Vegetius; but it contains, nevertheless, a few glimmerings of light; and this is what can hardly be said of half a dozen modern military writers. Except Marshal Saxe, Berenhorst, Bülow, Lloyd, Blücher, and Clausewitz, where is the modern commander or writer who has given proofs of possessing, or of having possessed, a single clear view of tactics? Without a knowledge of this science, the very foundation of the art of war, the rest is but "leather and prunella." To lead one army against another, and to strut about in the decorations gained by the gallantry of the troops, or bestowed by the caprices of Lady Fortune, is in itself no proof of generalship. Napoleon was a great general, till tried against a small number of British troops, in a simple, stand up fight in the open field of Waterloo; but where was the trait, I say not of generalship, but of ordinary intelligence, displayed on that occasion?

The English society at Florence is, of course, better than the rabble of English assembled at Calais, Boulogne, and Brussels. I believe, indeed, that most of the English families residing at Florence are perfectly respectable; but their manners are, generally speaking, very much the reverse. They make fools of themselves in every way they can, for they have no other means of killing time, the mortal foe of our entire generation. What is the life led at Florence? The place offers no amusement in itself, when the gallery and the Pitti palace have been examined, as they well deserve to be. They certainly contain much that is very beautiful; but I hold no lady over-modest who lounges for hours together in the tribune of the Venus, or Venuses rather. After the first week the *idler* is reduced to a drive round the *Casino* in the morning, to a scandal or flirtation party in the evening, and to a visit to a very bad opera. Italian society there is none, for the Italians only go to English parties, but do not give any themselves. But if there were such society, it could have no attraction beyond the gratification of ordinary curiosity; for the Italians are, even in the higher ranks, an ignorant and illiterate people. I do not mean to say that ladies and gentlemen should talk science and philoso-

phy over their soup and bohea; on the contrary, such conversation is in general stupid or affected; but a certain degree of knowledge and mental polish are, in these days, indispensable requisites in pleasant discourse. Except, perhaps, a very few of the lower orders of Irish, no uneducated person can now talk pleasant nonsense; few, indeed, can do so at any time; foreigners hardly ever. They have most of them a fluency of tongue, indeed, but I hardly ever met with one who had the gift of conversation. This gift is a rare one, I allow; and we know that Philocrates was the only man among the witty and clever Athenians who was a match for Philip of Macedonia. The conversation in ordinary society is, indeed, the very scourge of men, and talents, and genius; but blockheads rejoice at the prospect of such feasts of reason, just as the long-eared race rejoice at the sight of thistles.

To give you a couple of specimens of Italian conversation, taken at random from the higher circles:—

There was a grand ball at Torlonia's the evening before Sir R. Peel left Rome to return to England for the purpose of assuming the reins of government. All the upper world were there; and curious it was to see, even in the capital of the Cæsars, Roman princes, senators, and *magnates* of every country, paying great court to, and looking rather little before, the *plain* English commoner. It was a moral lesson presented to the sight. Whenever you are not perfectly well known, get some lady of acknowledged rank to parade you round the room: it gives you firm footing at once, and saves a deal of trouble. As I had only just arrived at Rome, I requested one of the beautiful Ladies B. to show me off to advantage. We had closely scrutinised the look and manner of the new ruler of empires; we had even settled that he affected a very little humility and condescension; we confessed, however, that he acted his part so well, and in so gentleman-like a style, that none but ourselves, my companion and I, could possibly detect the slight tinge of pride that glimmered beneath the elegant suavity of exterior deportment. Ladies are keen physiognomists. We had discussed the premier's character, feature by feature, and had settled it that he was a very clever fellow, a conclusion at which my partner arrived the more readily, as she declared him to be a very handsome one also. "*Mais permettez*," said the Marquess de N. who had joined us, "there is a new and a surer mode of discovering character, a science which enables you to measure a man's capacity by rule and compass." We both listened, expecting to hear something new or amusing, and what was it? The science of phrenology, which one *Monsieur Gall, un philosophe allemand*, had lately discovered, and of which monsieur le marquis immediately began to give an account. "What a pleasant creature the marquis is," said Lady B., the moment he had left us; "he is always willing to oblige and give you every information in his power." "Is it the first time your ladyship has heard of phrenology?" said I. "How can you ask such a question?" was the natural reply. "Because you said it was obliging on the part of

the marquis to bore us all round the room with his account of this new discovery." "The Italians," continued my companion, "know so little of these things themselves, that they think other people equally ignorant; it was, therefore, kind of him to give us the information." "Then you would have voted an Englishman, who should have lectured you on this exploded old subject, a regular bore?" "To be sure I should, and would have cut him and his lecture fast enough." "I am glad to hear it," said I, "for it shows how much more you really expect from your own countrymen than from all these foreigners, much as you praise and admire them." "Hem," said Lady B., "I wish you would employ your philosophy in getting me a good partner for the next quadrille."

An adventure exactly similar happened to me a few weeks afterwards at Naples. Lady A. had introduced me to the Duke de N. We spoke of Ischia, where I had been a few days before, and which I praised, as a matter of course. "But," said Lady A., "Colonel Bombardinio is an unbeliever, and declares that the people of Ischia are as unlike the ancient Greeks in dress as in language." The people of this island are, you must know, supposed to retain the Greek costume even to this day. "If monsieur le colonel," replied the duke, "expected to hear the language of Homer spoken at Ischia, he must of course have been disappointed,—for that is no longer spoken even in Greece itself." Then followed a long discourse, the tendency of which was to show that the ancient Greek had given way to a new language, also called Greek indeed, but differing as much from the original language as the Italian differs from the Latin. Having given us this very important information, his highness, after expressing the hope of frequently meeting me during my stay at Naples, joined some other party. "I am glad I introduced you to the duke," said Lady A.; "he is a very clever and obliging man: I am sure you will like him." "He has no very clear notions of politeness, however," was my reply. "How so?" asked Lady A. "He is one of the most polite men at Naples." "It was, surely, not over polite to suppose your ladyship and me so very ignorant as not to know the common-place things which he has been explaining to us." "Oh! but you must not be so particular with foreigners; they do not see things in the same light that we do, and have no notion of these nice distinctions." "So much the worse for them," responded we, triumphantly, "and for those that praise them."

These are only two instances; but I could add hundreds of the same sort, and have no set-off against them. In foreign society you are constantly bored, in a manner affecting to be polite, with long and formal explanations of the most impertinent trifles, or truisms, intended to impress you with a high idea of the knowledge and wisdom of the talker. Much of this stupidity is concealed by the bad English of the foreigner, or by the English listener's imperfect understanding of the foreign language in which the twaddle is uttered. This is saying nothing of the filthy and disgusting practice, so common to foreigners, of

detailing at length all their bodily infirmities and diseases: men who talk of themselves are only vain bores and idiots, but men who talk of their diseases are a great deal worse.

But though there is no Italian society at Florence, nor indeed any where else, the grand duke of Tuscany gives a number of very elegant balls and concerts, at which the English are always treated with a degree of politeness which their conduct does not always merit. Some gentlemen go in white hats, some with traveling caps and sticks; many do not even condescend to rise from the seats on which they are lounging, when the duke or duchess pass by in their progress round the rooms; while many scramble for the champagne and the good things at supper as if they had never seen such luxuries before. These persons mistake displays of rudeness for displays of independence. Ladies, also, behave oddly at times. The evening I was presented, a lady tapped the grand duke familiarly on the shoulder, in order to make him turn round and talk; while another very familiarly placed herself in a chair of state next the grand duchess, reserved for those who are particularly called upon to speak to her highness.

The English at Florence are, owing to all these causes, reduced to their own society; and the affectation of exclusiveness, the striving at distinction, and the constant attempts of the little to appear great and fine upon this remote little stage, are ridiculous in the extreme. The conduct of the gentlemen, foreign and British, is, however, worse than ridiculous; and I am not certain that any one who has resided long in these continental resorts should ever be again received in good society. The character of no lady is respected among them; and it is revolting to hear the infamous manner in which a parcel of despicable foreigners speak of the English ladies residing abroad. The character of a very beautiful and accomplished Irish girl, chaste and cold as polar ice, was all but ruined by the slanderous tongue of a foreign nobleman, the greatest goose, without exception, that ever escaped the honour of enriching a Perigord pie. His escape from this, his natural destiny, proves how abundant must be the race of twaddlers in the particular province to which he owes his name; but at Florence he is courted for his title.

I could fill volumes with accounts of English misdoings and undoings at Florence; but have at present only time to give a couple of characteristic sketches of Anglo-Italian conduct and manners.

A lady of some property, so far advanced in years as to be safe against the attacks of ordinary scandal and gallantry, was induced by her friends to settle at Florence, where she had relations living, in order to get over some family differences that for a time rendered her stay in England unpleasant. On her arrival in the Etrurian capital, a young Italian nobleman was introduced to her, who offered his assistance in setting up her establishment. The offer being accepted, the marquis was all attention, and certainly proved himself very useful; but it so happened that he always, by some chance or other, called exactly

at dinner-time. At first our good countrywoman invited him to stay; but, getting tired of his regular attendance, she left off inviting him, and he then invited himself; and when, at last, desired to make himself scarce, he flatly refused, declaring that dinners, and all such trifles, were perquisites of the *amico*,—a character in which he considered himself regularly established, not merely by public voice, but, he hoped, also by the lady's good-will and affection. The idea that such a thing should ever have been thought possible, frightened the good old lady into a fit of sickness, from which she only recovered in order to take flight, fearing to tell, even her friends, of the cause of her departure. On settling her accounts, it appeared that monsieur the marquis had not only dined in the servants' hall every day when she herself happened to be out, but that he had breakfasted there regularly—the servants having all been of his own providing. He also received a certain commission from all the trades-people. Well, this man is now one of the leading dandies in Florence; and was courted, even in the first circles in London, when he came over, as the world said, in search of an English heiress.

Another English lady of a certain age, possessing a fortune of two or three hundred a year, came out to visit relations in Florence. *Pour passer le temps*, she joined the younger branches of the family in taking Italian lessons from a gallant who taught both love and languages; indeed, he taught the former branch of useful knowledge so well, that he persuaded the lady in question to elope with him from the house of her relatives. Italians are gay deceivers; but they deceive for money, and not for love; he therefore married the lady in order to get possession of her fortune, and then left her immediately. She hardly ever saw him afterwards, nor would he contribute one farthing to her support; on the contrary, she was grossly insulted by his family for withholding from them, as they said, her large fortune, in order that she might bestow it on her English relations. Charity enabled her to return to England, where she now gains her bread by teaching the language, the learning of which caused her ruin.

A trait of the manners of the English towards each other, and I have done.

A lady of respectable, but not of noble family, gave a party while I was at Florence, that was very much run upon, as the saying is, in consequence of some show that was to take place in front of the house. Well, the courteous hostess was standing near the door, receiving her numerous guests; a little further up the room stood a peeress, looking cold and haughtily around; when the Hon. Mrs. H., a lady moving avowedly in the first circles of fashion, entered the room. Do you think that she honoured the hostess with the slightest notice? Not she, indeed; but, walking straight up to the peeress, entered into conversation with her; and, having adjusted her curls, she turned round, and gave a half curtsy to the poor lady of the house, who could hardly refrain from tears of wounded pride. Downright anger made the very blood rush to my face; and Mrs. H. perceiving me, and knowing at once what my sentiments were—for in such matters these

women have the penetration of the *diavolo* himself—came up, and shook hands with me, and asked what I was doing at Florence. "Shooting folly," was my reply; "and, as a bad shot, I go where the game is the greatest, and in the greatest abundance, and therefore am I here." "You are angry with me," she said; and one of the queens of fashion actually began a lame justification about the "sort of people we are forced to meet with here." "Put in a plea of privilege at once," said we; "like the king, you can do no wrong, and well for you that it is so." In return for this expensive party, Mrs. H. sent a card to her hostess, and next day honoured her with a nod in the Casino, and there ended the acquaintance.

The Misses D., ladies of some rank in fashionable society, did even worse. When the much-coveted party here spoken of was in preparation, these ladies called at the house every day till they got their invitation, and then came accordingly in full force; but never afterwards deigned to acknowledge the lady who gave the entertainment,—having, all at once, narrowed the circle of their acquaintance to the members of the aristocracy.

Some of our countrywomen have adopted the fashion, now becoming obsolete among the Italian ladies, of having an *amico* regularly attached to their establishment; others have only the reputation of the thing. A miserable adventurer, who, from his manners and appearance, seemed a *parvenu* lackey, and who called himself the Count de St. —, the natural son of Napoleon, pretended to have been courted by half the English women in Florence: some, I believe, wished to engage him as a courier.

The gentlemen, for want of better occupation, fill up their time with gambling and duelling, together with a little low gallantry—sometimes, indeed, of a very unworthy kind. A young nobleman, Lord —, for instance, carried his traveling flirtations to the length of getting engaged to every pretty girl he saw during his tour. As soon as he tired of the lady's face and company, he received a letter from England, saying that his noble father disapproved of the match, and commanded him to continue his journey forthwith. Wounded pride or crushed affection occasioned, during my stay at Rome, a severe fit of illness to a beautiful, accomplished, and almost peerless girl, to whom the worthless boy had behaved in this manner.

The Italians call every house that has a *porte cochère*, leading into a yard in which a carriage can turn round, a palace. Owing to the charm of the name, our country people are not a little proud of living in such buildings, though they are, in fact nothing more than what we would call in Scotland a succession of lands, or collection of lodgings, in which twenty or thirty families all reside together; some occupying garret hovels, and other splendid suites of ill but showily furnished apartments. The very idea of being so closely jumbled together with a number of persons, of all ranks and occupations, is unpleasant, while the uncleanness of the entire *palazzo* is extreme. The chances are that you must pick your way, on tiptoe, through the fine portico.

The steps of the marble stairs which you have to ascend, are half broken away and choked up with dirt; the walls are covered with fresco paintings, that, in any country but the land of the arts, would be deemed frightful and tawdry daubs; while in the entrance-hall you find collected all the uncleanned lumber of the week, from boots to candlesticks. The Marquis de S., Lady Strachan's husband, lets pretty cheap lodgings in his palace at Naples; but they are not very good.

Of Italian servants, it is sufficient to say that they are almost universally dishonest, lazy, slovenly, and insolent. If one hand is occupied, the other is sure to be thrust into the breeches pocket; while the filthy cap is never taken from the head. As Italian ladies are mostly waited upon by men, there are comparatively few female domestics. And well it is; for though far superior to the men in honesty and respectability, they are, without exception, the most squalid and uncleanly objects you can possibly behold. The ungraceful and indecent attitude of keeping the hands in the breeches' pockets, though too common in France and Germany, is universal in Italy; it is there the attitude *par excellence*. The dandy makes love and talks *virtù, les mains à la poche*. The shopkeeper drives his bargain, the vetturino makes his agreement, the servants receive their orders, and too often execute them also, hand in pocket. Whether this arises from the affection which they all bear towards the cash, or from their vaunted notions of beauty and elegance, I shall not take upon me to decide.

The Italians have neither taste for, nor knowledge of, the arts, say what you will; for people who neither know nor value the beauty, cleanliness, the foundation of all beauty, can scarcely appreciate beauty in art. That they were the first who made any progress in the arts, proves nothing. The splendid monuments among which they lived, could not fail to give them great advantages over other nations, as those who live nearest the sun are first warmed by its beams. But what have the Italians done for the last three centuries? Nothing; absolutely nothing. They ascribe this tardiness in the career of fame to the despotic nature of their governments; but this is an idle pretence, fit only to impose upon liberal ignorance; for despotic governments rather help than retard the progress of the arts. Besides, the Italians are as free as were the other continental states before the downfall of Napoleon. In point of freedom, no continental nation can have twenty years the start of Italy; but many of those nations are centuries before her in knowledge, learning, and civilisation. The cause of Italian degradation must be sought for in the people, and not in the governments, bad as they may be. The people are altogether without character and energy; and as destitute of high feeling as of noble aspirations. Fame and honour have no value in their eyes. Their only striving is after money, which may enable them to indulge in sloth and sensuality.

The "Young Italy" of the Liberals is a mere delusion, resulting from the excited imagination of party politicians. The Italian governments are, no doubt, very weak—so weak, indeed, that

they could hardly stand without the aid of Austria. But were they each and all swept from the Peninsula to-morrow, Italy could not furnish the materials for the construction of better governments: the elements necessary to the formation of free and liberal institutions are totally wanting in the country. And the experience of the last forty years has amply shown that these elements are not to be called forth at the mere voice of mob orators or mountebank legislators. They are the noblest gifts that Nature can bestow upon a people, and are exclusively reserved for nations of high and lofty character. Wherever the tree of liberty has grown and flourished, it has been exposed to the storms of contending factions. It must be deeply rooted, therefore, in a strong and generous soil, in order to withstand the fury of the tempests to which, from its very nature, it must be exposed.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CONFESSIONS OF WM. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER IV.

Shakspeare's consciousness of genius, and of the worth of posthumous fame.

The man of genius who becomes an actor sacrifices the future to the present. His share of the after gains of immortality is willingly surrendered for a larger share of the fame that is mortal; his claims upon the interest and applause of posterity are forfeited to the intense delight of feeling that, during life, his being has more completely projected itself into the very being of those with whom, or among whom, he lives. The goal he aims at is within sight; the persons he desires to please or to instruct are ranged on either side; and the applause he seeks is their living shout, and not the echo "that doth applaud again." With him the glad success attends the high endeavour, and enjoyment supersedes hope. His payments are prompt—his claims instantly attended to. He is out of the reach of the satire of Voltaire, against the poet who had addressed an Epistle to Posterity. His letters are addressed to his contemporaries, and are delivered according to their direction.

And when I use the words "his payments are prompt," it will be understood that I confine them strictly to the sense metaphorical. The actor is in the position I have described, whether successful in a pecuniary way or not. The most substantial part of his enjoyment is independent of the amount of his salary. It is more than doubtful, indeed, whether Mr. Hazlitt's supposition is not the correct one, that if the most admired actor on the London stage could be brought to confession on this point, "he would acknowledge that all the applause he had received from 'brilliant and overflowing audiences' was nothing to the light-headed intoxication of unlooked for success in a barn. In town, actors are criticised; in country places, they are wondered at or hooted at." But, to the latter, it is truly to be added that 'tis of little consequence which, so that the interval is not too long between. Contrast is the secret of the intensest enjoyments. "Hurried from fierce extremes, by contrast made more fierce," it is rage

and a flock-bed which give their splendour to a plume of feathers and a throne. It is obvious besides, on other grounds, that the playhouse must be equally a school of humanity to the spectator, and a scene of present glory to the actor, whether in a palace or a common outhouse. Still the mirror is held up to nature, and the actor has his reward. *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*—nothing can be indifferent to him that affects any portion of humanity. Still smiles or tears are spread from face to face, and hearts beat high in unison, and applauses rush forth—and the shout of living fame is in his ear!

But is this a reasonable substitute for what is called above of fame? Fame, we shall be told, is—

"No plant that grows in mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives, and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove—"

—as that great poet has described it, whose works are a perpetual invocation before its altar. Shall we commit such injustice as to confound, by any analogy, the immediate and personal with the ideal and abstracted? Fame, so considered, can never be the recompense of the living, but reserves itself for the dead. It is the soul of a man of genius surviving himself in the minds and thoughts of other men—unperishing and imperishable. It is the sound, which the stream of high thoughts carried down to future ages makes as it flows, "deep, distant, murmuring ever more, like the waters of the mighty ocean."—This I may admit, in the highest sense of that word, yet attempt to show, by his confessions, that in the case of Shakspeare the two feelings became strangely mingled, and acted and reacted on each other.

Let us come to the question, then, whether Shakspeare, in the consciousness of his wonderful genius, built at all upon the hope of an immortal fame?

The question has been asked before, and very variously answered, and none have thought of appealing to the poet himself, except to those parts of his writings where his identity is sought in vain. It has been said, indeed, that there is not the slightest trace of any such feeling, in all his writings—that no appearance is betrayed of anxiety for their fate, or of a desire to perfect them, or make them worthy of that immortality to which they were destined. And this indifference is accounted for from the very circumstance that Shakspeare was almost entirely a man of genius, or that in him this faculty bore sway over every other; that he was either not intimately conversant with the productions of the great writers who had gone before him, or at least was not indebted to them; that he reveled exclusively in the world of observation and of fancy; and that perhaps his mind was of too prolific and active a kind to dwell with intense and continued interest on the images of beauty or of grandeur presented to it by the genius of others. For, according to the eminent writer who has argued thus, "the love of fame is a species of emulation; or, in other words, the love of admiration is in propor-

tion to the admiration with which the works of the highest genius have inspired us, to the delight we have received from their habitual contemplation, and to our participation in the general enthusiasm with which they have been regarded by mankind." This may be, in part, very true, and yet lead to a false deduction. For we think that a writer may have all the intense consciousness of his own genius, and the love of fame as of its natural inheritance necessarily joined to it, without its being also necessary that the immortality previously won by others should be ever present to his mind, as it were the reward, the object, and the animating spring of his efforts. The "love of emulation" in a poet may be awakened, as I believe, not by the direct and gross admiration of, and desire of the homage won by others; but it may in itself be the indirect and most pure homage which he pays to, and with which he would emulate, those external forms of truth and everlasting beauty, which he feels reflected in his own mind. The Greek poets illustrate this. In them this feeling of fame is intense. I may be contradicted here by the question, is there not the least possible expression of the desire of posthumous fame in their writings? True, but there is, on the other hand, the strongest feeling that they had within themselves the power of conferring fame on others; and this includes the consciousness, and the love, of their own fame, existing before they had it in their power to measure the long trail of glory they were destined to leave behind them, by any straining through the gloom of the ignorance and barbarism that had gone before. I could instance, indeed, some passages from the very earliest writings of Greece, in which the love of fame is expressed with a more immediate and personal reference, but yet most touchingly apart from any vanity of desire. What can possibly be more simple and deeply affecting than the noble and beautiful lines which Thucydides quotes in the third book of his history, in illustration of the usages of Delos? They are immediately opposed to Mr. Hazlitt's inference, that the love of fame must necessarily be associated with the knowledge of its existence; nor yet do they contradict the more ideal and abstracted definition of the sources of the passion, which I have preferred to attribute, as a more general rule, to the great Greek authors. They appear to me to occupy precisely that middle ground between the personal and present, the ideal and future, which will assist us in determining the question with reference to Shakspeare. They moderate the sublimity of fame by conceiving it possible during life; they humanise it, by associating with it emotions of thankfulness and gratitude; they test it, in a word, by a principle of sympathy with the feelings of others, which, personal as it is, is yet capable of the sublimest exaltation. They occur in the Homeric hymn to Apollo:—

ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ἰλήκοι μὲν Ἀπόλλων Ἀρτίμιδι ξύν,
χαίρειτε δ' ὑμῖς πᾶσαι. ἱμῖο δὲ καὶ μετόπισθε
μήσασθ', ὅπποτε κύν τις ἐπιχθονίῳ ἀνθρώπῳ
ἰθάδ' ἀνίστηται ταλαπείριος ἄλλος ἐπελθών

“ὦ κοῦραι, τίς δ' ὕμιν ἀνὴρ ἡδίστος ἀοιδῶν
“ἰθάδ' ἐπὶ πολέϊται, καὶ τῶν τέρπισθι μάλιστα;”
ὑμῖς δ' εὖ μάλα πᾶσαι ὑπεκρίνασθ' εὐφήμῳς
“τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ, οἰκίῃ δὲ Χίρ' ἐνὶ παιπαλοέσση,
τοῦ πᾶσαι μετόπισθε ἀριστεύουσιν ἀοιδαί.”

The charm of these lines* is extreme; and if the unwelcome researches of the commentators since the Greek historian are indeed to be received, we should be glad that they could carry them further, and produce more productions of this Cynæthus of Chios, who writes with such truly Homeric simplicity. It was reserved for the Romans to common-place the love of fame, by indulging it purely in the vainest sense of their own existence, and with the commonest emulation of the glory of the Greeks. Here, indeed, as in every other thing, though they polished their own language and pitched their instruments with admirable skill, they could only poorly imitate the spirit of the more illustrious nation. It is with eloquent and characteristic truth that Mr. Walter Savage Landor accuses them of having always glared over their thin and flimsy gaberdines with “bright feathers from the widespread downs of Ionia and the richly cultivated rocks of Attica.” I may quit this part of the subject with a passage I have had called to my recollection from Hesiod, who, in lamenting its hard achievement and uncertain continuance,—

Φημὴ γὰρ τε κακὴ πελίζεται' κοῦφ' αἰεὶ
ῥεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλίη δὲ φερεῖν,

recognises emphatically the existence of a desire for fame.

It is clear, then, that the reasons which have been advanced in explanation of Shakspeare's having entertained no such feeling in his writings, fail in this analogy. It would have been better to have found out exactly the sentiments he entertained on the point, than to have speculated with endless ingenuity. Shakspeare confesses them distinctly more than once in the course of his sonnets. His feelings are extremely curious and interesting, and can be only perhaps justly appreciated by keeping in view what I have said respecting the tendencies of the personal triumphs of actors, and the exalted and ideal character of a true poet's worship of fame. But I reserve any further remark until I shall have placed the reader in distinct possession of the passages alluded to.

Nothing can exceed the impressiveness with which he conveys at all times a consciousness of his own genius. On this score he has neither doubt nor fear. In one of those delicious effusions to his young friend which are to be found in the sonnets (I have already remarked upon them,) and which in their exquisite sensibility and touching abandonment of manner always remind me of Catullus, (as indeed they bear a still more striking likeness to much of the poetry of that beautiful writer in the reception they have hitherto received, in the unaccountable construction—unaccountable both in feeling and scholarship, which scholars have put upon them;) he asks:

* We have supplied the last from the hymn itself; Thucydides does not quote it.

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date."

And at the close exclaims with proud but unselfish consciousness—

"But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in *eternal lines* to time thou growest;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee!"

So in the following sonnet. Again, with no idle vanity, but in the confidence of surpassing genius—

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

The same feeling is expressed in the sixtieth, the sixty-third, the sixty-fifth, and other sonnets. In none of these, however, is the slightest personal association mingled with the consciousness of genius. When he suffers the idea of himself to intrude, it is by subduing within the range of a more touching unselfishness the feeling of the Homeric hymn I have quoted, where the poor blind poet desires to be remembered by the virgins of Delos—

"When that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay."

This is merely the satisfaction of a private emotion. And so where he writes what he calls some "poor rude lines," simply that "though they be outstripped by every pen," they should still be reserved "for my love, not for their rhyme." It is expressed variously, but always with the same submissive feeling.

In the eighty-first sonnet he explicitly excepts the world from any share in these hopes of his sympathy and tenderness. Here is the detailed expression of his sentiments on the subject of public fame. It is in this sonnet he has unburdened himself so clearly on that subject, that his words cannot be misunderstood. I shall lay them before the reader entire.

"Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten,
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of
[men]."

That is—for so I believe this sonnet will be universally read—Shakspeare, intensely conscious of his genius, conscious with the first Greek writers of the power he had of conferring immortality on others, was ignorant or careless

of the personal glory it would associate with his own name. Secure of the eternal life of his writings, he was content that

"His name be buried where his body is."

He worshipped the love of fame, as a writer, with the purest possible worship,—such as I have already described the homage paid to the ideal and abstracted life of thoughts which once born can never die, but must run down in a never-ending course to distant ages. As a man, it may be, he was content with fame, as the actor seeks it, in the present triumph of one glorious hour. He may have felt that it was a dangerous thing to trust to posterity the payment of such a huge debt of fame as would be due on his wonderful writings. He preferred to cancel the debt as a personal matter in favour of the great spirit of humanity of which these writings seemed the pure emanation. His personal pretensions were really nothing, in the vastness and splendour of the works his imagination had given to the world. Not that he valued fame little, or loved it less. There is no blessing we have deserved, and yet failed to set a just value on. But, as I have argued, he loved it, in reference to his writings, in its purest and most abstracted shape. Through his life he had been doomed to feel that it was the very glory of his genius, its wonderful universality, which prevented his own entire appreciation among his cotemporaries. When Falstaff followed Lear, and Hamlet succeeded Falstaff, no one seems to have thought of him. They thought of nature, not of one of nature's children, "a man of our infirmity." This was a lesson for himself, and he thought it wiser therefore to fling his love of personal fame during life into the immediate applauses of the actor's hour, and to leave the fame of his works to be an enduring "monument without a tomb,"—associate with no sense of mortality.

And this was wisdom. The world has taken care that he lost nothing by such noble carelessness and proud modesty. Let us turn for an instant to a picture of a different description drawn by the hand of a first-rate master. "Fancy," says Doctor Johnson, in one of the very finest specimens of his style—"fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked its reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterranean current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without impatience the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation." The result in both cases has been sanctioned by an admiring, a wondering, and most grateful posterity.

And the course in each case was wisely ordered and tempered. For a patient reliance on posterity was necessary to the sustainment of Milton's works, encompassed as they were with danger and present darkness; necessary, too, to the sustainment of himself, devoted to the work of imagination as to the work of duty—a poet, a patriot, and a prophet—who had chosen in this world

"labour and intense study" as his portion of life, in the ardent hope that with their assistance, and "by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases," he might "perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let die." This was the religious zeal of the poetical faith of Milton; this made a far posterity the present listeners to his work; and brought to his ear, from a yet remoter time, the applauses of his own "Perfect Commonwealth." (Is that anticipation to be fulfilled with the rest?)

"Aspicite convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum
Aspicite, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo!"

But be that as it may, the hope was not denied to Milton.) His lot seemed cast like that of the old sages and poets of Greece and Rome, and he sought the glory of personal association with them—with

"Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresius, and Phineus, prophets old."

Shakspeare was, in all respects, the reverse of this. He was a player and a writer of plays. His desire of fame as a man (for without this, in some shape, it would be perhaps impossible to exist,) was satisfied by the nature of his profession, by the triumphs which acting showers down upon the greatest actors and does not altogether withhold from the worst,—while, his personal hopes of after fame having merged into the more exalted sense of the unconfinable universality of his genius, he carelessly left his works to the mercies of his friends the players, to the criticisms of Voltaire, and Rymer, and Chateaubriand, or to any other of the accidents that might be waiting for them in their sure voyage down the stream of everlasting time. He did not care to voyage with them. If it is probable that the bad jokes in his plays were the passages most applauded by Queen Elizabeth and her maids of honour, this easy and personally indifferent conclusion he had come to must have saved him many a heartache. In a word, the character of his life and habits—in all respects the reverse of those of Milton—were precisely of that description which forbade him to care to embody his personal identity in a reputation after death, of which he saw so much reason to be little tenacious while living—beyond the glory of an hour. And has he not in this bequeathed, in addition to his works, the great lesson to his fellow men—that they who desire to stand greatest in the eyes of others, must learn first "to be nothing in their own?"

Intensely conscious of his genius, he pays to it only the purest homage. He scorns to console himself for the sneers or insults of fools while living, by fancying he might be the idol of wiser men to come; and he is the more sensible of the power those men *would* worship, in proportion as he is careless whether they worship him. This, after all, I take to be the truest realisation of fame, rejecting personal desire. In that, it rejects also every sort of applause which may still, even in remote time, be mingled with it, and accepts only

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the flattery which is identified with the source of genius itself—with truth and nature. Shakspeare never thought he would be the better for the breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, that have been eaten in his personal commemoration since his death, and he is not the better for them. Shakspeare clubs and Shakspeare jubilees have, I verily believe, diminished the number of Shakspeare's readers. All they do is to save people the trouble of thinking precisely why and how they should admire him. They substitute literary coxcombery for a true appreciation of letters. They vulgarise genius by reducing it to the level of the stomach, and can only propose to ascend the highest heaven of a wonderful imagination by help of eating and drinking, by legs of mutton, and dainty viands. The only thing they would really care to know about Shakspeare personally, I believe to be simply whether he ever stole a buck from Sir Thomas Lucy—because that is a circumstance which falls in amazingly with their peculiar notions. But why should I do more on this subject than give Foote's inimitable description of a Shakspeare jubilee? I quote it from one of his farces—"A jubilee, as it hath lately appeared, (Foote is referring to that of 1769, but these things are all of the same sort,) is a public invitation, circulated and urged by puffing, to go post without horses, to an obscure borough without representatives, governed by a mayor and aldermen who are no magistrates, to celebrate a great poet whose own works have made him immortal—by an ode without poetry, music without melody, dinners without victuals, and lodging without beds—a masquerade where half the people are without masks, a horse race knee deep in water—fireworks that stubbornly refuse to emit a spark—and a gingerbread amphitheatre that tumbles to pieces, like a house of cards, as soon as it is finished." Such are the personal rewards with which we moderns acknowledge the glory of fame, and so we apotheosise Shakspeare!

CHAPTER V.

The melancholy, discontent, and self-accusings of Shakspeare.

When Dante, in his sublime Purgatorio, discovered an exact portrait of his own sufferings by exhibiting, with a terrible and designed obscurity, the misery of a man who, stripping his visage of all shame, and trembling in his very vitals, places himself in the public way and stretches out his hand for charity,—he bequeathed an awful lesson to humanity. When, in the Paradiso, he meets the shade of his ancestor, and is told that he shall prove how salt is the taste of the bread of others, and how hard the road is going up and down the stairs of others,—he predicted the lot of hundreds of men of genius that were to succeed him, and behold in that shape of mighty want only a terrible shadowing forth of their own. It is out of such sufferings indeed that the "medicinal gums" of poetry have been most frequently distilled. The muse gives what men deny. If she is the bane, she has the antidote—if she exaggerates the actual chances of poverty, she can annihilate at least its ideal evils. A great poet has said that men are cradled into poetry by wrong, and it is

certain that, as Francis Beaumont sings, no more

"Than the man
That travels through the burning deserts, can,
When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half smothered in the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which he himself doth find,
Ere he be slaked—"

can the true poet, who is afflicted by poverty or wrong, withhold himself from venting his emotions in the highest strains of poetry. Thus are the noxious particles of evil in such hard destinies completely carried off from the world, and the forked shafts of misery played with unhurt!

Shakspeare was not exempted from this ordinary fate of poets. His struggles with poverty, so far as they are actually known to us, I have already traced in these papers. To these I may add some illustrative passages from his own confessions. In one sonnet he exhibits to his friend the picture of his life, in hours of labour "hastening to their end—"

"Each changing place with that which goes before
In *sequent toil* all forwards do contend."

and on another occasion he affectingly complains of being "debar'd the benefit of rest," for that

"Day's oppression is not eased by night
But day by night and night by day oppress'd;
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee."

Struggle as he may, he cannot throw off the heavy weight of this,—

"—Day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem
stronger!"

But yet it is not poverty and the necessities of toil that enter into the soul of the poet, so much as what he sees outside, and beyond, that "working-day world" that is immediately around him. Observe the following sonnet. It is a proof to me that there is, perhaps, more of Shakspeare's personal feeling disguised in "Hamlet" than in all the rest of his plays together:—

"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth, miscall'd simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill;—
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone!"

But fate denies him this; and he acquiesces in her award as cheerfully as he may. There is a peculiar charm to me in the view of Shakspeare's character which these private memorials unfold. We never find that his personal regrets withhold him from his public duties. These he still performs. The offices of life are, to the conscientious man, more than life, and these the poet neglects not. If the world is bad, it is only by active ex-

ertion we can make it better. "What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brow!" It is only in the solitude of his spirit, in the private recesses of his home and friendship, that his spirit falls back upon itself, and we discover the immortal poet pouring forth his mortal sorrows. He never confounded his knowledge with his immediate feelings and thoughts, and his griefs he kept for private circulation. It was a better mode than the poet Ovid's, who was not content with being querulous in his banishment, but must make his readers so, by giving them volumes of *Tristia*.

Augustus Schlegel has said that he thinks Shakspeare considered the situation of a player as a degradation at first only, "because he was seduced by the example of his comrades to participate in their wild and irregular manner of life. It is extremely probable," proceeds that great critic, "that, by the poetical fame which he acquired in the progress of his career, he was the principal means of ennobling the stage, and bringing the situation of a player into better repute." This is an ingenious suggestion, but in the remarks which have already fallen from me in the course of these papers it has been sufficiently answered. Schlegel, in support of his opinion, quotes one sonnet which bears quite a different reference, and does not quote that one which characterises the intrinsically humiliating tendency of acting, apart from any ill deservings of its professors. Although I have treated of this subject in a former paper, this chapter of the confessions would be incomplete without the quotation of a portion of these sonnets I have not hitherto given. The following is that affecting passage, which I take to have been written before he had thrown off any of his great works, (it was published in Jaggard's first surreptitious collection, and must have been written early,) and when, suddenly, he seems to have been startled with the thought, that, as a mere task-worker, he might cease to think his own thoughts, become subdued to the thoughts of others by daily working in them, and be at last unable to give forth those wonderful creations, with the throes of which his breast was heaving then:—

"Oh, for my sake do you with Fortune chide
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds;
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand!
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd."

In this, addressed, as all the sonnets of this description are, to his young friend, there is an evident allusion to the laxity of habits and manners which his profession had suffered him to indulge. The following is not quoted by Schlegel, but it is a curious and emphatic testimony, as I have before taken occasion to remark, that, whatever may have been his success as an actor with the audience in impressing them with the cunning of the scene, he most assuredly went for his acting to the only true source—his own heart. Well might he say that "he sold cheap what is most dear," since he "coined his heart for drachmas." His "own thoughts he gored" that he might express the thoughts of others,—his own affections,

newly reaped, he turned into a harvest of profit—for all but for himself!

"Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view;
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new!
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely."

It is not my purpose to occupy the reader further with a question I have already discussed, but I may be permitted to subjoin an extract in illustration of the manners of the audiences of those days at a new play, (they have not greatly altered since,) which were certainly not of a nature to subdue, at a later period of his life when he acted in plays he had written, this tendency of dislike to a profession which, in the jealous self-watchfulness of his fine character, Shakspeare had feared, from the first, might hurt his mind. Fancy the poet playing in one of his own tragedies, to such an audience as is described in the following extract! "But the sport is at a new play to observe the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it. A man shall have such a confused mixture of judgment poured out in the throng there, as ridiculous as laughter itself. One says he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing; and sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in five years, at a parliament time or so, will be as deep mired in censuring as the best, and swear by *God's* foot he would never stir *his* foot to see a hundred such as that is!" Such is criticism still, and so

"For eighteen-pence *we* sit
The lord and judge of all fresh wit!"

With his profession, then, notwithstanding its momentary triumphs, it is clear that Shakspeare was at heart discontented. I have before shown, that as soon as the opportunity came within his reach, by accession to considerable shares in the theatre, he removed his name from the list of the company. His affection for his brother actors continued nevertheless, and his last will showed he had not forgotten them. He never vented his discontent on others. The very source of his weary sadness was the strength of his charity. The genius which made him feel more intensely, and suffer more strongly than other men, gave him more noble means of complaint and of endurance.

And truly they were tested to the uttermost. In one of his sonnets he speaks of the impression which "vulgar scandal" had stamped upon his brow. His "friends" had not been so considerate as he. With what measure he meted, it was not meted to him again. The ill-fated passion which I have in former papers described, and the irregularities into which it betrayed him, would seem to have been turned, by every engine of gossip and slander, into the means of charging him with gross imputations of vice. Stung to the quick by these reports, he breaks forth at last into the following. A nobler lesson of rebuke to the mean baseness of slander was never written:—

"'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd

Not by our feeling, but by other's seeing.
*For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?*
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown."

And not the less conscious of his weakness was the divine poet, though the world's exaggerated slanders wrung from him this self-vindication. The contrast in his manner of turning from these scandals of the multitude, to repose, as it were, in the very strength of weakness, upon the bosom of his friend, bears with it a most affecting instructiveness. "When thou shalt be disposed," he says,

"to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight."

It is the fashion with many to confess their failings with an ostentatious air, as if they were as good as other people's virtues. Contrast this with the modesty of Shakspeare!

In a subsequent sonnet to his friend, he expresses with peculiar tenderness a feeling of deep melancholy, which it is easy to see has had its origin in some injustice on the part of the world:—

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
When you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this *vile world*, with vilest worms to dwell!
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it: for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you wo.
Or if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,—
Lest the *wise world* should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone."

In another he says,—

"Let those *who are in favour with their stars*,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars," &c.

And the feeling has a still more striking illustration (many could be adduced besides) in the ninetieth sonnet:—

"Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now,—
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the *spite of fortune*, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after loss;—
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd wo;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow!
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of Fortune's might;
And other strains of wo, which now seem wo,
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so."

It is impossible now to trace to their origin these complaints of wrong, but that serious cause existed for them there can be little doubt. But

observe how little they influenced his greater writings, unless to temper them with more benignant charity! It is a delightful matter of contemplation. He—the “so potent master,” the absolute governor of laughter and of tears, the creator of passion and of thought, who strung the very chords of the human heart upon his lyre—is here exhibited wrestling like an ordinary man with the mean wrongs and petty accidents of the world, and yet leaving, in the record of those human sufferings, a lesson not less glorious or instructive than in the most godlike of his intellectual triumphs. He does not attempt to bear away opposition or injury, however unjust, by self-sufficiency or intolerance. He has obviously his wisdom still, his strength, his power over others and himself. Baffled by the unkindness of his fellow-men, he will not use his genius to baffle the hopes of others. Feeling the wrongs of the world, he feels the allowances that may be made for them. “Beautiful usages are remaining still, ardent hopes, radiant aspirations!” When Dante was injured by his fellow-citizens, he worked terrible vengeance on them in one of the sublimest of poems,—for the memory of his injuries pursued him even into the immensity of eternal light, and his unforgiving spirit, in the company of saints and angels, “darkened at the name of Florence.”

Shakspeare, suffering from the sense of wrong, (not perhaps so deeply, but in these cases the effect is ever in a great degree independent of the amount of grievance,) simply utters to his friend an involuntary sonnet of complaint, which is felt as we read it, not as a declaration published to the world, but as a secret whispered to a chosen ear; and after heaving this sigh, as it were, from the fulness of his heart, proceeds to lay upon himself cheerfully the duties of life; to dream no more of the excesses of sorrow; but to teach us in immortal comedies and tragedies, that if every good quality and every good blessing were distributed in equal portions through the world, there would be less of gratitude, less of submission, less of hope, less even of contentment; and that it is well for us that the web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together; for that our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our vices would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues. This is the moral teaching of Shakspeare’s melancholy and discontentment. Whatever may have been his private losses and sufferings, he used them simply for the purposes of wisdom. He scorned to make the public a party to them, or to bring the *evil thing* near them. If the yoke of life presses heavily on us, we may use that very experience to make it light and supportable to others. Shakspeare kept his personal emotions to himself, and gave the world his knowledge. There is not one of his deepest tragedies from which we do not feel after reading it better disposed to be happy ourselves and kind to others. In proportion to the greatness of the evil, is our sense and desire of the opposite good excited. Even his “Timon of Athens,” which we may suppose the effusion of his mind when smarting most severely from recollected baseness and ingratitude, leaves with us equally the effect of a noble satire against vice, or

of an impassioned invocation of virtue. It is any thing but an argument for spleen.

Nor, be sure, did Shakspeare go unrewarded for this magnanimity of sorrow. It was his fortune, while he strove thus to alleviate the sorrows of others, to have his own lightened also. He felt his very calamity

“Sweeten in the suffering pangs it bears;”

and after the wholesome exercise of his imagination and genius,

“return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.”

Thus, the sonnet I am now about to quote is perhaps the most beautiful and pathetic picture that was ever painted, both of the afflictions by which life is embittered, and of the affections by which life is endeared; of the weary trials to which it is exposed, and of the pure and peaceful enjoyments with which its trials may be yet subdued:—

“When in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess’d,
Desiring this man’s art, and that man’s scope,
With that I most enjoy contented least:
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven’s gate;
For thy sweet love remember’d such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.”

What manner of man might that be whose art or scope Shakspeare needed to desire! But this is a modesty inimitable as his wonderful writings, and conveying to the heart, as I have already said, a lesson of equal truth and beauty. Perhaps of greater. For in his writings, the man, Shakspeare, soars above humanity like a god; whereas, here we meet him on the common ground of suffering and necessity, which may be far more profitable to our moral sense, if, as the poet has said so beautifully, the human heart by which we live is kept in a sound and healthy state, not so much by gazing on the everlasting stars that are above and at a distance from it, as by feeding on the humble roots that grow in the common path which we are destined to pass over, and inhaling the breath of those frail flowers of a day that spring up by its side. Such, so fragrant and so frail, are the sufferings of the man, compared with the glorious achievements of the poet! How refreshing it is even to feel that this divine poet had his actual sufferings, when, as in the sonnet we have just read, we see also that even from them his natural affections derived an impulse in which suffering, for the time, was lost. Besides, it is permitted us to trace through all these personal confessions a man of irresistible fineness and gentleness of nature; and this circumstance may add as much to the wisdom we derive from love, as the exhibition of Shakspeare’s intellect in his plays adds to the wisdom we confess in admiration. For love is not due to intellect alone. In-

tellectual powers are the leaders of the world, (as Mr. Hunt remarked the other day in one of his delightful essays,) but only for the purpose of guiding them into the promised land of peace and amiableness, or of showing them encouraging pictures of it by the way. They are no more the things to live with, or repose with, apart from the qualities of the heart and temper, than the means are without the end; or than "a guide to a pleasant spot is to be taken for the spot itself, with its trees, health, and quiet."

These remarks on the melancholy of Shakspeare may be appropriately closed with the following sonnet. It must have been written in the meridian of his life, while he was about forty, and before some of his great plays were written. Yet it is not the only one in which he anticipates for himself a "confined doom." Here he would seem to have been immediately influenced by some distrust of the continuance of his intellectual strength; some dread that that which had nourished might consume him; some fear that the muse might desert him, and leave tenantless a "bare, ruin'd choir." Vain fears!—

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which, by and by, black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by!
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

What inexpressibly touching images this fine sonnet conjures up before us! What a noble comparison that is, of an avenue of trees with its upper branches leafless, to the vaulting of a gothic aisle with its roof shattered,—and of both to the poet silenced by sickness or age, the husk of what he was, the empty image of his former beauty and glory!

The "confined doom" which Shakspeare anticipated was fated to be realised. Having lived long enough to realise an independence, as well as an immortal name, his life was suddenly closed. At the comparatively early age of fifty-two, while, with his own sweet Avon running gently near him, he may have contemplated years of quiet rest, on the 23d of April, the anniversary of the day of his birth, he died!

"So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms
Of all the mighty, wither'd and consumed!"

And so the life of the poet of eternal nature passed away, but *his* crown and palm are destined to endure for ever!

CHAPTER VI.

Some personal characteristics of Shakspeare.

It has been remarked with truth that there is

no species of composition, perhaps, so delightful, as that which presents us with personal characteristics, or personal anecdotes, of eminent men. And if its chief charm be in the gratification of our curiosity, it is a curiosity at least that has its origin in enthusiasm. We are anxious to know all that is possible to be learnt of those who have at any rate so honoured a place in our remembrance. "Intellectual discoveries, or heroic deeds, though they shed a broad and lasting lustre round the memory of those that have achieved them, yet occupy but a small part of the life of any individual; and we are not unwilling to penetrate the dazzling glory, and to see how the remaining intervals are filled up; to look into the minute details, to detect incidental foibles, and to be satisfied what qualities they have in common with ourselves, as well as distinct from us, entitled to our pity, or raised above our imitation."

A few such anecdotes and characteristics I shall now select from among those Shakspeare has himself confessed to, and present to the reader. They will need little note or comment. Did our personal knowledge of him even end with these, we should be safe from the laborious satire of Malone, who has written a long life of Shakspeare to show us that we know nothing about him, and can know nothing, except that he was born, and died. The two latter circumstances indeed would have been by no means clear to Mr. Malone, had he not fortunately got hold of the parish register of Stratford. Most unfortunately he got hold of the curious painted monument of the poet at the same time, and, with the assistance of the clerk or sexton, daubed it over with white paint! "Methinks I see them at their work, the sapient trouble-tombs." I wonder some voice did not arrest them—

"For Jesu's sake forbear!"

in the words of the solemn and awful adjuration on the grave-stone beneath:

"Blest be the man that spares these stones!"

That "monumental bust," now so whitewashed and bedaubed, once represented the poet in his habit as he lived, and fully bore out the report of Aubrey, that he was a "handsome, well shaped man." Thought and intellectual exertion, however, would seem before his death to have done the work of years upon him. When he was little past forty, he says to his friend, in evident allusion to himself—

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field."

In another he speaks of his mistress—

"Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best."

In a third he tells us of his looking into his glass and finding himself

"'Bated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity."

And in a subsequent allusion to his friend, he speaks with a touching self-reference—

"Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow

With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travel'd on to ago's steepy night."

We have no mention in all these, however, of any change in his auburn hair and beard, which were given so strikingly in the coloured bust. It is most probable indeed that *they* remained to the last—full, luxuriant, and unchanged—for Shakspeare hated wigs! scorning to

"Make a summer of another's green,
Robbing the old to dress his beauty new."

On this point indeed he speaks more earnestly, and with a slight mixture of scorn,—in referring to former days,

"Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,—
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay!"

And that Shakspeare was so sensible of the beauties of his person (in common with many eminent poets whom I cannot stop to name), as to seek to set them off to the utmost possible advantage, may be detected in the illustration of the following sonnet. The same feeling is observable, moreover, in the sensitiveness with which we have seen him view the effects of thought or time in planting his brow "with lines and wrinkles:"—

"Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge?"

That the poet besides was not only costly, but tasteful in his dress, I think is intimated in another passage, when he gives us a good humoured sneer at those who glory in their

"Garments, though new-fangled ill."

It would not be difficult perhaps to associate with another circumstance the feeling I have here illustrated. Shakspeare was lame. He was, like him who, of all since, has alone approached him in point of invention—dear and ever honoured Sir Walter Scott—a "halting fellow." Upon these personal defects of poets, with reference to their action both upon the public and personal character, Mr. Moore has some excellent remarks in his *Life of Lord Byron* which may be found applicable here. The lameness of Shakspeare is clearly made out, I think, by his sonnets, though perhaps less clearly in those where it is distinctly mentioned than in others where it is implied. These lines, for instance:—

"As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth."

may be taken simply (though I do not think them so) as a metaphorical allusion. He is more unequivocal where he subsequently exclaims, in the triumph of the heart over circumstances of disadvantage—

* The same feeling is expressed more than once in his plays—in the "Merchant of Venice," and "Timon of Athens," for instance.

"So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised!"

though in another passage, he again uses the word in a sense which might certainly be urged as merely metaphorical—

"Say that thou did'st forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence!"

The slight uncertainty in which the question remains, however, is, to my mind, set at rest by the frequent allusions that are made in these confessions of the poet to his habit of riding on horseback. I will quote one passage, in which he tells us a somewhat startling anecdote of himself, which is relieved, however, at the close, by a beautiful and tender self-rebuke—

"The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on,
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side."

Other passages might be quoted, as when he says—

"O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?"

but enough has been advanced to establish the fact I have mentioned as corroborative of the supposition of Shakspeare's infirmity.

The seventy-seventh sonnet presents to us a pleasing and characteristic anecdote. Shakspeare sends his young friend a blank table book, with a few lines of excellent advice. The reader will be reminded of Lord Orrery's similar gift and verses to Swift on his birth-day:—

"Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book."

His friend, we learn, (from the hundred and twenty-second sonnet,) returned the gift in kind. It is delightful to be allowed to follow the poet thus into the private graces and courtesies of life.

The following passage in the confessions startled me not a little. Could Shakspeare have seen the vision of a future Rymer abusing the "tragedies of the last age," spying out a commonplace want of originality in *Hamlet* and *Othello*?

"If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second barren of a former child!"

In a subsequent sonnet he shows how deeply he felt that the duty of a poet was to universalise, and not to—

"Keep invention in a noted weed."

Shakspeare occasionally alludes to his birth as humble—

"Thy love is better than high birth to me."

I shall close this mention of a few of the per-

sonal thoughts and characteristics of Shakspeare with two passages from his confessions, of inimitable beauty. I should have placed the first in the preceding chapter, but that it illustrates a feeling, which, in its calm and sweet indulgence of sorrow, is far removed from melancholy. Who is there, among the gayest of the gay, that has not often experienced it?

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancel'd woe!"

The other, a compliment to his mistress, indicates most interestingly the chivalrous turn of Shakspeare's taste and reading—

"When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights—
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now!"

Shakspeare was ever beautifully unenvious.—He alludes more than once to one or two of his cotemporaries, whom he calls "better spirits" than he: he was passionately fond of Spenser; and passionately fond, too, of music, as is evident from the charming eighth sonnet, and many others. But I have closed my quotations for the present. He was not the less great because he admired the greatness of others. It is better to rise above rivalry than to trample it down.

CHAPTER VI.

Shakspeare's friend.

The passages quoted in the last three chapters of these "confessions," with one or two marked exceptions, are from sonnets addressed to this nameless Immortal. They illustrate the view I have already taken of the peculiar circumstances under which the friendship was formed—of those individual sympathies for which it supplied an outlet, of that want of Shakspeare's heart it was destined to supply. It would be easy to show, further, that there was scarcely any of his emotions that were not poured forth to this youth; emotions the intensest and most profound—acute sometimes even to selfishness, but expressed at all times with unequalled tenderness, modesty, purity, and love. Here, as I have said, was the pillow his spirit reposed on; here too was the object to which he clung, as connecting him in actual life with the moral beauty and sweetness of the world. To his friend he might speak, in the words of a cotemporary poet, in a case not quite dissimilar—

"To you I have unclasp'd my burden'd soul,
Emptied the store-house of my thoughts and heart,
Made myself poor of secrets; have not left
Another word untold, which hath not spoke
All what I ever durst, or think, or know!"

Little remains for me now to add, except to

notice some circumstances of a singular character that occurred in the course of this friendship. The silly imputations to which some of its expressions have given rise were disproved in a former paper. They recoil on the suggestors. Such expressions have become unfamiliar now, as such friendships, I fear, are less frequent, but they distinguished all the romantic intercourse of the time, and of that which succeeded. So spoke young Milton to his Deodati, Cowley to his Hervey, Suckling to his Carew, Davenant to his Endymion Porter and Henry Jermyn. The personal love of Shakspeare for the youth was indeed increased and exalted by the peculiar circumstances of their connection, and partook of something which, in the very depth and subtlety of its refinement, the most romantic of other friendships have wanted. A sense of personal beauty was unquestionably mixed up with it, but it is the feeling in its highest abstraction, and, in the very depth of its purity, voluptuously refined. It acted, indeed, simply as the conductor to his imagination. And the friendship with which it was connected did a similar service to his heart, in giving satisfaction to those individual yearnings and sympathies which, with all his power above the earth, kept him bound a prisoner upon it, and which, in all the intellectual triumphs to which they served to contribute, had found no outlet for themselves. It is a sovereign law of the imagination,

"That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;"

and this has forcible illustration here. Finally, I warn the suspicious reader of what a very honest old writer, Webbe, has said of suspicious readers, in a discourse of poetry. "Theyr nyce opinion overshooteth the poet's meaning: it is theyr foolysh construction, not hys writing, that is blameable. We must prescrybe to no wryters (much lesse to poets) in what sorte they should vter theyr conceits."

The personal beauty of the youth had an effeminate grace—

"A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion!"

These allusions, however, it is clear, owe their immediate origin to that distracting conflict of passion in which his mistress held him. He turns for relief to—

"Where I may not remove nor be removed;"

and is urged to a contrast which would not otherwise suggest itself. Observe how beautifully, in a subsequent passage, he strives to console himself in the truth of his friend's love for the falsehood of his mistress—

"— it is builded far from accident,
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent:"

and in another sonnet we find him expressing the peculiar nature of this love in terms of inexpressible sweetness, the secret of its calm superiority over the turbulence of passion, the com-

panionship of its sympathy, the angelic source of its consolations—

"Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone,
Their images I loved I view in thee."

What a triumphant vindication of his friendship, of his "dear religious love," is this!

Three years of uninterrupted intercourse certainly passed between them; it is probable, many more—

"To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned;
In process of the seasons have I seen
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes buried,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived,*
So your sweet hue—"

Some interruptions, however, occurred shortly after this, and the youth complained to his friend. Shakspeare prays him to believe that, though absent, he has not been "false of heart." Still he says, referring to their friendship—

"That is my *home* of love, if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again!"

—and then, alluding to the reports of his bewildering passion which had reached the youth, he tenderly subjoins—

"Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all!"

These reports increase, nevertheless, and with them the slanders under which the poet so deeply suffered. He will not have his friend share them—

"Those blots that do with me remain
Without thy help by me be borne alone,"

adding with a charming and generous tenderness—

* Sonnet 104. This passage of the "dial-hand" seems to me to explain the exact reference of the much-contested lines in *Othello*:—

"But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at!"

The last word, "hue," which occurs more than once in the sonnets, taken with the following line from the twentieth:—

"A man in hue, all hues in his controlling;"

and with the circumstance of their dedication by the bookseller to one "W. H.," has raised the supposition that the youth's name was probably HUGHES. I am by no means certain, however, as I said in a former paper, that this W. H. was not merely the person who carried the sonnets to the bookseller, and so won the gratitude of their dedication.

"I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name."

But the effect of these reports upon the youth? What must he not have been thinking *meanwhile* of that "brow of Egypt" which could so fascinate his friend, and be "the love, the spell, the bane of Antony?" Misery for the poet! In proportion as his tender apologies came thickening to his friend, curiosity to witness the object of them was exaggerated to a disease. These are what Shakspeare himself has called the "toys of desperation:" such as have made people sometimes, as they stand looking over a cauldron of boiling water, feel a strong propensity to throw themselves into it! The youth saw her at last, and he was beautiful, and she imperious to be loved! The poet swiftly suspected,—

"To win me soon to hell, thy female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride!"

I guess one angel in another's hell."

It was so, and still the poet struggled with his love in vain; still his friendship strove to outlive its ruin, and to impose on his imagination by all the attractions of a sympathy not yet unrepelled. The Roman poet had suffered the same before him:—

"Odi et amor; quare id faciam fortasse requiris,
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior;"

and it was the fortune of a genuine poet who succeeded him, and who concealed under his gaiety the truest and most trembling sentiment, to realise a fate almost precisely the same. I allude to Sir John Suckling, whose copies of verses to his *Rival* can be relished only by those who appreciate the subtleties and inner depths of the passions of love and friendship. To such I now leave the passages of Shakspeare's life and thoughts which followed this last discovery. They are fully described and illustrated in the fortieth, forty-first, forty-second, hundred and thirty-third, hundred and thirty-fourth, hundred and forty-second Sonnets, and that commencing "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye." Some of the latter will be found to bear upon the views I have in a former paper expressed, of the circumstances of Shakspeare's connection with Anne Hathaway, and the light in which he continued to view his broken vow of marriage. It is curious to know that the similarity in the fortunes of Lope de Vega and Shakspeare, which I have already noticed, continued to the close of their respective lives, and that, after a long estrangement from home, they both returned, and both died there. The wife of Shakspeare, still bound to him in all his estrangements by those "threads of his own life" (his beloved daughters) which she had presented to him in youth, and still the calmly-beloved object of his hopes towards the decline and quiet of life, was suffered to watch over him when his great spirit departed. Believe that in all those estrangements Anne

Hathaway still loved him! She knew that it was not for her to hope any longer for an entire sympathy and unconditional return to her affection, but still her affection endured!

"Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom!"

I have now concluded this series of papers, and fear I have to thank the reader for much endurance. The subject indeed required a much abler handling than I have been equal to; but the length of time in which Shakspeare's Sonnets have been suffered to remain comparatively neglected will plead in excuse for the presumption. If a future critic should be fortunate enough to discover in certain portions of these poems a more perfect meaning than I have been able to assign to them, I shall be the first to hail the discovery with delight and gratitude.

From the Monthly Review.

On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the creation of animals, and in their history, habits, and instincts. By William Kirby, M. A., F. R. S., &c. 2 vols. London: Pickering. 1835.

We look upon this treatise as a suitable companion to Dr. Roget's. It is reasonable to expect, however, that this work, which considers the history, habits, and instincts of animals, must sometimes treat of the same subjects that came to be handled by the former writer, in his able production on animal and vegetable physiology, especially as both works are intended to illustrate the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the creation. For "the history, habits, and instincts of animals are so intimately connected with their physiological structure, especially their external anatomy, that it is scarcely possible, in order to prove the adaptation of means to an end, to treat satisfactorily of the former without occasional illustrations from the latter." Our author's thorough conviction of this circumstance, which is thus so explicitly declared, must, we should think, have satisfied him, that in these said Bridgewater treatises, there is something not a little clumsy in their plan, and that by some other arrangement, and at the hand of fewer labourers, the attributes of the Supreme Being, as manifested in the creation, might have been, in a much smaller and compact order, illustrated by all reasonable arguments. As it is, we have expensive and elaborate works, and such as bear on their general conduct the impress of much effort. Each and all of them that we have seen give evidence of more or less talent; but they equally, at the same time, exhibit the writers as straining after extraordinary effect, where the easy flow of

conviction is frequently overloaded by wire-drawn and by no means powerful arguments. The present publication, for example, even although taken by itself, without knowing that it at times traverses the same path that some or several of its relatives in the Bridgewater family have done, will be found to run into minutiae, to the weakening of the general doctrine maintained; and we have here and there met with illustrations that were ridiculous, from the nature of our previous associations in common life, or because not the most happily chosen. We may refer to what is said of those "insects of a disreputable name, which under more than one form inhabit man's person externally." We do not impugn the truth of the doctrine maintained; we only say that more apt and pleasant illustrations might have been chosen; and that on other occasions the over-anxious detail becomes trifling and tiresome.

After all these drawbacks to the plan and execution of these treatises, they doubtless contain a mass of the most valuable and striking facts, that from external nature can be brought to bear upon the object handled by them, and have sent abroad a spirit of enquiry that is sure to lead to farther discoveries, and to enlarge the delight and profit of the contemplative and philosophic. The present work is highly curious and interesting. As we have already said, it is a suitable companion for Dr. Roget's treatise, which is equal to the best of its predecessors. Nor can we be at any loss, when endeavouring to excite our readers' favour for such studies, to find abundance of instructive and entertaining matter.

The introduction forms a valuable chapter, whether we consider the proper criticism which it contains regarding the theories of La Place and Lamarck, or the curious and learned hypotheses which our author applies to the philosophy and the symbolic signs of the Holy Scriptures: for he calls the works of God and the word of God, the two doors which open into the temple of truth. The disregard which the philosopher and naturalist above named have evinced towards the word of God, and their anxiety to establish their own glory in the stead of that authority, have led them into absurdities, which one would hardly think the dullest could have fallen upon, much less such intellects as these illustrious men have displayed.

"La Place says, 'an attentive inspection of the solar system evinces the necessity of some central paramount force, in order to maintain the entire system together, and secure the regularity of its motions.' One would expect from these remarks, that he was about to enforce the necessity of acknowledging the necessary existence of an intelligent paramount central Being, whose goings forth were co-extensive with the universe of systems, to create them at first, and then maintain their several motions and revolutions, so as to prevent them from becoming eccentric and interfering with each other, thus—Upholding all things by the word of his power. But no; when he asks the question, What is the primitive cause? instead of answering it immediately, he refers the reader for his hypothesis to a concluding note, in which we find that this primitive cause, instead of the Deity, is a nebula originally so diffuse, that its existence can with difficulty be conceived. To produce a system like ours, one of these wandering masses of nebulous matter dis-

tributed through the immensity of the heavens, is converted into a brilliant nucleus, with an atmosphere originally extending beyond the orbits of all its planets, and then gradually contracting itself, but at its successive limits leaving zones of vapours, which, by their condensation, formed the several planets and their satellites, including the rings of Saturn!"—Vol. i. pp. xx, xxi.

The creation of the universe of worlds is thus ascribed to a cause that is all but a non-entity. But what does the naturalist say?

"Lamarck, distinguished by the variety of his talents and attainments, by the acuteness of his intellect, by the clearness of his conceptions, and remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with his subject, thus expresses his opinion as to the origin of the present system of organised beings. 'We know, by observation, that the most simple organisations, whether vegetable or animal, are never met with but in minute gelatinous bodies, very supple and delicate; in a word, only in frail bodies almost without consistence and mostly transparent.' These minute bodies he supposes nature forms, in the waters, by the power of attraction; and that next, subtle and expansive fluids, such as caloric and electricity, penetrate these bodies, and enlarge the interstices of their agglutinated molecules, so as to form utricular cavities, and so produce irritability and life, followed by a power of absorption, by which they derive nutriment from without.

"The production of a new *organ* in one of these, so formed, animal bodies, he ascribes to a new *want*, which continues to stimulate; and of a new movement which that want produces and cherishes. He next relates how this can be effected. Body, he observes, being essentially constituted of cellular tissue, this tissue is in some sort the matrix, from the modification of which by the fluids put in motion by the stimulus of desire, membranes, fibres, vascular canals, and divers organs, gradually appear: parts are strengthened and solidified; and thus progressively new parts and organs are formed, and more and more perfect organisations produced; and thus, by consequence, in the lapse of ages, a monad becomes a man!!!—Vol. i. pp. xxii—xxiv.

Well may our author declare, that it is grievous to see talents of the highest order thus wasting themselves in vainly and unintelligibly endeavouring to account for the production of the furniture of our globe, without the intervention of a first cause. As Lamarck's hypothesis relates particularly to the animal kingdom, Mr. Kirby proceeds at some length to expose its utter irrationality, and prefaces his observations in the following manner.

"When, indeed, one reads the above account of the mode by which, according to our author's hypothesis, the first vegetable and animal forms were produced, we can scarcely help thinking that we have before us a receipt for making the organised beings at the foot of the scale in either class—a mass of irritable matter formed by *attraction* and a *repulsive* principle to introduce into it and form a cellular *tissue*; are the only ingredients necessary. Mix them, and you have an animal which begins to absorb fluid, and move about as a monad or a vibrio, multiplies itself by scissions or germs, one of which being stimulated by a want to take its food by a mouth, its fluids move obediently towards its anterior extremity, and in time a mouth is obtained; in another generation, a more talented individual discovering that one or more stomachs and other intestines would be a convenient addition to a mouth, the fluids immediately take a contrary direction, and at length this wish is accomplished; next a nervous collar round the gullet is

acquired, and this centre of sensation being gained, the usual organs of the senses of course follow."—Vol. i. pp. xxiv, xxv.

The entire evidences of these two volumes go to prove that such a receipt is most *absurd*, and that the internal and external organisation of any animal forms a *whole*, in which the different members have a mutual relation and dependence, and that if one is supposed to be abstracted, the whole is put out of order. Lamarck's great doctrine is materialism, and that God had nothing to do with the works of creation, but that he has given up the reins to nature. And what is his definition of nature—of this vice-regal power? "An order of things composed of objects independent of matter, which are determined by the observation of bodies, and the whole amount of which constitutes a power unalterable in its essence, governed in all its acts, and constantly acting upon all parts of the physical universe." And again, nature, he affirms, consists of non-physical objects, which are neither beings, nor bodies, nor matter. It is composed of motion; of laws of every description; and has perpetually at its disposal space and time. Now, we ask, does any one understand this order of things? or, to say nothing about the use of words without meaning, is the subject not rendered infinitely more obscure than it is by the account that an omnipotent and all-wise Creator was the designing cause of the universe?

Those who wish to see the full force of our author's criticism as regards Lamarck, will be gratified by turning to the introduction, from which we have taken a few statements. The manner in which he interprets the language, allusions, and symbols made use of in the Holy Scriptures, in so far as these seem to have a philosophic import, must be studied at leisure, especially the curious enquiry into the meaning of the images placed in the Holy of Holies, called the Cherubim. It may be thought that this mysterious subject has little to do with a treatise on the history, habits, and instincts of animals, but Mr. Kirby's particular object in it is to counteract that tendency which is often observable in the writings of philosophers, to ascribe too much to the action of second causes, and the mechanism of the heavenly powers; as if they were sufficient of themselves to do all in all, without the intervention of the first cause. But whatever may be said of his hypothesis on this point, there seems neither fancy nor dubiety in the body of the work, wherein his minute acquaintance with the animal kingdom is ever ready to serve him with a plain and forcible illustration of the important doctrine sought to be taught.

The creation of the animal kingdom is the first subject discussed in this treatise, in which the author takes, as his safest guide, the notices which Scripture affords us on this obscure theme. The geographical and local distribution of animals is next pursued. Here there is clearly much room for conjecture, but our author sees no necessity for having recourse to a new or more recent creation, to account for the introduction of peculiar animals into any given country. He adds:—

"The fact itself, that almost every country has its

peculiar animals, affords a proof of design, and of the adaptation of means to an end, demonstrating the intervention and guidance of an invisible being, of irresistible power, to whose will all things yield obedience, and whose wisdom and goodness are conspicuous in all the arrangements he has made. Wherever we see a peculiar class of animals, we usually see peculiar circumstances which require their presence. Thus the elephant and rhinoceros, the lion and the tiger, are found only in warm climates, where a rapid vegetation, and infinite hosts of animals, seem to require the efforts of such gigantic and ferocious devourers to keep them in check; but on this subject I shall have occasion to enlarge hereafter.

"There is another point of view, illustrative of the divine attribute, in this partial location of various animals. If every region, or nation, contained within its limits the entire circle that constitutes the animal kingdom, and the remark may be extended to every natural object, how weak and trifling would be the incitement for man to visit his fellow-men. Were the productions of every country the same, there would be little or no temptation for commercial speculation, therefore the merchant would stay at home; the animals, and plants, and minerals would be the same, therefore the naturalist would stay at home; the astronomer indeed, and geographer, and the student of his own species, might be tempted sometimes to roam, but the ocean would be truly dissociable, and those ties that now connect the different nations of the globe would, for the most part, be broken. They are now linked to each other, in a bond of amity, by the intercourse which their mutual wants produce; and the body geographical, if I may use such a metaphor, as well as the body natural, is so tempered, and so furnished in every part, that constant supplies of things, necessary or desirable, are uninterruptedly circulating, by certain channels, through the whole system; and thus keep up a kind of systole and diastole, which diffuses every where a healthy temperament, and is universally beneficial. It is, moreover, calculated to generate those kindly feelings which ought to reciprocate between beings inhabiting the same globe, and sprung from the same original father. And the cultivation of these feelings of mutual good will was, no doubt, the principal object of the Deity in the distribution of various gifts to various countries, endowing some with one peculiar production, and some with another: so that one might not say to another, '*I have no need of you.*'

"Herein is the divine wisdom and goodness most conspicuous. Had chance, or nature, as some love to speak, directed the distribution of animals, and they were abandoned to themselves and to the circumstances in which they found themselves in their original station, without any superintending power to guide them, they would not so invariably have fixed themselves in the climates and regions for which they were evidently intended. Their migrations, under their own sole guidance, would have depended, for their direction, upon the season of the year at which the desire seized them to change their quarters: in the height of summer, the tropical animals might have taken a direction further removed from the tropics; and, in winter, those of colder climates might have journeyed towards instead of from them. Besides, taking into consideration other motives, from casual circumstances, that might have induced different individuals belonging to the same climates to pursue different routes, they might be misled by cupidity, or dislike, or fear. On no other principle can we explain the adaptation of their organisation to the state and productions of the country in which we find them—I speak of local species—but that of a supreme power, who formed and furnished the country, organised them for it, and guided them into it."—Vol. i. pp. 56—59.

In his observations relative to the distribution and different forms and colours of the human race, he is opposed entirely to the suppositions that contradict the word of God; and in accounting for the many phenomena in this department of his subject, he cannot admit that natural or moral circumstances can furnish a satisfactory cause, without having recourse to the direct will of a governing power, to answer the purposes of his providence. For throughout the treatise it is the author's desire to bring the Creator nearer and nearer to us, instead of regarding him as receding farther and farther from our observation; nor do we see, however unfashionable this way of viewing the phenomena of what is frequently called *nature* may be, that it is less philosophical than the course that would explain every thing by a reference to some abstract idea, and undefined law. On the migrations of animals we quote the following interesting statements.

"Though the production and rearing of their young forms a principal feature in most of the migrations before noticed, yet it is most prominent and conspicuous in the animals whose annual motions I shall next advert to. And here mankind is more conspicuously indebted to the fatherly care and bounty of a beneficent Providence for a supply of their wants, than in any of the cases above detailed, which most of them minister to our pleasures, rather than our sustenance. *When the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the nightingale is heard in our land*; when the swallow and the swift delight us by their rapid and varied motions, now skimming the surface of the waters, now darting, either aloft or with more humble flight over the earth; when the caroling lark ascends towards heaven, teaching us to look up and learn from her where to direct the best affections of our hearts; these all excite in us delightful sensations, and merit our grateful acknowledgment, but still they contribute little or nothing to the means of life. The locusts indeed, who headed the list of emigrators, at the same time that they lay waste a country, supply its inhabitants with food, and thus make some recompense for their ravages; and a considerable proportion of the winter birds mentioned under the last head, as the swimmers and the waders, furnish our tables with dainty meats; but they come not in such numbers as to add materially to the general stock of food, or to contribute to the maintenance of the poor, as well as to the enjoyments of the rich. The animals I allude to under the present head, form the sole food of some nations, and contribute a vast and cheap supply, that covers the table of the poor man with plenty. The migrating fishes are one of the greatest and most invaluable gifts of the Creator to his creature man, by which thousands and thousands support themselves, and their families; and which, at certain periods, form the food of millions. Of the proceedings of the principal of these fishes I shall now give a brief account.

"The herring, to which I now allude, belongs to the tribe called *abdominal* fishes, or those whose ventral fins are behind the pectoral, and may be said to inhabit the arctic seas of Europe, Asia, and America, from whence they annually migrate, at different times, in search of food, and to deposit their spawn. Their shoals consist of millions of myriads, and are many leagues in width, many fathoms in thickness, and so dense that the fishes touch each other; they are preceded, at the interval of some days, by insulated males. The largest and strongest are said to lead the shoals, which seem to move in a certain order, and to divide into bands as they proceed, visiting the shores of various islands and countries, and enriching their inhabitants. Their presence and progress

are usually indicated by various sea-birds, sharks, and other enemies. One of the cartilaginous fishes, the sea-apc, is said to accompany them constantly, and is thence called the king of the herrings. They throw off also a kind of oily or slimy substance, which extends over their columns, and is easily seen in calm weather. This substance, in gloomy still nights, exhibits a phosphoric light, as if a cloth, a little luminous, was spread over the sea.

"Some conjecture may be formed of the infinite numbers of these invaluable fishes that are taken by European nations, from what Lacepède relates—that in Norway twenty millions have been taken at a single fishing, that there are few years that they do not capture four hundred millions, and that at Gottenburgh and its vicinity seven hundred millions are annually taken; 'but what are these millions,' he remarks, 'to the incredible numbers that go to the share of the English, Dutch, and other European nations!'

"Migrations of these fishes are stated to take place at three different times. The first when the ice begins to melt, which continues to the end of June; then succeeds that of the summer, followed by the autumnal one, which lasts till the middle of September. They seek places for spawning, where stones and marine plants abound, against which they rub themselves alternately on each side, all the while moving their fins with great rapidity. According to Lacepède, William Duckelzoon, a fisherman of Biervliet, in Dutch Flanders, was the first person who salted herrings: this was before the end of the fourteenth century; others attribute this invention to William Benckels or Benkelinge, of Biervlin. To show his sense of the importance of this invention, the Emperor Charles V. is stated to have visited his tomb, and to have eaten a herring upon his grave. The smoking of this valuable fish, we are told, was first practised by the inhabitants of Dieppe, in Normandy."—Vol. i. pp. 105—115.

There are, among migrating fishes, those that are actuated by instincts and powers that enable them to provide for their safety, in consequence of the ponds and pools which they inhabit being liable to be dried up at certain seasons. Some travel in search of another spot that is better supplied with water.

"This has long been known of eels, which wind, by night, through the grass in search of water, when so circumstanced. Dr. Hancock, in the Zoological Journal, gives an account of a species of fish, called, by the Indians, the Flat-head Hassar, and belonging to a genus of the family of the Siluridans, which is instructed by its Creator, when the pools, in which they commonly reside, in very dry seasons, lose their water, to take the resolution of marching by land in search of others in which the water is not evaporated. These fish grow to about the length of a foot, and travel in large droves with this view; they move by night, and their motion is said to be like that of the two-footed lizard. A strong serrated arm constitutes the first ray of its pectoral fin. Using this as a kind of foot, it should seem, they push themselves forwards, by means of their elastic tail, moving nearly as fast as a man will leisurely walk. The strong plates which envelope their body probably facilitate their progress, in the same manner as those under the body of serpents, which in some degree perform the office of feet. It is affirmed by the Indians, that they are furnished with an internal supply of water sufficient for their journey, which seems confirmed by the circumstance that their bodies when taken out of the water, even if wiped dry with a cloth, become instantly moist again. Mr. Campbell, a friend of Dr. Hancock's, resident in Essequibo, once fell in with a drove of these animals, which were so numerous, that the Indians filled several baskets with them."—Vol. i. pp. 120—122.

In treating of the *functions and instincts* of animals, Mr. Kirby begins at the foot of the scale, and ascends gradually to man, although the usual method is to begin with the highest grade. We cannot of course follow him regularly in this ascending scale; but at whatever chapter we open we are sure to be instructed and delighted. When speaking, for example, of the first Order of Myriapods, whose function seems to be that of removing *putrescent* vegetable and animal matters from the spots that they frequent, and of the second order, to keep within due limits the minor inhabitants, especially the insects, of the dark places of the earth, the author adds some curious and important observations on the distinctions made in Holy Writ between the clean and unclean animals. He says—

"This distinction was originally to indicate those which might or might not be offered up in sacrifice and afterwards, when animal food was permitted, to signify to the Jews those that might and those that might not be eaten. When Noah was commanded, *Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens the male and his female; and of beasts that are not clean, by two, the male and his female*—it is evident that the distinction was familiar to the patriarch. The unclean animals, with respect to their habits and food, belonged to two great classes, namely, *Zoophagous* animals, or those which attack and devour *living* animals; and *Necrophagous* animals, or those which devour *dead* ones, or any other putrescent substances. Of the first description are the canine and feline tribes amongst *quadrupeds*; the eagles and hawks amongst *birds*; the crocodiles and serpents amongst *reptiles*; the sharks and pikes amongst *fishes*; the tiger-beetles and ground beetles amongst *insects*; and to name no more, the centipedes in the class we are treating of.

"With regards to the *necrophagous* tribe, I do not recollect any *mammals* that are exclusively of that description, for the *hyana* and *glutton* are ferocious, and eagerly pursue their prey: they will, however, devour any *carcasses* they meet with, and even disinter them when buried; but the vulture amongst the *birds* will not attack the *living* when he can gorge himself with the *dead*; the *carion-crow* belongs also to this tribe; amongst *insects*, the *burying*, *carion*, and *dissecting* beetles, the *flesh-fly*, and many other *two-winged* flies, feed upon *putrescent flesh*; and numberless others satiate themselves with all unclean and putrid substances, whether animal or vegetable. In the present class, the *millipedes* belong to the *necrophagous* tribe.

"A third description of animals, appearing to be intermediate between the clean and unclean, and partaking of the characters of both, was added to the list; for instance, those that are *ruminant*, and do not *divide the hoof*, as the *camel*, which, though it has separate toes, they are included in an undivided skin; and those that *divide the hoof*, but are not *ruminant*, as the *swine*.

"It appears clear from St. Peter's vision, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, that these unclean animals were symbolical, and in that peculiar case represented the Gentile world, with whom it was not lawful for the Jews to eat or associate, doubtless lest they should be corrupted in their morals or faith, and seduced into idolatry, and its natural consequences with regard to morality, by them. In other passages of Scripture, unclean animals are employed to symbolise evil and unclean *spirits* as well as *men*, as the serpent, the dragon, or crocodile, the lion, and the scorpion."—Vol. ii. pp. 70—72.

When we think of the animals that can inhabit the air, there is a wonderful field for study in a moment opened to the eye and the imagination.

Insects and birds innumerable are before us; and although capable of ascending into the same element, they have yet an apparatus and conditions of flight very different, varying according to the functions of the animal.

"In birds, a longer and more acute anterior extremity distinguishes the wing, by which their Creator enables them to pass with more ease through the air; but in insects that extremity is not a trenchant point that can win its own way, but usually is very blunt, opposing either the portion of a circle, or a very obtuse angle to it; hence, perhaps it is that the common dung-beetle, which is a short obtuse animal, 'wheels its droning flight' in a zig-zag line, like a vessel steering against the wind, and thus it flies, as every one knows, with great velocity as well as noise. This also may be one reason why insects have usually a greater volume of wing than birds, and that a very large number are fitted and adorned with four of these organs, which can sometimes hook to each other, by a beautiful contrivance, and so form a single ample van to sail on the aerial waves, and bear forward the bluff-headed vessel. The motions, in the air, of numerous insects, are an alternate rising and falling, or a zig-zag onward flight, in a direction up and down, as all know who have observed the flight of the butterfly, or a kind of hovering in the air, or a progress from flower to flower, or backwards and forwards and every way in pursuit of prey, how admirable has their Creator furnished them to accomplish all these motions with the greatest facility and grace. And, though their wings are usually naked, without any representative of those plumes which so ornament the wings of birds, and give them, as it were, more prise upon the air, yet, in one numerous tribe, the moths and butterflies, they rival the birds, and even exceed them, both in the brilliancy of the little plumes, or rather *scales*, which clothe the wings, and the variety of the pattern figured upon them, and likewise of their forms and arrangement. So, that every one who minutely examines them in this respect with an unbiassed mind, can hardly help exclaiming—I trace the hand and pencil of an Almighty Artist, and of one whose understanding is infinite, and who is himself the archetype of all symmetry, beauty, and grace!"—Vol. ii. pp. 149, 150.

But of winged animals, birds form the most perfect class, some of whom seem to emulate insects in diminutive size and glorious beauty, and other strong quadrupeds in power and magnitude. The perfection of contrivance in the formation and endowments bestowed upon this class, is admirably brought home to one's conviction by the following detail.

"The wing of these animals, in many cases, so powerful to bear them on through the thin air, and counteract the gravity of their bodies; to take strong hold of that element which man cannot subdue like water, to move through himself, and so to push themselves on, often with the swiftness of an arrow, through its rushing winds or almost motionless breath: the wing of birds is in fact the fore-leg or arm adapted and clothed by Supreme Intelligence, for the action it has to maintain, and for the medium in which that action is to take place, and consists of nearly the same parts as the fore-leg in mammals, for there is the shoulder, fore-arm, and the hand, with the analogue of a thumb, called the winglet, and of a finger. The ten primary quill feathers are planted in the hand, and the secondaries, varying in number, on the fore-arm; these quill feathers, being very principal instruments of the wing in flight, are also named the *remiges* or rowers of the vessel. The primary feathers usually vary in length, the external ones being the long-

est, so as to cause the wing to terminate in a point; those that cover the shoulder are called *scapulars*; and those short ones that cover the base of the wings above and below are called *coverts*. Wings usually curve somewhat inwards, are convex above and concave below, and are acted upon by very powerful muscles. Wonderful is the structure of the feathers that compose them, and each is a master-piece of the Divine Artificer. In general it is evident that each has been measured and weighed with reference to its station and function. Every separate feather resembles the bipinnate leaves of a plant; besides the obvious parts, the hollow quill, and solid stem bearded obliquely on both sides with an infinity of little plumes, each of these latter is also formed with a rachis or mid-rib set obliquely with plumelets, resembling hairs, and exactly incumbent on the preceding one, and adhering, by their means, closely to it, thus rendering the whole feather not only very light, but, as it were, air-tight. In the goose, the mid-rib of the plumelets of the primary feathers is dilated towards the base into a kind of keel, so that each plumelet at the summit looks like a feather, and at the base like a lamina or blade.

"By the use of very fine microscopes of garnet and sapphire, Sir David Brewster succeeded in developing the structure of the plumelets; he discovered a singular spring consisting of a number of slender fibres laid together, which resisted the division or separation of the minute parts of the feather, and closed themselves together when their separation had been forcibly effected.

"If we examine the whole wing, and the disposition and connection of the feathers that compose it, we shall find that one great object of its structure is to render it impervious to the air, so that it may take most effectual hold of it, and by pushing, as it were, against it, with the wing, when the wing stroke is downwards, to force the body forwards. A person expert in swimming or rowing, may easily get an idea how this is effected, by observing how the pressure of his arms and legs, or of his oars, against the denser medium, though not in the same direction, carries him, or his boat, forwards. In the case of the bird, the motion is not backwards and forwards, but upwards and downwards, which difference, perhaps, is rendered necessary by the rarer medium in which the motion takes place."—Vol. ii. pp. 152—155.

But there is another family which have organs of excursive flight, distinct from the wings of insects, and the feathers of birds. Bats and vampires are so organised; for, although they are not provided with air-cells, or air in their bones, like birds, the length of their wings compensates. It appears that their eyes are weak and defective; nay, blinded bats are said to fly as well as those that have eyes; but so exquisite are some of their other sensiferous organs, that they are able to feel any vibration of the air, however imperceptible, by us, so that, when deprived of sight, they will avoid most expertly the branches of trees when threading them—a wondrous instance of the rich providence of the Creator. Contrivance beautiful and most varied, is still farther displayed as respects other organs of flight besides wings. The abdomen of many insects seems to serve them as a rudder.

"But the most interesting and beautiful organ for steering animals in the air, is that formed by the tail feathers of birds, called by ornithologists, *rectrices*, or *governing* feathers, because they are used to direct their course; these are feathers planted in the rump, usually twelve in number—but in some amounting to nearly twenty—constituting two sets of feathers of six each, and forming together a kind of fork like the caudal fin of

some fishes; the inside of each feather is set with much larger plumelets than the outside, so that there is a double series of corresponding feathers, beginning one on the right side, and the other on the left; the middle feathers in each series differ sometimes from the five exterior ones, being more acute, and wearing a different aspect. In flight the tail-feathers appear to be expanded, and probably the bird, by giving an impulse to either series, can turn this way or that; or by their depression or elevation, judging from their analogy with the caudal fin of fishes, rise or fall. The rudder-tail here described, is that of the male bull-finch; in many birds of the gallinaceous order, as the common cock and peacock, these feathers form a glorious ornament, but seem to lose their use as a steering apparatus. In the black game the two sets of feathers of the tail turn outwards, one on each side, and so form a fork; and, in our domestic poultry, these sets of feathers, when not expanded, fold upon each other. Some of the waders, the tail-feathers of which are short, use their long *legs*, like the grasshopper, as a rudder in flight, stretched out straight behind them.

"Many of the web-footed birds, as the goose and duck tribes, also have their feathers very short, which seems a convenient provision for aquatic birds, but whether their legs assist in directing their course, seems not to have been ascertained. Some of them, however, as the pintail duck, have the middle feathers of the tail elongated, as they are in many other birds; in the swallow tribe, and the sea-swallow, the external feathers of the tail are elongated, as these birds are frequently turning when in the air, and flying backwards and forwards; their Creator has thus equipped them for their ever-changing evolutions. Some birds, as the thrushes, magpies, and other crows, have all the tail-feathers long, which gives great power to them in flight."—Vol. ii. pp. 163, 164.

There is one branch of the Treatise before us, that, in our hasty glances at its chapters, claims particular notice, and which handles a subject that furnishes the strongest proofs of the being and attributes of God; we allude to that which relates to the *instincts* of animals. This, however, is something that naturalists, philosophers, and physiologists, are much in the dark about; and, perhaps the best definition of the word instinct is, that which we do not know, and a term only that expresses our ignorance. We must refer to the work before us, for an account of various theories that have been held on this subject; but as the author has a somewhat novel one, we must allow him to be in part heard for himself; although, without a careful perusal of his introduction, wherein he treats of the cherubim, and the powers that uphold the universe, under God, together with all that he advances upon the subject of instinct, it is impossible to see the whole drift of his views. He asks—

"What, if the powers lately mentioned, and which, in the introduction to the present work, I hope I have made it appear, are synonymous with the physical cherubim of the Holy Scriptures, or the heavens in action which under God govern the universe; what, if these powers, employed as they are by the Deity so universally to effect his almighty will in the upholding of the worlds in their stated motions, and preventing their aberrations, should also be the intermediate agents, which by their action on plants and animals produce every physical development and instinctive operation, unless where God himself decrees a departure that circumstances may render necessary from any law that he has established?"

"With regard to the *vegetable* kingdom, consisting of organised beings without sense or voluntary motion, few

would deny that they are subject to the dominion of the elements, and respond to the action of those mysterious powers that rule, under God, in nature. But when the query is concerning the *animal* kingdom, most of the members of which to organization and life add a will and powers of voluntary motion, and many have a degree of intelligence residing within them which governs many of their actions, we hesitate as to the answer we shall return to it."—Vol. ii. pp. 244, 245.

He endeavours to prove that there is in the vegetable kingdom to be observed what is analogous to the operations of instinct—light, heat, and air—all which go to mould and nourish plants of every kind; and he asks, does it seem incongruous that these, or any modification of them, upon which every animal depends for life and all things, should be employed by the Deity to excite and direct them, where their intellect cannot, in their instinctive operations?

"That their organization, as to their instruments of manducation, motion, manipulation, &c. has a reference to their instincts every one owns; can we not, therefore, conceive that the organisation of the brain and nervous system may be so varied and formed by the Creator, as to respond, in the way that he wills, to pulses upon them from the physical powers of nature; so as to excite animals to certain operations for which they were evidently constructed, in a way analogous to the excitement of appetite? The new-born babe has no other teacher to tell it that its mother's breast will supply it with its proper nutriment; it cries for it; it spontaneously applies its mouth to it; and presses it under the bidding of appetite resulting from its organisation. When it arrives at the age of dentition, it as naturally uses its teeth for mastication; it wants no instructor to inform it how they are to be employed to effect that purpose; and so with respect to other appetites which the further development of its organs produces."—Vol. ii. pp. 255, 256.

He again asks, with another writer, "In effect is instinct any thing else but the manifestation without, of that same wisdom which directs, in the interior of our body, all our vital functions?" It will be admitted that every kind of instinct has its origin in the will of the Deity, and that the animal exhibiting it was expressly organised by Him for it at its own creation. But the enquiry is into the proximate cause of instinct; and however ingenious may be our author's theory, we feel that it is yet deficient, as to facts or accurate experiments, to allow it more weight than that of a highly interesting speculation. What he has said on this subject, however, and indeed from every one of our extracts, our readers will perceive that there is an ample store of wondrous facts, as well as ingenious conclusions to be found in this treatise, and that doubtless it will greatly increase the celebrity of the series to which it belongs. Our last extract shall contain some additional suppositions on the same subject.

"I am now arrived at the last supposition or hypothesis—that the cause of instinct may be *compound* or *mixed*—in some respects physical, in others metaphysical. In this case it will be subject occasionally to variations from the general law, when the intelligent agent sees fit.

"But upon this head I shall not be very long, and I only introduce it here, to show that the Deity sometimes dispenses with the general law of instinct, or permits it occasionally to be interfered with by the will of the animal, or other agency. All animals that exercise instinctive operations, have in their several organs of sensation,

certain guides given to enable them to fulfil those instincts, so as to bring about the purposes of Providence.

"Sight, hearing, scent, taste, touch, perception, influence the will, and direct each animal to the points in which its instinctive actions are to commence; and so far instinct is, as it were, *mixed* with intellect. I have seen it somewhere observed—that instinct in conjunction with the principle of limitation—the *intellectual faculties*—rules the actions of all *sentient and organised* beings; just as gravity with the principle of counteraction—*repulsion*—determines the place and composition of all *inorganic* bodies.

"With regard to the Deity, he retains in his hands the power of suspending or altering the action of the laws that have received his sanction; and permits other metaphysical essences to do the same. When females overcome that *storge* or instinctive love for their offspring, either from the dread of shame, or worse motives, and destroy them, in common parlance we say, that they were tempted by an *evil spirit* to commit the crime. Mr. Bennet, in his interesting *Wanderings in New South Wales, &c.*, relates that it is common for the females of the aboriginal tribes, if they experience much suffering in their labour, to threaten the life of the poor infant, which when born they barbarously destroy. This is a fearful counteraction of instinct, flowing from an *evil* source.

"The Deity himself, doubtless where there is—*Dignus vindice nodus*—sometimes suspends the action of an instinct. It is related in the Holy Scripture, that when the ark of God was taken by the Philistines, in order to ascertain whether the plagues that were sent upon them were from God, they yoked two milch kine that had calves to the cart in which it was sent to Bethshemesh, and the kine went straight to that place, their instinct being mastered by a strong hand, though they went lowing after their calves all the way. Here the Deity ruled the instinct. God interferes with the instincts of animals also when he prescribes their course, and sends them in any particular direction to answer his purpose: as in the case of the prophet Jonah. Properly speaking, those interpositions of the Deity, by which the law of instinct is suspended, to answer a particular purpose of his Providence, like that just related, must be regarded as miraculous; but yet, though unrecorded, they may happen oftener than we are aware in the course of his *moral* government; sometimes, perhaps, also, to remedy some *physical* evil. 'This appeared, therefore, a proper place to advert to them.'—Vol. ii. pp. 278—280.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

A treaty has been just concluded with the Spanish government, which will, it is believed, have the effect of wholly putting an end to the slave trade. By the new treaty, the owners and crews of slavery are to be punished as piratical robbers,—vessels fitting and preparing may be seized and condemned as if they were laden with their cargo, and previous to their sale are to be broken to pieces, so that they may never be used again; and all slaves captured by British cruisers, are made over to the British Government, which will thus have the power not only to give liberty to those unfortunate creatures, but to secure it. In short, the new treaty puts the abolition of the slave trade, which now almost solely flourishes under the Spanish flag, entirely in British hands, and the result may be readily anticipated. It may be hoped, that in a very short period the enormous expense attendant upon keeping numerous cruisers for this object in the most sickly part of the globe, will cease to be necessary, and that, in our endeavours to prevent the horrors of the slave trade, we may not be called upon to sacrifice the lives of great numbers of our most valuable fellow countrymen.—*London New Monthly Magazine*.

From the London Quarterly Review.

TOURS IN AMERICA.

1. *The Rambler in North America—1832-3*. By Charles Joseph Latrobe. London: 2 vols. 12mo. 1835.
2. *A Residence and Tour in the United States, with particular Observations on the Condition of the Blacks in that Country*. By E. S. Abdy, A.M. London: 3 vols. 12mo. 1835.
3. *Miscellanies*. By the Author of "The Sketch-Book." No. 1. Containing a Tour on the Prairies. 1 vol. 12mo. London: 1835.
4. *Narrative of a Visit to the American Churches, by a Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales*. By Andrew Reed, D.D., and James Matheson, D.D. London: 2 vols. 8vo. 1835.

The rapidity with which books of travels in North America have of late been following each other from the London press, while it amply illustrates the general interest of the subject, must, at the same time, serve as our apology for dismissing with comparative brevity the individual author who, had he come before the public a few years ago, might have been well entitled to occupy a considerable space in these pages. The journals of Messrs. Latrobe and Abdy, in particular, are deserving of far more attention than we can now hope to bestow on them: they are the works of able observers, and vigorous writers. The "Narrative" of Doctors Reed and Matheson, however inferior to these productions, especially to Mr. Latrobe's, in a literary point of view, contains not a few descriptive episodes which, had we room to extract them, would gratify all our readers; while, for a considerable section of the community, the peculiar objects of their excursion, and the peculiar tinge of their thought and expression, will no doubt have a prevailing charm. Mr. Washington Irving, as an English classic, and, we believe, (except Dr. Channing) the only living classic of the United States, is not to be passed over in silence, even when what he puts forth may happen to be of slender bulk and pretension. We look forward, with unabated curiosity and hope, to some portraiture of his general impressions on revisiting, after an absence of seventeen years, the land of his birth, his dearest connections, and his earliest distinction; and, in the mean time, accept with cheerfulness his very lively little account of an excursion to the Prairies of the far West, in which he was accompanied by our own accomplished countryman, Mr. Latrobe. Our object on the present occasion is not to enter into any minute analysis of these various volumes—but to record, in the first place, our opinion that they all deserve to find a place in the library; and, secondly, to mark, for the special attention of our readers, some of those facts and incidents, among the multitudes accumulated by these authors, which have struck ourselves as really valuable additions to the general stock of information.

We shall begin with the book which is likely to detain us the shortest while, though it is far the bulkiest of those on our table—that of the Congregational Delegates, Doctors Reed and Matheson. The professed object of their journey was to collect accurate information touching the

internal condition of the "Orthodox Independent Churches" in the United States; and we perceive that, on the whole, they have derived satisfaction from their enquiries. It is, however, very difficult not to suspect that there was another object which these worthy dissenters had at least as much at heart as that blazoned in their preface; namely, to help the avowed advocates of "the Voluntary System," in their present warfare against the principle of a religious establishment. But if this suspicion be well founded, we cannot congratulate the allied doctors on the result of their labours. It is obvious that these excellent persons were welcomed, lodged, and fed, wherever they arrived, by individuals of their own religious sect,—with few exceptions, by their brethren of the Independent Ministry; and that their journal throws no more light on the general state of America, in a religious point of view, than might be expected, in the case of our own country, from the travels of a couple of American teachers of the like condition and persuasion, who should have spent a few weeks or months in a round of long sermons and hot suppers, among the comfortable strongholds of dissent in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Doctors Reed and Matheson might well be delighted with the cordial affectionateness of their own reception among a class of people who, in America, as in England, are bound together by ties of a sectarian freemasonry, potent enough to survive a total revolution in point of religious doctrine itself; and we have dwelt with pleasure quite equal to theirs on the many evidences which they present of the wide extent to which practical Christianity operates among our American brethren of various persuasions; but we think we may almost appeal to themselves, whether it be, on the whole, a wise thing for a great nation to entrust the interests of religion, in any considerable degree at least, to the desultory influence of those revivals and camp meetings, and so forth—but for which, by their own showing, the very name of Christianity might ere now have been almost forgotten over many vast districts of the American Union. We venture to say, that the religious condition of America at this hour, favourably influenced as it has been by an age of very remarkable religious excitement, must confirm every candid observer in the decision thus modestly hinted, rather than expressed, by one whose fervent and catholic piety cannot but command the respect of Messrs. Reed and Matheson. Mr. Latrobe it is who thus writes:—

"There are certain signs, perhaps it might be said of the times, rather than of their peculiar political arrangements, which should make men pause in their judgment of the social state in America. The people are emancipated from the thralldom of mind and body which they consider consequent upon upholding the divine right of kings. They are all politically equal. All claim to place, patronage, or respect, for the bearer of a great name is disowned. Every man must stand or fall by himself alone, and must make or mar his fortune. Each is gratified in believing that he has his share in the government of the Union. You speak against the insane anxiety of the people to govern—of authority being detrimental to the minds of men raised from insignificance—of the essential vulgarity of minds which can attend to

nothing but matter of fact and pecuniary interest—of the possibility of the existence of civilisation without cultivation,—and you are not understood! I have said it may be the *spirit of the times*, for we see signs of it, alas! in Old England; but there must be something in the political atmosphere of America, which is more than ordinarily congenial to that decline of just and necessary subordination which God has both permitted by the natural impulses of the human mind, and ordered in his word; and to me the looseness of the tie generally observable in many parts of the United States, between the master and servant—the child and the parent—the scholar and the master—the governor and the governed—in brief, the decay of loyal feeling in all the relations of life, was the worst sign of the times. Who shall say but that if these bonds are distorted and set aside, the first and the greatest—which binds us in subjection to the law of God—will not also be weakened, if not broken? This, and this alone, short-sighted as I am, would cause me to pause in predicting the future grandeur of America under its present system of government and structure of society; and if my observation was sufficiently general to be just, you will also grant there is that which should make a man hesitate whether those glowing expectations for the future, in which else we might all indulge, are compatible with growing looseness of religious, political, and social principle. Besides, the religious man might be inclined to go farther, and ask what is the prospect of the people in general with regard to their maintenance of pure doctrine, and fitting forms of religion—whether, emancipated as they are from the wing of a NATIONAL CHURCH, and yet seemingly becoming more and more impatient of rule and direction in religious matters, the mass of the people do not run the danger of falling either into cold infidelity, or burning fanaticism?"—*Latrobe*, vol. ii. p. 135.

The influence exerted by the Church of England upon the dissenting bodies in her own country and neighbourhood, is one of those many circumstances connected with her establishment, which, if that establishment be overthrown, posterity will learn to appreciate. We may be mistaken—but we cannot but trace to the absence of such an influence even the melancholy fact confessed by Dr. Reed, that "a very considerable portion" of the American Quakers have lapsed into "fatal heresy, amounting almost to Deism."—*Narrative*, vol. i. p. 50.

The congregational delegates, who, we need not hint, were well prepared to admire most of the external features of the republican system, appear to have been especially gratified with their visit to General Jackson.

"The President is tall; full six feet in height. He stoops now, and is evidently feeble. The thermometer was at 72°, but he was near a strong fire. He is sixty-eight years of age. He is soldierlike and gentlemanly in his carriage; his manners were courteous and simple, and put us immediately at ease with him. . . . When we arrived, the entrance doors were open; and on being conducted, by a single servant, to what we thought an ante-room, we found the general himself waiting to receive us. We were soon led into the dining-room. The table was laid only for six persons; and it was meant to show us respect by receiving us alone. [Qu.?] Mr. Post, whom the president regards as his minister, was requested to implore a blessing. Four men were in attendance, and attended well. Every thing was good and sufficient; nothing overcharged. It was a moderate and elegant repast.

"The president regularly attends on public worship at

Mr. Post's, when he is well. [!] On the following Sabbath morning I was engaged to preach. His manner was very attentive and serious. When the service had ended, I was a little curious to see how he would be noticed. I supposed that the people would give way, and let him pass out first, and that a few respectful inclinations of the head would be offered. But no—he was not noticed at all; he had to move out, and take his turn like any other person, and there was nothing at any time to indicate the presence of the chief magistrate.”—*Reed*, vol. i. p. 33-35.

Enthusiastic as Dr. Reed's feelings were on first entering the halls of Congress, he found reason to abate something of his rapture before he had watched a few debates to their close. The doctor, constantly disclaiming all intention of political remark, lets the following sentences drop somehow from his pen: we leave our readers to make their own use of them:—

“I must candidly admit, that the Congress of this great empire fell somewhat below my expectations. But as matters stand, it is now only a sacrifice for the thriving man to be a member of congress; while to the needy man it is a strong temptation. The good Americans must look to this, lest, on an emergency, they should be surprised to find their fine country, and all its fine prospects, in the hands of a few ambitious and ill-principled demagogues.”—*Reed*, vol. i. pp. 30, 31.

Upon the sad subject to which M. de Beaumont's *Marie* lately called our attention,—the condition and treatment of the coloured races in America,—these delegates enter at great length; and many of their details are extremely touching. We extract this account of Dr. Reed's first visit to a Negro meeting-house at Lexington:—

“The building, called a church, is without the town, and placed in a hollow, so as to be out of sight; it is in the fullest sense ‘without the gate.’ It is a poor log-house, built by the hands of the negroes, and so placed as to show that they must worship by stealth. The place was quite full; the women and men were arranged on opposite sides; and, although on a cold or rainy day there might have been much discomfort, the impression now was very pleasing. In the presence of a powerful sun, the whole body were in strong shadow; and the light streaming through the warped and broken shingle, on the glistening black faces of the people, filled the spectacle with animation. One of the blacks, addressing me as their ‘strange master,’ begged that I would take charge of the service. I declined doing so. He gave out Dr. Watts's beautiful psalm, ‘Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,’ &c. They all rose immediately. They had no books, for they could not read; but it was printed on their memory, and they sang it off with freedom and feeling. There is much melody in their voice; and when they enjoy a hymn, there is a raised expression of the face, and an undulating motion of the body, keeping time with the music, which is very touching. The senior black, a preacher amongst them, then offered prayer, and preached. His prayer was humble and devotional. In one portion of it, he made an affecting allusion to their wrongs. ‘Thou knowest,’ said the good man, with a broken voice, ‘our state—that it is the meanest—that we are as mean and low as men can be. But we have sinned—we have forfeited all our rights to Thee—and we would submit before Thee to these marks of thy displeasure.’ He took for the text of his sermon those words, ‘The Spirit saith, come,’ &c. . . . They then rose, and sang, and separated. This was the first time I had worshipped with an assembly of slaves; and I

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shall never forget it. I was certainly by sympathy bound with those who were bound; while I rejoiced, on their account, afresh in that divine truth, which makes us free indeed—which lifts the soul on high, unconscious of a chain.”—*Reed*, vol. i. p. 222.

We must not part with these reverend colleagues without observing that one of them, Dr. Reed, though he usually indulges in rather a heavy and soporific style of narrative, has been on some happy occasions warmed into a flow of descriptive eloquence worthy of being quoted alongside of even the best passages in Irving or Latrobe. We were particularly struck with the following natural burst of admiration on the forest scenery of the Grand Prairie:

“It now appeared in all its pristine state and grandeur, tall, magnificent, boundless. I had been somewhat disappointed in not finding vegetation develop itself in larger forms in New England than with us; but there was no place for disappointment here. I shall fail, however, to give you the impression it makes on one. Did it arise from height, or figure, or grouping, it might readily be conveyed to you; but it arises chiefly from combination. You must see it in all its stages of growth, decay, dissolution, and regeneration; you must see it pressing on you and overshadowing you by its silent forms, and at other times spreading itself before you, like a natural park; you must see that all the clearances made by the human hand bear no higher relation to it than does a mountain to the globe; you must travel in it in solitariness, hour after hour, and day after day, frequently gazing on it with solemn delight, and occasionally casting the eye round in search of some pause, some end, without finding any—before you can fully understand the impression. Men say there is nothing in America to give you the sense of antiquity; and they mean that as there are no works of art to produce this effect there can be nothing else. You cannot think that I would depreciate what they mean to extol: but I hope you will sympathise with me when I say that I have met with nothing among the most venerable forms of art which impresses you so thoroughly with the idea of indefinite distance and endless continuity; of antiquity shrouded in all its mystery of solitude, illimitable and eternal.”—*Reed*, vol. i. pp. 145, 146.

We shall be reminded presently that America is *not* destitute of most venerable monuments of human industry; but, in the mean time, we must turn to Mr. Abdy—another traveller whose attainments we have no wish to disparage—but with whose prevalent feelings on many important subjects we cannot pretend to sympathise. He appears to be a very young gentleman, who, shortly after taking his degree of B. A. at Cambridge, fell into a feeble condition of health, and his physicians advising him to travel for a few months, preferred a tour in America to the more beaten highways of the European continent; his choice, however, being chiefly determined, not by the expectation of comparatively novel scenery and manners, but by a fervent desire to examine for himself the unhappy condition of the coloured population in the United States, and contribute, if possible, to their relief. All must honour this motive; and every candid critic will admit that Mr. Abdy's Journal does him considerable credit in a literary point of view. It is written in a plain unaffected style, wholly free from the foppish tinsel of mock sentimentality which so many

flourishing prosers of this generation have borrowed from the Rosa-Matilda sonneteers of the last, and from that pompous grandiloquence which has been in every age the favourite disguise of half-conscious imbecility. But—whether from the depressing influence of physical malady, or from the chilling and constraining one of that school of politics to which Mr. Abdy has pledged his allegiance—his narrative appears to want that charm of generous freedom which so often atones for the worst defects of a youthful observer of mankind. His tone of thought has not a little of the stilted pretension which is happily absent from his style; he lectures us, *ex cathedra*, where it is obvious he has more to learn than to teach; and, both when he praises and when he condemns America, often enough betrays the fact that his personal acquaintance with the institutions and customs of his own country has been but limited and partial. Mr. Abdy, in short, is one of that sect of juvenile philosophers who have of late years forced themselves on general attention as rather too soon emancipated from the old obstructions of modesty; a self-satisfied race, with hearts cooler than their heads; apt to mistake solemnity of manner for dignity of mind; who have dethroned passion only to instal conceit, and ceased to be amiable without attaining to command respect; inexperienced dogmatists, grave without caution, and calm without candour.

To this school Mr. Abdy belongs, and he is of course proud of belonging to it; but we by no means wish to insinuate that we consider him as hopelessly far gone in its heresies. On the contrary, feelings which his sect condemns do occasionally break out in his pages, to the great relief and comfort of his reader: and we trust the world will recognise these still more largely in the maturer productions of his pen.

It may be rather unfortunate for Mr. Abdy that *Marie* happened to be published before this "Journal:" we have certainly been disappointed in our expectation of finding in these pages a considerable addition of facts to those which the ingenious Frenchman had so lately placed before us, touching the condition and prospects of the coloured people in the States; but still he has added something of valuable information,—and the shape and manner of his performance may, and indeed should, give him the advantage as a solid and permanent authority on this subject, over his more imaginative predecessor.

He confirms, in the first place,—and be it observed his Journal must have been in the hands of the printer long before *Marie* reached England,—every one of those statements in the French *Tableau* which had most startled ourselves in its perusal. Mr. Abdy, for example, assures us that he saw condemned to receive their education in a school to which no Anglo-American would send any of his children, young persons of mixed descent, in whose appearance no trace of African blood could be detected,—“boys who had no signs of the Pariah caste about them,—of fair complexion, with light silky hair.”—(vol. i. p. 7.) He also illustrates, by some very striking instances, which had fallen under his own observation, all that M. Beaumont told us concerning

the determined tyranny of white churchwardens in refusing to admit even the wealthiest and most respectable free citizens of mixed descent to occupy pews in the same part of the building with the Christian brahmins of the new world. The case of Mr. Brinsley, a wealthy mulatto of the best possible character, is one of these. This man came into possession of a pew in a Baptist meeting-house of civilised Boston, as part of the property of a debtor,—but on the morning after the Sunday on which he and his family first appeared there he received this missive:—

“To Mr. Frederick Brinsley, coloured man, Elm Street:

“Boston, March 6, 1830.

“Sir,—The prudential committee of Park-Street church notify you not to occupy any pew on the lower floor of Park-Street meeting-house on any Sabbath, or on any other day, during the time of divine worship, after this date—and, if you go there with such intent, you will hazard the consequences. The pews in the upper galleries are at your service.

“George Odiorne, for the committee.”

Our Journalist says:

“Mr. Brinsley, on going again, found a constable at the pew-door. No further attempt was made to assert the rights of property against such a formidable combination; and we may seek in vain for the consequences, which Mr. Odiorne, with official brevity, says would have been hazarded by another visit to the house of God.”—*Abdy's Journal*, vol. i. pp. 134, 135.

Mr. Abdy mentions that even the quakers, though their own laws expressly forbid any attention to difference of colour, universally insist on the coloured “brethren” sitting in a separate part of the meeting-house; and he adds, that in the burying-places the whites lie *east and west*, the black and brown Christians *north and south*. But of all the horrid details collected by Mr. Abdy, the following story is the most shocking:—

“I was once asked, with a sarcastic smile, by an American lady of Hibernian descent, if I had met with any *interesting blacks* in the course of my tour? The winter I passed in New York furnished what this woman, with all her contempt for a race more persecuted and less fortunate than that from which she herself sprang, would acknowledge to be most painfully interesting. During the frost, some ice, on which several boys were skating, in the outskirts of the city, gave way, and several of them were drowned. During the confusion and terror occasioned by this accident, a coloured boy whose *courage* and hardihood were well known, was called upon to render assistance. He immediately threw himself into the water, with his skates on, and succeeded in saving two lads; but, while exerting himself to rescue a third, he was drawn under the ice, and unable to extricate himself. No one would risk his life for him. Soon after, the details of this melancholy event appeared in one of the newspapers (the *New York American*), with an offer to receive subscriptions for the mother, who was left, with a sick husband and a young family, deprived of the support which she had derived from her son's industry. As reference was made to a medical man in Park Place, I called upon him, and received a very favourable account both of the boy and his poor mother, who was employed to wash for him. I immediately proceeded to her house, and found that she had three children left; the eldest about ten years of age, and the youngest an infant at the breast. In addition to these, she had undertaken the

care of a little girl, five years old, the daughter of a deceased friend, whose husband had deserted his child, and refused to pay anything towards its support. 'I consider her as my child,' said the generous woman; 'and while I have a crust left she shall share it with my children.' I made enquiries about the boy she had just lost, and was told, what I heard in Park Place, that his conduct had always been most exemplary—that he had carried to her every cent he could save from his earnings, and had often expressed a wish that he might obtain sufficient to save her from working so hard, her business sometimes keeping her up nearly all night.

"I had frequent opportunities of meeting Mrs. Peterson; and my respect for her character increased with my acquaintance. When I settled a little account I had with her for washing and other work, I had some difficulty in prevailing upon her to take what was strictly her due—such was her gratitude for the few services I was enabled, with the assistance of my friends, to render her. Three months had elapsed since the death of young Peterson, and not one of the relatives of either of the boys whose lives he had saved, at the cost of his own, had been near his bereaved mother; and the subscription did not amount to seventy dollars. When we consider that the population of the place amounts to more than 250,000, including Brooklyn, it is little to its credit that the gratitude it felt for the preservation of two of its citizens could find no better way to exhibit itself than by a paltry donation to the self-devoted preserver's afflicted parent of a sum scarcely exceeding one fourth of what he might have been sold for, when living, in the slave market at New Orleans."—*Abdy*, vol. ii. p. 43.

The utter frugidity with which the American "patricians," as Mr. Abdy calls them, meet every charge of cruelty and oppression with regard to the people of colour, appears to him to form an odd contrast with their delicate sensitiveness to the remarks "uttered in a distant land by a few narrow-minded men" on their own *minora moralia*:—

"Hint to them that they eat pease with a knife, and they are highly enraged; tell them that their conduct to the 'niggers' is inhuman and unmanly, and they laugh in your face."

Mr. Abdy's liberal politics do not interfere with his perceptions of many of the harmless absurdities of the Americans,—witness these amusing traits:—

"'Are you the man,' said a driver to Duke Bernard of Saxe Weimar, 'that is to go in that carriage?'—'Yes.' 'Then I am the gentleman to drive you.' . . . A young female of New York, while looking over an English prayer-book, was much shocked with that expression in the marriage service, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?' She insisted upon it, with all the dignity of offended rank, that the phrase ought to be—'Wilt thou have this lady,' &c."—Vol. i. pp. 74, 75.

Mr. Abdy appears to have come away from his visit to General Jackson, (who, however, does not seem to have asked him to dinner,) with impressions not quite so enthusiastic as those described on a similar occasion by the two dissenting doctors:—

"One or two things, during this short interview, struck me very forcibly. I saw clearly that a man's good opinion of himself is the best handle by which you may lead him; that truth has as little chance of a familiar acquaintance with republican presidents as with imperial potentates; and that an American need not go to St. Petersburg or St. James's to find a courtier. I was,

indeed, not a little surprised at the gross flattery with which this old man was fed. What a subject for Lucian or Le Sage! Here were the vices of a court in all their deformity;—arrogance without dignity, and adulation without refinement—a burlesque upon every thing exalted and manly!"—p. 173.

He adds,—

"The same arrogant assumption of national superiority is employed by the highest and the lowest person in that country, as an acknowledged title to the respect and confidence throughout the civilized world. *Nihil est quod credere de se non posset cum laudatur*, may be said of the most insignificant citizen of these confederated republics, as truly as of the autocrat of Russia, or the Grand Llama of Tartary."—pp. 280, 281.

During a debate which Mr. Abdy attended in the house of representatives, the gallery was for some reason ordered to be cleared; and the object was effected "not without resistance," says Mr. Abdy, "as *dirks* were used on the occasion."—Vol. ii. p. 125.

To come back to Mr. Abdy's chief theme,—he has, in describing his tour through the southern states, given a world of details, which will go far to explain the alarming scenes lately enacted in those regions, and likely we must think to go on there, until either the dark population become so numerous as to be quite invincible, or the government gives *champ libre* to the legislation of the planters; in either case, that is—until the disruption of the American Union takes place.

We have a good deal from Mr. Latrobe, also, touching both the slaves and the coloured free people of the United States; but on these subjects, as indeed on all others, this author writes in a much more fair, charitable, and really Christian spirit than we have been able to discover in the lucubrations from which we have hitherto been quoting. Mr. Latrobe, (a member of the family so long and so honourably connected with the missionary cause,) is personally unknown to us; we are ignorant of his past history, except that part of it which is contained in his *Alpenstock*, an unfortunately named but very pleasing and useful manual for travellers in Switzerland; whether he ever followed any profession—what the general course of his life has been—we never heard; but we think we can hardly be mistaken in judging him to be a man considerably more advanced in years than Mr. Abdy. He, at all events, if he be a young man, has written throughout of America like one who—

"By discipline of Time made wise,
Has learned to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others."

Such a traveller, though he could, not more than any other rational man, shut his eyes to the starting absurdity of that eternal cant about universal freedom and equality, in a country where a fifth of the population are slaves, and nearly another fifth, albeit legally free, are, to all intents and purposes, treated as a Pariah caste—was nevertheless likely to consider the essential difficulties of the case, as well as the gross nonsense which has been, and is, needlessly adding to them. Mr. Abdy, and five hundred more of his class, may talk as long as they please about the

equality of all the children of Adam, and condemn, as alike silly and sinful, the American repugnance to the notion of what they call "amalgamation"—but we take the liberty of doubting whether Mr. Abdy would willingly bestow his own sister in marriage upon the most polished specimen of the negro race that ever strutted as Comte Marmalade or Marquis de Molasseville at the court of Hayti; and we also remain excessively sceptical as to the possibility of bringing any negro population to any thing like the Anglo-American standard of intellect or civilisation for generations to come. Certain feelings which these gentlemen so *broadly* denounce in the Americans, are feelings which, right or wrong, have been partaken by all the civilised nations that ever came into contact with African negroes, from the dawn of history down to the present day; and they will not yield to argument—least of all to abuse. The difficulty in which this vast and rapidly-increasing population of alien blood involves the government and legislature of America, is great and real; and it little becomes Englishmen, aware, as we all are, by whose act a slave peasantry was first introduced into her territory, to assume a high and disdainful tone of language as to this subject. Least of all, is it either wise or decorous in us to assume such a tone at this particular time. Some obviously and absurdly-cruel particulars may be criticised *calmly* to good purpose—but let us not be too broad and rash in our censures. We have but yesterday emancipated our own West Indian slaves, at an enormous cost, and the results of that experiment are still (to speak gently) extremely doubtful. Let us beware of incurring the suspicion that we are willing to urge our example on the United States from motives not of philanthropy merely, but in part, at least, of mercantile calculation!

The condition of the scanty remains of the *red race* in the United States, is another subject on which Mr. Latrobe enters at some length. His own connection with a lineage of missionaries, had no doubt a strong effect in turning his researches into this channel. He adds:—

"We execrate the bloodthirstiness of the Spaniard, who exterminated whole tribes at once by the sword, under the banner of the blessed cross; and yet the conduct of the pilgrim fathers and their children towards the aborigines of the North, is hardly less culpable or less execrable. Like the Spaniard, the puritan warred under the banner of his faith, and considered the war as holy. No one who reads the history of these countries, since their first settlement, can draw any other conclusion than that the white man, secretly with his grasping hand, selfish policy, and want of faith, has been in almost every case, directly or indirectly, the cause of the horrors which he afterwards rose openly to retaliate. How often did he return evil for good! That the wrath of the Indian, when excited, was terrible, his anger cruel, and his blows indiscriminate, falling almost always on the comparatively innocent; and that defence, and perhaps retaliation, then became necessary to save the country from repetitions of those fearful scenes of murder and torture which make the early settlements a marvel and a romance, is also to be allowed: but the settlements of the various portions of America, with but few exceptions, is, equally in the north and south, a foul blot upon christendom,

"But the evil is now done, and unfortunately irreparable, in that part of the continent of America in which I am now writing to you. The Indian tribes have melted like snow from before the steady march of the whites, and diminished in number and power—beaten back, they first gave way and retired beyond the Mountains, and then beyond the Great River and to the westward of the Great Lakes. If you ask, where is that noble race whom Smith found in Virginia—the race of Powhatan, which then overspread that fair country, between the Alleghany and the sea?—where the powerful tribes of the East—the posterity of Uncas or Philip—the white man's friend or the white man's foe—or the tribes that clustered round the base of the White Mountains? the same answer suits all: They are gone! and scanty remnants, scattered here and there, hardly preserve their name."—*Latrobe*, vol. i. pp. 166, 167.

We think every reader will admit the sense and candour of the following extract from another letter on the same subject:—

"It is my firm conviction, that the government of the United States, as well as the population of its settled districts, are very sincere in their desire to see justice done to the remnant of these tribes; and, as far as is consistent with the general welfare of the community, to favour and succour them. The main difficulty is, how and by what means these ends are to be attained. The measures now generally adopted, of buying their various lands and reservations, where surrounded by the population of the states, and principally those of the east of the Mississippi, has met with much condemnation from Europeans, especially from those who know the secret of these purchases. The only valid apology which can be made for it, is that of stern and absolute necessity. If the existence of that be proved, the policy may be defended, however many things may seem to cast doubt on the expediency or the justice of thus expatriating the wrecks of these tribes from their small heritage of the land of their forefathers; for, though the land is virtually bought, and the tribe to a certain degree well remunerated, it is still expatriation. This plea I have, however unwillingly, been led at length to admit. The white men and the Indian cannot be near neighbours. They never will and never can amalgamate. Feuds, murders, disorders, will spring up; mutual aggression among the dissolute and ignorant of both classes will give rise to yet greater evils. If the Indian turns his back upon the alternative of civilisation, he must recede; and were it not even advantageous to the white, it would be mercy in the latter to attempt, by all lawful means, to arrange matters in such a way as to avoid the possibility of collision. Yet, granting that this policy is sound, because impious, no one can look upon the state of the Indian, struggling for existence on the frontier, without commiseration. He is perhaps removed from an impoverished country, as far as the game is concerned, to one abounding in it, and of greater extent and richness of soil than that which he relinquishes. The annuity granted by government, the provision made for schools and agricultural instruction, would seem to place him in a more enviable situation, even though he were removed a thousand miles from the graves of his fathers. Yet here he is, if any thing, more exposed to oppression, from that proportion of the white population with whom he is in contact being in general the most abandoned."—pp. 168, 169.

Our author asks elsewhere:—

"What check is there upon an unprincipled agent, who knows that, for a bottle of whisky, an Indian will sign or say any thing—and, at the same time, his testimony is not valid in a court of justice?"

Mr. Latrobe has some most valuable letters on

the history of the old attempts to Christianise the native tribes, by Brainerd and his admirable brethren. With regard to the prospects of the missionaries now engaged among the red men beyond the Mississippi, he says:

"My general impression was that they were worthy men; rather upright than sound in their views for the civilisation and moral improvement of the tribes among whom they were sent to labour; and, like many of the brethren all over the world, far too weak-handed and deficient in worldly wisdom to cope effectually with the difficulties thrown in their way by the struggling but powerful community of traders, agents, and adventurers of every kind, with whom they must be associated in their intercourse with the Indians. Their work must be a work of faith and humble dependence on God, for by their own strength and wisdom they will achieve nothing—He can effect what men would pronounce impossible. In the lawless, licentious conduct of most of the nominal Christians connected with them, the Indian finds sufficient excuse for not quitting the faith of his fathers, as that proffered in exchange seems to produce such evil fruit."—pp. 70, 71.

We are afraid that very much the same thing might be justly said as to the case of other missionaries engaged among other Indians. But we must now introduce our readers to the society and manners of the Anglo-Americans themselves of the highest and best order, as described by this candid traveller. The following picture of the environs of Baltimore is in every respect delightful:—

"In returning northward, we made a halt of a fortnight in Baltimore and its neighbourhood. Many of the country-seats which stud the environs upon the upland slope, at various points and distances from the city, are singularly well situated and tastefully arranged; and I look back with unalloyed gratification to the hours spent among them, and the hospitality there enjoyed. Rural fetes are ordinarily given in these villas at this beautiful season of the year, when every tree and shrub appears in its freshest green, and every natural object excites to amusement and recreation.

"The numberless white four-petaled flowers of the dog-wood, which we had left in the latitude of New York in full beauty, had, it is true, become discoloured and half hidden by the green foliage which they precede, but the catalpa was in blossom in the vicinity of the country-seats; the shrubberies were in their beauty; and, on the margin of the forests, which generally thickened to the back of these villas, the evening air was perfumed with the rich odour of the magnolia, whose snow-white blossoms peeped out from its covert of glossy leaves. A thousand beautiful trees, either transported from their concealment in the woods, or tastefully preserved for the purposes of ornament, surrounded the lawns in front of the open colonnade.

"It was not till my return to Europe, in the height of summer, after a very short passage, that I was struck with the totally different character of the verdure, both of the field and forest, on the two continents. After the bright sward, and the varied summer foliage of the western woods, with their great preponderance of light greens, the English landscape seemed to exhibit nothing but *evergreens*—such was the depth of shade observable in the blue verdure of the rounded and heavy masses of foliage of our ordinary forest trees, and on the dark and thick meadow grass of our humid climate.

"A few hours before sunset, the different visitors generally assembled, by far the greater number consisting of the young and unmarried of both sexes. Under

the shade of the trees, tables were covered with the delicacies of the season—among which the delicious fruit from which these Strawberry Parties took their name, was ordinarily seen in the greatest profusion, with its appropriate concomitants of cream and champagne. Many an enchanting spectacle of natural beauty and human contentment and pleasure have I observed spread before me, while sitting in the portico of one of these rural retreats, as the sun sunk slowly to its setting. The view from many of them commanded a wide prospect, to the south-east, over the forests and fine undulating slopes of the country in the direction of the city, whose domes and edifices peered over the woods, or were descried bordering the irregular lake-like divisions of the river. More remote lay the wider bay of the Patapsco, glistening with white sails, merging far in the distance into the broad Chesapeake; the long promontory of North Point, with its light-houses glistening in the sunshine; and, beyond all, the hardly perceptible thread of gold which marked the utmost limit of the horizon, and the eastern shore of Maryland.

"If to this noble view you add as a foreground the sweet intermingling forest, lawn, and shrubbery in the immediate vicinity of the dwelling—with the gay and graceful groups scattered over it—you would own with me that you had rarely gazed upon scenes so truly beautiful and guilelessly cheerful; so animated, so full of innocent pleasure, and so devoid of false glitter and glare, as those presented by the Maryland Strawberry Parties. Later comes the brief but beautiful twilight, with the wailing cry of the whip-poor-will, the flight of the night hawk, and, above all, myriads of fire-flies filling the air with sparks, dancing in the deep shade, or streaming with their intermittent and gentle light among the groups, as they stroll in the open air or sit in the porticoes.

"The frank manners and uncontrolled intercourse between the young people of both sexes, and the confidence with which they are on all occasions left to their own discretion, is one remarkable feature in American society, and one that must strike every European. Unattended as this open confidence has hitherto been, with perhaps the rarest exceptions, no unpleasant results, it is a proof that thus far the society of the new world has an advantage over that of the old, where circumstances throw such difficulties in the way of most early marriages—where the poison of libertinism is more generally diffused—and where the whole structure of society warrants the most jealous care in the parent, and the utmost caution and reserve on the part of the daughter."—*Latrobe*, vol. ii. pp. 29—32.

Our readers cannot have failed to observe how many of the circumstances alluded to in this beautiful letter are identical with those dwelt upon in a very different spirit—considered as altogether deplorable in their results—by many other travellers of late years, and especially by M. de Beaumont. We extracted the passage on this very account. It affords a strong lesson to every one who undertakes to criticise the manners of a people with whom he is not of old and familiarly acquainted—and we think we can hardly do better than follow it up by another page, in which Mr. Latrobe brings the same lesson, one so often neglected, home to ourselves—our own business and bosoms. He says, after he has returned to England;—

"It was but the other day I was in company with a gentlemanly foreigner—a Prussian; acute, reasonable, and polite, traveling for his instruction and amusement, to see with his own eyes, and to hear with his own ears. The conversation turned upon the difference of the crimi-

beasts of the field, whom he affects to govern and despise. And this is impressed on my mind as I listen to the song of these sweet birds. There are voices yet abroad in the land of those forgotten tribes, at this very moment, singing the same sweet strain as rang through the oak groves two thousand years ago! They have not forgotten the lessons taught the parents of their race in Paradise. God has stamped them with the species of perfection for which he designed them, and they have not departed from it. Their kind has suffered no vicissitude—they have probably neither deteriorated nor attained greater perfection in any respect since the day of their creation, but have carolled, and nestled and paired, from generation to generation; fulfilling the end for which they were apparently created; while race after race of human beings has arisen and passed away, and the earth has been alternately filled and deserted by nations and individuals perfect in nothing. Without the certainty of immortality, and the sweet hope of being restored, through God's mercy, to that estate from which we have fallen, might we not well be tempted to despair!"—vol. ii. p. 21-23.

We have bestowed so much of our space on these new authors—especially on Mr. Latrobe—that we find ourselves obliged to abstain from further quotations about America, and must, therefore, be contented to recommend once more in general terms the "Tour to the Prairies" of our old favourite, Mr. Washington Irving. We read the book with high interest, and not the less for the novel aspects and attitudes in which it brings our worthy friend himself before us. Clad in his leathern jerkin, mounted on his fiery steed, and armed with his huge blunderbuss, for close encounter with wolves, bears, buffaloes, and the other terrors of the Prairie, he must indeed have appeared very unlike what we had been used to meet announced under his name. But whether on a wild horse, or on an easy chair, he retains the same happy humour to be pleased with every thing, and the same happy power to please every body about him. His nephew has also lately published a very agreeable little work, in which much of the same sort of scenery and adventure is painted with no trivial share of the same talent.* Nor ought we to close our paper without naming "The Winter in the Far West," by Mr. Hoffman—another new book which will richly reward the reader's attention.

But the book of the season, as far as America is concerned, is unquestionably that of Mr. Latrobe. He is evidently an author from whose future lucubrations we may hope to receive large supplies of amusement and instruction. To what part of the world he has turned his steps, we do not know—but we understand he is again rambling somewhere, and we shall not fail to watch the result of his peregrinations.

* Indian Sketches, taken during an Expedition among the Pawnee Tribes and other Indians of North America. By John T. Irving, Jun. 2 vols. 12mo.

IRELAND.—The "Pilot" of Dublin, contains the particulars of the "O'Connell Fund" for the year 1834; the total amount of which is 13,454l. The tribute money raised during the last five years, is 80,000l.

From the London Metropolitan.

DIARY OF A BLASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "JACOB FAITHFUL,"
"THE ADVENTURES OF JAPHET," &c.

(Continued from p. 513.)

CHAPTER XIII.—EN ROUTE.

May 26.

Passed Waterloo—was informed that two days before the Marquis of Anglesea had arrived there, and stayed a short time to visit the cemetery of his leg; a regular family visit of course, as all the *members* were present.

May 27.

Slept at Namur. The French are certainly superior to us in the art of rendering things agreeable. Now, even in the furnishing of an apartment, there is always something to relieve the eye, if not to interest you. I recollect when I was last in London, in furnished apartments, that as I lay awake in the morning, my eye caught the pattern of the paper. It was a shepherdess with her dog in repose, badly executed, and repeated without variation over the whole apartment. Of course, I had nothing to do but to calculate how many shepherdesses and dogs there were in the room, which, by counting the numbers in length and breadth, squaring the results, and deducting for door and windows, was soon accomplished. But how different was the effect produced by the paper of the room in which I slept last night! It was the history of Dunois, the celebrated Bastard of France, who prays, in his youth, that he may prove the bravest of the brave, and be rewarded with the fairest of the fair. This was not the true history, perhaps, of Dunois; but I am drawing the comparison between the associations and reminiscences conjured by this decoration, in opposition to the dull and tasteless recapitulation of the English manufacture. From the latter I could not extract a bare idea except that shepherdesses are, as a race, extinct, and that Lord Althorp had taken the tax off shepherds' dogs, by way of a bonus, to relieve a distressed capital of some hundred millions to which the agricultural interest had very properly replied, "Thank you for nothing, my lord;" but from the sight of the French paper what a host of recollections started up at the moment! The mind flew back to history, and was reveling in all the romance of chivalry, from King Arthur and his Knights, to the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

"Yet, after all," thought I, after a long reverie, "divest chivalry, so called, of its imposing effect, examine well into its nature and the manners of the times, and it must be acknowledged that modern warfare has a much greater claim than the ancient, to the title of chivalry. In former times men were cased in armour of proof, and before the discovery of gunpowder had little to fear in a *mêlée*, except from those who, like themselves, were equally well armed and equally protected, and even then only from flesh wounds, which were seldom mortal. The lower classes, who served as common soldiers, were at the mercy of the mounted spearmen, and could seldom make any impression upon their defences. In those days, as in the present, he who could command most gold carried the day, for the gold procured the steel harness, and a *plump* of spears brought into the field was more than equal to a thousand common men. He who had the best tempered armour was the most secure, and that was to be only procured by gold. He who could mount and case in iron the largest number of his followers, was the most powerful, and, generally speaking, the most lawless. Divest chivalry of its splendour, which threw a halo round it, and it was brutal, and almost cowardly. Single combats did certainly prove courage; but even in them, skill, and more than skill, personal strength, or the best horse, decided the victory. In fact, although not the origin, it was the upholder of the feudal system, in which might was right; and we may add, that the is-

vention of gunpowder, which placed every man upon a level, if not the cause of, certainly much assisted to the breaking up of the system. How much more of the true spirit of chivalry is required in the warfare of the present day, in which every man must stand for hours to be shot at like a target, witnessing the mowing down of his comrades, and silently filling up the intervals in the ranks made by their deaths, exposed to the same leaden messengers; a system of warfare, in which every individual is a part of a grand whole, acting upon one concerted and extended plan, and forced a hundred times to exhibit the passive and more perfect bravery of constancy, for once that he may forget his danger in the ardour of the charge! When shall we learn to call things by their right names?"

Liege, May 28.

Our landlord is a most loyal man, but there is a reason for it. Leopold took up his quarters at this hotel in his way to Spa. In every room we have upon every article of *fayence*—"Leopold, with the Genius of Belgium crowning him with laurels, while Truth is looking on." Every plate, every dish, is impressed with this proof print of loyalty. But this is not all, as the man said in the packet, "O no." All the wash-hand basins, jugs, and every other article required in a bedchamber, have the same loyal pattern at the bottom. Now it appeared to me, when I went to bed, that loyalty might be carried too far; and what may have been intended as respect, may be the cause of his majesty being treated with the greatest disrespect, and not only his sacred majesty, but the glorious Belgian constitution also. As for poor Truth, she is indeed said to sojourn at the bottom of a well; but in this instance, it would perhaps be as well that she should not be insulted—I am wrong, she always is, and always will be, insulted, when she appears in the purlieus of a court, or in the presence of a king.

After all, mine is a strange sort of diary. It is not a diary of events, but of thoughts and reminiscences, which are thrown up and caught as they float to the surface in the whirlpool of my brain. No wonder!—events are but as gleanings compared to the harvest of many years, although so negligently gathered into store. I have been puzzling myself these last two hours to find out what a man's brain is like. It is like a kaleidoscope, thought I; it contains various ideas of peculiar colours, and as you shift them round and past, you have a new pattern every moment. But no, it was not like a kaleidoscope, for its patterns are regular, and there is very little regularity in my brain, at all events.

It is like a pawnbroker's shop, thought I, full of heterogeneous pledges; and if you would take any thing out, experience stands at the counter and makes you pay her compound interest, while many articles of value are lost for ever, because memory cannot produce the duplicate.

And then I compared it to almost every thing, but none of my comparisons would hold good. After all, thought I, I have been only playing at "What are my thoughts like?" which is a childish game; and how can I possibly find out what my brain is like, when my brain don't choose to tell? However, I appealed to another as a last resource, "What is my brain like, my dear?"

"More like 'to go mad' than any thing else," replied she.

It was a satisfactory answer, certainly; so I rose, and opening the window, lighted my cigar, and smoked myself into a reverie as I watched the smoke ascending from the chimneys of the good town of Liege.

And this is the city which travellers pass through, describing it as a manufacturing town, thought I. A city which has, in its time, produced a more moral influence upon society than any other in existence—a city that has led the van in the cause of religion and liberty. Liege presents a curious anomaly among the states of Europe.

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It is the only town and province which has been, for centuries, ruled by the clerical power, with the exception of Rome. But be it recollected, that at the very period that Christianity was offering up her martyrs at the blood-stained arena of the Colosseum, it was from Liege (or rather Tongres, for Liege was not then built) that she was spreading wide her tenets, unpersecuted and unrestrained, for she was too far removed from idolatry and imposture to be regarded. The province of Liege was the cradle of the Christian faith. From the earliest records there were bishops at Tongres, and it was about five hundred years after Christ that St. Monulphe, the reigning bishop, founded the city of Liege. From that time until the French Revolution, this town and these fertile provinces have always remained under clerical authority.

Although these prince-bishops proved that, upon necessity, they could change the crozier for the coat of mail, still, as by endowments and benefactions they increased their revenues, so did they, by the mildness of their sway, induce thousands to settle in their territory; and to increase their population which was to increase their wealth, they first granted to their citizens those privileges and liberties, which have, upon their precedent, been obtained by force or prayers by others. The very boast of the English of the present day, that *every man's house is his castle*, was the sacred grant of one of the bishops to the citizens at Liege, long before the feudal system had been abolished in our island.

I may also observe, for it is to be gained from the chronicles of this province, that the time at which it may be said that the catholic religion fell into its gross errors, appears to have been about one thousand years after the death of our Saviour. And as I thought of all this, and a great deal more, and smoked my cigar, I felt a great deal of respect for the good old city of Liege; and then I wandered back to the country I had passed through the day before, excelling in all lovely scenery. I had seen it before, but it was many years ago; but it may be seen many times without the least degree of satiety. It was the very country for a Blase. I do not know any scenery which raises up such pleasurable sensations as that of the Valley of Meuse, taking it the whole way from Namur to Liege, and from Liege to Spa. It is not so magnificent as the Rhine, to which it bears a miniature resemblance. It is not of that description which creates a strong excitement, which is invariably succeeded by depression; but it is of that unchanging and ever pleasing joyous description, that you are delighted without being fatigued, and have stimulus sufficient to keep you constantly in silent admiration without demanding so much from the senses as to weary them. If I could have divested myself from the knowledge that I was in motion, and have fancied that the scene was moving past, I could have imagined myself seated at one of our large theatres, watching one of Stanfield's splendid panoramas. But the lighted end of my cigar at last approximated so near to my nose, that I was burnt out of my reverie; I took the last saveall whiff, tried to hit an old woman's cap with the end of it, as I tossed it into the street, and retreated to the diurnal labour of shaving—of all human miseries, certainly, the "unkindest cut of all"—especially when the maids have borrowed your razor, during your absence, to reduce the volume of their curls.

CHAPTER XIV.

I have been reading the "Salmonia" of Sir Humphrey Davy: what a pity it is that he did not write more, there are so many curious points started in it. I like that description of book, which, after reading a while, you drop it on your knee, and are led into a train of thought which may last an hour, before you look for the page

where you left off. There are two cases argued in this work, which led me into a meditation. The one is, a comparison between reason and instinct, and the other as to the degree of pain inflicted upon fish by taking them with the hook. Now it appeared to me in the first question, what has been advanced is by no means conclusive, and although it is the custom to offer a penny for your thoughts, I shall give mine for nothing, which is perhaps as much as they are worth, (I say that, to prevent others from making the sarcastic remark,) and in the second question, I think I can assist the cause of the lovers of the gentle art of angling—why *gentle*, I know not, unless it be that anglers bait with *gentles*, and are mostly *gentle-men*.

But before I attempt to prove that angling is not a cruel sport, I must first get rid of "reason and instinct." Of reason most undoubtedly, a philanthropist would reply. "Be it so;" nevertheless, I will argue the point, and if I do not succeed, I have only to hedge back upon Solomon, and enquire, "If man was born to misery as the sparks fly upwards, why are not the inferior classes of creation to have their share of it?"

I do not think that any one can trace out the line of demarcation between reason and instinct. Instinct in many points is wonderful, especially among insects; but where it is wonderful, it is a blind obedience, and inherited from generation to generation. We observe, as in the case of the bees, that they obey the truest laws of mathematics, and from these laws they never have deviated from their creation, and in all animals, as far as their self-defence or their sustenance are concerned, is shown a wonderful blind obedience to an unerring power, and a sagacity almost superior to reason. But wonderful as this is, it is still but instinct, as the progenitors of the race were equally guided by the same, and it is handed down without any improvement, or any decay in its power. Now, if it could be asserted that the instinct of animals was only thus inherited from race to race, and could "go no farther," the line of demarcation between reason and instinct would at once be manifest, as instinct would be blindly following certain fixed laws, while reason would ever be assisted by memory and invention. But we have not this boasted advantage on the side of reason, for animals have both memory and invention, and moreover, if they have not speech, they have equal means of communicating their ideas. That this memory and invention cannot be so much exercised as our own, may be true, but it is exercised to an extent equal to their wants, and they look no further; that is to say, that if any want not prepared for, or any thing should take place interfering with their habits and economy, instinct will enable them to meet the difficulty. There is nothing more wonderful than the application of mechanical power by ants. No engineer could calculate with greater nicety, and no set of men work together with such combination of force. After they have made ineffectual attempts to remove a heavy body, you will observe them to meet together, consult among themselves, and commence an entire new plan of operations. Bees, also, are always prepared to meet any new difficulty. If the *sphinx atropos*, or death's head moth, forces its way into the hive, the bees are well known, after having killed it with their stings, to embalm the dead body with wax—their reason for this is, that the body was too large for them to remove through the passage by which it entered, and they would avoid the unpleasant smell of the carcase. It may be argued, that instinct had always imparted to them this knowledge, but if so, they must have had a fresh accession of instinct after they had been domiciled with men, for it is well known that the hole in the tree, in which the wild bees form their cells, is invariably too small to admit any animal larger than themselves, and whose bodies they could remove with as much ease as they do the bodies of their own dead.

I could cite a hundred instances, which would prove that animals have invention independent of the instinct handed down from generation to generation. I will, however, content myself with one instance of superior invention in the elephant, which occurred at Ceylon. Parties were employed felling timber in the forests of Candia, and this timber, after having been squared, was dragged to the depot by a large party of elephants, who, with their keepers, were sent there for that purpose. This work was so tedious that a large truck was made, capable of receiving a very heavy load of timber, which might be transported at once. This truck was dragged out by the elephants, and it was to be loaded. I should here observe, that when elephants work in a body, there is always one who, as if by common consent, takes the lead, and directs the others, who never refuse to obey him. The keepers of the elephants and the natives gave their orders, and the elephants obeyed, but the timber was so large, and the truck so high on its wheels, that the elephants could not put the timber in the truck according to the directions given by the men. After several attempts, the natives gave up the point, and retiring to the side of the road as usual, squatted down and held a consultation. In the mean time, the elephant who took the lead summoned the others, made them drag two of the squared pieces to the side of the truck, laid them at right angles with it, lifting one end of each on the truck, and leaving the other on the ground, thus formed an inclined plane. The timber was then brought by the elephants, without any interference on the part of the keepers or natives, who remained looking on, was pushed by the elephants with their foreheads up the inclined plane, and the truck was loaded. Here then is an instance in which inventive instinct—if that term may be used—was superior to the humbler reasoning powers.

That animals have the powers of memory as well as man, admits of no dispute. In elephants, horses, and dogs, we have hourly instances of it; but it descends much lower down—the piping bulfinch, who has been taught to whistle two or three waltzes in perfect concord, must have a good memory, or he would soon forget his notes. To detail instances of memory, would therefore be superfluous; but as it does occur to me while I write, I must give an amusing instance how the memory of a good thrashing overcame the ruling passion of a monkey, which is gluttony, the first and only instance that I ever saw it conquered.

I had on board of a ship which I commanded, a very large Cape baboon, who was a pet of mine, and also a little boy, who was a son of mine. When the baboon sat down on his hams, he was about as tall as the boy was when he walked. The boy having a tolerable appetite, received about noon a considerable slice of bread and butter, to keep him quiet till dinner time. I was on one of the carronades, busy with the sun's lower limb, bringing it in contact with the horizon, when the boy's lower limbs brought him in contact with the baboon, who having, as well as the boy, a strong predilection for bread and butter, and a stronger arm to take it withal, thought proper to help himself to that to which the boy had been already helped. In short, he snatched the bread and butter, and made short work of it, for it was in his pouch in a moment. Upon which the boy set up a yell, which attracted my notice to this violation of the articles of war, to which the baboon was equally amenable as any other person in the ship; for it is expressly stated in the preamble of every separate article, "All who are in, or belonging to." Whereupon I jumped off the carronade, and by way of assisting his digestion, I served out to the baboon, monkey's allowance, which is, more kicks than half-pence. The master reported that the heavens intimated that it was twelve o'clock, and with all the humility of a captain of a man-of-war, I ordered him to "make it so;" whereupon it was made, and so passed

that day. I do not remember how many days it was afterwards that I was on the carronade as usual, about the same time, and all parties were precisely in the same situations, the master by my side, the baboon under the booms, and the boy walking out of the cabin with his bread and butter. As before, he again passed the baboon, who again snatched the bread and butter from the boy, who again set up a squall, which again attracted my attention. I looked round, and the baboon caught my eye, which told him plainly that he'd soon catch what was not "at all *my eye*;" and he proved that he thought so, for he actually put the bread and butter back into the boy's hands. It was the only instance of which I ever knew or heard, of a monkey being capable of self-denial when his stomach was concerned, and I record it accordingly. (Par parenthèse:) it is well known that monkeys will take the small pox, measles, and I believe the scarlet fever, but this fellow, when the ship's company were dying of the cholera, took that disease, went through all its gradations, and died apparently in great agony.

As then, invention and memory are both common to instinct as well as to reason, where is the line of demarcation to be drawn; especially as, in the case of the elephants I have mentioned, superior instinct will invent when inferior reason is at fault? It would appear, if the two qualities must be associated, that at all events there are two varieties of instinct: blind instinct, which is superior to reason, so far that it never errs, as it is God who guides; and inventive instinct, which enables the superior animals to provide for unexpected difficulties, or to meet those which memory has impressed upon them. But if we examine ourselves, the difficulty becomes even greater—we have decidedly two separate qualities. We are instinctive as well as reasonable beings; and what is inventive instinct but a species of reason, if not reason itself?

But although I say that it is hardly possible to draw the line of demarcation, I do not mean to say that they are one and the same thing, for instinct and reason, if we are to judge by ourselves, are in direct opposition. Self-preservation is instinctive, all the pleasures of sense, all that people are too apt to consider as happiness in this world, I may say, all that we are told is wrong, all that our reason tells us we are not to indulge in, is *instinct*.

Such are the advantages of being reasonable beings in *this world*; undoubtedly, we have a right to claim for ourselves, and deny to the rest of the creation, the enjoyments of the next. Byron says,

"Man being reasonable, must get drunk."

That is to say, being reasonable and finding his reason a reason for being unhappy, he gets rid of his reason whenever he can. So do the most intellectual animals. The elephant and the monkey enjoy their bottle as much as we do. I should have been more inclined to agree with Byron, if he had said,

"Man being reasonable, must go to the devil."

For what are poor reasonable creatures to do, when instinct leads them to the "old gentleman," and reason, let her tug as hard as she pleases, is not sufficiently powerful to overcome the adverse force.

After all, I don't think that I have come to a very satisfactory conclusion. Like a puppy running round after his own tail, I am just where I was when I set out; but, like the puppy, I have been amused for the time. I only hope the reader will have been so too.

And now, my brethren, I proceed to the second part of my discourse, which is, to defend anglers and fly-fishers from the charge of cruelty.

It is very true that Shakespeare says, "The poor beetle that we tread on, in mortal sufferance, feels a pang as great as when a giant dies!" and it is equally true that it is as false as it is poetical.

There is a scale throughout nature, and that scale has

been divided by unerring justice. Man is at the summit of this scale, being more fearfully and wonderfully made, more perfect than any other of the creation, more perfect in his form, more perfect in his intellect; he is finer strung in his nerves; acuter in his sympathies; he has more susceptibility to pleasure, more susceptibility to pain. He has pleasures denied to, and he has pains not shared with him by, the rest of the creation. He enjoys most, and he suffers most. From man the scale of creation descends, and in its descent, as animals are less and less perfect, so is meted out equal but smaller proportions of pleasure and pain, until we arrive to the Mollusca and Zoophyte, beings existing certainly, but existing without pleasure and without pain—existing only to fill up the endless variety, and add the links to the chain of nature necessary to render it complete. The question which naturally will be put is, "How do you know this? it is assertion, but not proof." But arguments are always commenced in this way. The assertion is the *quid*, the *est demonstrandum* always comes afterwards. I handle my nose, flourish my handkerchief, and proceed.

Man is the most perfect of creation. What part of his body, if separated from the rest, can he renew? No part except the hair and the nail. Reproduction can go no further. With the higher classes of animals also there is no reproduction, but even at this slight descent upon the scale, we may already point out a great difference. Although there is no reproduction, still there are decided proofs of inferiority; for instance, a hare or rabbit caught in a trap, will struggle till they escape, with the loss of a leg—a fox, which is carnivorous, will do more, he will *gnaw* off his own leg to escape. Do they die in consequence? no, they live and do well; but could a man live under such circumstances? impossible. And yet the conformation of the mammalia is not very dissimilar from our own; but man is the more perfect creature, and therefore has not the same resources.

I have hitherto referred only to the *limbs* of animals; I will now go further. I had a beautiful little monkey on board my ship. By accident it was crushed, and received such injury that the back-bone was divided at the loins, and the vertebra of the upper part protruded an inch outside of its skin. Such an accident in a man would have produced immediate death, but the monkey did not die: its lower limbs were of course paralysed. The vertebra which protruded, gradually rotted off, and in six weeks the animal was crawling about the decks with its fore feet. It was however, such a pitiable object, that I ordered it to be drowned. Now, if we descend lower down in the scale until we come to the reptiles and insects, we shall find not only that the loss of limbs is not attended with death, but that the members are reproduced. Let any one take a spider by its legs, it will leave them in your hands that it may escape. Confine the animal under a glass, and in a few weeks it will have all its members perfect as before. Lizards are still more peculiar in their reproduction. I was at Madeira for many months, and often caught the lizards which played about the walls and roofs of the out-houses, and if ever I caught a lizard by the tail, he would make a spring and leave his tail in my hand, which seemed to snap off as easily as would a small carrot. Now the tail of the lizard is longer than its body, and a continuation of the vertebra of the back. I soon found out that lizards did not die from this extensive loss, but on the contrary, that their tails grew again. Even the first week afterwards a little end began to show itself, and in about two months the animal had reproduced the whole. What I am about to say now will probably be considered by some as incredible; they are, however, at full liberty to disbelieve it. One day I was looking out of the window with the late Tom Sheridan, who lived in the same house, and we observed on the roof of the outhouse a lizard with

two tails, but neither of them full grown, and we argued that at the time the animal lost his tail he must have suffered some division of the stump. Being at that time a naturalist, i. e. very cruel, I immediately caught a lizard, pulled off his tail, notched the vertebrae, and turned him loose again. Our conjectures were right: the animal in two or three weeks had two tails growing out like the one we had seen. I repeated this experiment several times, and it always appeared to succeed, and all the two-tailed lizards were called mine.

Now this power of reproduction increases as you descend the scale; as an instance, take the polypus, which is as near as possible at the bottom of it. If you cut a polypus into twenty pieces without any regard to division, in a short time you will have twenty perfect polypi.

Now the deductions I would draw from these remarks are—

That the most perfect animals are least capable of reproduction and most sensible of pain.

That as the scale of nature descends, animals become less perfect and more capable of reproduction.

Ergo—they cannot possibly feel the same pain as the more perfect.

Now, with respect to fish, they are very inferior in the scale of creation, being, with the exception of the cetaceous tribe, which class with the mammalia, all cold blooded animals, and much less perfect than reptiles or many insects. The nervous system is the real seat of all pain, and the more perfect the animal, the more complicated is that system: with cold-blooded animals the nervous organisation is next to nothing. Most fish, if they disengage themselves from the hook, will take the bait again, and if they do not, it is not on account of the pain; but because their instinct tells them there is danger. Moreover, it is very true, as Sir H. Davy observes, that fish are not killed by the hook, but by the hook's closing their mouths and producing suffocation. How, indeed, would it otherwise be possible to land a salmon of thirty pounds weight in all its strength and vigour with a piece of gut not thicker than three or four hairs?

Upon the same grounds that I argue that fish feel little comparative pain, so do I that the worm, which is so low in the scale of creation, does not suffer as supposed. Its writhings and twistings on the hook are efforts to escape natural to the form of the animal, and can be considered as little or nothing more. At the same time, I acknowledge, and indeed prove by my own arguments, that it is very cruel to bob for whale.

To suppose there are no gradations of feeling as well as perfection in the animal kingdom, would not only be arguing against all analogy, but against the justice and mercy of the Almighty, who does not allow a sparrow to fall to the earth without his knowledge. He gave all living things for our use and our sustenance; he gave us intellect to enable us to capture them: to suppose, therefore at the same time that he endowed them with so fine a nervous organisation as to make them undergo severe tortures previous to death, is supposing what is contrary to that goodness and mercy which, as shown towards us, we are ready to acknowledge and adore.

I cannot finish this subject without making a remark upon creation and its perfectibility. All respectable animals, from man down to a certain point of the scale, have their lice or parasites to feed upon them. Some wit, to exemplify this preying upon one another, wrote the following:—

"Great fleas have little fleas,
And less fleas to bite them;
These fleas have lesser fleas,
And so—ad infinitum."

This however is not strictly true. Parasites attach themselves only to the great. Upon these they can fatten.

Having your blood sucked is, therefore, a great proof of high heraldry and perfectibility in the scale of creation. If animals were endowed with speech and pride like man, we might imagine one creature boasting to another, as a proof of his importance,

"And I, too, also have my louse! :!"

(To be continued.)

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

CONVERSATIONS OF AN AMERICAN WITH LORD BYRON.

During Lord Byron's stay at Florence, it fell in my way to visit that city in the course of an Italian tour. I had but newly arrived from the western world, and was ignorant of his lordship's residence there. I was returning one afternoon from a walk along the road that leads from the Porta San Gallo up the Pian di Mugnone, when I remarked an individual sauntering, with a somewhat irregular gait, along the stony bed of the torrent that rushes down the Mugnone in the rainy season. He seemed to be amusing himself with picking up pebbles, and now and then chucking them into the water that brawled in a shallow stream along its stony bed. A servant on horseback, holding another horse by the bridle, was waiting his movements upon the road that wound along the banks of the torrent. It was some days afterwards that I discovered that this individual was Lord Byron; but as I, of course, made no conjecture of this at the moment, the poet escaped a regular stare, and I took no further notice of him than was comprised in a glance or two. His occupation of poking among the pebbles recalled to my mind the adventure of the foolish Calandrino on the same spot, so amusingly told by Boccaccio, in his narrative of the tricks of the two wags Bruno and Buffalmacco. I paid this unknown individual the compliment of imagining that he might be somebody quite as foolish as the unlucky wight aforementioned, and though a subsequent discovery showed that a greater than Calandrino was here, yet I am by no means certain that the noble bard, "the great Napoleon of the realms of rhyme," did not practise a search through life after a phantom, to the full as tantalising and fruitless as Calandrino's hunt after the invisible stone:

—"unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst,
Though to the last in verge of his decay,
Some phantom lured, such as he thought at first;
Yet all in vain."

Once or twice after this, I chanced to encounter him on the same route, and heard him characterised by the peasants as a *Milor Inglese*, which appellation, however, they bestow upon any traveling Saunders or Tomkins, who goes a *cavallo* and gives himself airs. I never noticed him in the *Cascine*, which is the regular fashionable drive and promenade, and lies at the opposite extremity of the city: it is an extensive park, and filled every afternoon with crowds of people, particularly of the foreign residents. This, however, was probably the chief reason for his avoiding the spot, in that unsocial humour towards his own countrymen which is so distinguishing a mark in the history of his foreign residence and travels.

As a poet, however, he might be excused for resorting to the environs of the Porta San Gallo rather than to the Cascine, for there are reasons that justify the preference. The Cascine is a level extent of regular artificial walks and alleys, like the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, with a prospect about as circumscribed. The *Contorni* of the Porta San Gallo present a more cheerful diversity of landscape, with variegations of surface, and the most ravishing sunset views of the hill of Fiesole, and the mountains towards the north. The walks, too, in this quarter are little frequented on ordinary occasions, and Byron was "never less alone than when alone."

Having learnt, at length, that the great poet was a dweller in the city, I naturally felt a strong desire of obtaining an introduction to one whose literary fame then pervaded all Europe, and was no less widely extended in the remote hemisphere of the west. But there was no getting access to him—so they said—he was snug as an oyster, and not to be approached without a special letter of introduction. Letters of introduction, I must add, are my abhorrence; I have been something of a traveller, and gone up and down through various sorts of business, and, upon my word, cannot recollect a single instance where a letter of introduction did me any good; at the present day, if I ever take one from a friend whom it would be uncivil to disregard, I commonly light my cigar with it, and introduce myself—I always find it answer; but this *en passant*. Byron, they said, would see no Englishman; I was an Englishman in language, though not in nationality, and imagined his Angliophobia extended no less to Jonathan than to John Bull. At first, therefore, I was led to think it a useless endeavour to seek an interview with the haughty Childe, but was presently informed by an individual somewhat familiar with his habits, that he was not at all shy of the Americans. I therefore lost no time in despatching him a note, soliciting the honour of paying him my respects in person, to which I received a very polite reply, stating that he would be happy to see me to-morrow afternoon. This invitation, I need not say, was punctually complied with.

I was at that time but a youth, and had no object in view in seeking his company beyond the common purposes of a young man on his rambles. Byron too was young; no one foresaw the abrupt termination that cut short his splendid career. Nothing was more distant, therefore, from my thoughts than the project of bringing away and booking his conversation, or the minutæ of his dress, behaviour, habitation, &c., which become objects of so much curious interest to the world after the death of a celebrated man, but which it is not the best taste to obtrude upon the public during his lifetime. My recollections, therefore, of the several matters which occupy this paper, have become a trifle weakened during the space that has intervened between that day and the present; yet the novelty—to me—of the thing, and that strong interest which attaches to every thing connected with so extraordinary a personage, produced so deep and abiding an impression, that the substance, generally, of the conversation that passed between us, remains in my recollection as strongly as ever;

though the language, of course, may not be altogether a literal transcript. Lord Byron lived then in a street in the rear of the church of Santa Maria Annunziata. A large garden at present intervenes between the house he occupied and the Palazzo Ximenes. It is a pleasant and very retired spot, with extensive and delightful views toward the north. He received me with great affability, and began chatting upon all sorts of subjects, asking twenty questions in a breath. I was a good deal surprised at the first sight of him; first, on discovering that he was the person I had seen on a former occasion, and whom, in my fancy, I had set down as a decided nobody—certainly not for a poet;—secondly, on remarking the total difference between the real Byron and all the portraits of him I had ever beheld. The likeness seemed to be drawn from the "Corsair," "Lara," or "Harold," a frowning, supercilious, disdainful thing; but here was an ordinary-looking man, who, if he was not short and thick, was at least shortish and thickish; and whose countenance had good humour to recommend it, but which, in spite of a certain regularity of features, I could not think remarkably handsome. Of his dress I remember but little; only his shirt collar was *not* turned down as in the portraits, and his pantaloons were strapped close over the feet, the lame one drawn up a little out of sight, which I understand was his usual practice.

I began a formal apology for the liberty I had taken with him, and hinted a conjecture that he was already annoyed by too frequent visits, but he cut me short by a laugh, and ran on in a very sarcastic way about the traveling English. I have been strongly induced to believe that the dislike which he affected to feel for his own countrymen was a mere crotchet, whatever his hostility towards individuals might have been. Why write volume after volume to gain the admiration of a people whom he hated or despised? In fact, he no more hated his countrymen in a body, than he hated his title, which, in like manner, he pretended at times to hold in disesteem; but the affectation of singularity gets into wiser heads sometimes than people are aware of. However, be this as it will, I had no reason to complain of any coolness of demeanour in his intercourse with me. "I am extremely partial," said he, "to the Americans; and if I enjoy any reputation among them, I can rely upon it as arising from an unbiassed judgment. They can have, of course, no original predilections for a titled personage, and the praise they bestow upon me must be sincere. I remember reading in the biography of George Frederic Cooke an extract from his journal, wherein he mentioned having seen the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' lying on the table of a public house somewhere in the interior of the United States. This was the first thing that sounded in my ears like real fame." I set this down at the time for a mere compliment, yet, after all, the circumstance, trifling as it was, may have been the foundation of that friendly bias toward the country which displays itself in many passages of his writings. I am aware at the same time that, in some published volume of his conversations, he is reported as saying, that he was never sincere

in his praises of the Americans; but as this assertion, according to the same authority, was uttered in a moment of ill-humour, occasioned by an attack upon him from some American writer, the insincerity is quite as likely to belong to the denial.

Lord Byron conversed with great readiness, but not at all in a sermonizing, bookish way. He skipped from one subject to another, broke off into digressions, left things half said, was often incoherent, sometimes ungrammatical, and now and then, in spite of his readiness at an idea, was at a loss for a word to express a very simple thing. What he uttered was, in a thousand instances, better said than if it had been coolly elaborated by study, yet it was no more than the prompting of the instant. We talked in a rambling style for some time, in the course of which he grew more cheerful than he appeared to be at first. His countenance struck me as susceptible of a great variety of expression, and his smile was in the highest degree engaging, although the habitual expression of his countenance, when not under the excitement of talk, was rather sombre than lively. I complimented him upon his good spirits, in which he allowed I had judged correctly, as he had not for many days felt more cheerful, or rather, as he explained it, less vexed with himself and the world. "Nobody's temper," he added, "is subject to greater ups and downs than mine. I am at times so hippish, that I am unfit for any Christian company; I fear many of my visitors go away with the opinion that I am icy and unsocial, though the truth is, when the fit is off, I am as much a boy as any stripling of eighteen. It is surprising how small an affair will damp my spirits: the merest trifle, if I be in a 'concatenation accordingly,'—the recollection of a thing done with and forgotten a dozen years ago,—a word said by somebody that neither I nor the rest of the world care anything about;—things, in short, not worth mentioning. I have actually laughed at myself," continued he, "when I reflected afterwards that such nothings disturbed me. It is but fair to add, that trifles can sometimes cheer as well as vex me."

"You will go to England, of course," said he to me. "Yes, merry England," replied I. "I know of no such place," returned he; "but as to the England that gave me birth, the people there have the saddest way of being merry that can be imagined." I remarked that he had lived some time among the Italians, and had adopted their notions on the subject: they can imagine no merriment disconnected with sunshine, vineyards, and the open air, and are unable to conceive how a human being can be cheerful amid fog and coal-smoke. "No, no," returned he; "I retain perfectly well the recollection of all I felt when in England. Society," he repeated, "is in an unnatural state in England: mountains of wealth contrasted with the deepest abysses of poverty. The higher classes are an egotistical, vain, frivolous, and degraded set; the middle classes befooled and exhaust themselves in their attempts to ape the higher; and the lower class are miserable. You see I am not blind to the defects of my countrymen; God knows I never flattered them, and they give me no thanks for my honesty. They

hate me *en masse* for telling them homely truths, and for showing them that I despise their cant." "Do you really suppose," asked I, "that manners are more depraved now than they were a century ago?" "Yes," replied he; "and the fact is nowhere more evident than in the prevalence of cant, and that squeamishness in point of language that has gained ground in proportion as real purity of morals has declined. What is gained in language is lost in virtue, and half mankind are shallow enough to be imposed upon by the deception."

He talked of himself and of his personal affairs with a freedom which rather surprised me. But some one has said that in his poetry he "made the world his confidant." In conversation he certainly was not reserved upon many points where ordinary persons would have felt it incumbent upon them to be specially discreet with an acquaintance of recent formation. His sketches of his friends and intimates were drawn with very bold and dashing strokes. I should conjecture, however, that his judgments of individuals were less correct than his opinions of mankind in the abstract; as, in the former case, his impressions were to a considerable extent the result of sudden impulses, while, in the latter, his convictions arose from long and varied observation. He allowed frankly that he was indebted to the hints of others for some of the most esteemed passages in his poetry. "I never," said he, "considered myself interdicted from helping myself to another man's stray ideas. I have Pope to countenance me in this, '*solemne quis dicere falsum audeat*?' Pope was a great hunter up of grains of wheat in bushels of chaff: perhaps I have not been so laborious a searcher, but I have been no more scrupulous than he in making use of whatever fell in my way. Mankind have been writing books so long, that an author may be excused for offering no thoughts absolutely new; we must select, and call that invention. A writer at the present day has hardly any other resource than to take the thoughts of others and cast them into new forms of association and contrast. Plagiarism, to be sure, is branded of old, but it is never held criminal except when done in a clumsy way, like stealing among the Spartans. A good thought is often far better expressed at second hand than at the first utterance. If a rich material has fallen into incompetent hands, it would be the height of injustice to debar a more skilful artisan from taking possession of it and working it up. Commend me to a good pilferer,—you may laugh at it as a paradox, but I assure you the most original writers are the greatest thieves."

The conversation happening to turn upon religion—"People give themselves," said Byron, "a great deal of pains in guessing at my religious belief, if I may judge from the criticisms upon my writings, as well as the anonymous letters sent me;—they pretend to discover so many contradictory sentiments in what I have said, as if they expected me to be settled and distinct in a matter which is clear to nobody. Thousands, I dare say, enquire of one another what my religion is, who have never in their lives thought of asking the same question with regard to themselves. Stop the first man you meet, and put him upon his oath,

a hundred to one that he never took pains to satisfy himself what things he truly and confidently believed, though his professions may be as distinct and literal as creeds and articles can make them. It is one thing to believe a doctrine from full and convincing evidence, and another thing to believe it, because we tell one another so. I am not in good odour with the professedly pious, yet I am a better Christian than nine-tenths of them. Most people consider me, I suppose, as something between a Pagan and a Pyrrhonist; but I am one step in advance of the dubitating Greek, for I believe that pleasure is pleasant, and though every thing is uncertain, yet something must be true. This, to be sure, is a very comprehensive creed; yet it has the merit of being plain and significant, which can be said of few others."

I remarked to him the odd effect with which many points in the manners of the Italians struck me, new as I was to this quarter of the world; in particular, the observation of a lady, on my assuring her that I had as yet formed no *liaison* in the city, who exclaimed, with a stare of incredulity, "What! five days in Florence, and no *amorosa* yet?" "Ah!" said Byron, "these people are no hypocrites, say what you will of the freedom of their manners; there is no cant prevalent here. Go to England, and you will find a laxity of morals as great as in any city of Italy, though it does not strike the eye at first sight, under the ostentatious prudery and icy manners of the people." "But don't you think it best for the public morals in certain cases," said I, "to assume a virtue though we have it not?" "No," said he; "for the consequence must be the common result of all dissimulation: we begin by deceiving others, and we end by deceiving ourselves; so that, in the upshot, we imagine ourselves virtuous, because we have practised telling the world we are so. Just so it has turned out in England. The English imagine themselves the most moral people in the world, and they are only the best satisfied with their own morality."

"I have been in love a great many times," said Byron, "but I always had a low opinion of women!" This remark from such a man as Byron, startled me, and I could not avoid expressing my surprise, adding, "that such a declaration would not be believed by his fair readers." But he persisted in the assertion, and asked me if I thought Raphael had a very exalted notion of the sex, because he painted so many graceful and engaging female figures? "As a proof of his actual taste and discernment in female matters," added Byron, "look at his Fornarina, the idol of his affections, a strapping country hoyden—as fat, coarse, and unsentimental in looks, as one could desire. But, after all, as to women, there is no living with them nor without them."

Dante, he observed, could not have been possessed by any very deep-rooted passion for his Beatrice, inasmuch as he married Gemma Donati within a year after her death. "Dante," said Byron, "is a favourite with me: there are many points in which I resemble him. He was a good *hater*; witness the truculency with which he has cut up his enemies in the 'Divina Commedia.' He was exiled from his home—he never

ceased to remind his countrymen of their failings, and his misfortunes were the cause of his poetical fame; for had he passed his life as a magistrate of Florence, his grand poem never would have been written. Last, though not least, he separated from his wife. I do not know whether it will fall to my lot to die an exile like him, though in my present temper of mind, I feel little inclination to avoid such a fate. The kindest wish that an Arab could express was, 'May you die among your friends.' But the refinements of modern civilisation have put in our mouths the equally fervent ejaculation of, 'Save me from my friends.'"

His countenance fell at these words, and I perceived that thoughts, not the most agreeable, had been stirred up by this part of the conversation. But, in a few moments, he resumed a certain gaiety of manner, and exclaimed, "No matter, *sesa*, let the world slide.' After all, we give ourselves a vast deal of anxiety that turns out to be useless; the greatest error a man can commit is, to think too seriously of the business of human life. The whole is a cheat—a brilliant deception. To fill up a few hours with business, to smile and sigh half a dozen times, and round off the whole with a slumber—is there any thing more than this? I don't know," continued he, "whether I shall live to be very old—most probably I shall not; but I feel curious to know how an old man feels, and I make it a point to question every aged man that falls in my way as to the state of his sensations. They commonly tell me life is not worth enjoying; yet all of them wish to live on, which I account vastly foolish. Young as I am in years, I feel old; and how I shall look upon life twenty years hence, causes me some speculation.' At my age, one would be called in the prime of life; yet my thoughts are sere and yellow. At eighteen the feelings begin to deaden; at twenty-five the sharpest edge of every sensation is decidedly taken off; and at thirty, there is nothing worth living for. The greatest of all living puzzles is, to know for what purpose so strange a being as man was created. The most satisfactory definition of the human species is one which I found in a book the other day. It was this, 'Man may be considered as—a *digestive tube*!' But mind,—the book was a medical one."

"At school," said Byron, "I used to imagine I was thought dull, which mortified me exceedingly; for my own part, I thought myself neither above nor below mediocrity. I was very fond of desultory reading, but went to my task as a task. I remember, however, one occasion on which I was beset by the suspicion, that I had less intellect than the other boys; the thought made me shed tears, but the next day I laughed to think I had been vexed by such an apprehension. I made rhymes, I cannot tell how early; certainly as soon as eight or nine. They were very wretched, of course; but I remembered some of them afterwards, and they were better than I expected. Among other things, I recollect some doggerel in the ballad style, about a sea-fight; for I was possessed at one period with a strong whim to be a sailor, and spent hours in imagining myself an admiral, strutting on the quarter-deck. This was poetry, for it was one of the first movements of

that perpetual inclination of the mind to detach itself from the humdrum scenery of real life, that makes our whole existence a struggle. 'Tis of no use to say what I think of myself now; a great many people pretend to know me much better than I profess to know myself. The judgments men pass upon their own characters are commonly extravagant or preposterous. Dr. Johnson pronounced himself 'a good humoured fellow!' Think of surly Sam pretending to good humour."

Norwithstanding the severe and condemnatory language in which he had indulged in speaking of many individuals of his acquaintance, yet he afterwards reverted to them in a style that showed he felt a sincere regard for them. "Nothing is more false," said he, "than the common notion that friendship is dependent upon similarity of taste and temper. There is *****, one of the few to whom I feel really attached; we agree so little in opinion, that whoever heard our disputes would imagine we were born to be eternal antagonists instead of friends: caprice exists as much in friendship as in love. There are hundreds of men, too, whom I dislike, without knowing the reason why, though I have often had the dislike removed upon subsequent acquaintance. I am a great physiognomist, and cannot help forming a judgment of a man by his countenance. One-half mankind have no particular expression in the face, and in half the others the expression is dubious, but the remainder have speaking features. Sir Walter Scott," he added, "had a dubious face: Fox looked like a Dutch burgomaster."

Byron had always spoken of Scott in the highest terms of commendation, both as a man and as a writer. "Other authors," said he, "have written better than he, but no one has written so much, and written it all so well. What a rich invention is his delineation of character!" I instanced among his defects the imperfect construction of some of the stories, such as their improbability, &c. "The truth is," said Byron, "no story ought to be well constructed, or probable, in the ordinary sense of the word. If you relate only common events, and ascribe actions to such motives only as would produce them in common characters, what materials have you for a romance? The drama is a picture of life, where the objects represented are real, though the grouping is such as the ordinary business of mankind does not exhibit." "What do you think," asked I, "to be the best drawn character in English romance?" "Tom Pipes, by all means," replied his lordship.

Byron had a great fondness for lugubrious subjects, and talked of death in a manner that showed an uncommon tendency of thought that way in a person so young. "I have long been reconciled to the thoughts of dying," said he, which I accounted for by suggesting that an event so far off could excite but little terror. "You mistake," said he; "I contemplate the possibility, and even the probability of an early death, when I make up my mind to welcome it. But there is one thought to which I never could be reconciled, which is that of losing my reason; and the possibility of such a catastrophe late in life makes me willing

to withdraw from the scene at an early hour." These remarks struck me, as I had myself been impressed with the belief that he had a spice of madness in his composition, but never was prepared for the open avowal of such a thing on his part. "Madness, or insanity," he added, "is much more prevalent than people imagine; indeed their notions respecting the nature of it are very loose. There are three stages of it, and it goes by three names—oddity, eccentricity, and insanity. One who differs a little from the rest of the world in his whims, taste, or behaviour, is called odd; he who differs still more is called eccentric; and when this difference passes a certain bound it is termed insanity. All men of genius are a little mad." "Do you think," said I, "that Scott is mad?" He seemed a little puzzled at this, and allowed that few people would call him so, and he might pass for the exception that formed the rule. He then spoke of dreams, and said that he once dreamed of seeing his own ghost. "I was not at all frightened," added he, "but was thrown into a strange puzzle of thought in endeavouring to account for the existence of the ghost independent of myself; which proves that one can reason in a dream. I am not certain I should behave with half so much coolness and discretion were I to encounter a ghost wide awake."

I should before have remarked that this conversation was the result of several visits which I subsequently paid him, as at our first interview he confined himself for the most part to such rambling disjointed chat as might amuse and satisfy a visiter whom possibly he might not encourage to repeat his call. I had not thought of going twice, but as he pressed me to do so in a manner that denoted something beyond a mere formality, I complied, and on that and all future occasions he discoursed with the freedom and openness of an old acquaintance. We were looking from the window into the garden, in the midst of which was a well: a pair of asses were trudging round and round to move the machinery by which the water was raised for irrigating the garden. "A thousand times," said Byron, "I have asked myself whether it may not be possible that the notion of Pythagoras may be true; and, in such a case, would a man change his lot for the worse by transmigrating into the body of one of the asses yonder? What is our life but a round of monotonous occupations and wearisome amusements? and what is the result of all human knowledge and human enquiries but to end where we began? Nay, the ass has the advantage of the man, for he does not think. We talk of man's superiority in the possession of intellect, but the only purpose it serves is to make him wretched."

"Civilisation," he continued, "seems to have done nothing for human happiness: no age so civilised as the present, yet at no time has the condition of mankind been so miserable. Nineteenths of the people you meet will confess that they are weary of their existence, but who ever heard a savage complain that he was unhappy? Even in ancient times there appears to have been a deep-founded belief that he was the happiest or the least miserable who had the least to do with life. We apply the term 'philosophy' to a state

of mind the least affected by pleasant or painful emotions: if this be correct, a stick of wood is the most philosophical thing in the world."

He said a great deal more in praise of savage manners, and affirmed that men had deteriorated in consequence of the improvements, so called, of artificial life, which had created new diseases, new wants, and new sufferings. I dissented from him on one point, and stated a fact I had lately met with in some French writer, which was, that by actual experiment the average strength of a savage was ascertained to be considerably less than the average strength of a civilised man. But, as to the general question respecting the comparative happiness of the two, I thought it not equally clear. I went on to relate to him the instance of an American Indian, who was taken from the woods when an infant, brought up among the whites, educated at college, and made a complete gentleman; but the moment he was left free to follow his own inclinations, went back to the woods, and turned savage again: and of another, who was taken out of the woods young and educated in the city, and subsequently became a play actor; but one night, while on the stage, being informed that some of his tribe had come to the city to visit him, threw aside his robes on the instant, went off with them to the forest, and never returned. Byron listened with great interest to these and many other Indian tales which I related, affirming that they possessed great poetical capabilities to one who was familiar with the scenery. Among other narratives, I related that of Daniel Boone, the backwoodsman of Kentucky, which made a strong impression upon him. He appeared surprised when I informed him that Boone's adventures had been the subject of a long poem in America, and expressed a strong desire to see that and Boone's life, both which I promised to send him from America. To this conversation probably we owe several stanzas of "Don Juan," in which Boone and his savage life are lauded with great earnestness.

"You are very young," said he to me, "and your knowledge of mankind must necessarily be in a great measure strained through books. A great deal of our most useful knowledge must be buffed into us, and that is the chief good you will reap from mixing with society. A great fault in young men is to trust too implicitly to the opinions of others—quite the reverse of what people generally suppose. Trust your own judgment where you have reason to think you possess any, and a man never need be at any loss in settling this point. Never ask any person's advice; I mean exactly what I say. You may ask another for information, because another may be better informed upon a given matter than you; but to ask advice implies that you have no judgment of your own to rely upon; and if you lack the judgment requisite for an undertaking, do not attempt it. Most people," he added, laughing, "think I have little of the character of a Mentor: but the mariner who has been shipwrecked is surely the best qualified to point out the rocks. Perhaps you have left home with the belief that life may be made to glide onward as smoothly as the little stream that flows by your door-stone; but, in the

end, you will discover that this is a rough and turbulent world, and he that does not give blows must take them."

I had not imagined before my acquaintance with him, that Byron had read so much. He was perpetually surprising me by alluding to works which I never should have supposed he had thought of, and this in a manner that left no doubt he had studied attentively, and remembered well. His criticisms upon authors, ancient as well as modern, were, in general, acute and expressive, though I own he now and then put forth strictures that seemed dictated only by the affectation of singularity. "Tacitus," said he, "is praised by every body because he praises nobody"—a remark which might have recommended itself to him by its double quality of antithesis and misanthropy, but which struck me as perfectly just. A certain wealthy personage happening to be mentioned, Byron designated him as a fool: "But, upon second thought," added he, "I must recall that word, for I account no man a fool who knows enough to fill his pockets. Therefore, put money in thy purse." Here he launched out into praises upon wealth, which were reasonable enough as the world goes, but in the mouth of such a man as Byron sounded so oddly, that I could not forbear laughing. He perceived it, and asked if I did not think him serious. I could not deny that I was somewhat incredulous, at which he repeated what he had said, and added that he was grown so worldly-wise, that the saving of the smallest sum gave him a pleasure. To this I replied, "I would not hear your enemy say so." In spite, however, of his averments to the contrary, I still remained in the belief that this miserly feeling was mere pretence; but if such was the fact, he indulged in the humour for a long time, as other persons have remarked the same thing of him. "It is a man's duty, morally, to be rich," said he; "for without riches, what is the weight of his good example or precept in the world? Therefore, put money in thy purse."

Byron, as all accounts have stated, was very irregular in his diet, sometimes eating nothing but fish, sometimes restricting himself to vegetables, and sometimes indulging in every sort of luxury. He remarked to me that he never could settle the point to his satisfaction, as to what was the most proper regimen for him, inasmuch as no course of living that he had adopted had been able to secure him a proper amount of health and spirits. "Shelley," said he, "eats no meat, and maintains that half the ills of mankind arise from their carnivorous practices; yet I cannot say that I feel more than commonly savage after a beef-steak. I once had a strange desire to know how a man feels when starving to death, and went without food four days in the experiment; my ears rung, and I felt a burning sensation in the throat; but these and a faintness were all the discoveries I made. At one time I lived solely on potatoes, for fear of growing fat: but I have since discovered that *embonpoint*, in my case, does not depend either on the quality or quantity of the food swallowed. I am fond of a good dinner, and many of my luckiest thoughts have occurred to me while handling—not the pen, but the knife and fork."

"You are not married, I suppose?" said he to me; to which I replied that I was not. "But I dare say you will marry," continued Byron, "and you will do right. A man should marry by all means, yet I am convinced the greater part of marriages are unhappy; and this is not an opinion which I give as coming from myself, it is that of a very excellent, agreeable, and sensible lady, who married the man of her choice, and has not encountered, ostensibly, any extraordinary misfortune, as loss of health, riches, children, &c. She told me this unreservedly, and I never had any reason to doubt her sincerity. For all this I am convinced a man cannot be truly happy without a wife. It is a strange state of things we live in; a tendency so natural as that of the union of the sexes ought to lead only to the most harmonious results; yet the reverse is the fact: there is certainly something radically wrong in the constitution of society—'the times are out of joint.' It is strange, too, what little real liberty of choice is exercised by those even who marry according to what is thought their own inclinations. Doctor Johnson once proposed to have all matches made by appointment of the Lord Chancellor, affirming that the result would be quite as great an amount of domestic happiness as is produced by the actual system. I believe him. The deceptions which the two sexes play off upon each other bring as many ill-sorted couples into the bands of Hymen as ever could be done by the arbitrary pairings of a legal match-maker. Many a man thinks he marries by choice who only marries by accident: in this respect men have less the advantage of women than is generally supposed."

From the London Quarterly Review.

Pencilings by the Way; First Impressions of Foreign Scenes, Customs, and Manners. By N. P. W. New York, 1835.

"It is extraordinary," says the author, "how universal this feeling seems to be against America. A half hour *incog.* in any mixed company in England, I should think, would satisfy the most rose-coloured doubter on the subject."

This feeling, in which we certainly do not participate, will hardly be diminished, wherever it has hitherto prevailed, by the appearance of these "Pencilings." Mr. N. P. Willis enjoys, we believe, some reputation in his own country as a writer of verses. A volume of his rhymes was lately reprinted here, under the auspices of Mr. Barry Cornwall; but notwithstanding that editor's authority, the contents seemed to us of very slender merit—much upon a par with the young ladies' imitations of Wordsworth, Byron, and Moore, which crowd the gilded pages of our own *Annals*. Mr. Willis's American fame and glory, however, seem to have procured for him a favourable reception in the society of this country; as indeed all Americans, whatever else they may say against us, must admit, that whenever they have any, even the slenderest, pretensions to personal distinction, they are sure of being individually well treated among us; our houses are opened to them, *cateris paribus*, far more freely than

to any other foreigners; and we approve of this on the whole, though we have observed not a few cases in which the results of such liberality were by no means agreeable. In Mr. Willis's case, the result has been, that, while visiting about in London and in our provinces as a young American sonneteer of the most ultra-sentimental delicacy, he was all the time the regular paid correspondent of a New York Journal, in which, week after week, appeared his prose reports of what he saw and heard in British society—these same fifty letters which now lie collected on our table, and which, we greatly fear, will tend to throw obstacles in the path of any American traveller who may happen to honour England with his presence during the next season or two. Mr. Willis's prose is, we willingly admit, better than his verse: it has many obvious faults, especially those of exaggeration and affectation; but it is decidedly clever, and the elements of what might be trained into a really good style are perceptible. He has depicted some of our northern "scenes" in a not unpleasing manner; and his descriptions of "customs and manners" are often amusing—bearing the impress of shrewdness and sagacity, but deriving their power of entertainment chiefly from the lights which they reflect on the customs and manners of the author's own country. For it must be obvious, that when a clever foreigner considers any thing he meets with in our society as deserving of being painted in detail to his own fellow-countrymen, that something was new to himself; and, accordingly, from Mr. Willis's elaborate portraiture of English interiors, we may, at all events, form a fair guess what American breakfasts, and dinners, and table-talk are not; or, at all events—and this we strongly suspect would be nearer the truth of the case—of what these things are not in those circles of American society with which the individual writer had happened to be familiar before he crossed the Atlantic.

We advise our readers to keep this last consideration in view: it would certainly not at all surprise us to hear that many of this person's *discoveries* had been received with a share of ridicule in his own country; that within her limits, had the *élite* of American houses been opened to him as liberally as some of those of the English nobility seem to have been, he might have found many of the features which he has thought so worthy of minute delineation here. We can ourselves bear witness that the *general tone* of the best society of the Old World does not impress all American travellers with the same startling effect of novelty which it appears to have produced on the mind of Mr. Willis. In short, we are apt to consider him as a just representative—not of the American mind and manners generally, but only of the young men of fair education among the busy, middling orders of the mercantile cities; and here again we find nothing to make us recall the notion expressed in a former article, that in our own provincial towns, a diligent observer might very probably discover, at this day, the counterpart of almost every trait which certain English travellers have dwelt upon, as exclusively characteristic of the domestic society of the United States. We can easily fancy

a smart young country attorney, or one of Mr. Joseph Hume's new parliamentary nominees, being affected, much as Mr. Willis was, by a casual inspection of some of those "English customs," which Mr. Willis has thought as strange and foreign as if he had witnessed them in Japan. To such persons, indeed, we are, as is well known, indebted for most of our own late "Novels of Fashionable Life;" and perhaps Mr. Willis may see reason to regret that he had not thrown his materials into that form of composition. A few adulteries, a divorce, and a duel, would have cost him little trouble; and for the rest, it would have only been to *travestie* the names which he has now produced with as little reserve as English voyagers have been used to bestow on those of the kings and dukes of the Guinea coast.

In the course of his wanderings, however, Mr. Willis was fortunate enough to be domesticated for a season in some of the most virtuous as well as refined of our noble circles; and we shall extract, as a more than commonly favourable specimen of his style, some passages from his "Letters written at Gordon Castle, in the autumn of 1834." Our readers will be forcibly reminded of Crabbe's "Learned Boy" staring through Silford Hall at the apron-string of "Madam Johnson;" but mixed with this there are now and then bits of solid, full-grown ignorance and impertinence, worthy of Baron d'Haussez himself;—and over not a few of the paragraphs a varnish of conceited vulgarity, which—call it either Yankee or Birmingham—is far too ludicrous to be seriously offensive. With what feelings the whole may have been perused by the generous lord and lady of the castle themselves, it is no business of ours to conjecture. We repeat that we have selected what seems to us, on the whole, a very favourable specimen of Mr. Willis's manner of description:—

"The immense iron gate surmounted by the Gordon arms, the handsome and spacious stone lodges on either side, the canonically fat porter in white stockings and gay livery, lifting his hat as he swung open the massive portal, all bespoke the entrance to a noble residence. The road within was edged with velvet sward, and rolled to the smoothness of a terrace-walk, the winding avenue lengthened away before, with trees of every variety of foliage; light carriages passed me, driven by ladies or gentlemen bound on their afternoon airing; a groom led up and down two beautiful blood-horses, prancing along, with side-saddles and morocco stirrups, and keepers with hounds and terriers; gentlemen on foot, idling along the walks, and servants in different liveries, hurrying to and fro, betokened a scene of busy gaiety before me. I had hardly noted these various circumstances, before a sudden curve in the road brought the castle into view, a vast stone pile with castellated wings, and in another moment I was at the door, where a dozen lounging and powdered menials were waiting on a party of ladies and gentlemen to their several carriages. It was the moment for the afternoon drive.

"The last phaeton dashed away, and my chaise advanced to the door. A handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress, immediately came to the window, addressed me by name, and informed me that his grace was out deer-shooting, but that my room was prepared, and he was ordered to wait on me. I followed him through a hall lined with statues, deer's horns, and armour, and was ushered into a large chamber, looking out on a

park, extending with its lawns and woods to the edge of the horizon: a more lovely view never feasted human eye.

"'Who is at the castle?' I asked, as the boy busied himself in untrapping my portmanteau. 'Oh, a great many, sir.' He stopped in his occupation, and began counting on his fingers. 'There's Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Claud Hamilton and Lady Harriette Hamilton—(them's his lordship's two step-children, you know, sir)—and the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Sophia Lennox, and Lady Keith, and Lord Mandeville and Lord Aboyne, and Lord Stormont and Lady Stormont, and Lord Morton and Lady Morton, and Lady Alicia, and—and—twenty more, sir.' 'Twenty more lords and ladies?'—'No, sir; that's all the nobility.' 'And you can't remember the names of the others?'—'No, sir.' He was a proper puge: he could not trouble his memory with the names of commoners. 'And how many sit down to dinner?'—'Above thirty, sir, besides the duke and duchess.' 'That will do.' And off tripped my slender gentleman with his laced jacket, giving the fire a terrible stir-up in his way out, and turning back to inform me that the dinner-hour was seven precisely.

"It was a mild, bright afternoon, quite warm for the end of an English September; and with a fire in the room, and a soft sunshine pouring in at the windows, a seat by the open casement was far from disagreeable. I passed the time till the sun set looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks, and small fallow deer grazed near them; the trees were planted, and the distant forest shaped, by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the castle wall, the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets, or a lady with flowing riding-dress and flaunting feather, dashed into sight upon her fleet blood-palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods,—or a boy put his pony to its mettle up the ascent, or a gamekeeper idled into sight, with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels. And all this little world of enjoyment and luxury, and beauty, lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland—a day's journey almost from the possession of any other human being. I never realised so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture.

"The sun set in a blaze of fire among the pointed firs crowning the hills; and by the occasional prance of a horse's feet on the gravel, and the roll of rapid wheels, and now and then a gay laugh and merry voices, the different parties were returning to the castle. Soon after a loud gong sounded through the gallery—the signal to dress; and I left my musing occupation unwillingly to make my toilet for an appearance in a formidable circle of titled aristocrats, not one of whom I had ever seen—the duke himself a stranger to me, except through the kind letter of invitation lying upon the table.

"I was sitting by the fire, imagining forms and faces for the different persons who had been named to me, when there was a knock at the door, and a tall, white-haired gentleman, of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered, with the broad red riband of a duke across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the castle."

We are rather surprised that a man who had traveled largely in Europe, and spent at least one winter in London, should have mistaken a gallant general's well-won red riband for a badge of his hereditary rank. But let Mr. Willis proceed—

way down, he named over ~~the~~ other guests, and prepared me in a measure for the introductions which followed. The drawing-room was crowded like a *soirée*. The duchess, a very tall and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness, received me at the door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately; and the difficult question of precedence being sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room."

We should have supposed Mr. Willis might have observed before this time, that there are and can be no difficulties about precedence, where almost all the company have fixed rank. At New York the affair is no doubt a very troublesome one.

"It was a large and very lofty hall, supported at the ends by marble columns, within which was stationed a band of music, playing delightfully. The walls were lined with full-length family pictures, from old knights in armour to the modern dukes in kilt of the *Gordon plaid* (!); and on the sideboards stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously massive and the most beautiful in workmanship I have ever seen. There were among the vases several large courting-cups, won by the duke's hounds, of exquisite shape and ornament.

"I fell into my place between a gentleman and a very beautiful woman, of perhaps twenty-two, neither of whose names I remembered, though I had but just been introduced. The duke probably anticipated as much, and as I took my seat he called out to me, from the top of the table, that I had upon my right Lady ———, 'the most agreeable woman in Scotland.' It was unnecessary to say that she was the most lovely.

"I have been struck every where in England with the beauty of the higher classes; and as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I had never seen 'heaven's image double-stamped as man and noble' so unequivocally clear. There were two young men and four or five young ladies of rank—and five or six people of more decided personal attractions could scarcely be found: the style of form and face at the same time being of that cast of superiority which goes by the expressive name of 'thoroughbred.' There is a striking difference in this respect between England and the countries of the continent: the *paysans* of France and the *contadini* of Italy being physically far superior to their degenerate masters; while the gentry and nobility of England differ from the peasantry in limb and feature, as the racer differs from the dray-horse, or the greyhound from the cur. The contrast between the manners of English and French gentlemen is quite as striking. The *empressment*, the warmth, the shrug and gesture of the Parisian; and the working eyebrow, dilating or contracting eye and conspirator-like action of the Italian in the most common conversation, are the antipodes of English high-breeding. I should say a North American Indian, in his more dignified phase, approached nearer to the manner of an English nobleman than any other person. The calm repose of person and feature, the self-possession under all circumstances, that incapacity of surprise or *dérèglement*, and that decision about the slightest circumstance, and the apparent certainty that he is acting absolutely *comme il faut*, is equally 'gentlemanlike' and Indianlike. You cannot astonish an English gentleman. If a man goes into a fit at his side, or a servant drops a dish upon his shoulder, or he hears that the house is on fire, he sets down his wine-glass with the same deliberation. He has made up his mind what to do in all possible cases, and he does it. He is cold at a first introduction, and may bow stiffly

it is his manner: and he would think an Englishman out of his senses, who should bow down to his very plate and smile as a Frenchman does on a similar occasion. Rather chilled by this, you are a little astonished when the ladies have left the table, and he closes his chair up to you, to receive an invitation to pass a month with him at his country-house, and to discover that at the very moment he bowed so coldly he was thinking how he should contrive to facilitate your plans for getting to him or seeing the country to advantage on the way.

"The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table, the gentlemen closed up, conversation assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *chasse-cofé* were brought in when the wines began to be circulated more slowly; and at eleven, there was a general move to the drawing-room. Cards, tea, and music filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure, and the gentlemen sat down to supper. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock; and thus ended an evening which I had anticipated as stiff and embarrassing, but which is marked in my tablets as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels. I have described it, and shall describe others minutely—and I hope there is no necessity of reminding any one that my apology for thus disclosing scenes of private life has been already made. Their interest as sketches by an American of the society that most interests Americans, and the distance at which they are published, justify them, I would hope, from any charge of indelicacy."

We can well believe that Mr. Willis has been depicting the sort of society that most interests his countrymen;—

"Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,"

their servile adulation of rank and title—their stupid admiration of processions and levées, and so forth, are leading features in almost all the American books of travels that we have met with—and the same spirit shows itself largely in the present author. But we do not exactly see how the fact of these letters having been first published in a New York newspaper can at all affect the question of delicacy or indelicacy: hitherto, however, we have not quoted any thing very offensive. For some things in the next day's journal we certainly cannot say so much—

"I arose late on the first morning after my arrival at Gordon Castle, and found the large party already assembled about the breakfast-table. I was struck on entering with the different air of the room. The deep windows, opening out upon the park, had the effect of sombre landscapes in oaken frames; the troops of liveried servants, the glitter of plate, the music, that had contributed to the splendour of the scene the night before, were gone; the duke sat laughing at the head of the table, with a newspaper in his hand, dressed in a coarse shooting-jacket and coloured cravat; the duchess was in a plain morning-dress and cap of the simplest character; and the high-born women about the table, whom I had left glittering with jewels and dressed in all the attractions of fashion, appeared with the simplest coiffure and a toilet of studied plainness. The ten or twelve noblemen present were engrossed with their letters or newspapers over tea and toast; and in them, perhaps, the transformation was still greater. The *soigné* man of fashion of the night before, faultless in costume and distinguished in his appearance, in the full force of the term, was enveloped now in a coat of fustian, with a coarse waistcoat of plaid, a gingham cravat, and hob-nailed shoes (for shooting); and in place of the gay hills-

"rity of the supper-table, wore a face of calm indifference, and ate his breakfast and read the paper in a rarely broken silence. *I wondered*, as I looked about me, what would be the impression of *many people in my own country*, could they look in upon that plain party, aware that it was composed of the proudest nobility and the highest fashion of England"!!!

Mr. Willis's astonishment that the duke and his guests did not go a-shooting in red and green ribands, &c. &c., is particularly delightful. We are reminded of the monkish illuminations where kings and queens are represented as lying in bed with their crowns and sceptres—

"Breakfast in England is a confidential and unceremonious hour, and servants are generally dispensed with. This is to me, I confess, an advantage it has over every other meal. I detest eating with twenty tall fellows standing opposite, whose business it is to watch me. The coffee and tea were on the table, with toast, muffins, oat-cakes, marmalades, jellies, fish, and all the paraphernalia of a Scottish breakfast; and on the sideboard stood cold meats for those who liked them, and they were expected to go to it and help themselves. Nothing could be more easy, unceremonious, and affable, than the whole tone of the meal. One after another rose and fell into groups in the windows, or walked up and down the long room, and, with one or two others, I joined the duke at the head of the table, who gave us some interesting particulars of the salmon fisheries of the Spey. The privilege of fishing the river within his lands is bought of him at the pretty sum of eight thousand pounds a-year! A salmon was brought in for me to see, as of remarkable size, which was not more than half the weight of our common American salmon.

"The ladies went off unaccompanied to their walks in the park and other avocations; those bound for the covers joined the gamekeepers, who were waiting with their dogs in the leas at the stables; some paired off to the billiard-room, and I was left with Lord Aberdeen in the breakfast-room alone. The tory ex-minister made a thousand enquiries, with great apparent interest, about America. When secretary for foreign affairs in the Wellington cabinet, he had known Mr. McLane intimately. He said he seldom had been so impressed with a man's honesty and straightforwardness, and never did public business with any one with more pleasure. He admired Mr. McLane, and hoped he enjoyed his friendship. He wished he might return as our minister to England. One such honourable, uncompromising man, *he said*, was worth a score of *practised diplomatists*. He spoke of Gallatin and Rush in the same flattering manner, but recurred continually to Mr. McLane, of whom he could scarce say enough. His politics would not naturally lead him to approve of the administration of General Jackson, but he seemed to admire the president very much as a man."

It is now that we begin to feel how impossible it is for any man to write a book upon this plan without falling into scrapes, which, if he has any fund of sense and feeling, he will repent all the rest of his days. It is fortunate in this particular case, that what Lord Aberdeen said to Mr. Willis might be repeated in print without paining any of the persons his lordship talked of: but what he did say, he said under the impression that the guest of the Duke of Gordon was a gentleman; and there are abundance of passages in Mr. Willis's book which can leave no doubt that, had the noble earl spoken in a different sense, it would not, at all events, have been from any feeling of what was due to his lordship, or to himself, that Mr.

Willis would have hesitated to report the conversation with equal freedom. "We do not doubt that the next paragraph was meant to be the very quintessence of politeness—but we, nevertheless, consider it with unmitigated disgust—

"Lord Aberdeen has the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat of England. It is amusing to see the person who bears such a character!"

We think Mr. Willis should have, at least, informed us where he had picked up his notions of this nobleman's name and character. Does he study the radical newspapers for views of our eminent men, and then *amuse* himself with getting introductions to their country houses, that he may see how far the original corresponds with the caricature?

"He is of the middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride or reserve. With a black coat much worn, and always too large for him; a pair of coarse check trousers very ill made, a waistcoat buttoned up to his throat, and a cravat of the most primitive *négligé*—his aristocracy is certainly not in his dress. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting almost to want of style. He crosses his hands behind him, and balances on his heels: in conversation his voice is low and cold, and he seldom smiles. Yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and an indefinable superiority and high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes' conversation to any shrewd observer. It is only in his manner toward the ladies of the party that he would be immediately distinguishable from men of lower rank."

It is obvious that Mr. Willis considers Lord Aberdeen's personal manners as not less characteristic of *an earl*, than the duke's red riband was yesterday of his still higher station in the peerage.

"The routine of Gordon castle was what each one chose to make it. Between breakfast and lunch the ladies were generally invisible, and the gentlemen rode, or shot, or played billiards, or kept their rooms. At two o'clock, a dish or two of hot game and a profusion of cold meats were set on the small tables in the dining-room, and every body came in for a kind of lounging half meal, which occupied perhaps an hour. Thence all adjourned to the drawing room, under the windows of which were drawn up carriages of all descriptions, with groomes, outriders, footmen, and saddle-horses for gentlemen and ladies. Parties were then made up for driving or riding, and from a pony-chaise to a phaeton and four, there was no class of vehicle which was not at your disposal. In ten minutes the carriages were usually all filled, and away they flew, some to the banks of the Spey or the sea side, some to the drives in the park, and with the delightful consciousness that, speed where you would, the horizon scarce limited the possession of your host, and you were every where at home. The ornamental gates flying open at your approach, miles distant from the castle; the herds of red deer trooping away from the sound of wheels in the silent park; the stately pheasants feeding tamely in the immense preserves; the hares scarce troubling themselves to get out of the length of the whip; the stalking gamekeepers *lifting their hats* in the dark recesses of the forest—there was something in this perpetual reminding of *your privileges*, which, as a novelty, was far from disagreeable. I could not at the time bring myself to feel, what *perhaps would be more poetical and republican*, (!!) that a ride in the wild and unfenced forest of my own country would have been more to my taste."

The next paragraph amused us particularly. The Duchess of Gordon, it seems, in driving Mr. Willis through her park in a pony-chaise, made some enquiries about the trees of the American forests; his commentary is as follows:—

"People in Europe are more curious about the comparison of the natural productions of America with those of England, than about our social and political differences. A man who does not care to know whether the president has destroyed the bank, or the bank the president,—or whether Mrs. Trollope has flattered the Americans or not,—will be very much interested to know if the pine-tree in his park is comparable to the same tree in America; if the same cattle are found there, or the woods stocked with the same game as his own. I would recommend a little study of trees particularly, and of vegetation generally, as valuable knowledge for an American coming abroad. I think there is nothing on which I have been so often questioned."

Notwithstanding all his experience, Mr. Willis cannot understand why English ladies and gentlemen should, in conversing with an American, select topics on which there is no risk of any serious differences of opinion,—or questions which are likely to bring out something like satisfactory information. His vanity, perhaps his national rather than his personal vanity, blinds him. He never suspects that an individual who would not give one fig for *his* opinion about the social differences of England and America—and who would be more likely to judge Mrs. Trollope from observation of Mr. Willis himself than to adopt Mr. Willis's criticisms on that lady's book—might give Mr. Willis full credit for having a pair of good eyes in his head, and being able to tell wherein the trees, cattle, and game of a Scottish domain differed from those of an American forest. This passage, by the way, confirms our suspicion of Mr. Willis's own *cockneyism*: we really had not suspected the existence of any class of American travellers to whom it could be at all needful to point out "a little study of trees" as "valuable knowledge before coming abroad." But what Mr. Willis himself says in the sequel about the "repose" of "high life" might have of itself sufficed to make him scratch this precious paragraph from his tablets. He goes on:—

"The number at the dinner-table of Gordon Castle was seldom less than thirty, but the company was continually varied by departures and arrivals. No sensation was made by either one or the other. A traveling-carriage dashed up to the door, was disburdened of its load, and drove round to the stables, and the question was seldom asked, 'Who is arrived?' You were sure to see at dinner—and an addition of half a dozen to the party made no perceptible difference in any thing. Leave takings were managed in the same quiet way. Adieus were made to the duke and duchess, and to no one else except he happened to encounter the parting guest upon the staircase or were more than a common acquaintance. In short, in every way the *gêne* of life seemed weeded out, and if unhappiness or ennui found its way into the castle, it was introduced in the sufferer's own bosom. For me, I gave myself up to the enjoyment with an abandon I could not resist. With kindness and courtesy in every look, the luxuries and comforts of a regal establishment at my freest disposal; solitude when I pleased, company when I pleased, the whole visible horizon fenced in for the enjoyment of a household, of which

I was a temporary portion, and no enemy except time and the gout, I felt as if I had been spirited into some castle of felicity, and had not come by the royal mail coach at all. The great spell of high life in this country seems to be *repose*. All violent sensations are avoided, as out of taste. In conversation, nothing is so 'odd' (a word, by the way, that in England means every thing disagreeable) as emphasis or startling epithet, or gesture, and in common intercourse nothing so vulgar as any approach to a 'scene.' The high-bred Englishman studies to express himself in the plainest words that will convey his meaning, and is just as simple and calm in describing the death of his friend, and just as technical, so to speak, as in discussing the weather. For all extraordinary admiration the word 'capital' suffices; for all ordinary praise the word 'nice' for all condemnation in morals, manners, or religion, the word 'odd.' To express yourself out of this simple vocabulary is to raise the eyebrows of the whole company at once, and to stamp yourself under-bred or a foreigner. 'This sounds ridiculous, but it is the exponent not only of good breeding but of the true philosophy of social life. The general happiness of a party consists in giving every individual an equal chance, and in wounding no one's self-love. What is called an 'overpowering person' is immediately shunned, for he talks too much, and excites too much attention. In any other country he would be called 'amusing.' He is considered here as a mere monopoliser of the general interest, and his laurels, talk he never so well, shadow the rest of the company. You meet your most intimate friend in society after a long separation, and he gives you his hand as if you had parted at breakfast. If he had expressed all he felt, it would have been a 'scene,' and the repose of the company would have been disturbed."

There is some truth, as well as a great deal of exaggeration, in this little lecture of our *arbitrèr elegantiarum*; but we think his vanity has again deceived him when he proceeds to account for some of (we presume) his own less fortunate experiences in English society, simply on the grounds thus alluded to:—

"You invite a clever man to dine with you, and he enriches his descriptions with new epithets and original words. He is offensive. He eclipses the language of your other guests, and is out of keeping with the received and subdued tone to which the most common intellect rises with ease."

We can conceive of much more offensive things in "a clever man" than either his "new epithets" or his "original words;" and we extremely doubt that—

"The 'unsafeness of Americans' in society, (I quote a phrase I have heard used a thousand times) arises wholly from the American habit of applying high-wrought language to trifles."

He adds,—

"The natural consequence is continual misapprehension, offence is given where none was intended; words that have no meaning are the ground of quarrels, and GENTLEMEN ARE SHY OF US"!!

We hope the explanation may be satisfactory to the shy gentlemen of whom Mr. Willis complains.

Mr. Willis's letters from Edinburgh are singularly barren; and yet he was there at the time of the meeting of those active gastro-patetics who are pleased to call themselves the British Associa-

tion of Science,*—and moreover of what was called the Grey, but was in reality the Brougham, dinner of August, 1834. Our traveler, luckily we believe for all his senses, was not at the dinner, but he went to the "Grey Ball" of the night after:

"Dancing was going on with great spirit when we entered; Lord Grey's statesman-like head was bowing industriously on the platform; Lady Grey and her daughters sat looking on from the same elevated position, and Lord Brougham's ugliest and shrewdest of human faces flitted about through the crowd, good fellow to every body, and followed by all eyes but those of the young. One or two of the Scottish nobility were there; but whigism is not popular among *les hautes volailles*, and the ball, though crowded, was but thinly sprinkled with 'porcelain.'"

We fancy our readers have had enough of this "illustrious stranger;" but we cannot think of concluding without one specimen of his "Life in London;" and we select from a letter which one would naturally expect to be as little offensive as any letter of such a series could well be—viz., that in which Mr. Willis gives the world an account of his first meeting with Mr. Moore. This occurred at a dinner given by the Countess of Blessington to a very small party—all of whom, be it observed, with the single exception of the poetaster, were obviously familiar friends and acquaintance of the poet.

"I was at Lady Blessington's at eight. Moore had not arrived, but the other persons of the party—a Russian count, who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own; a Roman banker, whose dynasty is more powerful than the pope's; a clever English nobleman; and the 'observed of all observers,' Count D'Orsay, stood in the window upon the park, killing, as they might, the melancholy twilight half hour preceding dinner.

"Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman, between his near sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington (of whom he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written), he made his compliments with a gaiety and an ease, combined with a kind of worshiping deference, that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love.

"Dinner was announced; the Russian landed down 'miladi,' and I found myself seated opposite Moore, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is paneled reflecting every motion.

"The soup vanished in the busy silence that befalls it; and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady Blessington led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women of

* The body has since held a successful festival at Dublin, and Bristol is the next point of attraction. There all the talents are to congregate, for the purpose of discussing the comparative anatomy and gastronomic phenomena of *Chelonia Mydas*—(called by the unassociated, *TURTLE*)—and we understand that the corporation of that ancient city, eager to encourage merit, and determined not to be outdone by the Universities, have resolved to confer the degree of Alderman on the most efficient of the performers.

her time. Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws from every person around her his peculiar excellence. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had *diffidence* (?) a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

"Some one remarked that Scott's *Life of Napoleon* was a failure. 'I think little of it,' said Moore; 'but after all it was an embarrassing task, and Scott did what a wise man would do—made as much of his subject as was politic and necessary, and no more.' 'It will not live,' said *some one else*; 'as much because it is a bad book, as because it is the life of an individual.'"

We presume it was nobody but Mr. Willis that could have made this last remark to the author of the *Life of Sheridan*, the *Life of Byron*, and the *Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*. Lady Blessington, no doubt, felt rather awkward; but Mr. Moore turned the corner adroitly and airily:—

"But *what* an individual!" Moore replied. 'Voltaire's life of Charles the Twelfth was the life of an individual; yet that will live and be read as long as there is a book in the world; and what was he to Napoleon?'"

Mr. Moore might have appealed to better things than Voltaire's *Life of Charles the Twelfth*; but let that pass. We much doubt if all the pretty things which we have quoted will so far propitiate Lady Blessington as to make her again admit to her table the animal who has printed what ensues:—

"O'Connell was mentioned. 'He is a powerful creature,' said Moore; 'but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of *thinking on his legs*' is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man. There is an undue admiration for this faculty, and a sway permitted to it, which was always more dangerous to a country than any thing else. Lord Althorp is a wonderful instance of what a man may do *without* talking. There is a general confidence in him—a universal belief in his honesty, which serves him instead. Peel is a fine speaker, but admirable as he had been as an oppositionist, he *failed* when he came to lead the house [!!] O'Connell would be irresistible were it not for the two blots on his character—the contributions in Ireland for his support, and his refusal to give satisfaction to the man he is still coward enough to attack. They may say what they will of dueling; it is the great preserver of the decencies of society. The old school which made a man responsible for his words, was the better. I must confess I think so. Then, in O'Connell's case, he had not made his vow against dueling when Peel challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and Peel went to Dover on his way to France, where they were to meet; and O'Connell pleaded his wife's illness, and *delayed* till the law interfered. Some other Irish patriot, about the same time, refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two—

"Some men with a horror of slaughter,
Improve on the scripture command,
And 'honour their' wife and daughter,
'That their days may be long in the land.'"

The great period of Ireland's glory was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a

pistol in his hand. Grattan's dying advice to his son was, 'Be always ready with the pistol!' Talking of Grattan, is it not wonderful, that with all the agitation in Ireland we have had no such men since his time? Look at the Irish newspapers. The whole country in convulsion—people's lives, fortunes, and religion at stake, and not a gleam of talent from one year's end to the other. [!] It is natural for sparks to be struck out in a time of violence like this—but Ireland, for all that is worth living, is dead! You can scarcely reckon Shiel of the calibre of her spirits of old, and O'Connell, with all his faults, stands 'alone in his glory.'

With this passage we conclude—from it alone the reader will see what is the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Willis as an "unsafe" traveller. The freedoms taken by many preceding writers in describing scenes of social and domestic life, abroad and at home, have often excited pain and disgust. We have not a word to advance in extenuation of such things; but this we must say, that in as far as we are acquainted with either English or American literature, this is the first example of a man creeping into your home, and forthwith printing—accurately or inaccurately, no matter which—before your claret is dry on his lips—unrestrained *table-talk on delicate subjects, and capable of compromising individuals.*

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

(Continued from p. 538.)

I was not yet weaned from the world, but I was fast advancing to that state, when a very smart young quaker came on a visit to Reading. He was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and was soon, as might be expected, an admirer of Susanah, but he received no encouragement. He was an idle person, and passed much of his time sitting in my shop and talking with me, and being much less reserved and unguarded than the generality of the young men of the sect, I gradually became intimate with him. One day, when my assistant was out, he said to me, "Friend Gnou-land, tell me candidly, hast thou ever seen my face before?"

"Not that I can recollect, friend Talbot."

"Then my recollection is better than yours: and now having obtained thy friendship as one of the society, I will remind thee of our former acquaintance. When thou wert Mr. New-land, walking about town with Major Carbonnell, I was Lieutenant Talbot, of the ——— Dragoon Guards."

I was dumb with astonishment, and I stared him in the face.

"Yes," continued he, bursting into laughter, "such is the fact. You have thought, perhaps, that you were the only man of fashion who had ever been transformed into a quaker; now you behold another, so no longer imagine yourself the phoenix of your tribe."

"I do certainly recollect that name," replied I; "but although, as you must be acquainted with my history, it is very easy to conceive why I may have joined the society, yet, upon what grounds you can have so done, is to me inexplicable."

"Newland, it certainly does require explanation; it has been, I assert, my misfortune, and not my fault. Not that I am not happy. On the contrary, I feel that I am now in my proper situation. I ought to have been

born of quaker parents—at all events, I was born a quaker in disposition; but I will come to-morrow early, and then, if you will give your man something to do out of the way, I will tell you my history. I know that you will keep my secret."

The next morning he came, and as soon as we were alone he imparted to me what follows.

"I recollect well, Newland, when you were one of the leaders of fashion. I was then in the Dragoon Guards, and although not very intimate with you, had the honour of a recognition when we met at parties. I cannot help laughing, upon my soul, when I look at us both now; but never mind. I was of course a great deal with my regiment, and at the club. My father, as you may not perhaps be aware, was highly connected, and all the family have been brought up to the army; the question of profession has never been mooted by us, and every Talbot has turned a soldier as naturally as a young duck takes to the water. Well, I entered the army, admired my uniform, and was admired by the young ladies. Before I received my lieutenant's commission, my father, the old gentleman, died, and left me a younger brother's fortune of four hundred per annum; but, as my uncle said, 'It was quite enough for a Talbot, who would push himself forward in his profession, as the Talbots had ever done before him.' I soon found out that my income was not sufficient to enable me to continue in the Guards, and my uncle was very anxious that I should exchange into a regiment on service. I therefore, by purchase, obtained a company in the 23d, ordered out to reduce the French colonies in the West Indies, and I sailed with all the expectation of covering myself with as much glory as the Talbots had done from time immemorial. We landed, and in a short time the bullets and grape were flying in all directions, and then I discovered, what I declare never for a moment came into my head before, to wit—that I had mistaken my profession."

"How do you mean, Talbot?"

"Mean! why, that I was deficient in a certain qualification, which never was before denied to a Talbot—courage."

"And you never knew that before?"

"Never, upon my honour; my mind was always full of courage. In my mind's eye I built castles of feats of bravery, which should eclipse all the Talbots, from him who burnt Joan of Arc, down to the present day. I assure you, that surprised as other people were, no one was more surprised than myself. Our regiment was ordered to advance, and I led on my company, but the bullets flew like hail. I tried to go on, but I could not; at last, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, I fairly took to my heels. I was met by the commanding officer—in fact, I ran right against him. He ordered me back, and I returned to my regiment, not feeling at all afraid. Again I was in the fire, again I resisted the impulse, but it was of no use, and at last, just before the assault took place, I ran away as if the devil was after me. Wasn't it odd?"

"Very odd, indeed," replied I, laughing.

"Yes, but you do not exactly understand why it was odd. You know what philosophers tell you about volition; and that the body is governed by the mind, consequently obeys it; now, you see, in my case, it was exactly reversed. I tell you, that it is a fact, that in mind I am as brave as any man in existence; but I had a cowardly carcass, and what is still worse, it proved the master of my mind, and ran away with it. I had no mind to run away; on the contrary, I wished to have been of the forlorn hope, and had volunteered, but was refused. Surely, if I had not courage I should have avoided such a post of danger. Is it not so?"

"It certainly appears strange that you should volunteer for the forlorn hope, and then run away."

"That's just what I say. I have the soul of the Tal-

bots, but a body which don't belong to the family, and too powerful for the soul."

"So it appears. Well, go on."

"It was go off, instead of going on. I tried again that day to mount the breach, and as the fire was over, I succeeded; but there was a mark against me, and it was intimated that I should have an opportunity of redeeming my character."

"Well?"

"There was a fort to be stormed the next day, and I requested to lead my company in advance. Surely that was no proof of want of courage? Permission was granted. We were warmly received, and I felt that my legs refused to advance; so what did I do?—I tied my sash round my thigh, and telling the men that I was wounded, requested they would carry me to the attack. Surely that was courage?"

"Most undoubtedly so. It was like a Talbot."

"We were at the foot of the breach; when the shot flew about me, I kicked and wrestled so, that the two men who carried me were obliged to let me go, and my rascally body was at liberty. I say unfortunately, for only conceive, if they had carried me wounded up the breach, what an heroic act it would have been considered on my part; but fate decided it otherwise. If I had lain still when they dropped me, I should have done well, but I was anxious to get up the breach, that is, my mind was so bent; but as soon as I got on my legs, confound them if they didn't run away with me! and then I was found half a mile from the fort with a pretended wound. That was enough; I had a hint that the sooner I went home the better. On account of the family I was permitted to sell out, and I then walked the streets as a private gentleman, but no one would speak to me. I argued the point with several, but they were obstinate, and would not be convinced; they said that it was no use talking about being brave, if I ran away."

"They were not philosophers, Talbot."

"No, they could not comprehend how the mind and the body could be at variance. It was no use arguing; they would have it that the movements of the body depended upon the mind, and that I had made a mistake; and that I was a coward in soul as well as body."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, I did nothing! I had a great mind to knock them down, but as I knew my body would not assist me, I thought it better to leave it alone. However, they taunted me so, by calling me fighting Tom, that my uncle shut his door upon me as a disgrace to the family, saying, he wished the first bullet had laid me dead—very kind of him—at last my patience was worn out, and I looked about to find whether there were not some people who did not consider courage as a *sine qua non*. I found that the quakers' tenets were against fighting, and therefore courage could not be necessary, so I have joined them, and I find that, if not a good soldier, I am at all events a very respectable quaker; and now you have the whole of my story—and tell me if you are of my opinion."

"Why, really it's a very difficult point to decide. I never heard such a case of disintegration before. I must think upon it."

"Of course you will not say a word about it, Newland."

"Never fear, I will keep your secret, Talbot. How long have you worn the dress?"

"Oh, more than a year. By the by, what a nice young person that Susannah Temple is. I've a great mind to propose for her."

"But you must first ascertain what your body says to it, Talbot," replied I, sternly. "I allow no one to interfere with me, quaker or not."

"My dear fellow, I beg your pardon, I shall think no more of her," said Talbot, rising up, as he observed that I was in earnest. "I wish you a good morning."

SEPTEMBER, 1835.—76

I leave Reading to-morrow. I will call on you, and say good-b'ye, if I can;" and I saw no more of friend Talbot, whose mind was all courage, but whose body was so renegade.

About a month after this, I heard a sailor with one leg, and a handful of ballads, singing in a most lachrymal tone,

"Why, what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping?
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way"—

"Bless your honour, shy a copper to poor Jack, who's lost his leg in the sarvice. Thanky, your honour," and he continued,

"It's nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping,
But they who can't pity—why I pities they,
Says the captain, says he; I shall never forget it,
Of courage, you know, boys, the true from the sham."

"Back your maintopsail, your worship, for half a minute, and just assist a poor dismantled craft, who has been riddled in the wars. 'Tis a furious lion.' Long life to your honour—In battle so let it."

"'Tis a furious lion, in battle so let it;

But duty appeased—but duty appeased—

"Buy a song, young woman, to sing to your sweetheart, while you sit on his knee in the dog-watch—

"But duty appeased, 'tis the heart of a lamb."

I believe there are few people who do not take a strong interest in the English sailor, particularly in one who has been maimed in the defence of his country. I always have, and as I heard the poor disabled fellow bawling out his ditty, certainly not with a very remarkable voice or execution, I pulled out the drawer behind the counter, and took out some halfpence to give him. When I caught his eye I beckoned to him, and he entered the shop.

"Here, my good fellow," said I, "although a man of peace myself, yet I feel for those who suffer in the wars;" and I put the money to him.

"May your honour never know a banyan day," replied the sailor; "and a sickly season for you, into the bargain."

"Nay, friend, that is not a kind wish to others," replied I.

The sailor fixed his eyes earnestly upon me, as if in astonishment, for until I had answered he had not looked at me particularly.

"What are you looking at?" said I.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed he. "It is—yet it cannot be!"

"Cannot be! what, friend?"

He ran out of the door, and read the name over the shop, and then came in, and sank upon a chair outside of the counter. "Japhet, I have found you at last!" exclaimed he, faintly.

"Good Heaven! who are you?"

He threw off his hat, with false ringlets fastened to the inside of it, and I beheld Timothy. In a moment I sprang over the counter, and was in his arms. "Is it possible," exclaimed I, after a short silence on both sides, "that I find you, Timothy, a disabled sailor?"

"Is it possible, Japhet," replied Timothy, "that I find you a broad-brimmed quaker?"

"Even so, Timothy. I am really and truly one."

"Then you are less disguised than I am," replied Timothy, kicking off his wooden leg, and letting down his own, which had been tied up to his thigh, and concealed in his wide blue trowsers. "I am no more a sailor than you are, Japhet; and since you left me, have never yet seen the salt water, which I talk and sing so much about."

"Then thou hast been deceiving, Timothy, which I regret much."

"Now I do perceive that you are a quaker," replied

Tim; "but do not blame me until you have heard my story. Thank God, I have found you at last. But tell me, Japhet, you will not send me away, will you? If your dress is changed, your heart is not. Pray answer me, before I say anything more. You know I can be useful here."

"Indeed, Timothy, I have often wished for you since I have been here, and it will be your own fault if I part with you. You shall assist me in the shop; but you must dress like me."

"Dress like you! have I not always dressed like you? When we started from Cophagus's, were we not dressed much alike? did we not wear spangled jackets together? did I not wear your livery, and belong to you? I'll put on anything, Japhet—but we must not part again."

"My dear Timothy, I trust we shall not; but I expect my assistant here soon, and do not wish that he should see you in that garb. Go to a small public-house at the farther end of this street, and when you see me pass, come out to me, and we will walk out into the country, and consult together."

"I have put up at a small house not far off, and have some clothes there; I will alter my dress, and meet you. God bless you, Japhet."

Timothy then picked up his ballads, which were scattered on the floor, put up his leg, and putting on his wooden stump, hastened away, after once more silently pressing my hand.

In half an hour my assistant returned, and I desired him to remain in the shop, as I was going out on business. I then walked to the appointed rendezvous, and was soon joined by Tim, who had discarded his sailor's disguise, and was in what is called a shabby genteel sort of dress. After the first renewed greeting, I requested Tim to let me know what had occurred to him since our separation.

"You cannot imagine, Japhet, what my feelings were when I found, by your note, that you had left me. I had perceived how unhappy you had been for a long while, and I was equally distressed, although I knew not the cause. I had no idea until I got your letter, that you had lost all your money; and I felt it more unkind of you to leave me then, than if you had been comfortable and independent. As for looking after you, that I knew would be useless; and I immediately went to Mr. Masterton, to take his advice as to how I should proceed. Mr. Masterton had received your letter, and appeared to be very much annoyed. 'Very foolish boy,' said he, 'but there is nothing that can be done now. He is mad, and that is all that can be said in his excuse. You must do as he tells you, I suppose, and try the best for yourself. I will help you in any way that I can, my poor fellow,' said he, 'so don't cry.' I went back to the house and collected together your papers, which I sealed up. I knew that the house was to be given up in a few days. I sold the furniture, and made the best I could of the remainder of your wardrobe, and other things of value that you had left; indeed, every thing, with the exception of the dressing-case and pistols, which belonged to Major Carbonnell, and I thought you might perhaps some day like to have them."

"How very kind of you, Timothy, to think of me in that way. I shall indeed be glad; but no—what have I to do with pistols or silver dressing-cases now? I must not have them, but still I thank you all the same."

"The furniture and every thing else fetched 430*l.*, after all expenses were paid."

"I am glad of it, Timothy, for your sake; but I am sorry, judging by your present plight, that it appears to have done you but little good."

"Because I did not make use of it, Japhet. What could I do with all that money? I took it to Mr. Masterton, with all your papers, and the dressing-case and pistols:—he has it now ready for you when you ask for

it. He was very kind to me, and offered to do any thing for me; but I resolved to go in search of you. I had more money in my pocket when you went away than I generally have, and with the surplus of what you left for the bills, I had twelve or fourteen pounds. So I wished Mr. Masterton good-b'ye, and have ever since been on my adventures in search of my master."

"Not master, Timothy; say rather of your friend."

"Well, of both if you please, Japhet; and very pretty adventures I have had, I assure you, and some very hair-breadth escapes."

"I think, when we compare notes, mine will be found the most eventful, Timothy; but we can talk of them, and compare notes another time. At present, whom do you think I am residing with?"

"A quaker, I presume."

"You have guessed right so far; but who do you think that quaker is?"

"There I'm at fault."

"Mr. Cophagus."

At this intelligence Timothy gave a leap in the air, turned round on his heel, and tumbled on the grass in a fit of immoderate laughter. "Cophagus!—a quaker!" cried he at last. "Oh! I long to see him. Snuffle, snuffle—broad brims—wide skirts—and so on. Capital!"

"It is very true, Timothy, but you must not mock at the persuasion."

"I did not intend it, Japhet, but there is something to me so ridiculous in the idea. But," continued Timothy, "is it not still stranger, that after having separated so many years, we should all meet again—and that I should find Mr. Cophagus—an apothecary's shop—you dispensing medicines—and I—as I hope to be—carrying them about as I did before. Well, I shall row in the same boat, and I will be a quaker as well as you both."

"Well, we will now return, and I will take you to Mr. Cophagus, who will, I am sure, be glad to see you."

"First, Japhet, let me have some quaker's clothes: I should prefer it."

"You shall have a suit of mine, Timothy, since you wish it; but recollect it is not at all necessary, nor indeed will it be permitted that you enter into the sect without preparatory examination as to your fitness for admission."

I then went to the shop, and sending out the assistant, walked home and took out a coarse suit of clothes, with which I hastened to Timothy. He put them on in the shop, and then walking behind the counter, said, "This is my place, and here I shall remain as long as you do."

"I hope so, Timothy; as for the one who is with me at present, I can easily procure him other employment, and he will not be sorry to go, for he is a married man, and does not like the confinement."

"I have some money," said Timothy, taking out of his old clothes a dirty rag, and producing nearly twenty pounds. "I am well off, you see."

"You are, indeed," replied I.

"Yes, there is nothing like being a sailor with one leg, singing ballads. Do you know, Japhet, that sometimes I have taken more than a pound a day since I have shammed the sailor?"

"Not very honestly, Tim."

"Perhaps not, Japhet; but it is very strange, and yet very true, that when honest I could make nothing, and when I deceived, I have done very well."

I could not help calling to mind that the same had occurred to me during my eventful career; but I had long considered that there was no excuse for dishonesty, and that, in the end, it would only lead to exposure and disgrace. I went home early in the evening to introduce Timothy to Mr. Cophagus, who received him with great kindness, and agreed immediately that he should be with me in the shop. Timothy paid his respects to the

ladies, and then went down with Ephraim, who took him under his protection. In a few days he was as established with us as if he had been living with us for months. I had some trouble, at first, in checking his vivacity and turn for ridicule; but that was gradually effected, and I found him not only a great acquisition, but, as he always was, a cheerful and affectionate companion. I had, during the first days of our meeting, recounted my adventures, and made many enquiries of Timothy relative to my few friends. He told me that from Mr. Masterton he had learnt that Lady de Clare and Fleta had called upon him very much afflicted with the contents of my letter—that Lord Windermear also had been very much vexed and annoyed—that Mr. Masterton had advised him to obtain another situation as a valet, which he had refused, and at the same time told him his intention of searching for me. He had promised Mr. Masterton to let him know if he found me, and then bade him farewell.

"I used to lie in bed, Japhet," continued Timothy, "and think upon the best method of proceeding. At last, I agreed to myself, that to look for you as you looked after your father, would be a wild-goose chase, and that my money would soon be gone; so I reflected whether I might not take up some roving trade which would support me, and at the same time enable me to proceed from place to place. What do you think was my first speculation? Why, I saw a man with a dog harnessed in a little cart, crying dog's meat and cat's meat, and I said to myself, 'Now there's the very thing—there's a profession—I can travel and earn my livelihood.' I entered into conversation with him, as he stopped at a low public-house, treating him to a pot of beer; and having gained all I wanted as to the mysteries of the profession, I called for another pot, and proposed that I should purchase his whole concern, down to his knife and apron. The fellow agreed, and after a good deal of bargaining, I paid him three guineas for the *set out* or *set up*, which you please. He asked me whether I meant to hawk in London or not, and I told him no, that I should travel the country. He advised the western road, as there were more populous towns on it. Well, we had another pot to clench the bargain, and I paid down the money and took possession, quite delighted with my new occupation. Away I went to Brentford, selling a bit here and there by the way, and at last arrived at the very bench where we had sat down together and eaten our meal."

"It is strange that I did the same, and a very unlucky bench it proved to me."

"So it did to me, as you shall hear. I had taken up my quarters at that inn, and for three days had done very well in Brentford. On the third evening I had just come back, it was nearly dusk, and I took my seat on the bench, thinking of you. My dog, rather tired, was lying down before the cart, when all of a sudden I heard a sharp whistle. The dog sprang on his legs immediately and ran off several yards before I could prevent him. The whistle was repeated, and away went the dog and cart like lightning. I ran as fast as I could, but could not overtake him; and I perceived that his old master was running a-head of the dog as hard as he could, and this was the reason why the dog was off. Still I should, I think, have overtaken him, but an old woman coming out of a door with a saucepan to pour the hot water into the gutter, I knocked her down and tumbled right over her down into a cellar without steps. There I was, and before I could climb out again, man, dog, cart, cat's meat and dog's meat, had all vanished, and I have never seen them since. The rascal got clear off, and I was a bankrupt. So much for my first set-up in business."

"You forgot to purchase the *good will* when you made your bargain, Timothy, for the stock in trade."

"Very true, Japhet. However, after receiving a very

fair share of abuse from the old woman, and a plaster of hot greens in my face—for she went supperless to bed, rather than not have her revenge—I walked back to the inn, and sat down in the tap. The two men next to me were hawkers; one carried a large pack of dimities and calicoes, and the other a box full of combs, needles, tapes, scissors, knives, and mock-gold trinkets. I entered into conversation with them, and as I again stood treat, I soon was very intimate. They told me what their profits were, and how they contrived to get on, and I thought for a rambling life it was by no means an unpleasant one; so having obtained all the information I required, I went back to town, took out a hawker's license, for which I paid two guineas, and purchasing at a shop, to which they gave me a direction, a pretty fair quantity of articles in the tape and scissor line, off I set once more on my travels. I took the north road this time, and picked up a very comfortable subsistence selling my goods for a few halfpence here, and a few halfpence there, at the cottages as I passed by; but I soon found out that, without a newspaper, I was not a confirmed hawker, and the more radical the newspaper the better. A newspaper will pay half the expenses of a hawker, if he can read. At every house, particularly every small hedge ale-house, he is received and placed in the best corner of the chimney, and has his board and lodging, with the exception of what he drinks, gratis, if he will pull out the newspaper and read it to those around him who cannot read, particularly if he can explain what is unintelligible. Now I became a great politician, and moreover, a great radical, for such were the politics of all the lower classes. I lived well, slept well, and sold my wares very fast. I did not take more than three shillings in the day, yet as two out of the three were clear profit, I did pretty well. However, a little accident happened which obliged me to change my profession, or at least, the nature of the articles which I dealt in."

"What was that?"

"A mere trifle. I had arrived late at a small ale-house, had put my pack, which was in a painted deal box, on the table in the tap-room, and was very busy, after reading a paragraph in the newspaper, making a fine speech, which I always found was received with great applause, and many shakes of the hand, as a prime good fellow—a speech about community of rights, agrarian division, and the propriety of an equal distribution of property, proving that as we were all born alike, no one had a right to have more property than his neighbour. The people had all gathered around me, applauding violently, when I thought I might as well look after my pack, which had been for some time hidden from my sight by the crowd, when, to my mortification, I found out that my earnest assertions on the propriety of community of property had had such an influence upon some of my listeners, that they had walked off with my pack and its contents. Unfortunately, I had deposited in my boxes all my money, considering it safer there than in my pockets, and had nothing left but about seventeen shillings in silver, which I had received within the last three days. Every one was very sorry, but no one knew any thing about it: and when I challenged the landlord as answerable, he called me a radical blackguard, and turned me out of the door."

"If you had looked a little more after your own property, and interfered less with that of other people, you would have done better, Tim," observed I, laughing.

"Very true; but at all events, I have never been a radical since," replied Tim. "But to go on. I walked off to the nearest town, and I commenced in a more humble way. I purchased a basket, and then, with the remainder of my money, I bought the commonest crockery ware, such as basins, jugs, mugs, and putting them on my head, off I went again upon my new speculation. I wandered about with my crockery, but it was

hard work. I could not reap the profits which I did as a hawker and pedlar. I averaged, however, from ten to twelve shillings a week, and that was about sufficient for my support. I went down into as many kitchens as would have sufficed to have found a dozen mothers, supposing mine to be a cook; but I did not see any one who was at all like me. Sometimes a cook replaced a basin she had broken, by giving me as much meat as had cost her mistress five shillings, and thus avoided a scolding, for an article which was worth only two-pence. At other times a cottager would give me a lodging, and would consider himself rewarded with a mug that only cost me one penny. I was more than three months employed carrying crockery in every direction, and never, during the whole time, ever broke one article, until one day, as I passed through Eton, there was a regular smash of the whole concern."

"Indeed, how was that?"

"I met about a dozen of the Eton boys, and they proposed a cock-shy, as they called it, that is, I was to place my articles on the top of a post, and they were to throw stones at them at a certain distance, paying me a certain sum for each throw. Well, this I thought a very good bargain, so I put up a mug (worth one penny) at one penny a throw. It was knocked down at the second shot, so it was just as well to put the full price upon them at once, they were such remarkable good aimers at any thing. Each boy had a stick, upon which I notched off their throws, and how much they would have to pay when all was over. One article after another was put up on the post until my basket was empty, and then I wanted to settle with them; but as soon as I talked about that, they all burst out into a loud laugh, and took to their heels. I chased them, but one might as well have chased eels. If I got hold of one, the others pulled me behind until he escaped, and at last they were all off, and I had nothing left."

"Not your basket?"

"No, not even that; for while I was busy after some that ran one way, the others kicked my basket before them like a foot ball, until it was fairly out of sight. I had only eight-pence in my pocket, so you perceive, Japhet, how I was going down in the world."

"You were, indeed, Tim."

"Well, I walked away, cursing all the Eton boys and all their tutors, who did not teach them honesty as well as Latin and Greek, and put up at a very humble sort of abode, where they sold small beer, and gave beds at two-pence per night, and I may add, with plenty of fleas in the bargain. 'I here I fell in with some ballad singers and mumpers, who were making very merry, and who asked me what was the matter. I told them how I had been treated, and they laughed at me, but gave me some supper, so I forgave them. An old man, who governed the party, then asked me whether I had any money. I produced my enormous capital of eight-pence. 'Quite enough if you are clever,' said he; 'quite enough—many a man with half that sum has ended in rolling in his carriage. A man with thousands has only the advance of you a few years. You will pay for your lodging, and then spend this sixpence in matches, and hawk them about the town. If you are lucky, it will be a shilling by to-morrow night. Besides, you go down into areas, and sometimes enter a kitchen, when the cook is above stairs. There are plenty of things to be picked up.' 'But I am not dishonest,' said I. 'Well, then, every man to his liking; only if you were, you would ride in your own coach sooner.' 'And suppose I should lose all this, or none will buy my matches, what then?' replied I, 'I shall starve.' 'Starve—no, no—no one starves in this country; all you have to do is to get into jail—committed for a month—you will live better perhaps than you ever did before. I have been in every jail in England, and I know the good ones, for even in

jails there is a great difference. Now the one in this town is one of the best in all England, and I patronise it during the winter.' I was much amused with the discourse of this mumper, who appeared to be one of the merriest old vagabonds in England. I took his advice, bought sixpenny worth of matches, and commenced my new vagrant speculation."

"The first day I picked up three-pence, for one quarter of my stock, and returned to the same place where I had slept the night before, but the fraternity had quit- ted on an expedition. I spent my two-pence in bread and cheese, and paid one penny for my lodging, and again I started the next morning, but I was very unsuccessful; nobody appeared to want matches that day, and after walking, from seven o'clock in the morning to past seven in the evening, without selling one f-r-thing's worth, I sat down at the porch of a chapel, quite tired and worn out. At last I fell asleep, and how do you think I was awake? By a strong sense of suffoca- tion, and up I sprang, coughing, and nearly choked, surrounded with smoke. Some mischievous boys, per- ceiving that I was fast asleep, had set fire to my matches, as I held them in my hand between my legs, and I did not wake until my fingers were severely burnt. There was an end of my speculation in matches, because there was an end of all my capital."

"My poor Timothy, I really feel for you."

"Not at all, my dear Japhet; I never, in all my dis- tress, was sentenced to execution—my miseries were trifles, to be laughed at. However, I felt very misera- ble at the time, and walked off, thinking about the pro- priety of getting into jail as soon as I could, for the beggar had strongly recommended it. I was at the out- skirts of the town, when I perceived two men tussling with one another, and I walked towards them. 'I say,' says one, who appeared to be a constable, 'you must come along with me. Don't you see that there board? All vagrants shall be taken up, and dealt with accord- ing to law.' 'Now may the devil hold you in his claws, you old psalm-singing thief—an't I a sailor—and an't I a vagrant by profession, and all according to law?' 'That won't do,' says the other; 'I commands you in the king's name, to let me take you to prison, and I commands you also, young man,' says he—for I had walked up to them—'I commands you, as a lawful sub- ject, to assist me.' 'What will you give the poor fellow for his trouble?' said the sailor. 'It's his duty, as a lawful subject, and I'll give him nothing; but I'll put him in prison if he don't.' 'Then you old rhinoceros, I'll give him five shillings if he'll help me, and so now he may take his choice.' At all events, thought I, this will turn out lucky one way or the other; but I will support the man who is most generous; so I went up to the constable, who was a burly sort of a fellow, and tripped up his heels, and down he came on the back of his head. You know my old trick, Japhet?"

"Yes; I never know you fail at that."

"Well, the sailor says to me, 'I've a notion you've damaged his upper works, so let us start off, and clap on all sail for the next town. I know where to drop my anchor. Come along with me, and as long as I've a shot in the locker, d—n me if I won't share it with one who has proved a friend in need.' The constable did not come to his senses, he was very much stunned, but we loosened his neckcloth, and left him there, and started off as fast as we could. My new companion, who had a wooden leg, stopped by a gate, and clambered over it. 'We must lose no time,' said he; 'and I may just as well have the benefit of both legs.' So saying, he took off his wooden stump, and let down his real leg, which was fixed up just as you saw mine. I made no comments, but off we set, and at a good round pace gained a village about five miles distant. 'Here we will put up for the night; but they will look for us to-

morrow at day-light, or a little after, therefore we must be starting early. I know the law-beggars well, they won't turn out afore sunrise.' He stopped at a paltry ale-house, where we were admitted, and soon were busy with a much better supper than I had ever imagined they could have produced; but my new friend ordered right and left, with a tone of authority, and every body in the house appeared at his beck and command. After a couple of glasses of grog, we retired to our bed.

"The next morning we started before break of day, on our road to another town, where my companion said the constables would never take the trouble to come after him. On our way he questioned me as to my mode of getting my livelihood, and I narrated how unfortunate I had been. 'One good turn deserves another,' replied the sailor; 'and now I'll set you up in trade. Can you sing? Have you any thing of a voice?' 'I can't say that I have,' replied I. 'I don't mean whether you can sing in tune, or have a good voice, that's no consequence; all I want to know is, have you a good loud one?' 'Loud enough, if that's all.' 'That's all that's requisite; so long as you can make yourself heard—you may then howl like a jackall, or bellow like a mad buffalo, no matter which—as many pay us for to get rid of us, as out of charity; and so long as the money comes, what's the odds? Why, I once knew an old chap, who could only play one tune on the clarinet, and that tune out of all tune, who made his fortune in six or seven streets, for every one gave him money, and told him to go away. When he found out that, he came every morning as regular as clock-work. Now there was one of the streets which was chiefly occupied by music sellers and Italian singers—for them foreigners always herd together—and this tune, 'which the old cow died of,' as the saying is, used to be their horror, and out came the halfpence to send him away. There was a sort of club also in that street, of larking sort of young men, and when they perceived that the others gave the old man money to get rid of his squeaking, they sent him out money, with orders to stay and play to them, so then the others sent out more for him to go away, and between the two, the old fellow brought home more money than all the cadgers and mumpers in the district. Now, if you have a loud voice, I can provide you with all the rest.' 'Do you gain your livelihood by that?' 'To be sure I do; and I can tell you, that of all the trades going, there is none equal to it. You see, my hearty, I have been on board of a man-of-war—not that I'm a sailor, or was ever bred to the sea—but I was shipped as a landsman, and did duty in the waist and after-guard. I know little or nothing of my duty as a seaman, nor was it required in the station I was in, so I never learnt, although I was four years on board; all I learnt was the lingo and slang—and that you must contrive to learn from me. I bolted, and made my way good to Lunnun, but I should soon have been picked up and put on board the tender again, if I hadn't got this wooden stump made, which I now carry in my hand. I had plenty of songs, and I commenced my profession, and a real good un it is, I can tell you. Why, do you know, that a'ter a good victory, I have sometimes picked up as much as two pounds a-day, for weeks running; as it is, I averages from fifteen shillings to a pound. Now, as you helped me away from that land shark, who would soon have found out that I had two legs, and have put me into limbo as an impostor, I will teach you to earn your livelihood after my fashion. You shall work with me until you are fit to start alone, and then there's plenty of room in England for both of us; but mind, never tell any one what you pick up, or every mumper in the island will put on a suit of sailor's clothes, and the thing will be blown upon.' Of course, this was too good an offer to be rejected, and I joyfully acceded. At first, I worked with him as having only one arm, the other being tied

down to my side, and my jacket sleeve hanging loose and empty, and we roared away right and left, so as to bring down a shower of coppers wherever we went. In about three weeks my friend thought I was able to start by myself, and giving me half of the ballads, and five shillings to start with, I shook hands and parted with, next to you, the best friend that I certainly ever had. Ever since I have been crossing the country in every direction, with plenty of money in my pocket, and always with one eye looking sharp out for you. My beautiful voice fortunately attracted your attention, and here I am, and at an end of my history; but if ever I am away from you, and in distress again, depend upon it I shall take to my wooden leg and ballads for support."

Such were the adventures of Timothy, who was metamorphosed into a precise quaker. "I do not like the idea of your taking up a system of deceit, Timothy. It may so happen—for who knows what may occur?—that you may again be thrown upon your own resources. Now would it not be better that you should obtain a more intimate knowledge of the profession which we are now in, which is liberal, and equally profitable? By attention and study you will be able to dispense medicines and make up prescriptions as well as myself, and who knows but that some day you may be the owner of a shop like this?"

"Verily, verily, thy words do savour of much wisdom," replied Tim, in a grave voice; "and I will even so follow thy advice."

I knew that he was mocking me in this reply, but I paid no attention to that; I was satisfied that he consented. I now made him assist me, and under my directions he made up the prescriptions. I explained to him the nature of every medicine; and I made him read many books of physic and surgery. In short, after two or three months I could trust to Timothy as well as if I were in the shop myself; and having an errand boy, I had much more leisure, and I left him in charge after dinner. The business prospered, and I was laying up money. My leisure time, I hardly need say, was spent with Mr. Cophagus and his family, and my attachment to Susannah Temple increased every day. Indeed, both Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus considered that it was to be a match, and often joked with me when Susannah was not present. With respect to Susannah, I could not perceive that I was farther advanced in her affections than after I had known her two months. She was always kind and considerate, evidently interested in my welfare, always checking in me any thing like levity—frank and confiding in her opinions—and charitable to all, as I thought, except to me. But I made no advance that I could perceive. The fact was, that I dared not speak to her as I might have done to another who was not so perfect. And yet she smiled, as I thought, more kindly when I returned than at other times, and never appeared to be tired of my company. If I did sometimes mention the marriage of another, or attentions paid which would, in all probability, end in marriage, it would create no confusion or blushing on her part, she would talk over that subject as composedly as any other. I was puzzled, and I had been fifteen months constantly in her company, and had never dared to tell her that I loved her. But one day Mr. Cophagus brought up the subject when we were alone. He commenced by stating how happy he had been as a married man, that he had given up all hopes of a family, and that he should like to see Susannah Temple, his sister-in-law, well married, that he might leave his property to her children; and then he put the very pertinent question—"Japhet—verily—thou hast done well—good business—money coming in fast—settle, Japhet—marry—have children—and so on. Susannah—nice girl—good wife—pop question—all right—sly puss—won't say no—um—what d'ye say?—and so on." I replied that I was ver-

much attached to Susannah, but that I was afraid that the attachment was not mutual, and therefore hesitated to propose. Cophagus then said that he would make his wife sound his sister, and let me know the result.

This was in the morning just before I was about to walk over to the shop, and I left the house in a state of anxiety and suspense. When I arrived at the shop, I found Tim there as usual; but the colour in his face was heightened as he said to me, "Read this, Japhet," and handed to me the "Reading Mercury." I read an advertisement as follows:—

"If Japhet Newland, who was left at the Foundling Asylum, and afterwards was for some time in London, will call at No. 16, Throgmorton Court, Minorities, he will hear of something very much to his advantage, and will discover that of which he has been so long in search. Should this reach his eye, he is requested to write immediately to the above address, with full particulars of his situation. Should any one who reads this be able to give any information relative to the said J. N., he will be liberally rewarded."

I sank down on the chair. "Merciful Heaven! this can be no mistake—he will discover the object of his search." Timothy, my dear Timothy, I have at last found out my father."

"So I should imagine, my dear Japhet," replied Timothy, "and I trust it will not prove a disappointment."

"They never would be so cruel, Timothy," replied I.

"But still it is evident that Mr. Masterton is concerned in it," observed Timothy.

"Why so?" enquired I.

"How otherwise should it appear in the Reading newspapers? He must have examined the post-mark of my letter."

To explain this, I must remind the reader that Timothy had promised to write to Mr. Masterton when he found me; and he requested my permission shortly after we had met again. I consented to his keeping his word, but restricted him to saying any more than "that he had found me; and that I was well and happy." There was no address in the letter as a clue to Mr. Masterton as to where I might be, and it could only have been from the post-mark that he could have formed any idea. Timothy's surmise was therefore very probable; but I would not believe that Mr. Masterton would consent to the insertion of that portion of the advertisement, if there was no foundation for it.

"What will you do, Japhet?"

"Do," replied I, recovering from my reverie, for the information had again roused up all my dormant feelings—"Do," replied I, "why, I shall set off for town this very morning."

"In that dress, Japhet?"

"I suppose I must," replied I, "for I have no time to procure another;" and all my former ideas of fashion and appearance were roused, and in full activity—my pride recovered its ascendancy.

"Well," replied Timothy, "I hope you will find your father all that you could wish."

"I'm sure of it, Tim—I'm sure of it," replied I; "you must run and take a place in the first coach."

"But you are not going without seeing Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and—Miss Temple," continued Tim, laying an emphasis upon the latter name.

"Of course not," replied I, colouring deeply. "I will go at once. Give me the newspaper, Tim."

I took the newspaper, and hastened to the house of Mr. Cophagus. I found them all three sitting in the breakfast parlour, Mr. Cophagus, as usual, reading, with his spectacles on his nose, and the ladies at work. "What is the matter, friend Japhet?" exclaimed Mr. Cophagus, as I burst into the room, my countenance lighted up with excitement. "Read that, sir!" said I to Mr. Cophagus. Mr. Cophagus read it. "Hum—bad

news—lose Japhet—man of fashion—and so on," said Cophagus, pointing out the paragraph to his wife, as he handed over the paper.

In the mean time I watched the countenance of Susannah—a slight emotion, but instantly checked, was visible at Mr. Cophagus's remark. She then remained quiet until her sister, who had read the paragraph, handed the paper to her. "I give thee joy, Japhet, at the prospect of finding out thy parent," said Mrs. Cophagus. "I trust thou wilt find in him one who is to be esteemed as a man. When departest thou?"

"Immediately," replied I.

"I cannot blame thee—the ties of nature are ever powerful. I trust that thou wilt write to us, and that we soon shall see thee return."

"Yes, yes," said Cophagus, "see father—shake hands—come back—heh!—settle here—and so on."

"I shall not be altogether my own master, perhaps," observed I. "If my father desires that I remain with him, must not I obey? But I know nothing at present. You shall hear from me. Timothy can take my place in the——" I could not bear the idea of the word shop, and I stopped. Susannah, for the first time, looked me earnestly in the face, but she said nothing. Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, who probably had been talking over the subject of our conversation, and thought this a good opportunity to allow me to have an *éclaircissement* with Susannah, left the room, saying they would look after my portmanteau and linen. "Susannah," said I, "you do not appear to rejoice with me."

"Japhet Newland, I will rejoice at every thing which may tend to thy happiness, believe me; but I do not feel assured but that this trial may prove too great, and that thou mayest fall away. Indeed, I perceive even now that thou art excited with new ideas, and visions of pride."

"If I am wrong, forgive me. Susannah, you must know that the whole object of my existence has been to find my father; and now that I have every reason to suppose that my wish is obtained, can you be surprised, or can you blame me, that I long to be pressed in his arms?"

"Nay, Japhet, for that filial feeling I do commend thee; but ask thy own heart, is that the only feeling which now excite thee? Dost thou not expect to find thy father one high in rank and power? Dost thou not anticipate to join once more the world which thou hast quitted, yet still hast sighed for? Dost thou not already feel contempt for thy honest profession:—nay, more, dost thou not only long to cast off the plain attire, and not only the attire, but the sect which in thy adversity thou didst embrace the tenets of? Ask thy own heart, and reply if thou wilt, but I press thee not so to do; for the truth would be painful, and a lie, thou knowest, I do utterly abhor."

I felt that Susannah spoke the truth, and I would not deny it. I sat down by her. "Susannah," said I, "it is not very easy to change at once. I have mixed for years in the world, with you I have been but a few months. I will not deny but that the feelings you have expressed have risen in my heart, but I will try to repress them; at least, for your sake, Susannah, I would try to repress them, for I value your opinion more than that of the whole world. You have the power to do with me as you please:—will you exert that power?"

"Answer me, Japhet," replied Susannah. "The faith which is not built upon a more solid foundation than to win the favour of an erring being like myself is but weak; that power over thee which thou expectest will fix thee in the right path, may soon be lost, and what is then to direct thee? If no purer motives than earthly affection are to be thy stay, most surely thou wilt fall. But no more of this; thou hast a duty to perform, which is to go to thy earthly father, and seek his bless-

ing. Nay more, I would that thou shouldst once more enter into the world; there thou mayest decide. Shouldst thou return to us, thy friends will rejoice, and not one of them will be more joyful than Susannah Temple. Fare thee well, Japhet, mayest thou prove superior to temptation. I will pray for thee—earnestly I will pray for thee, Japhet,” continued Susannah, with a quivering of her lips and broken voice, and she left the room.

I went up stairs, and found that all was ready, and I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, both of whom expressed their hopes that I would not leave them for ever. “Oh, no,” replied I, “I should indeed be base, if I did.” I left them, and with Ephraim following with my portmanteau, I quitted the house. I had gone about twenty yards when I recollected that I had left on the table the newspaper with the direction whom to apply to in the advertisement, and desiring Ephraim to proceed, I returned back. When I entered the parlour, Susannah Temple was resting her face in her hands and weeping bitterly. The opening of the door made her start up; she perceived that it was me, and she turned away. “I beg your pardon, I left the newspaper,” said I, stammering. I was about to throw myself at her feet, declare my sincere affection, and give up all idea of finding my father until we were married, when she, without saying a word, passed quickly by me and hastened out of the room. “She loves me then,” thought I; “thank God:—I will not go yet, I will speak to her first.” I sat down, quite overpowered with contending feelings. The paper was in my hand, the paragraph was again read, and I thought but of my father.

In half an hour I had shaken hands with Timothy and quitted the town of Reading. How I arrived in London, that is to say, what passed or what we passed, I know not; my mind was in such a state of excitement. I hardly know how to express the state that I was in. It was a sort of mental whirling which blinded me—round and round—from my father and the expected meeting, then to Susannah, my departure and her tears—castle building of every description. After the coach stopped, there I remained fixed on the top of it, not aware that we were in London until the coachman asked me whether the spirit did not move me to get down. I recollected myself, and calling a hackney-coach, gave orders to be driven to the Piazza, Covent Garden.

“Piazza, Common Garden,” said the waterman, “why that can’t an ’otel for the like o’ you, master. They’ll torment you to death, them young chaps.”

I had forgotten that I was dressed as a quaker. “Tell the coachman to stop at the first cloth warehouse where they have ready-made cloaks,” said I. The man did so; I went out and purchased a roquelaure, which enveloped my whole person. I then stopped at a hatter’s, and purchased a hat according to the mode. “Now drive to the Piazza,” said I, entering the coach. I know not why, but I was resolved to go to that hotel. It was the one I had stayed at when I first arrived in London, and I wished to see it again. When the hackney coach stopped, I asked the waiter who came out whether he had apartments, and answering me in the affirmative, I followed him, and was shown into the same rooms I had previously occupied. “These will do,” said I, “now let me have something to eat, and send for a good tailor.” The waiter offered to remove my cloak, but I refused, saying that I was cold. He left the room, and I threw myself on the sofa, running over all the scenes which had passed in that room with Carbonnell, Harcourt, and others. My thoughts were broken in upon by the arrival of the tailor. “Stop a moment,” said I, “and let him come in when I ring.” So ashamed was I of my quaker’s dress, that I threw off my coat and waistcoat, and put on my cloak again, before I rang the bell for the tailor to come up. “Mr. —,” said I, “I must

have a suit of clothes ready by to-morrow at ten o’clock.”

“Impossible, sir.”

“Impossible!” said I, “and you pretend to be a fashionable tailor. Leave the room.”

At this peremptory behaviour the tailor imagined that I must be somebody.

“I will do my possible, sir, and if I can only get home in time to start the workmen, I think it may be managed. Of course you are aware of the expense of night work.”

“I am only aware of this, that if I give an order, I am accustomed to have it obeyed; I learned that from my poor friend, Major Carbonnell.”

The tailor bowed low; there was magic in the name, although the man was dead.

“Here have I been masquerading in a quaker’s dress, to please a puritanical young lady, and I am obliged to be off without any other clothes in my portmanteau; so take my measure, and I expect the clothes at ten precisely.” So saying, I threw off my roquelaure, and desired him to proceed. This accomplished, the tradesman took his leave. Shortly afterwards, the door opened, and as I lay wrapped up in my cloak on the sofa, in came the landlord and two waiters, each bearing a dish of my supper. I wished them at the devil; but I was still more surprised when the landlord made a low bow, saying, “Happy to see you returned, Mr. Newland; you’ve been away some time—another grand tour, I presume.”

“Yes, Mr. —, I have had a few adventures since I was last here,” replied I, carelessly, “but I am not very well. You may leave the supper, and if I feel inclined, I will take a little by-and-bye,—no one need wait.”

The landlord and waiter bowed and went out of the room. I turned the key of the door, put on my quaker’s coat, and made a hearty supper, for I had had nothing since breakfast. When I had finished, I returned to the sofa, and I could not help analysing my own conduct. “Alas,” thought I, “Susannah, how rightly did you judge me! I am not away from you more than eighteen hours, and here I am ashamed of the dress which I have so long worn, and been satisfied with, in your society. Truly did you say that I was full of pride, and would joyfully re-enter the world of vanity and vexation.” And I thought of Susannah, and her tears after my supposed departure, and I felt angry and annoyed at my want of strength of mind and my worldly feelings.

I retired early to bed, and did not awake until the next morning. When I rang the bell, the chambermaid brought in my clothes from the tailor’s: I dressed, and I will not deny that I was pleased with the alteration. After breakfast I ordered a coach, and drove to No. 16, Throgmorton Court, Minorics. The house was dirty outside, and the windows had not been cleaned apparently for years, and it was with some difficulty when I went in that I could decipher a tall, haggard-looking man seated at a desk.

“Your pleasure, sir,” said he.

“Am I speaking to the principal?” replied I.

“Yes, sir, my name is Chatfield.”

“I come to you, sir, relative to an advertisement which appeared in the papers. I refer to this,” continued I, putting the newspaper down on the desk, and pointing to the advertisement.

“Oh, yes, very true; can you give us any information?”

“Yes, sir, I can, and the most satisfactory.”

“Then, sir, I am sorry that you have had so much trouble, but you must call at Lincoln’s Inn upon a lawyer of the name of Masterton: the whole affair is now in his hands.”

“Can you, sir, inform me who is the party that is enquiring after this young man?”

"Why, yes; it is a General De Benyon, who has lately returned from the East Indies."

"Good God! is it possible!" thought I; "how strange that my own wild fancy should have settled upon him as my father!"

I hurried away; threw myself into the hackney-coach, and desired the man to drive to Lincoln's Inn. I hastened to Mr. Masterton's rooms: he was fortunately at home, although he stood at the table with his hat and great coat on, ready to go out.

"My dear sir, have you forgotten me?" said I, in a voice choked with emotion, taking his hand and squeezing it with rapture.

"By heavens, you are determined that I shall not forget you for some minutes, at least," exclaimed he, wringing his hand with pain. "Who the devil are you?"

Mr. Masterton could not see without his spectacles, and my subdued voice he had not recognised. He pulled them out, as I made no reply, and fixing them across his nose—"Hah! why yes—it is Japhet, is it not?"

"It is indeed, sir," said I, offering my hand, which he shook warmly.

"Not quite so hard, my dear fellow, this time," said the old lawyer; "I acknowledge your vigour, and that is sufficient. I am very glad to see you, Japhet, I am indeed—you—your scamp—you ungrateful fellow. Sit down—sit down—first help me off with my great coat: I presume the advertisement has brought you into existence again. Well, it's all true; and you have at last found your father, or, rather, he has found you. And what's more strange, you hit upon the right person: that's strange—very strange indeed."

"Where is he, sir?" interrupted I, "where is he—take me to him."

"No, rather be excused," replied Mr. Masterton, "for he is gone to Ireland, so you must wait."

"Wait, sir! oh no—I must follow him."

"That will only do harm; for he is rather a queer sort of old gentleman, and although he acknowledges that he left you as *Japhet*, and has searched for you, yet he is so afraid of somebody else's brat being put upon him that he insists upon most undeniable proofs. Now we cannot trace you from the hospital unless we can find that fellow Cophagus, and we have made every search after him, and no one can tell where he is."

"But I left him but yesterday morning, sir," replied I, "and Timothy as well."

"Good—very good; we must send for him or go to him; besides, he has the packet entrusted to the care of Miss Maitland, to whom he was executor, which proves the marriage of your father. Very strange—very strange, indeed, that you should have hit upon it as you did—almost supernatural. However, all right now, my dear boy, and I congratulate you. Your father is a very strange person: he has lived like a despot among slaves all his life, and will not be thwarted, I can tell you. If you say a word in contradiction, he'll disinherit you: terrible old tiger, I must say. If it had not been for your sake, I should have done with him long ago. He seems to think the world ought to be at his feet. Depend upon it, Japhet, there is no hurry about seeing him; and see him you shall not, until we have every proof of your identity ready to produce to him. I hope you have the bump of veneration strong, Japhet, and plenty of filial duty, or you will be kicked out of the house in a week. D—n me, if he didn't call me an old thief of a lawyer."

"Indeed, sir," replied I laughing; "I must apologise to you for my father's conduct."

"Never mind, Japhet; I don't care about a trifle; but why don't you ask after your friends?"

"I have longed so to do, sir," replied I. "Lord Windermear—"

"Is quite well, and will be most happy to see you."

"Lady de Clare, and her daughter—"

"Lady de Clare has entered into society again, and her daughter, as you call her—your Fleta, *alias* Cecilia de Clare—is the belle of the metropolis. But now, sir, as I have answered all your interrogatories, and satisfied you upon the most essential points, will you favour me with a narrative of your adventures (for adventures I am sure you must have had) since you ran away from us all in that ungrateful manner."

"Most certainly, sir, I will; and, as you say, I have had adventures. But it really will be a long story."

"Then we'll dine here, and pass the evening together—so that's settled."

I dismissed the coach, while Mr. Masterton gave his orders for dinner, and we then turned the key of the door to avoid intrusion, and I commenced. It was nearly dinner time before I had finished my story.

"Well, you really appear to be born for getting into scrapes, and getting out of them again in a miraculous way," observed Mr. Masterton. "Your life would make a novel."

"It would indeed, sir," replied I. "I only hope, like all novels, it will wind up well."

"So do I; but dinner's ready, Japhet, and after dinner we'll talk the matter over again, for there are some points upon which I require some explanation."

We sat down to dinner; and when we had finished, and the table had been cleared, we drew to the fire, with our bottle of wine. Mr. Masterton stirred the fire, called for his slippers, and then crossing his legs over the fender, resumed the subject.

"Japhet, I consider it most fortunate that we have met previous to your introduction to your father. You have so far to congratulate yourself, that your family is undeniably good, there being, as you know, an Irish peerage in it; of which, however, you have no chance, as the present earl has a numerous offspring. You are also fortunate as far as money is concerned, as I have every reason to believe that your father is a very rich man, and of course you are his only child; but I must now prepare you to meet with a very different person than perhaps the fond anticipations of youth may have led you to expect. Your father has no paternal feelings that I can discover; he has wealth, and he wishes to leave it—he has therefore sought you out. But he is despotic, violent, and absurd; the least opposition to his will makes him furious; and, I am sorry to add, that I am afraid that he is very mean. He suffered severely when young from poverty, and his own father was almost as authoritative and unforgiving as himself. And now I will state how it was that you were left at the Asylum when an infant. Your grandfather had procured for your father a commission in the army, and soon afterwards procured him a lieutenancy. He ordered him to marry a young lady of large fortune, whom he had never seen, and sent for him for that purpose. I understand that she was very beautiful; and had your father seen her, it is probable he would have made no objection, but he very foolishly sent a peremptory refusal, for which he was dismissed for ever. In a short time afterwards, your father fell in love with a young lady of great personal attractions, and supposed to possess a large fortune. To deceive her, he pretended to be the heir to the earldom, and, after a hasty courtship, they ran off, and were married. When they compared notes, which they soon did, it was discovered that, on his side, he had nothing but the pay of a subaltern, and on hers, that she had not one shilling. Your father stormed, and called his wife an impostor; she recriminated; and the second morning after the marriage was passed in tears on her side, and oaths and revilings on his. The lady, however, appeared the most sensible party of the two. Their marriage was not known; she

had run away on a pretence to visit a relative, and it was actually supposed, in the country town where she resided, that such was the case. 'Why should we quarrel in this way?' observed she. 'You, Edmund, wished to marry a fortune, and not me—I may plead guilty to the same duplicity. We have made a mistake; but it is not too late. It is supposed that I am on a visit to —, and that you are on furlough for a few days. Did you confide your secret to any of your brother officers?' 'Not one,' muttered your father. 'Well, then, let us part as if nothing had happened, and nobody will be the wiser. We are equally interested in keeping the secret. Is it agreed?' Your father immediately consented. He accompanied your mother to the house at —, where she was expected, and she framed a story for her delay, by having met such a very polite young man. Your father returned to his regiment, and thus did they, like two privateers, who, when they meet and engage, as soon as they find out their mistake, hoist their colours, and sheer off by mutual consent."

"I can't say much for my mother's affection or delicacy," observed I.

"The less you say the better, Japhet; however, that is your father's story. And now to proceed. It appears that about two months afterwards, your father received a letter from your mother, acquainting him that their short intercourse had been productive of certain results, and requesting that he would take the necessary steps to provide for the child, and avoid exposure, or that she would be obliged to confess her marriage. By what means they contrived to avoid exposure until the period of her confinement, I know not, but your father states that the child was born in a house in London, and, by agreement, was instantly put into his hands; that he, with the consent of his wife, left you at the door of the asylum, with the paper and the bank note, from which you received the name of Newland. At the time, he had no idea of reclaiming you himself, but the mother had, for heartless as she appears to have been, yet a mother must feel for her child. Your father's regiment was then ordered out to the East Indies, and he was rapidly promoted for his gallantry and good conduct during the war in the Mysore territory. Once only has he returned home on furlough, and then he did make enquiries after you; not, it appears, with a view of finding you out on his own account, but from a promise which he made your mother."

"My mother! what, have they met since?"

"Yes; your mother went out to India on speculation, passing off as a single girl, and was very well married there, I was going to say; however, she committed a very splendid bigamy."

"Good heavens! how totally destitute of principle!"

"Your father asserts that your mother was a free-thinker, Japhet; her father had made her one; without religion a woman has no stay. Your father was in the up country during the time that your mother arrived, and was married to one of the council at Calcutta. Your father says that they met at a ball at Government House. She was still a very handsome woman, and much admired. When your father recognised her, and was told that she was lately married to the honourable Mr. —, he was quite electrified, and would have quitted the room; but she had perceived him, and walking up to him with the greatest coolness, claimed him as an old acquaintance in England, and afterwards they often met, but she never adverted to what had passed between them, until the time for his departure to England on leave, and she then sent for him, and begged that he would make some enquiries after you, Japhet. He did so, and you know the result. On his return to India, he found that your mother had been carried off by the prevailing pestilence. At that period your father was not rich, but he was then appointed to the chief command in

the Carnatic, and reaped a golden harvest in return for his success and bravery. It appears, as far as I could obtain it from him, that as long as your mother was alive, he felt no interest about you, but her death, and the subsequent wealth which poured upon him, has now induced him to find out an heir, to whom it may be bequeathed.

"Such, Japhet, are the outlines of your father's history; and I must point out that he has no feelings of affection for you at present. The conduct of your mother is ever before him, and if it were not that he wishes an heir, I should almost say that his feelings are those of dislike. You may create an interest in his heart, it is true; and he may be gratified by your personal appearance; but you will have a very difficult task, as you will have to submit to his caprices and fancies; and I am afraid that, to a high spirit like yours, they will be almost unbearable."

"Really, sir, I begin to feel that the fondest anticipations are seldom realised, and almost to wish that I had not been sought for by my father. I was happy and contented, and now I do not see any chance of having to congratulate myself on the change."

"On one or two points I also wish to question you. It appears that you have entered into the sect denominated quakers. Tell me candidly, do you subscribe heartily and sincerely to their doctrines? And, I was going to add, is it your intention to remain with them? I perceive much difficulty in all this."

"The tenets of the sect I certainly do believe to be more in accordance with the Christian religion than any other; and I have no hesitation in asserting, from my knowledge of those who belong to that sect, that they, generally speaking, lead better lives. There are some points connected with their worship, which, at first, I considered ridiculous: the feeling has, however, worn off. As to their quaint manner of speaking, that has been grossly exaggerated. Their dress is a part of their religion."

"Why so, Japhet?"

"I can reply to you in the words of Susannah Temple, when I made the same interrogatory. 'You think the peculiarity of our dress is an outward form which is not required. It was put on to separate us from others, and as a proof that we had discarded vanity. I am aware that it is not a proof of our sincerity; but still the discarding of the dress is a proof of insincerity. We consider, that to admire the person is vain, and our creed is humility. It is therefore an outward and visible sign, that we would act up to those tenets which we profess. It is not all who wear the dress who are quakers in heart or conduct; but we know that when it is put aside, that the tenets of our persuasion are at the same time renounced; therefore do we consider it essential. I do not mean to say but that the heart may be as pure, and the faith continue as steadfast, without such signs outwardly, but it is a part of our creed, and we must not choose, but either reject all or none.'"

"Very well argued by the little quakeress; and now, Japhet, I should like to put another question to you. Are you very much attached to this young puritan?"

"I will not deny but that I am. I love her sincerely."

"Does your love carry you so far, that you would for her sake continue a quaker, and marry her?"

"I have asked myself that question at least a hundred times during the last twenty-four hours, and I cannot decide. If she would dress as others do, and allow me to do the same, I would marry her to-morrow; whether I shall ever make up my mind to adhere to the persuasion, and live and die a quaker for her sake, is quite another matter—but I am afraid not—I am too worldly-minded. The fact is, I am in a very awkward position with respect to her. I have never acknowledged my

affection, or asked for a return; but she knows that I love her, and I know that she loves me."

"Like all vain boys, you flatter yourself."

"I leave you to judge, sir," replied I, repeating to him our parting *tête-à-tête*, and how I had returned, and found her in tears.

"All that certainly is very corroborative evidence; but tell me, Japhet, do you think she loves you well enough to abandon all for your sake?"

"No, nor never will, sir; she is too high-principled, too high-minded. She might suffer greatly, but she never would swerve from what she thought was right."

"She must be a fine character, Japhet, but you will be in a dilemma: indeed, it appears to me, that your troubles are now commencing instead of ending, and that you would have been much happier where you were, than you will be by being again brought out into the world. Your prospect is not over cheerful. You have an awkward father to deal with; you will be under a strong check, I've a notion, and I am afraid you will find that, notwithstanding you will be once more received into society, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"I am afraid you are right, sir," replied I; "but at all events, it will be something gained to be acknowledged to the world by a father of good family, whatever else I may have to submit to. I have been the sport of fortune all my life, and probably she has not yet done playing with me; but it is late, and I will now wish you good night."

"Good night, Japhet; if I have any intelligence, I will let you know. Lady de Clare's address is No. 13 Park Street. You will, of course, go there as soon as you can."

"I will, sir, after I have written my letters to my friends at Reading."

I returned home to reflect upon what Mr. Masterton had told me, and, I must say, that I was not very well pleased with his various information. His account of my mother, although she was no more, distressed me; and from the character which he gave of my father, I felt convinced that my happiness would not be at all increased by my having finally attained the long-desired object of my wishes. Strange to say, I had no sooner discovered my father, but I wished that he had never turned up; and when I compared the peaceful and happy state of existence which I had lately passed, with the prospects of what I had in future to submit to, I bitterly repented that the advertisement had been seen by Timothy; still, on one point I was peculiarly anxious, without hardly daring to anatomise my feelings; it was relative to Cecilia de Clare, and what Mr. Masterton had mentioned in the course of our conversation. The next morning I wrote to Timothy and to Mr. Cophagus, giving them a short detail of what I had been informed of by Mr. Masterton, and expressing a wish, which I then really did feel, that I had never been summoned away from them.

(To be continued.)

FREAK OF NATURE.—A gentleman has brought to our office a pear, taken from a tree of the jargonelle species, in the garden of Mr. Thomas Milton, of Pershore, which presents a very curious instance of the manner in which nature sometimes departs from her usual rules. When the pear was partly grown, a blossom sprung from the eye, and in due time another pear was formed; and from the eye of this last pear another blossom appeared, and produced fruit: so that the pear is literally now *tris juncta in uno*. It has been presented to the Natural History Society, and means will no doubt be taken to preserve it.—*Worcester Journal*.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

EPISTLE TO HORACE SMITH,

FROM ALGIERES.

Dear HORACE, be melted to tears;

For I'm melting with heat as I rhyme;—
Though the name of this place is All-jecrs,
'T is no joke to be caught in its clime.

With a shaver from France who came o'er,
To an African inn I ascend;
I am cast on a barbarous shore,
Where a barber alone is my friend.

Do you ask me the sights and the news
Of this wonderful city to sing?

Alas! my hotel has its muse;
But no muse of the Helicon's spring.

My windows afford me the sight
Of a people all diverse in hue:
They look black, yellow, olive, and white—
Whilst I, in my sorrow, look blue.

Here are groups for the painter to take,
Whose figures jocosely combine,—
The Arab, disguised in his haik,*
And the Frenchman, disguised in his wine.

In his breeches, of petticoat size,
You may say, as the Mussulman goes,
That his garb is a fair compromise
'Twixt a kilt and a pair of small-clothes.

The Mooredresses, shrouded in white,
Save two holes for their eyes that give room,
Seem like corpses in sport or in spite,
That have silyly whipp'd out of the tomb.

The old Jewish dames make me sick:
If I were the Devil, I declare,
Such hags should not mount a broom-stick
In my service, to ride through the air.

But, hipp'd and undined as I am,
My hippogriff's course I must rein;
For the pain of my thirst is no sham,
'Though I'm bawling aloud for Champagne.

Dinner's brought; but their wines have no pith,—
They are flat as the Statutes at Law;
And for all that they bring, my dear Smith,
Would a glass of brown stout they could draw.

O'er each French trashy dish as I band,
My heart feels a patriot's grief;
And the round tears, O England! descend,
When I think on a round of thy beef.

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves
British beer.—Hail! Britannia, hail!
To thy flag on the foam of the waves,
And the foam on thy flagons of ale.

Yet I own, in this hour of my drought,
A dessert has most welcome come;
There are peaches that melt in the mouth,
And grapes blue and big as a plum.

There are melons, too, luscious and great—
But the slices I eat shall be few
For from melons incautiously ate,
Melan-cholic effects might ensue.

"Horrid pun!" you 'll exclaim; but be calm,
Though my letter bears date, as you view,
From the land of the date-bearing palm,
I will palm no more puns upon you.

T. CAMPBELL.

* A mantle worn by the natives.

From the London Spectator.

DR. HOGG'S VISIT TO DAMASCUS AND JERUSALEM.

Within the memory of the present generation a journey to the Holy Land was in reality a *pilgrimage*, to be accomplished with nearly as much difficulty and privation as during the middle ages, so far as regarded Palestine itself. The "march of intellect" in Turkey and in Egypt, the reforms effected both by sultan and pasha, and the influence upon Mahomedan opinion which has been produced by the spread of European commerce, by the great events of the Napoleonic wars, and more lately by the successes of the Russian invasions, have considerably lessened the risks of traveling. For some years past, Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor, with the exception of Damascus, have been accessible to any tourist who could submit to the exertions and inconveniences of traveling in a semi-barbarous country; and many movement-loving persons, both English and foreign, have extended their grand tour from Rome to Jerusalem and the Seven Churches. This was all very well in itself, but, unluckily, they were determined to narrate their adventures to the world without discriminating between the different positions of themselves and their predecessors. A person who tells us something *new* is certain of attention; and, if his information be incomplete or superficial, his readers receive it with every allowance when it has been snatched up at the peril of his life and amidst the *necessary* hurry of a forced journey. But a man who travels rapidly over a beaten ground which is patent to the world at large can see but little which has not been seen already; and his observations not only want the freshness of novelty, but this want is unredeemed in the reader's mind by the peculiar hazard or difficulty of making them.

These remarks have an immediate application to the work before us. Had Dr. Hogg visited a country of which we knew but little, his publication would have been a valuable addition to our books of travels, but the districts he passed through have been lately traversed by several tourists, and, amongst others, by the Rev. Vere Munro; who not only sojourned in the same places, but appears to have devoted a longer time to the examination of their curiosities than the doctor was enabled to bestow. Hence the value of his sketches on the road have been rather deteriorated by the lateness of their appearance; for though the route of each traveller and the circumstances attending it were different, the generic features were the same. For this accidental drawback no blame whatever attaches to Dr. Hogg: his movements appear to have been in a measure regulated by a companion, and his own health required those valetudinarian conveniences which the more robust organisation of his reverend predecessor enabled him to laugh to scorn. These circumstances, however, are matter of regret; for our author possesses a quick and keen perception of character, a terse and animated style, with an occasional felicity of expression that would have enabled him to produce a series of capital sketches of Asiatic life, had time and opportunity been allowed him to study it.

Dr. Hogg introduces himself to the reader as having reached that point of life when a man may be allowed to consider himself as neither old nor young. After some years of successful practice in England, he retired to Naples, to repair the inroads made by laborious exertion on a constitution never robust; and we are happy to learn it has afforded him an agreeable retreat. In April, 1832, an opportunity "presented itself of accompanying an intelligent friend to the East;" and the doctor gladly availed himself of it. Proceeding by sea to Alexandria, they touched at Sicily and Malta in their course, and remained long enough at each to enable our traveller to make some agreeable observations. At Alexandria he saw what there was to be seen; and amongst other curiosities the

ruler of Egypt: he then set sail for Syria, and landed at Tripoli. From this place he crossed Lebanon to Balbec, and thence passed on to Damascus; where he arrived soon after its occupation by the troops of Ibrahim Pasha. His descriptions of this celebrated city and of its inhabitants occupy a considerable portion of his work; and after having exhausted the subjects which his time and means allowed him to investigate, he set off for Jerusalem by way of Sidon, Tyre, and Acre, passing through the district of the Druses, and calling upon Lady Hester Stanhope in his route. At the Holy City he was prevented by illness from instituting many enquiries—a matter of slight importance in a spot which has been so often examined and described. As soon as he was sufficiently convalescent, he returned to Egypt and made a trip up the Nile to the second cataract, of which tour he gives a brief but spirited account in a single chapter.

One object of Dr. Hogg in publishing his travels was to throw a light on the present political condition of the countries through which he passed. His facts, however, are not sufficiently numerous or important to render this a very conspicuous feature in his work, and the conclusions to which they lead have little novelty. The main subjects of his *Visit* are the incidents of traveling, the scenery through which he passes, and the persons he meets. Of his qualifications and manner we have already spoken, but a few extracts will give a better notion than any criticism. Here is a sample of the

DISCIPLINE OF IBRAHIM'S ARMY.

"One evening, at Jaffa, as I returned from a solitary walk on the shore, I remarked, on passing a barrack, an Egyptian soldier, who hastily withdrew from an upper window. In a few moments he reappeared, and with an air indicating rather contemptuous insult than mischievous intention, threw two large stones, which fell at my feet. This outrage I could only resent by a menacing gesture; but resolved to complain to the authorities of so gross a violation of the pasha's promised protection. The consul took up the affair warmly, assuring me that I should obtain justice; for he had himself with much satisfaction lately witnessed the punishment of three soldiers who had been detected trespassing in his garden outside the walls. Accompanied by the consular dragoman, I instantly sought the military commander, was received with attentive civility, coffee and pipes were brought in, and my complaint made with the usual formalities. A serjeant, promptly despatched to ascertain the offender, returned in a few minutes with a procession into the hall. First appeared two athletic men, bearing large sticks, then a soldier, with a countenance evidently disturbed by apprehension. Two others followed, carrying a chain, attached to a pole, and a few stragglers brought up the rear. The process was summary; the dragoman, at my request, explaining to me sentence by sentence what passed. The culprit made his salaam; and in reply to the question why he threw the stones, simply stated that having found them on the floor, he had hurled them from the window without observing that any one was passing below. No further question was asked; but the officer, taking his pipe from his mouth, coolly pronounced, 'Give him fifty.' The soldier, without a word, laid himself on the floor, kicked off his shoes, and in a moment his feet were firmly fixed in a loop made in the chain by the two soldiers who held it. Sleeves were instantly tucked up and the stick raised; but ere it fell I sprang from the divan, and placing myself before the criminal, exclaimed 'La, la!' ('No, no!') waving my hand to arrest the blow. I then desired the dragoman to thank the commandant for his promptitude, to request that the punishment might be remitted, and to assure him that the only object of my appeal was answered; for the soldiers, aware that Frank travellers were protected by the Egyptian government, would now be convinced that they were entitled to re-

companions, highly entertained with no novel a scene, had great difficulty to restrain their mirth. They gladly made their visit as short as was consistent with the customary forms, heartily rejoiced to make their escape without disturbing the gravity of the party by an involuntary laugh."

A HIGHLAND MARTINET.

"The Highlander, wherever he serves, still maintains his ancient national characteristics. Here, as elsewhere, he is distinguished by a lofty, independent bearing, that almost amounts in appearance, but in appearance only, to an insolent insubordination; and he not unfrequently exhibits a somewhat arrogant assumption of knowing exactly his duty, and a dogged determination not to overstep it a single inch."

"This has recently been exemplified in a ludicrous occurrence that took place here. A medical officer not very popular in the regiment observed one day, on quitting the military hospital, that a Highlander on duty did not give him the customary salute. The doctor stood still, looking fiercely at the sentinel, as well to remind him of his neglect as to afford him an opportunity of repairing his remissness. 'What for d'ye look at me?' said Sandy, with an oblique toss of the head and a sarcastic wrinkling of the upper lip and nose. 'You don't know me, perhaps?' replied the outraged Esculapian, 'or don't know your duty?' 'Know ye!' said Sandy with a look of ineffable disdain; 'I know ye weel enou', and know my duty too; and that is to salute the *uniform* of the service; but if folk choose to come here without the regulation cap, they need no' look for the compliment fra' the like o' me.'"

ILLNESS AT SEA IN MAN AND BRUTE.

"The complicated miseries of an illness at sea can only be estimated by those who have unfortunately experienced them. Every portion of space on board is necessarily appropriated to its special use; and this is so nicely calculated, that the wretched sufferer is in every body's way, and thus feels acutely the embarrassment of his involuntary helplessness. The imprisoned inmates of a loaded vessel, ill at ease perhaps themselves, with few external objects to occupy their attention, seem to allow a portion of the ordinary charities of human nature to become dormant. Scarcely a word or look of sympathy is bestowed upon the invalid; 'few and far between' are the enquiries how he fares; and it seems as if the customary restraints of civilised society alone saved him from being trampled upon by every passing foot, or thrown overboard, like any other nuisance."

"I now quite understand the feeling that impels our wretched fowls in the hencoop to harass and drive from their food such of their companions as droop and hang the wing. Rendered furious by the irksomeness of confinement, in a space that hardly allows them to move, their animosity is directed against those deprived, by debility, of the power of self-defence. One of these miserable victims, let out to-day upon deck as a relief from incessant persecution, instantly flew into the sea, as if resolutely bent upon self-destruction. A boat was immediately lowered, our live stock not being abundant; but its apparent design had succeeded so well, that before it could be taken up its sufferings had come to a close."

The author informs us that, since his return, a British commerce has sprung up with Damascus, which he thinks will lead to important results; and in an Appendix he furnishes a short account of the commodities which are imported thither, and the return the Damascenes are enabled to yield. That, under a tolerable government, the inhabitants of Asia Minor would become large consumers of manufactured goods, and producers of many of the most valuable raw commodities, there can be no doubt. But to accomplish this will require time: the

habits of a nation cannot be changed as quickly as their rulers or their forms of government; nor skill and industry substituted at once for awkwardness and sloth. If, however, the prospect of immediate advantage were greater than we believe it to be, we should be unwilling to aim at procuring it by the costly means which Dr. Hogg's suggestions would end in. To him, in his retreat at Naples, eastern interference, followed by an eastern war, might be an agreeable excitement; but those who live in England naturally consider the probable cost of endeavouring to accomplish paper possibilities.

From the Monthly Review.

The Linwoods; or "Sixty Years since" in America. By Miss Sedgwick. London: Churton. 1835.

This is one of the most refined novels we ever read, both in conception and execution. The authoress is deservedly considered the first female writer in this department, that America has produced. She has a deep and tender insight as regards human nature, especially in developing the female heart: indeed "*The Linwoods*" affords a happy proof, that the sex can best describe themselves. But Miss Sedgwick has other superior talents as a novelist, for with all her feminine sympathy, she possesses mighty power, whether she addresses herself to the loftier feelings of our nature or to our intellect. Her patriotism, for example, is pure and exalted, and though it be with silken cords, she yet binds us to her principles irresistibly and pleasureably. In short, when carried along with her in this captive style, it is with a high and perfect love for the writer herself filling the heart, along with the charms of the tale, or the beauty of the characters that appear in it.

The period of American history which she has chosen for her tale, is, as the title intimates, one that must ever possess unparalleled interest to the children of the United States. She has introduced some celebrated names, that are the property of history, such as Washington, La Fayette, Sir Henry Clinton, and some others. But yet it is much more of a domestic than an historical novel; her aim being to exhibit the feeling of the times she speaks of, which necessarily afford a rich field for the painter of picturesque domestic features. In doing so, by the vividness of her imagination, the truth of her colouring, and the tenderness and gracefulness of her sentiments, she has produced a most fascinating, affecting, and even instructive work. The story abounds with heart-stirring events and incidents, and with a finely varied and contrasted array of characters. Eliot Lee is to our heart's delight as a republican—a proper officer under Washington; a young man who has all that is natural in an unsophisticated but cultivated mind, whether as a lamb by the fireside, or a lion in the field. Isabella Linwood is perhaps more of the heroine than he is of the hero, in elevation of mind, strength of principle, and devotedness to duty. But to us Bessie Lee is the most original, as she is the most tender creation in the whole performance. A sweeter, gentler, more innocent, yet more sensitively frail image never appeared to the muse's

eye. Then there is Lady Anne, a spirited, self-complacent, light-hearted, and truth-loving girl, who to some will appear a more natural character. Very many of the passages in which these several personages and many others figure, possess striking power and faithful delineation, in which the writer's own lovely mind is ever conspicuous. But any thing farther from us, than this slight introduction, as respects the current of the story, we should be sorry to offer here, excepting a few scenes, gleaned without connection or much selection, where we find it in our power to do so, from the moderate compass and completion of the pictures. Our first extract regards the departure of the plain, affectionate, but determined Eliot Lee to offer himself as a volunteer to the great republican chief. There is a pathos both melting and humorous in it, that can escape none who are acquainted with homely loves and weaknesses.

"Bessie was sitting beside her brother, her head on his shoulder, and crying as if her heart went out with every sob. The youngest boy, Hal, sat on Eliot's knee, with one arm round his neck, his cheek lying on Bessie's, dropping tear after tear, sighing, and half wondering why it was so.

"The good mother had arrived at that age when grief rather congeals the spirit than melts it. Her lips were compressed, her eyes tearless, and her movements tremulous. She was busying herself in the last offices, doing up parcels, taking last stitches, and performing those services that seem to have been assigned to women as safety valves for their effervescing feelings.

"A neat table was spread with ham, bread, sweetmeats, cakes, and every delicacy the house afforded—all were untasted. Not a word was heard except such broken sentences as 'Come Bessie, I will promise to be good if you will be happy!'

"Eliot, how easy for you—how impossible for me!"

"The sacred scene was now broken in upon by some well-meaning but untimely visitors. Eliot's approaching departure had created a sensation in Westbrook; the good people of that rustic place not having arrived at the refined stage in the progress of society, when emotion and fellow feeling are not expressed, or expressed only by certain conventional forms. First entered Master Hale, with Miss Sally Ryal. Master Hale 'hoped it was no intrusion;' and Miss Sally answered, 'by no means; she had come to lend a helping hand, and not to intrude'—whereupon she bustled about, helped herself and her companion to chairs, and unsettled every body else in the room. Mrs. Lee assumed a more tranquil mien; poor Bessie suppressed her sobs, and withdrew to a window, and Eliot tried to look composed and manly. The children, like springs relieved from a pressure, reverted to their natural state, dashed off their tears, and began whispering among themselves. Miss Sally produced from her work-bag a comforter for Mr. Eliot, of her own knitting, which 'she trusted would keep out the cold and rheumatism;' and she was kindly showing him how to adjust it, when she spied a chain of braided hair around his neck,—'Ah, ha, Mr. Eliot, a love token,' she exclaimed.

"Yes, it is,' said little Fanny, who was watching her proceedings: 'Bessie and I cut locks of hair from all the children's heads and mother's, and braided it for him; and I guess it will warm his bosom more than your comforter will, Miss Sally.'

"Visitors now began to throng. One man in a green old age, who had lost a leg at Bunker's Hill, came hobbling in, and clapping Eliot on the shoulder said, 'This is you, my boy! This is what I wanted to see your father's son a-doing: I'd go too, if the rascals had left me

both my legs. Cheer up, widow, and thank the Lord you've got such a son to offer up to your country—the richer the gift, the better the giver, you know; but I don't wonder you feel kind o' qualmish at the thoughts of losing the lad. Come, Master Hale, can't you say something? A little bit of Greek, or Latin, or 'most any thing, to keep up their spirits, at the last gasp as it were.'

"The good schoolmaster, quite unruffled, proceeded to offer Eliot a time-worn Virgil; and finished by expressing his hopes, that he would imitate Cæsar in maintaining his studies in the camp, and keep the scholar even-handed with the soldier.'

"Eliot charmed the old pedagogue, by assuring him he should be more apt at imitating Cæsar's studies than his soldiership, and himself bestowed Virgil in his portmanteau.

"A good lady now stepped forth, and seeming something scandalised that, as she said, 'no serious truth had been spoken at this peculiar season,' she concluded a technical exhortation by giving Eliot a pair of stockings, into which she had wrought St. Paul's description of the gospel armour. 'The Scripture,' she feared, 'did not often find its way to the camp; and she thought a passage might be blessed, as a single kernel of wheat, even sown among tares, sometimes produced its like.'

"Eliot thanked her, and said, 'it was impossible to have too much of the best thing in the world; but he hoped she would have less solicitude about him, when he assured her that his mother had found place for a pocket Bible in his portmanteau.'

"A meek looking creature now stole up to Mrs. Lee, and putting a roll of closely compressed lint into her hand, said, 'tuck it in with his things, Miss Lee. Don't let it scare you—I trust he will dress other people's wounds, not his own with it.—My! that will come natural to him. It's made from the shirt Mr. Eliot stripped from himself, and tore into bandages for my poor Sam, that time he was scald. Mr. Eliot was a boy then, but he has the same heart now.'

"Mrs. Lee dropped a tear on the lint, as she stowed it away in the closely packed portmanteau.

"There comes crazy Anny!" exclaimed the children; and a woman appeared at the door, scarcely past middle age, carrying in her hand a pole, on which she had tied thirteen strips of cloth of every colour, and stuck them over with white paper stars. Her face was pale and weather-worn and her eye sunken, but brilliant with the wild flashing light that marks insanity. The moment her eye fell on Eliot, her imagination was excited—"Glory to the Lord!" she cried—"glory to the Lord! A leader hath come forth from among my people! Go on, Eliot Lee, and we will gird thee about with the prayers of the widow and the blessings of the childless! This is comfort! But you could not comfort me, Eliot Lee, though you spoke like an angel, that time you was sent to me with the news the boy was shot."—vol. i. p. 115-25.

Eliot is entrusted, in the course of his military service, by Washington, with despatches to Sir Henry Clinton at New York, with the protection, of course, of a flag of truce, and has the honour to dine there with the royalist governor and a number of the British, where he has to submit to a good deal of annoyance, partly from the neglect, and partly from the impertinence of some of the guests. A Major St. Clair chooses to be facetious at the expense of Eliot, in relation to the commissariat department of what was called the rebel army; and after being pestered a good deal by this popinjay of a major, who asks how do you live? Eliot, with a burst of manly pride, answers—

" 'I'll tell you how we live, sir'—the earnest tone of his voice attracted attention—'we live on salt beef, brown bread, and beans, when we can get them; and when we cannot, some of us fast, and some share their horses' messes.'"

" 'Bless me—how annoying!'"

" 'You may possibly have heard, sir,' resumed Eliot, 'of the water that was miraculously sweetened, and of certain bread that came down from Heaven; and we, who live on this nutriment that excites your pity, and feel from day to day our resolution growing bolder and our hopes brighter, we fancy a real presence in the brown bread, and an inspiration in the water that wells up through the green turf of our native land.'"—vol. ii. p. 23.

There is attached to the Linwood family, who, with the exception of a son, are strong royalists, a domestic whose name is Rose, and though a *nigger*, her affections, her judgment, her magnanimity, are of the first order. Miss Sedgwick's representation of her is a fine and hearty assertion of the feelings and rights of Rose's race. Rose was a slave—for slaves at that period were almost the only servants even in the province of New York. Alas! English power, cupidity, and example, were all in favour of the slave market in those days; and what a load of iniquity and cloud of danger have they entailed upon the Americans, who, now that they are free themselves, will not to their fellowmen grant equal rights! Rose was a great favourite, but still she was not free. Favours and gifts of every description were bestowed upon her, and when on one New Year's day, our heroine, Isabella Linwood, then a child of eight summers' growth, presented Rose with a silken dress, and asked, are you not now as happy as any lady in the land;—the other replied—

" 'Happy!' echoed Rose, her countenance changing; 'I may seem so; but since I came to a thinking age, I never have had one happy hour or minute, Miss Belle.'"

" 'Oh Rose, Rose! why not, for pity's sake?'"

" 'I am a slave.'"

" 'Pshaw, Rosy, dear! is that all?—I thought you was in earnest.' She perceived Rose was indeed in earnest; and she added, in an expostulating tone, 'Are not papa and mamma ever so kind to you? and do not Herbert and I love you next best to them?'"

" 'Yes, and that lightens the yoke; but still it is a yoke, and it *galls*. I can be bought and sold like the cattle. I would die to-morrow to be free to-day. Oh, free breath is good—free breath is good!' She uttered this with closed teeth, and tears rolling down her cheeks."

" 'Tears on Rose's cheeks! Isabella could not resist them, and pouring down a shower from her own bright eyes, she exclaimed, 'You shall be free, Rose,' and flew to appeal to her father. Her father kissed her, called her 'the best little girl in the world,' and laughed at her suit."

" 'Rose is a fool,' he said; 'she had reason to complain when she lived with her old mistress, who used to cuff her; but now she *was* free in every thing but the name—far better off than nine-tenths of the people in the world.' This sophistry silenced, but did not satisfy Isabella. The spirit of truth and independence in her own mind responded to the cravings of Rose's, and the thrilling tone in which those words were spoken, 'it is a yoke, and it *galls*,' continued to ring in her ears.'—vol. ii. pp. 36, 37.

Isabella Linwood is a heroine in person, demeanour, sentiment, and genius, with a soul that

aspired to heaven, but that was not above the carking cares of earth. With all her loftiness she was graceful and beautifully feminine, pure in purpose, inflexible in honour. Though of English parentage, her brother was born in America, and had in his early boyhood imbibed the republican sentiments which had for years been taking root before they were dreamed of elsewhere. Herbert Linwood's father, and his sister Isabella, were staunch on the other side—the former pertinaciously so, and making no allowance for opposite opinions. The sister, though she lamented her brother's errors of opinion, as she believed them, admired his consistency; and when he voluntarily left his paternal roof, rather than belie his principles and former professions, he rose wonderfully in her sisterly love. Herbert joins Washington's army, and is afterwards, on a secret visit to New York, taken prisoner. Notwithstanding Sir Harry Clinton's intimacy and friendship for the youth's father, he has to be treated like other prisoners so taken, and the only relief that at first opens is, on condition that he will renounce the republican faith, and join himself to the royal standard. To Isabella, however, the proposed overtures are first of all explained by Jasper Meredith, her lover, who has succeeded in obtaining from Governor Clinton such a relaxation of the young man's condition, and offer of advancement.

" 'You interrupted me, Isabella,' he resumed, when Mrs. Linwood had left the room; 'your wishes always fly over the means to the end—a moment's reflection will show you that your brother's release cannot be unconditional.'"

" 'Well—the conditions are such as in honour can be complied with?—Sir Henry would propose no other.'"

" 'Honour is a conventional term, Isabella.'"

" 'The honour that I mean,' replied Miss Linwood, 'is not conventional, but synonymous with rectitude.'"

" 'Meredith shook his head. He had an instinctive dislike of definitions, as they in scripture, who loved darkness, had to the light. He was fond of enveloping his meaning in shadowy analogies, which, like the moon, often led astray, with a beautiful but imperfect and illusive light.'"

" 'Even rectitude must depend somewhat on position, Isabella,' he replied. 'He who is under the pressure of circumstances, and crowded on every side, cannot, like him who is perfectly free, stand upright and dispose his motions at pleasure.'"

" 'Do not mystify, Jasper, but tell me at once what the conditions are.'"

" 'Isabella's face and voice expressed even more dissatisfaction than her words, and Meredith's reply was in the tone of an injured man.'"

" 'He has empowered me to offer Herbert not only his release, but favour and promotion, provided he will renounce the bad cause to which he has too long adhered, and expiate the sin of rebellion by active service in the royal army.'"

" 'Never, never; never shall Herbert do this!'"

" 'You are hasty, Isabella—hear me. If I convince Herbert that he has erred, why should he not retrieve his error?'"

" 'Ay, Jasper, if you can *convince* him—but mind cannot be convinced at pleasure—we cannot believe as we would—I know it is impossible.'"—vol. ii. pp. 162—167.

Herbert repulses the governor's condition man-

fully, and to his sister's admiration. With exalted resolution she then resolves on appearing personally before Sir Henry, and pleading that her brother may be put on the footing of a prisoner of war, although she knew that it was as being suspected for a spy that he was in the greatest danger.

"It is impossible, my dear girl—you overrate my powers—I am responsible—"

"To God—so are we all, Sir Henry, and happiest are those who have most of such deeds as I ask of you to present at his tribunal. But are you not supreme in these provinces? and may you not exercise mercy without fearing that man shall miscall it?"

"My powers, thanks to my gracious sovereign, are ample; but you have somewhat romantic notions of the mode of using them. I am willing to believe—or rather, he added with a gracious smile, 'to believe that you believe your brother's story to be a true one; but Miss Linwood, this view of the ground must not alter, to speak *en militaire*, our demonstration. We are bound, as I have communicated to you, through our friend Mr. Jasper Meredith—we are bound, by the policy of war, to avail ourselves of the accident, if it be one, that enables us plausibly to impute to Washington an act held dishonourable in all civilised warfare."

"Then, in plain English," said Isabella, with a burst of indignation this time irrepressible, "the policy of war compels you to profess to believe a falsehood, in order to stain a spotless name."

"Sir Henry made no reply, but strided with folded arms up and down the apartment. A glance at his irritated countenance recalled Isabella to herself. 'Forgive me, Sir Henry,' she said, if feeling only that my poor brother is a victim to this horrible 'policy of war,' I have spoken more boldly than was fitting a humble, miserable suitor."

"My dear girl," he said, "pray do not make yourself so unhappy. You know not how much your brother is already indebted to you—if he were not fenced about by such friends, your father on one side, and yourself and your devoted knight on the other—do not blush, my dear young lady—he would have fared much worse than he has, I assure you. He has only to suffer duress with patience—our bark is worse than our bite; and, believe me, the war cannot last much longer."

"And he must remain in prison while the war lasts?"

"Well, my dear Miss Belle, tell me precisely what you want, and what security you can give that my trust will not be abused."

"I want an order from you to Cunningham, directing him to permit my brother to leave the prison in the evening between any hours you shall see fit to assign; and for your security, Sir Henry, I can offer the surest, the word not only of a man of honour, as you have said there are many and uncertain modifications of that principle, but the word of a man bound to you by every tie of gratitude and good faith."

"You have persuaded me, my dear, against my better reason, it may be, but you have persuaded me; and to-morrow, after our cabinet-council, I will send you the order."

"Oh, no—to-night, Sir Henry," urged Isabella, with her characteristic decision, determining to leave nothing to the possible influence of a cabinet council or a treacherous to-morrow; 'to-night, if you would make me completely happy. Here on the table is pen, ink, and paper; and here is a chair—sit down, and write three lines, and I will go home with them, and fall down on my knees, and pray God to bless you for ever and ever.'"

—vol. ii. pp. 304—312.

Bessie Lee, the sensitive, meek, and lovely sister of brave Eliot, loses her heart, but not her honour, to a fascinating, accomplished, but cold and selfish sprig of the English aristocracy, such as at that period were not scarce in America. She becomes perfectly love-crazed, to the shattering of her reason; and in her simplicity, and in observance of what she conceives is not only her duty, but of what will restore her peace of mind, she resolves on finding out the giver of certain love-tokens which she possesses, and delivering them into his own hands. Accordingly she stealthily leaves her mother's rural abode, and on horseback takes the road to New York, where she believes the heartless young man to be, although the journey is long, and the times most unsettled. The termination of her first day's journey is thus told:—

"Bessie's horse fortunately selected the right road; and refreshed by his half hour's rest, he obeyed his mistress's signals to hasten onward. These signals she reiterated from an impression of some indefinite danger pursuing her. By degrees, however, her thoughts reverted to their former channels, and she dwelt no more on her recent alarm than a dreamer does on an escaped precipice. A languor stole over her that prevented her from observing Steady's motions. From a fast trot he had slackened to a walk, and after thus creeping on for a mile or two, he stood stock still."

"Bessie sat for a while as if waiting his pleasure, and then looking at the setting sun, she said, 'Well, Steady, you have done your day's duty, and I'll not be unmerciful to you. I too have a tired feeling,' and she passed her hand over her throbbing temples; 'but Steady, we will not stay here by the road side, for I think there be bad people on this road; and besides, it is better to be alone where only God is.'"

"The country through which Bessie was now passing was rocky, hilly, and wooded, excepting narrow intervals and some few cleared and cultivated slopes. She had just passed a brook, that glided quietly through a very green little meadow on her left, but which, on her right, though screened from sight, sounded its approach as in the glad spirit of its young life it came leaping and dancing down a rocky gorge. Bessie, as it would seem from the instinct of humanity, let down some bars to allow her hungry steed admittance to the meadow, saying as she did so, 'You shall have the green pastures and still waters, Steady, where these home-looking willows are turning up their silvery leaves as if to kiss the parting sunbeams, and the sunflower and the golden rod are still flaunting in their pride, poor things! But I will go on the other side where the trees stand bravely up, to screen and guard me—and the waterfall will sing me to sleep.'"

"She crossed the road and plunged into the wood, and without even a footpath to guide her, she scrambled along the irregular margin of the brook. Sometimes she swung herself round the trunk of a tree by grasping the tough vines encircling it; sometimes, when a bald perpendicular rock projected over the water, she surmounted it, as if the danger of wetting her feet must be avoided at all pains and risks; then a moss-covered rock imbedded in the stream attracting her eye, she would spring on to it, drop her feet into the water, doff her little chip hat and bathe her burning temples in the cool stream; and when she again raised her head, shook back her curls and turned her face heavenward, her eye glowing with preternatural brightness, she might have been mistaken for a wanderer from the celestial sphere gazing homeward. After ascending the stream for about a hundred

yards, she came to a spot which seemed to her excited imagination to have been most graced

'By the sovereign planter, when He formed
All things for man's delightful use.'

and in truth it was a *resting-place* for the troubled spirit, far more difficult to find than a bed of down for the wearied body.

"Here I lay me down to rest," said Bessie, rolling up with her foot a pillow of crisp crimson leaves that had fallen from a young delicate tree, fit emblem of herself, stricken by the first touch of adversity. "But first I will say my prayers, for I think this is one of God's temples." She knelt and murmured forth the broken aspirations of her pure heart, and then laying herself down, she said, "I wish mother and Eliot could see me now—they would be so satisfied!"—vol. ii. pp. 277—282.

Jasper Meredith, now Isabella Linwood's wooer, was the object of the poor crazed one's search; and the two young ladies had been bosom companions. The wanderer at last reaches New York, and meets her female friend. The selfish double lover is brought before them, in the presence of Eliot Lee, Bessie's brave brother, when the following affecting and powerful passages occur.

"Is she mad?" asked Meredith of Isabella. Bessie's ear caught his last word. "Mad!" she repeated, "I think all the world is mad; but I alone am not! I have heard that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Men and angels have been employed to save me from destruction."

"It is idle to stay here to listen to these ravings," said Meredith in a low voice to Miss Linwood; and he was about to make his escape, when Isabella interposed. "Stay for a moment, I entreat you," she said; "she has been very eager to see you, and it is sometimes of use to gratify these humours."

"In the meantime Eliot, his heart burning within him at his sister's being gazed at as a spectacle by that man of all the world from whose eye he would have sheltered her, was persuading her, as he would a wayward child, to leave the apartment. She resisted his importunities with a sort of gentle pity for his blindness, and a perfect assurance that she was guided by light from heaven. "Dear Eliot," she said, "you know not what you ask of me. For this hour my life has been prolonged, my strength miraculously sustained. You have all been assembled here—you Eliot, because a brother should sustain his sister, share her honour, and partake her happiness; Jasper Meredith to receive back those charms and spells by which my too willing spirit was bound; and you, Isabella Linwood, to see how, in my better mind, I yield him to you."

"She took from her bosom a small ivory box, and opening it she said, advancing to Meredith, and showing him a withered rose-bud, "Do you remember this? You plucked it from a little bush that almost dipped its leaves in that cold spring on the hill side. Do you remember? It was a hot summer's afternoon, and you had been reading poetry to me; you said there was a delicate praise in the sweet breath of flowers that suited me; and some silly thing," she said, Jasper, that you should not, of wishing your sister to be free, that you might breathe the incense that you were not at liberty to speak: and then you taught me the Persian language of flowers. I kept this little bud; it faded, but was still sweet. Alas! alas! I cherished it for its Persian meaning." Her reminiscence seemed too vivid—her voice faltered, and her eye fell from its fixed gaze on Meredith; but suddenly her countenance brightened, and she turned to Isabella, who stood by the mantelpiece resting her throbbing head on her

hand, and added, "Take it, Isabella, it is a true symbol to you."

"Eliot for the first time turned his eye from his sister, and even at that moment of anguish a thrill of joy shot through every vein when he saw Isabella take the bud, pull apart its shrivelled leaves, and throw them away from her."

"Do you remember this chain?" she asked, as she opened a bit of paper, and let fall a gold chain over Meredith's arm. He started as if he were stung. "It cannot harm you," she said, faintly smiling, as she noticed his recoiling. "This was the charm." She smoothed the paper envelope. "As often as I looked at it, the feeling with which I first read it shot through my heart—strange, for there does not seem much in it." She murmured the words penciled by Meredith on the envelope,

Can she, who weaves electric chains to bind the heart,
Refuse the golden links that boast no mystic art?

"Oh, well do I remember," she cast up her eyes as one does who is retracing the past, "the night you gave me this; Eliot was in Boston; mother was—I don't remember where, and we had been all the evening sitting in the porch. The honey-suckles and white-roses were in bloom, and the moon shone in through their leaves. It was then you first spoke of your mother in England, and you said much of the happy destiny of those who were not shackled by pride and avarice; and when you went away, you pressed my hand to your heart, and put this little packet in it. Yet (turning to Isabella) 'he never said he loved me. It was only my over-credulous fancy. Take it, Isabella; it belongs to you, who really weave the chain that binds the heart.'"

"Meredith seized the chain as she stretched out her hand, and crushed it under his foot. Bessie looked from him to Isabella, and seemed for a moment puzzled; then said, acquiescingly, "Ah, it's all well; symbols do not make nor change realities. This little brooch," she continued, steadily pursuing her purpose, and taking from the box an old fashioned brooch, in the shape of a forget-me-not, "I think was powerless. What need had I of a forget-me-not, when memory devoured every faculty of my being? No, there was no charm in the forget-me-not; but oh, this little pencil," she took from the box the end of a lead pencil, "with which we copied and scribbled poetry together. How many thoughts has this little instrument unlocked—what feelings has it touched—what affections have hovered over its point, and gone thrilling back through the heart! You must certainly take this, Isabella, for there is yet a wonderful power in this magical little pencil—it can make such revelations."

"Dear Bessie, I have no revelations to make."

"Is my task finished?" asked Meredith.

"Not yet—not quite yet—be patient—patience is a great help; I have found it so. Do you remember this?" She held up before Meredith a tress of her own fair hair, tied with a raven lock of his in a true-love knot. "Ah, Isabella, I know very well it was not maidenly of me to tie this; I knew it then, and I begged it of him with many tears, did I not, Jasper? but I kept it—that was wrong too. Now, Mr. Meredith, you will help me to untie it?"

"Pardon me; I have no skill in such matters."

"Ah, is it easier to tie than to untie a true-love knot? Alas, alas! I have found it so. But you must help me. My head is growing dizzy, and I am so faint here!" She laid her hand on her heart. "It must be parted—dear Isabella, you will help me—you can untie a true-love's knot?"

"I can sever it," said Isabella, with an emphasis that went to the heart of more than one that heard her. She took a pair of scissors from the table, and cut the knot. The black lock fell on the floor; the pretty tress of Bessie's hair curled around her finger:—"I will keep this

for ever, my sweet Bessie,' she said; 'the memorial of innocence, and purity, and much abused trust.'

" 'Oh, I did not mean that—I did not mean that, Isabella. Surely I have not accused him; I told you he never said he loved me. I am not angry with him—you must not be. You cannot be long, if you love him; and surely you do love him.' "—Vol. iii. pp. 136—146.

We might now proceed to some lighter scenes, though of equal beauty and spirit, but enough has been extracted to show that "The Linwoods" is a novel of no ordinary fashion. It never fails in keeping up, besides its natural interest, a fine national warmth of heart, equal, we doubt not, to the hope of the writer, when she says that her aim has been to give her younger American readers a true, if a slight impression of the condition of their country at the most trying period of its existence. Reviewers, and advanced towards the middle age of man, though we may be, we have gone through the work, chapter after chapter, as we would have done twenty years ago.

From the London Quarterly Review.

Ion; a Tragedy. London: 1835. (Privately printed.)

This poem, to which we hazarded an allusion in our last number, has been placed at our disposal; but as the writer persists in not publishing it, we should hardly consider ourselves justified in making it the subject of a minute critical examination. We embrace, however, the opportunity of gratifying our readers with a few specimens of a tragic composition, which, after repeated perusal, we are satisfied must ultimately fix the name of Mr. Talfourd on a very high station in cotemporary literature. We know, indeed, of no work of this class, produced in recent times, which affords more complete evidence of its author's capacity to place himself, if he chose, in the rank of our classical dramatists. He has studied the art thoroughly, and apprehends its resources and its difficulties as nothing but severe meditation can enable any man to do: in what he has attempted he has succeeded admirably; and though he modestly doubts whether he could have adequately fulfilled a harder task, we are persuaded that few who study his piece will participate in that suspicion.

The beautiful "Ion" of Euripides has suggested the name of the hero, and some circumstances of his position at the opening of the scene. Like the "fatherless and motherless" boy of the Greek tragedian, he is a foundling, who has been nursed and reared within a temple, and is now employed in the services of the place; but with these exceptions, and that of a few scattered images, the modern author has taken nothing from that particular play. With the spirit of the high Greek drama, however, his whole mind and manner are deeply imbued; and yet, as *genius* never did nor can display itself without some bearing on the thoughts, and feelings, and tastes of its own age, he has given us a tragedy which, while it must afford peculiar and exquisite delight to the classical scholar, might, we think, with some slight alterations, be produced with extraordinary effect on our own stage; that is to say, supposing us to

be in possession of two or three actors qualified to embody the lofty and graceful conceptions of a true tragic poet.

The object and general plan of "Ion" are thus opened to us in a short preface:—

"The idea of the principal character,—that of a nature essentially pure and disinterested, deriving its strength entirely from goodness and thought, not overcoming evil by the force of will, but escaping it by an insensibility to its approach—vividly conscious of existence and its pleasures, yet willing to lay them down at the call of duty, is scarcely capable of being rendered sufficiently striking in itself, or of being subjected to such agitations as tragedy requires in its heroes. It was necessary, in order to involve such a character in circumstances which might excite terror or grief, or joy, to introduce other machinery than that of passions working naturally within, or events arising from ordinary and probable motives without; as its own elements would not supply the contests of tragic emotion, nor would its sufferings, however accumulated, present a varied or impressive picture. Recourse has therefore been had—not only to the old Grecian notion of destiny, apart from all moral agencies, and to a *prophecy* indicating its purport in reference to the individuals involved in its chain,—but to the idea of *fascination*, as an engine by which *fate* may work its purposes on the innocent mind, and force it into terrible action, most uncongenial to itself, but necessary to the issue. Either perhaps of these aids might have been permitted, if used in accordance with the entire spirit of the piece; but the employment of *both* could not be justified in a drama intended for visual presentation, in which a certain verisimilitude is essential to the faith of the spectator. Whether any groups surrounded with the associations of the Greek mythology, and subjected to the capricious laws of Greek superstition, could be endowed by genius itself with such present life as to awaken the sympathies of an English audience, may well be doubted; but it cannot be questioned that, except by sustaining a stern unity of purpose, and breathing an atmosphere of Grecian sentiment over the whole, so as to render the picture national and coherent in all its traits, the effect must be unsatisfactory and unreal. Conscious of my inability to produce a work thus justified to the imagination by its own completeness and power, I have not attempted it; but have sought, out of mere weakness, for 'fate and metaphysical aid' to 'crown withal' the ordinary persons of a romantic play."—*Preface*, p. ix.

We are of opinion that to real genius an audience would freely grant all and more than Mr. Talfourd has feared to ask for himself. But we shall not, at present, enter into any *revel questions*.

The *destiny* of this piece hangs over the royal race of Argos; and the *prophecy* announces that the vengeance which their misrule has brought down on their people, in the form of a wide and wasting pestilence, can only be disarmed by the utter extirpation of the guilty house. The reigning king, Adrastus—whose character and history have from the beginning been darkened by his knowledge of such a prophesy—conceives himself to be a childless man; and maddened with the sense of this terrible doom being concentrated on his head, he has felt and acted as one cut off, from the hour of his birth, from all possibility either of human sympathy or of divine compassion. While the plague is ravaging his city, and the senators and priests are sending their deputations to Delphi, in hopes of grace or guidance, the prince con-

tinues shut up in his palace, apparently insensible to the calamity around its gates, deaf to the cries of his people, inaccessible to his councillors, and plunged in a reckless career of debauchery, in which the captains of his guard are his sole companions. The pestilence spreading more and more fiercely, and the mission to Delphi not having returned within the expected time, the priests and elders of Argos resolve to send once more to the palace, and implore their king to come forth and join with them in some solemn ceremonial calculated to appease the divine wrath; but the last messenger who had gone on such an errand had been beaten and scourged, and brought back for answer that the next should be instantly put to death. At this moment, the beautiful orphan and stripling of the temple courts, who has already exhibited something of the unexpected grandeur of his character, offers himself for the perilous embassy; and such is the fascination of his heroic innocence, that the high priest, who has reared him and loves him as a child, consents.

But we must pause a moment on the change which had come over Ion at the outbreaking of the pestilence—the astonishment with which the senators heard that *he* had been the only inmate of the temple who continually braved all dangers in ministering to the necessities of the sick:—

“AGENOR. What! Ion,
The only inmate of this fane, allowed
To seek the mournful walks where death is busy!—
Ion, our some-time darling, whom we prized
As a stray gift by bounteous Heaven dismiss'd
From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud
To make the happy happier! Is he sent
To grapple with the miseries of this time,
Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
As it would perish at the touch of wrong?
By no internal contest is he train'd
For such hard duty; no emotions rude
Hath his clear spirit vanquish'd;—*Love, the germ*
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
Expanding with its progress, as the store
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
Hath fill'd his eye save that of thoughtful joy
When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
Press'd on his soul too busily; his voice,
If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
Raised to the tone of anger, check'd its force,
As if it fear'd to break its being's law,
And falter'd into music; when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In pictured speech, and others have wax'd loud
In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, *or from some slender vein*
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom conceal'd,
Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flow'd
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

CLEON. Yet, methinks,
Thou hast not lately met him, or a change
Pall'd strangely on him had not mis'd thy wonder.
His form appears dilated; in those eyes,
Where pleasure danced, a thoughtful sadness dwells;
Stern purpose knits the forehead, which till now
Knew not the passing wrinkle of a care: ●

Those limbs, which in their heedless motion own'd
A stripling's playful happiness, are strung
As if the iron hardships of the camp
Had given them sturdy nurture; and his step,
Its airiness of yesterday forgotten,
Awakes the echoes of these desolate courts,
As if a warrior of heroic mould
Paced them in armour.

AGENOR. Hope is in thy tale.
This is no freak of Nature's wayward course,
But work of pitying Heaven; for not in vain
The gods have pour'd into that guileless heart
The strengths that nerve the hero;—they are ours.”

In the next scene the youth himself appears, and reports the incidents of his last night's walk:—

“ION. I pass'd the palace where the frantic king
Yet holds his cranson revel, whence the roar
Of desperate mirth came, mingling with the sigh
Of death-subdued robustness, and the gleam
Of festal lamps 'mid spectral columns hung
Flaunting o'er shapes of anguish, made them ghastlier.
How can I cease to tremble for the sad ones
He mocks—and him the wretchedest of them all?

TIMOCLES. And canst thou pity him?
Dost thou discern,
Amidst his impious darings, plea for him?

ION. Is he not childless, friendless, and a king?
He's human; and some pulse of good must live
Within his nature—have ye tried to wake it?”—p. 24.

His entreaty to be entrusted with the message to the king is in these words:—

“ION. O do not think my prayer
Bespeaks unseemly forwardness—send me!
The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If Heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Befits the lip of Phœbus;—ye are wise,
And needed by your country: ye are fathers:
I am a lone stray thing, whose little life
By strangers' bounty cherished, like a wave
That from the summer sea a wanton breeze
Lifts for a moment's sparkle, will subside
Light as it rose, nor leave a sigh in breaking.”

From an interview which succeeds between Ion and Clemanthe, the daughter of his guardian high-priest, Medon, we must quote what follows (Phocion, Clemanthe's only brother, is on the embassy to Delphi):—

“CLEMANTHE. O thou canst never bear these mourn-
ful offices!

So blithe, so merry once! Will not the sight
Of frenzied agonies unfix thy reason,
Or the dumb woe congeal thee!

ION. No, Clemanthe;
They are the patient sorrows that touch nearest!
If thou hadst seen the warrior while he writhed
In the last grapple of his mighty frame
With mightier anguish, strive to cast a smile
(And not in vain) upon his fragile wife,
Waning beside him,—and, his limbs composed,
The widow of the moment fix her gaze
Of longing, speechless love upon the babe,
The only living thing which yet was hers,
Spreading its arms for its own resting-place,
Yet with attenuated hand wave off
The unstricken child, and so embraceless die,
Stifling the mighty hunger of the heart;
Thou couldst endure the sight of selfish grief

In sullenness or frenzy ;—but to-day
Another lot falls on me.

CLEM. Thou wilt leave us !
I read it plainly in thy alter'd mien ;—
Is it for ever ?

ION. That is with the gods.
I go but to the palace, urged by hope,
Which from afar hath darted on my soul,
That to the humbleness of one like me
The haughty king may listen.

CLEM. To the palace !
Knowest thou the peril—nay, the certain issue
That awaits thee ?

ION. I know all ;
But they who call me to the work can shield me,
Or make me strong to suffer.

CLEM. Then the sword
Falls on thy neck ! O Gods ! to think that thou,
Who in the plenitude of youthful life
Art now before me, ere the sun decline,
Perhaps in one short hour, shalt lie cold, cold,
To speak, smile, bless no more ! Thou shalt not go !

ION. Thou must not stay me, fair one ; even thy
father,
Who (blessings on him !) loves me as his son,
Yields to the will of Heaven.

CLEM. And he can do this !
I shall not bear his presence if thou faltest
By his consent ; so shall I be alone.

ION. Phocion will soon return, and juster thoughts
Of thy admiring father close the gap
Thy old companion left behind him.

CLEM. Never
What will to me be father, brother, friends,
When thou art gone—the light of our life quench'd—
Haunting like spectres of departed joy
The home where thou wert dearest ?

ION. Thrill me not
With words that in their agony suggest
A hope too ravishing,—or my head will swim,
And my heart faint within me.

CLEM. Has my speech
Such blessed power ? I will not mourn it, then,
Though it hath told a secret I had borne
Till death in silence ;—how affection grew
To this, I know not ; day succeeded day,
Each fraught with the same innocent delights,
Without one shock to rattle the disguise
Of sisterly regard which veil'd it well,
Till thy changed mien reveal'd it to my soul,
And thy great peril makes me bold to tell it.
Do not despise it in me !

ION. With deep joy
Thus I receive it. Trust me, it is long
Since I have learn'd to tremble, 'midst our pleasures,
Lest I should break the golden dream around me
With most ungrateful rashness. I should bless
The sharp and perilous duty which hath press'd
A life's deliciousness into these moments,
Which here must end. I came to say farewell,
And the word must be said.

CLEM. Thou canst not mean it !
Have I disclaimed all maiden bashfulness
To tell the cherish'd secret of my soul
To my soul's master, and in rich return
Obtain'd the dear assurance of his love,
To hear him speak that miserable word
I cannot—will not echo ?

ION. Heaven has called me,
And I have pledged my honour. When thy heart
Bestowed its preference on a friendless boy,
Thou didst not image him a recreant : nor
Must he prove so, by thy election crown'd.
Thou hast endow'd me with the right to claim

Thy help through this our journey, be its course
Lengthen'd to age, or in an hour to end,
And now I ask it !—bid my courage hold,
And with thy free approval send me forth
In soul apparel'd for my office !

CLEM. Go !
I would not have thee other than thou art,
Living or dying—and if thou shouldst fall—
ION. Be sure I shall return.

CLEM. If thou shouldst fall,
I shall be happier as the affianced bride
Of thy cold ashes, than in proudest fortunes—
Thine—ever thine—

[*She faints in his arms.*—p. 37.]

We consider the next scene, in which Ion braves
and disarms the spleen of the tyrant, as, on the
whole, excellently conceived—but that it might
be advantageously abridged. The unhappy king's
announcement of the fatal prophecy that greeted
his birth is, however, not to be passed over ; the
spirit of Greek thought and language was never
more happily concentrated than in these lines :—

"ADRASTUS. At my birth
This city, which, expectant of its prince,
Lay hush'd, broke out in clamorous ecstasies ;
Yet, in that moment, when the uplifted cups
Foam'd with the choicest product of the sun,
And welcome thunder'd from a thousand throats,
My doom was seal'd. From the hearth's vacant space,
In the dark chamber where my mother lay
Faint with the sense of pain-bought happiness,
Came forth, in heart appalling tone, these words
Of me the nursing, ' Woe unto the babe !
Against the life which now begins shall life
Lighted from thence be arm'd, and both soon quench'd,
End this great line in sorrow ! "—p. 57.

In the third act, Adrastus meets his senate in
the great square of the city ; and while their ex-
postulations are still in progress, the long-expected
ambassadors return, and Phocion announces
the oracle of Delphi :

"Argos ne'er shall find release
Till her monarchs' race shall cease."

The king, for whom alone (except Ion) this
prophecy could have no novelty, receives it with
frantic rage, and once more withdraws to his
palace. The young men retire also to a grove
without the walls ; and the will of the divinity
being now explicitly declared, they cast lots to
determine the hand by which the king is to die.
The name of Ion is that which leaps out of the
helmet ; and the youth, whom Adrastus had spared
but an hour before, is compelled, and solemnly
undertakes, the execution of this dreadful office.
Ctesiphon, another young man, draws the second
lot ; and it is his commission to follow Ion—if he
falters, to punish his feebleness—if he fails, to
consummate the sacrifice.

Next morning, while Ion is preparing himself
in secret for his awful duty, and while he is
actually within the palace, where the con-
sequences of a deep debauch render the royal
guards useless—the discovery, which the reader
has probably anticipated, is evolving itself in the
Argive temple. The aged priest and Clemanthe
are at length satisfied that their foundling is no
other than the only long-lost son of King Adras-
tus.

Act IV. opens in the royal chamber; the king is on a couch asleep; Ion enters with the consecrated knife which has been committed to his hand.

"ION. Why do I creep thus stealthily along
With thief-like steps? Am I not arm'd by Heaven
To execute its mandate on a king
Whom it hath doom'd. Can hell have palter'd with me?
*Or some foul passion, crouching in my soul,
Started in noble form to lure me on?*
Assure me, gods! Yes, I have heard your voice,
For I dare pray ye now to nerve my arm
And see me stab. He's smiling in his sleep,
As if some happy thought of innocent days
Play'd at his heartstrings: must I scare it thence
With death's sharp agony. He lies condemn'd
By the high judgment of supernal powers,
And he shall know their sentence. Wake, Adrastus!
Collect thy spirits, and be strong to die!
ADRASTUS. Who dares disturb my rest?
Guards! Soldiers! Recreants!
What wouldst thou with me, ruffian? *[Rising.]*

ION. I am none,
But a sure instrument in Jove's great hand
To take thy life long forfeited—prepare!
Thy hour is come!

ADR. Villains! does no one hear?
ION. Vex not the closing minutes of thy being
With torturing hope or idle rage; thy guards,
Palsied with revelry, are scatter'd senseless,
While the most valiant of our Argive youths
Hold every passage by which human aid
Could reach thee. Present death is order'd for thee
By Powers who watch above me while I stand
To execute their sentence.

ADR. Thou!—I know thee—
The youth I spared this morning, in whose ear
I pour'd the secrets of my bosom. Kill me,
If thou darest do it, but bethink thee first
How the grim memory of thy thankless deed
Will haunt thee to the grave!

ION. It is most true;
Thou sparedst my life, and therefore do the gods
Ordain me to this office, lest thy fall
Seen the chance forfeit of some single sin,
And not the great redress of Argos. Now—
Now, while I parley—spirits that have left,—
Within this hour have left,—tormented flesh
To rot untomb'd, glide by and frown on me,
Their slow avenger:—Now the chamber swarms
With looks of furies. Yet a moment wait,
Ye dreadful prompters!—If there is a friend
Whom dying thou wouldst greet by word or token,
Speak thy last bidding.

ADR. I have none on earth.
If thou hast courage, end me.

ION. Not one friend!
Most piteous lot!

ADR. Art shaken?
ION. If I am,
Hope nothing from my weakness—mortal arms,
And eyes unseen that sleep not, gird us both,
And we shall die together. Be it so!

ADR. No! strike at once,—my hour is come—in thee
I recognise the minister of Jove,
And kneeling thus, submit me to his power. *[Kneels.]*

ION. Avert thy face.

ADR. No! let me meet thy gaze;
For breathing pity lights thy features up
Into more awful likeness of a form
Which once shone on me;—and which now my sense

Shapes palpable—in habit of the grave,
Inviting me to that sad realm, where shades
Of innocents, whom passionate regard
Link'd to the guilty, are content to pace
With them the margin of the inky flood,
Mournful and calm;—'tis surely there;—she waves
Her pallid hand in circle o'er thy head,
As if to bless thee—and I bless thee too,
Death's gracious angel!—Do not turn away.

ION. Gods! to what office have ye doom'd me? Now—
ADR. Be quick, or thou art lost!

*[As Ion has again raised his arm to strike, MEDON
rushes in behind him.]*

MEDON. Ion, forbear!
Behold thy son, Adrastus!

*[Ion stands for a moment stupified with horror, drops
the knife, and falls senseless on the ground.]*
—p. 143.

The king falls by the hand of Ctesiphon; and the announcement that Ion is the rightful heir of the throne is received with rapture by the grateful people. But the plague continues unabated—and the devoted youths, who had cast lots along with Ion and Ctesiphon for the office of *Avenger*, remember the pregnant words of the oracle—and shudder to think that Ion himself must now be the object of their vow. We pass over various scenes, in which their mingled feelings are developed with great art and most thrilling interest—having no room for more than these extracts from the two last scenes of Act V.—extracts which we hope need no comment to make them intelligible, as assuredly they need no eulogy to point out their power and beauty:—

"ION. What wouldst thou with me, lady?

CLEMANTHE. Is it so?
Nothing, my lord, save to implore thy pardon,
That the departing gleams of a bright dream,
From which I scarce had waken'd, made me bold
To crave a word with thee;—but all are fled—

ION. 'Twas indeed a goodly dream;
But thou art right to think it was no more,
And study to forget it.

CLEM. To forget it!
Indeed, my lord, I will not wish to lose
What, being past, is all my future hath,
All I shall live for; do not grudge me this,
The brief space I shall need it.

ION. Speak not, fair one,
In tone so mournful, for it makes me feel
Too sensibly the hapless wretch I am,
That troubled the deep quiet of thy soul
In that pure fountain which reflected heaven,
For a brief taste of rapture.

CLEM. Dost thou yet
Esteem it rapture, then? My foolish heart,
Be still! Yet wherefore should a crown divide us?
O, my dear Ion!—let me call thee so
This once at least—it could not in my thoughts
Increase the distance that there was between us
When, rich in spirit, thou to strangers' eyes
Seem'd a poor foundling.

ION. It must separate us
Think it no harmless bauble, but a curse
Will freeze the current in the veins of youth,
And from familiar touch of genial hand,
From household pleasures, from sweet daily tasks,
From airy thought, free wanderer of the heavens,
For ever banish me!

CLEM. Thou dost accuse
Thy state too harshly; it may give some room,
Some little room, amidst its radiant cares,
For love and joy to breathe in.

ION. Not for me;
My pomp must be most lonesome, far removed
From that sweet fellowship of human kind
The slave rejoices in: my solemn robes
Shall wrap me as a panoply of ice,
And the attendants who may throng around me
Shall want the flatteries which may barely warm
The sceptral thing they circle. Dark and cold
Stretches the path which, when I wear the crown,
I needs must enter:—the great gods forbid
That thou shouldst follow in it!

CLEM. O unkind!
And shall we never see each other?

ION. (*After a pause.*) Yes!
I have asked that dreadful question of the hills,
That look eternal; of the flowing streams,
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish: we shall meet
Again, Clemanthe!

CLEM. Bless thee for that name;
Pray call me so again; thy words sound strangely,
Yet they breathe kindness, and I'll drink them in
Though they destroy me. Shall we meet indeed?
Think not I would intrude upon thy cares,
Thy councils, or thy pomps:—to sit at distance,
To weave, with the nice labour which preserves
The rebel pulses even, from gay threads
Faint records of thy deeds, and sometimes catch
The falling music of a gracious word,
Or the stray sunshine of a smile, will be
Comfort enough:—do not deny me this;
Or if stern fate compel thee to deny,
Kill me at once!

ION. No; thou must live, my fair one;
There are a thousand joyous things in life,
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it; and daily duties paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.
Thou dost not mark me.

CLEM. O, I do! I do!
ION. If for thy brother's and thy father's sake
Thou art content to live, the healer Time
Will reconcile thee to the lovely things
Of this delightful world,—and if another,
A happier—no, I cannot bid thee love
Another!—I did think I could have said it,
But 'tis in vain.

CLEM. Thou art mine own then still?
ION. I am thine own! thus let me clasp thee; nearer;
O joy too thrilling and too short!

Enter AGENOR.

AGENOR. My lord
The sacrificial rites await thy presence.

ION. I come.—One more embrace—the last, the last
In this world! Now farewell! [*Exit.*]

CLEM. The last embrace!
Then he has cast me off!—no,—'tis not so;
Some mournful secret of his fate divides us;
I'll struggle to bear that, and snatch a comfort
From seeing him uplifted. I will look
Upon him in his throne, Minerva's shrine

Will shelter me from vulgar gaze; I'll hasten,
And feast my sad eyes with his greatness there!
[*Exit.*]"—p. 191.

The last scene is again in the great square: on
one side is the throne—on the other an altar.
The people are assembled to witness the instal-
ment of Ion in his royal dignity. The young
king, attended by the high priest Medon, the
senators, Agenor, &c. advances in his robes.
He is received with shouts—pauses in front of the
throne, and speaks:—

"ION. I thank you for your greetings—shout no more,
But in deep silence raise your hearts to heaven,
That it may strengthen one so young and frail
As I am for the business of this hour.
Must I sit here?

MEDON. My son! my son!
What ails thee? When thou shouldst reflect the joy
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face.

ION. Am I indeed so pale?
It is a solemn office I assume,
Which well may make me falter; yet sustain'd
By thee, and by the gods I serve, I take it.

[*Sits on the throne.*
Stand forth, Agenor.

AGENOR. I await thy will.
ION. To thee I look as to the wisest friend
Of this afflicted people;—Thou must leave
A while the quiet which thy life has earn'd
To rule our councils; fill the seats of justice
With good men, not so absolute in goodness.
As to forget what human frailty is;
And order my sad country.

AGENOR. Pardon me—
ION. Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request;
Grant me thy help till this distracted state
Rise tranquil from her griefs—'twill not be long,
If the great gods smile on us now. Remember,
Meanwhile, thou hast all power my word can give,
Whether I live or die.

AGENOR. Die! Ere that hour
May even the old man's epitaph be moss-grown!

ION. Death is not jealous of the mild decay
That gently wins thee his;—exulting youth
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
His prey, benumb'd at noontide. Let me see
The captain of the guard.

CRYTHES. I kneel to crave
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestow'd
On one who loved him well.

ION. I cannot mark thee,
That wakest the memory of my father's weakness;
But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learned the need of luxury. I grant
For thee and thy brave comrades ample share
Of such rich treasures as my stores contain,
To grace thy passage to some distant land,
Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,
May glorious issues wait it. In our realm
We shall not need it longer.

CRYTHES. Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valour
Barbarian millions shrink appall'd, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foes?

ION. No, Crythes!—in ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands
Will be our safeguard;—while we do not use
Our power towards others, so that we should blush

ION; A TRAGEDY.

To teach our children;—while the simple love
Of justice and their country shall be born
With dawning reason;—while their sinews grow
Hard 'mid the gladness of heroic sports,
We shall not need to guard our walls in peace
One selfish passion, or one venal sword.
I would not grieve thee;—but thy valiant troop,
For I esteem them valiant—must no more
With luxury which suits a desperate camp
Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,
Ere night.

CRATYCHES. My lord—

ION. No more—my word hath pass'd.
Medon, there is no office I can add
To those thou hast grown old in; thou wilt guard
The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—
Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger,
As thou didst me; there sometimes waste a thought
On thy spoil'd inmate.

MEDON. Think of thee, my lord?
Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign.

ION. Prithce no more. Argives! I have a boon
To crave of you. Whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
Think that beneath his panoply of pride
Were fair affections, crush'd by bitter wrongs
Which fretted him to madness;—what he *did*
Alas! ye know;—could ye know what he *suffer'd*,
Ye would not curse his name. Yet never more
Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty; swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereignty: our country's space,
So happy in its smallness, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name,
Which wider regions may require to draw
Their interest into one: but, circled thus,
Like a blest family, by simple laws
May tenderly be govern'd—all degrees—
Not placed in dext'rous balance; not combined
By bonds of parchment, or by iron clasps,
But blended into one—a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which, finest chords
Of sympathy pervading, shall endow
With vital beauty;—tint with roseate bloom
In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
With one brave impulse if ambitious bands
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
That ye will do this!

MEDON. Wherefore ask this now?
Thou shalt live long;—the paleness of thy face,
Which late seem'd death-like, is grown radiant now,
And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
Of glorious years.

ION. The gods approve me then!
Yet I will use the function of a king
And claim obedience. Swear, that if I die
And leave no issue, ye will seek the power
To govern in the free-born people's choice,
And in the prudence of the wise.

MEDON and others. We swear it!

ION. Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*]

Gracious gods!

In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now;—and if there is a power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven:—to ye I offer up

This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows. [*Stabs*]

CLEMANTHE rushes forward.

CLEM. Hold!

Let me support him—stand away—indeed
I have best right, although ye know it not,
To cleave to him in death.

ION. This is a joy
I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed—
Bend thine eyes on me!

CLEM. And for this it was
Thou wouldst have weaned me from thee!
Couldst thou think
I would be so divorced?

ION. Thou art right, Clemanthe
It was a shallow and an idle thought:
'Tis past; no show of coldness frets us now;
No vain disguise, my girl. Yet thou wilt think
On that which, when I feign'd, I truly spoke—
Wilt thou not, sweet one?

CLEM. I will treasure all.

Enter IRUS.

IRUS. I bring you glorious tidings—Ha! no;
Can enter here.

ION. Yes—is it as I hope?

IRUS. The pestilence abates.

ION. [*Springs to his feet.*] Do ye not hear?
Why shout ye not?—ye are strong—think not!
Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread
O'er Argos is dispell'd—My own Clemanthe!
Let this console thee—Argos lives again—
The offering is accepted—all is well!

[*Dies.*"]

We leave these specimens to vindicate
high praise of this performance. That
not only be published, but *acted* herea
cannot permit ourselves to doubt; and
results are in any degree forwarded by this
our purpose has been attained.

It is now about a year since we introd
our readers the noblest effort in the true c
of our English historical drama that h
made for more than a century; and we ha
gratification in seeing "Philip van Arteve
lowed, within so short a space, by this s
attempt to recall into the power of life a
pathy the long buried genius of the
Tragedy of Fate.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Mr. Lindsay, a teacher in
formerly lecturer to the Watt Institution, succ
the evening of Saturday, the 25th ult., in obtai
stant electric light. It is upwards of two yea
turned his attention to this subject, but muc
time has been devoted to other avocations. Th
beauty, surpasses all others; has no smell,
smoke, is capable of explosion, and not requiri
combustion, can be kept in sealed glass jars,
without the aid of a taper, and seems peculiar
lated for flax houses, spinning mills, and oth
containing combustible materials. It can be se
convenient distance, and the apparatus for pro
may be contained in a common chest.

New Monthly Ma

From the London Spectator.

A Steam Voyage down the Danube. With Sketches of Hungary, Wallachia, Servia, and Turkey, &c. By Michael J. Quin, author of "A Visit to Spain." In 2 vols. Bentley.

The title of this work is indicative rather than descriptive. Mr. Quin did not go down the Danube; and the whole of his partial voyage upon the river was *not* accomplished by means of steam. As a set-off to this putting of *pars pro toto*, it may be said that none of the matter of the second volume is hinted at in the title page.

Having business at Constantinople, Mr. Quin, towards the close of last summer, determined to avail himself of the new speculation just then started for navigating the Danube by steam. "As the scenery of the river possesses but little interest between Presburg, where the steam navigation begins, and Pesth, the modern capital of Hungary," he traveled post from Vienna to the latter town (whose site some of our readers may better comprehend if we say it is opposite Buda); and there embarked with a motley company of passengers, and a captain who knew little of navigation, and nothing of the numerous sandbanks in the river. To add to the disagreeables, the Danube was lower than it had ever been in the memory of living man. But, with the exception of such trifles as getting aground, and having to unload to get afloat again, the vessel arrived safely at Moldava; where she debarked her passengers, for the all-sufficient reason that she drew too much water to carry them further; so they were forwarded in a flat-bottomed boat to Orsova. Part of the route, however, our traveller, with two chance companions, preferred making by land, on foot; and from Orsova to Gladova he was conveyed in the carriage of Count Szecheny, the patriotic planner of Hungarian steam navigation, and of many other useful enterprises. Owing to the extraordinary shallowness of the river, the count and Mr. Quin, within three miles of Gladova, discovered the long disputed site of Trajan's bridge, or at least of a bridge in whose construction Roman bricks had been used; and at this town they again embarked in a steamer. Stopping at Widdin, the count dressed himself in the "uniform of an Hungarian magnate," and accompanied by our author as his physician, paid a visit of ceremony to the well-known Hussein Pacha. Like most ceremonious affairs, the visit was dull enough in reality; but it is well told by Mr. Quin, who indicates clearly the long gestation of an idea in a Turkish noddle, and its very common-place character on its appearance. Shortly after leaving the twice-defeated antagonist of the Egyptian Ibrahim, our traveller was also obliged to leave the count and his companions; the steamer getting aground, we conjecture, for the season. Accordingly, hailing a boat that soon overtook them, he proceeded in it, with a couple of Turkish passengers, to Rustchuk. From that town he crossed the Balkan to Constantinople; passing through Shumla and Adrianople, and traveling in the good old expeditious mode by relays of horses with a Tartar protector,—a mode, by the by, which seems ill adapted for observa-

tion, but which produces, from some cause or other, the most spirited, graphic, and of course rapid narratives.

Here ends the first volume: and taking advantage of the pause at Constantinople, we may say, that thus far Mr. Quin is a most agreeable companion. He describes the scenery of the Danube and of Turkey, the manners and characters of his fellow travellers, and the peculiarities of the people he passed through, with force and effect,—though sometimes *very fine* when painting the beauties of nature; and though he occasionally rather enumerates the parts of a thing than describes a whole, yet he always presents a clear idea of the original. He has also a dash of humour; given, indeed, to make the most of a nobleman or a captain, when one falls in his way, yet perfectly willing to be at home with any persons he meets, and ready to adapt himself to the difficulties and privations of his journey. It should be added, that he furnishes some new and cheering information on the political state and prospects of Hungary; which is novel, distinct, and interesting, but too long to extract. Our quotations must be of a more detachable kind.

STEAMER, AND SOME OF ITS PASSENGERS.

"The captain of our steamer was an Englishman, of the name of Cozier, who, being little conversant with any branch of nautical science, was about equally skilled in the topography of the Danube. Though he had gone up and down several times, he knew no more of the caprices of the sandbanks than he did of the bed of the Yellow Sea. He had a bitter dislike to his office. Why he was permitted to undertake it, I never could understand. To me, I must say, he was communicative and extremely civil; but my fellow voyagers he treated with a degree of superciliousness which was very amusing. It seemed to be his settled opinion, that nobody except an Englishman was worthy of breathing the same air with himself. To be sure we had a motley crowd on board, such perhaps as never met together on the deck of a steamboat before. Behold us as in a mirror.

"Near the mast a group of men, all Tyrolese, are engaged in the several offices of talking, listening, smoking, musing, whistling, singing, and gazing at the dense cloud that rushes into the firmament from our black chimney. They are all rather better dressed than my immediate neighbours: one of them, a fine looking fellow, whom I take to be the captain of the gang, has his hat cocked in a dandyish style, considerably out of the circular shape. His plume of feathers, too, is larger and of a finer quality than the others. The party would make a capital study for a band of brigands, could they but assume a fiercer expression of countenance. As it is, they look too amiable for a *Salvator Rosa*. At the top of the boat, several knots of women, still Tyrolese, are sitting in various directions, executing for each other, alternately, without the slightest consciousness of the external effect of the operation, the agreeable task of disburdening their hair of its multitudinous inhabitants. No wonder that Captain Cozier was enraged.

"Descending into the cabin, I found a party of Hungarian nobles, men of genteel appearance and manners, seated at a round table, playing cards. They had been thus engaged all the morning. The stakes were not inconsiderable, and seemed to be taken up occasionally by the winners with infinite delight. Near them, sanctioning their amusement by her bland looks and smiles, is an elderly lady, knitting on a bench, and occasionally conversing with an exceedingly elegant figure, somewhat *petite*; whom, upon further acquaintance, I found

to be the Countess N—, on her way from Pesth to Peter Wardein. She had married, at the age of eighteen, a hot-headed nobleman of her own country, who became attached to her suddenly on account of her beauty. He took her to Pesth, entered into all the amusements of the place, gambling included, which is carried on in that capital to a formidable extent. The result was, that after a short experiment of two years, they were obliged to give up their establishment; and the young countess was now returning to her mother, attended by a French *femme de chambre*, the only remaining fragment of her transient splendour, except her harp, which she saved also from the ruins. She was reading a book of common Hungarian ballads, which seemed to afford her amusement. In a corner, two little girls were tittering away most merrily; I could not make out at what. Within the ladies' cabin, I heard some of the laughing voices which recalled the sense of my 'murdered sleep' of the morning. Upon the whole, I was pleased with the appearance of my companions, and flattered myself with the hope of a pleasant voyage; in which I was not disappointed.

"In the course of the day, a variety of new characters emerged from the second cabin and other hiding-places; the greater part of whom soon ceased to attract my notice, as they were of that class that seems born for the mere purpose of transforming animal and vegetable substances into human flesh and blood for the ordinary number of years. Among these specimens of creation, however, there was one little man whom I shall not so speedily forget. He was from Moldavia. He had been in the Russian service during the late war with Turkey; but in what capacity, I could never satisfactorily discover. I suspect he was a spy. He spoke German, French, and Italian fluently. He wore a blue frock-coat, which probably had served him during the said war, as it could boast of only a part of one button, and two very unequal skirts remaining in any thing like decent condition. The rest of the garment was covered with grease. A pair of old black stuff trousers, patched at the knees in a most unworkmanlike manner, rent and not patched in other parts indescribable, and vilely tattered at the extremities, together with the ghost of a black waistcoat, a cast off military cap, and wretched boots, offered an apology for a better suit, which he said he had at home. His shirt was also in the list of absentees. He had lost the half of one of his thumbs, the other was wrapped in a bandage. He had not shaved for three weeks; he certainly could not have washed either his hands or his face for three months, and a comb had probably not passed through his hair for three years. To crown his personal peculiarities, he had a very red nose, on the top of which was perched a pair of spectacles."

A PRETTY BIT OF SKETCHING.

"Still falling down with the stream, as our rowers had not yet finished their matin meal, we stole quietly along amid tremendous piles of rock, which rose higher and higher as we proceeded, sometimes barren of the slightest traces of vegetation, sometimes covered with brambles; the whole appearing as if they had been made the sport of more than one volcanic convulsion. A grassy glen opening on our right, exhibiting a cluster of elms, beneath which a Servian boy was tending his swine, and amusing himself by playing a simple pastoral air on a reed, offered an agreeable contrast to the frowning horrors around us. The eye ranged beyond the glen over a richly-wooded valley, opening far among the rocks, where a group of women seemed engaged in cooking by a fire, whose smoke curled upwards among the trees.

"The pipe of the swineherd seemed to awaken the musical faculties of our boatmen, one of whom, a short thick bodied Wallachian, wearing on his head a woolly sheep-skin cap, might have been sketched as the very personi-

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fication of indolence. His oar was as short as himself; and when he did permit it to come in contact with the water, his whole object seemed to be to move it against the least possible quantum of resistance. When he sated his appetite for garlic and fish, and washed down those materials by a draught of some thin wine, which he drank from a small wooden keg, instead of resuming his appointed labour he began to sing a Wallachian ballad."

PASSAGE OF THE BALKAN.

"The road through the mountains would certainly not have been deemed practicable for an English saddle-horse. It was simply marked over the natural rock by frequent use; no care whatever having been for one moment expended upon it, even for the purpose of removing the loose stones, or breaking down the more prominent masses. Sometimes we rode over a track polished like ice by the winter torrents, on which when ascending, we were obliged diligently to take a zigzag course; when descending, to allow the animal now and then to slide at his discretion. On other occasions, the near foot might be seen on a pointed rock, while the off leg was about to pounce into a hole, the hinder hoofs making the best of their way through boulder-stones, as if playing with them at marbles.

"It seemed to me, at first, an improper hazard of life to attempt to ride over such a road as this; where the horse and rider, even going at the most stealthy pace, were every moment in peril of being dashed to the ground. But the animals—though in England the whole five would not be deemed worth as many pounds—were so well accustomed to the business which they had to perform, that, be the disposition of the track what it might, they never by any chance made a false step. Their intelligence, prudence, courage, and extreme watchfulness for their own safety, as well as that of the lives intrusted to their keeping, were wonderful. No human being could have executed their office with the uniform success which attended all their movements. So rapidly did they gain upon my confidence, that, on levels, or even on declivities, I did not hesitate to follow my Tartar's example, when, with a view to recover the time lost in ascending, or to escape quickly from a pass through a dense part of the woods, whence banditti sometimes fire upon the traveller, he absolutely galloped over these smooth or broken masses, both equally dangerous, as if he were flying for his life.

"Nothing in nature can be more beautiful than the variety, especially towards the close of the autumn, of the hues that distinguish the shrubs and trees which compose the forests of Mount Hæmus. On one side, as if for the purpose of ornament, an eminence rising gradually from the torrent bed over which we rode, and extending towards the heavens, was clothed to its summit with the most magnificent shrubs, tinted with all shades of colour, —light gold, russet brown, silver ash, pale green, scarlet red, orange, and the incomparable blue of the iris. Amidst these shrubs, the convolvulus and other flowering creepers suspended their festoons of bells, rivaling the delicate white of the lily or the transparent pink of the wild rose.

"On the other side, the thick forests, sometimes bare, sometimes threatening to march down upon us from their tremendous heights, rank long grass, ferns, and brambles, branches interlacing with each other, old trees fallen in all directions, and scathed by the lightning, rendering them impenetrable, seemed indeed peculiarly fitted to be the haunts of robbers. The assassin had only to place himself behind the trunk of a tree, wait until the wayfarer appears in view, then deliberately take his aim, and he can hardly fail to bring down his victim. Pursuit is altogether out of the question. Retaliation would be equally impracticable, as the murderer could not be seen. The traveller who is best armed, as in this case my

Tartar was, is usually selected for the first experiment. The discharge is the signal to the whole band, who are stationed at their posts along the edge of the forest, to be ready to fire at the remaining fugitives; and then, when all danger of a contest is over, the work of plunder commences.

"My Tartar and postilion were in a perfect fever during the whole time we were riding through these passes. We galloped the whole way, whether up or down the declivities. Sometimes the road was occupied by caravans, and we were obliged to mount narrow and broken pathways, which we found or made upon its edge. But even over these tracks, where there was scarcely room for the horse's hoof, we flew with a speed which must have betrayed their terror. I do not affect to say that I was myself altogether free from alarm; but I confess that I thought a great deal less of perils from banditti than from the rocks over which I was obliged to pursue my companions."

A TURKISH IDLER.

"I amused myself in observing the still life of a tailor's shop opposite, which appeared to be the favourite lounge of all the idlers of the town. The master and three journeymen were seated in the Turkish fashion, which tailors have adopted in every age and clime. Three visitors took their seats also on the board, smoking their long pipes, and looking on with profound gravity at the perpetual passing and repassing of the needles and threads through the cloth, which was destined in due season to become a waistcoat or a pair of trowsers. Not a word escaped any of the party. A voluptuous, well-dressed, fine-looking man, with a long gold-headed cane balanced in one hand and his immense pipe in the other, next made his appearance. He could not go by the shop without 'looking in.' Kindling his pipe, he also took his station on the board, and while his charge of tobacco lasted, seemed the happiest of mortals. When the last puff expired, he quitted his seat, walked down the street, paid a visit to a tinman, smoked another pipe, came back, sat down again in the tailor's shop, where he found the whole party undisturbed, filled his pipe again, exhausted it, and then seemed fairly at a loss to know what he was next to do. He looked up the street, down the street, went out, came back, stood a few minutes at the door in a state of listlessness, within a degree of petrification, and at length resolutely disappeared."

The second volume is occupied with Mr. Quin's return; which he chiefly accomplished by sea, sailing sometimes in packet-boats, sometimes in king's ships. From Constantinople he first passed to Smyrna, then to Greece, and through the Archipelago to Venice, whence he journeyed to Rome. Here the narrative may be said to close. His sketches of men, manners, and scenery, are distinguished by the same ability as those in Hungary, Wallachia, and Turkey; but the subjects want the gloss of novelty,—excepting perhaps, Greece and King Otho. A great part of the volume, too, is eked out with extraneous matter,—diatribes against the grasping designs of Russia, and disquisitions about her policy, written in the style of a correspondent to a morning newspaper, with here and there a useful fact or suggestion upon our diplomatic establishments. There are also some schoolboy reminiscences of "Trojan Greeks," and other classical matters, which could as well have been written at home, though there was no visible necessity for writing them at all.

From the Monthly Review.

Gleanings in Natural History. Third and last Series. To which are added notices of some of the royal parks and residences. By Edward Jesse, Esq., Surveyor of his Majesty's parks, palaces, &c. London: Murray. 1835.

Surely no taste can be more amiable and pure than that evinced by the author of these *Gleanings*; nor can we name any work in which the spirit of the writer is more effectually conveyed to his readers. Old and young must be delighted with such entertaining and instructive anecdotes and notices as are here crowded together. The volume, like the former ones of the series, is full of the best light reading that can be thought of; and over the young, who once have a glimpse of its contents, it will operate most wholesomely, by strongly impressing them with the claims which the inferior animals have upon our kindness and tenderness. Montaigne, as is well quoted by the author, has remarked, that few people take pleasure in seeing animals happy and playing together, whilst almost every one excites them to lacerate and wound each other. It cannot be doubted that much of this feeling would be removed were persons made aware of the peculiar faculties and sensibilities of such creatures, and how often they display many of the qualities in highest estimation among mankind. It is also to be remarked that our own countrymen evince a general inattention to the rights of the brute creation. Owing to a want of thought and close observation, comparatively few have a notion of the capacities of any animal we can name, and how worthy many of those most despised or roughly handled are of a claim upon our tenderness, or how well they would repay our good treatment of them! Every one has something to say on behalf of a favourite dog, and yet how many treat this faithful, intelligent, and courageous race of animals with a cruel neglect, not to speak of the real torments inflicted upon them! It is, to a person who considers the matter, a most painful sight to see, in such weather as we have had of late, many of these servants, as upon the streets of London, put to unseemly, or at least to an overburdensome drudgery, while in real want for a drink of cold water. How often, too, do we see the little feathered prisoners exposed to the burning rays of a meridian sun in front of a reflecting wall. How often, again, do we behold the noble horse, that complaineth not, tormented with parching thirst, as intimated by his foaming mouth! There is such obvious misusage in this treatment, as must alone take its rise from a want of thought, and not from any absolute cruelty. Indeed, were mankind only to reflect a little, or try the experiment, they would, in reference to any domestic animal of the brute creation, find that it was able, willing, and fond of returning ample payment for fair treatment. How beautiful it is to behold the horse saluting the beckoning hand! how shocking to see it afraid of its master's threat, because that hand has been frequently raised to smite it in the face! Who considers how fond the abominated swinish brutes are of a clean bed, or who has been at pains to cultivate their sagacity, which is great?

The goose is proverbially stupid, and yet, if treated with kindness, and habitually addressed as a wise animal, it will evince such parts as are generally alone attributed to the dog. What a change there would be in the aspect of society, were mankind universally to feel and to reflect as our author has done, and exhibits in the volume before us! We wish, as the next best thing, that every one may be taught by him, and therefore we shall insert, at considerable length, his Gleanings, satisfied that, wherever they are read, a manifest influence will be conveyed.

Mr. Jesse's work is the reverse of systematic or technical. He has evidently an extreme pleasure in watching the habits and character of the inferior animals, and a talent in interpreting their language and ways, which he is constantly exercising—setting down his discoveries just as they are made, warmed by an immediate admiration, till the list of striking facts amounts to a volume. His work is exactly that which it is called, without many generalising remarks, which, indeed, would have required something like arrangement, but which were unnecessary, as every anecdote or fact naturally suggests whatever of the sort that need be said or thought.

We are too apt, because it saves trouble, to limit the course of nature, under certain sweeping generalities. With regard to the classification of birds, it is usual to say that those species which are the shyest, seek the most retired situations on most occasions. But there are exceptions to this rule, which either show that we take an inadequate view of that which enters into what we call shyness of birds, or that there are considerable diversity in the tempers and capacities of the individuals forming a species. We know indeed that there is a vast difference between the intelligence and disposition of dogs, horses, &c., and no doubt the same sort of variety holds good in the case of every species, had we the means, or took we the pains, to study them. The following statement has suggested these remarks.

"In one of the workshops belonging to Mr. W. Cox's manufactory at Taunton, a water wagtail built her nest. The room was occupied by braziers, and the noise produced by them was loud and incessant. The nest was built near the wheel of a lathe, which revolved within a foot of it. In this strange situation the bird hatched four young ones, and the male, not having accustomed himself to such company, instead of feeding the nestlings himself, as is usual, carried such food as he collected to a certain spot on the roof, where he left it, and from whence it was borne by his mate to the young. It is more remarkable that she was perfectly familiar with the men into whose shop she had intruded, and flew in and out of it without fear. If, by chance, a stranger, or any other of the persons employed in the same factory, entered the room, she would, if in her nest, instantly quit it, or, if absent, would not return. The moment, however, that they were gone, she resumed her familiarity."—pp. 2, 3.

We ourselves have known a pair of partridges hatch fifteen eggs within three feet of the perpendicular breast of a quarry, where workmen were daily engaged in raising stones, and where, generally every day, a number of blastings, by means of powder, took place. Nor was the depth of the

quarry above twenty feet, counting both the rocks and the earth above it, while its width was so inconsiderable, that the operations of the workmen could never be above twenty feet aside from the position of the nest, and often exactly in front of it. By the day the young ones burst from the eggs, not a foot remained between the nest and the perpendicular face of the quarry. What sort of instinct or reasoning guided the parent partridges we know not, but it was fatal to several of their offspring, who incautiously ran over the edge of the precipice and were killed: those that took an opposite direction lived, and interested us several months after, when we often counted them in their flight. At last, however, the slaughtering gun of a friend thinned farther the small covey. But we must follow our author, who has far more to communicate about birds and beasts than we can be expected to possess. There is much to interest us in the statement and suggestion of our next extract.

"A gentleman, whose name alone would be sufficient to attest the accuracy of the fact, communicated the following circumstance to me. He was traveling in Greece, and passed a few days at the house of an acquaintance in that country. While he was there, a large body of wolves came down from the mountains in the night, and committed great havoc among the sheep, goats and other animals belonging to the inhabitants of an adjoining village. As the country people knew the place to which the wolves generally retreated, they assembled in a large body, and made an attack upon them. In the evening some of the peasants brought a dead wolf of a large size to the gentleman referred to, and told him that it was the leader or head of the pack of marauders. His foot was as large as the fist of a man. On questioning the country people on the subject, they asserted, as a well known fact, that wolves were occasionally in the habit of selecting one particular whelp from a litter, which they carefully concealed in some secure place, and fed with *live* animals. The wolf thus fed grew strong and vigorous, and subsequently became the leader or king of the pack, heading them on all occasions, and directing their operations.

"It may be thought that there is not sufficient authority to prove the truth of this circumstance. It is not probable, however, that peasants would have invented the story, and in a country where wolves abound, there must have been many opportunities, through a succession of years, to enable them to ascertain the fact. The following curious and interesting passage, however, in the 19th chapter of the prophet Ezekiel, not only tends to confirm it, but almost to place its accuracy beyond a doubt. It is as follows:—

"What is thy mother? a lioness: she lay down among lions, she nourished her whelps among young lions.

"And she brought up one of her whelps: it became a young lion, and it learned to catch the prey.

"The nations heard of him, he was taken in their pit.

"Now when she saw that she had waited, and her hope was lost, then she took another of her whelps, and made him a young lion.

"And he went up and down among the lions; he became a young lion, and learned to catch the prey."

"There is no doubt that these words are prophetic; but we know that, in the bible, allusions are constantly made to the habits of animals, and which are so accurately descriptive of them, that we can have no doubt of their being taken from actual observation. In the instance before us, the prophet Ezekiel seemed to be aware

of the circumstance which has been related, and seems to have made use of it to illustrate the condition of the princes of Israel.

"Few things are more interesting than tracing the truth and accuracy of the holy scriptures, by comparing what is said of the customs and habits of Eastern nations, with what ancient and modern travellers have related of them. For instance, in the 9th chapter of the prophet Ezekiel it is said that a 'man amongst them was clothed with linen, with a writer's ink-horn by his side,' or upon his loins. It is well known to those who have traveled in Eastern countries, that even at the present time persons employed to write carry an ink-horn, tucked in their girdle on one side of them, and pens or reeds on the other. The psalmist speaks of the 'dew of Hermon,' a hill near Nazareth. Maundrell says, 'we were sufficiently instructed by experience, what the holy psalmist meant by the dew of Hermon, our tents being as wet with it as if it had rained all night.'

"In the 49th chapter of the prophet Jeremiah are these words:—'He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.' The banks of this river are still covered with a thick underwood of shrubs, in which several sorts of wild beasts harbour themselves. During the periodical overflowings of the river, these beasts are driven out of the covert, and this circumstance gave occasion to the comparison referred to.

"These, and instances without end, might be brought forward as satisfactory proofs of the accuracy of biblical allusions, and which are as authentic as they are interesting."—pp. 8—11.

Huber states, that when a queen bee is required for a colony, a grub is selected, the cell which contains it is enlarged, and it is fed with a peculiar food; and probably all gregarious animals observe some such conduct. Wild cattle and deer have a particular leader, at least, and we doubt not the same thing holds true of wild geese, which are always in their lofty flight to be seen marshaled according to form, and most probably in the wake of one established general.

The sagacity of dogs furnishes Mr. Jesse with many anecdotes; but as none are ignorant of many strange deeds performed by this domestic servant, we shall select some striking statements in reference to the less observed creatures. Animals are in the habit of lending assistance not only to their own species, but also to others.

"A farmer's boy had fed and taken great care of a colt. He was working one day in a field and was attacked by a bull. The boy ran to a ditch and got into it just as the bull came up to him. The animal endeavoured to gore him, and would probably have succeeded had not the colt come to his assistance. He not only kicked at the bull, but made so loud a scream, for it could be called nothing else, that some labourers, who were working near the place, came to see what was the matter, and extricated the boy from the danger he was in. I have seen cattle, when flies have been troublesome, stand side by side, and close together, the head of one at the tail of the other. By this mutual arrangement flies were brushed off from the head of each animal as well as their sides, and only two sides were exposed to the attacks of the insects. Sheep have been known to take care of a lamb when the dam has been rendered incapable of assisting it, and birds will feed the helpless young of others.

"Birds also will cluster altogether for the purpose of keeping each other warm. I have observed swallows clustering, like bees when they have swarmed, in cold autumnal weather, hanging one upon another, with

their wings extended, under the eaves of a house. I have also heard more than one instance of wrens being found huddled together in some snug retreat for the purpose of reciprocating warmth and comfort. The following interesting communication on this subject was made to me by Mr. Allan Cunningham, an author of whom his countrymen are justly proud, and who, I trust, will long continue to delight his admirers with the productions of his pen.

"He says, 'I have once or twice in my life had an opportunity of answering that touching enquiry of Burns—

Ilk happing bird, wee, hapless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cower thy chitt'ring wing
An' close thy e'e?

"One cold December night, with snow in the air when I was some ten years old or so, I was groping for sparrows under the eaves in the thatch, where you know they make holes like those bored by swallows in the river-banks. In one of these holes I got a handful of something soft; it felt feathery and warm, and a smothered chirp told me that it was living. I brought it, wondering, to my father's house, and took a look at it in the light. The ball consisted of four living wrens rolled together, their heads under their wings, and their feet pulled in, so that nothing was visible outside save a coating of mottled feathers. This I took to be their mode of keeping themselves warm during the cold of winter. If you ask if I am sure my memory serves me rightly, I answer yes; for having allowed one of the wrens to escape, it flew directly to where my father was reading at a candle, and I had the misery of receiving from his hand one of those whippings which a boy is not likely soon to forget.

"When eighteen years old, or thereabouts, I met with something of the same kind: there was a difference, indeed, in the birds, for on this occasion they were magpies—not birds of song, but of noise. I went out with my brother, now in the navy, one fine moonlight winter night, to shoot wood-pigeons in a neighbouring plantation. The wind was high, and we expected to find them in a sheltered place, where the soil was deep, and the spruce firs had grown high. As I went covering along, looking through the branches between me and the moon, I saw, what seemed as large as a well-filled knapsack, fixed on the top of a long, slender ash-tree, which had struggled up in spite of the firs, which you know grow very rapidly. I pointed it out to my brother, and seizing the shaft of the tree, shook it violently, when, if one magpie fell to the ground, there were not less than twenty dropped in a lump at my feet. Away they flew screaming in all directions. One only remained on the spot which they occupied on the tree, and I shot it, and so settled what kind of birds had been huddled together, to avoid the cold. I looked at them before I shook them down, for a minute's space or more, and could see neither head nor feet: it seemed a bundle of old clouts or feathers.'"—pp. 44—47.

On the economy of nature, our author has some reflections, equal in point of propriety and beauty to any to be found in the Bridgewater Treatises. He points out most happily how the all-wise disposition of the Creator may be traced in the reciprocal uses to which all created things were designed, all being subservient to the same end, and all contributing to assist in the preservation and happiness of the several species. Every thing is so perfectly contrived, so wonderfully

propagated, and so providentially supported, that we are not only lost in wonder when we reflect upon them, but are obliged to confess, that after all the researches and observations hitherto made, there is an ample field still remaining for fresh and equally interesting discoveries. Among certain insects we observe most astonishing provisions of goodness. Bees, we may readily believe, have been created as a direct blessing to man, and by allowing themselves to be housed, they ensure their existence and propagation to an unlimited extent, did man allow it. But wasps have no stock of provisions for their young, and therefore the old ones destroy those which are in the cells, and others become numbed and perish. Our author proceeds to say, if a wasp's nest is examined in November, not one will be found alive in it. Thus these troublesome animals are kept within due bounds. The female or queen wasps only retire to some winter retreat, in an old tree or wall, to become the founders of a new colony. Yet, as has been observed by an eminent naturalist, the destruction of one part of the society by another, previously to the death of the executioners themselves, is a merciful measure, such apparent ferocity being the last effort of tender affection, active even to the end of life. As to the method which nature takes in the well-being and preservation of her creatures, we shall quote some curious statements, that must be new to many persons, but which we presume the author has sufficient grounds for advancing.

"I am assured that when a sheep has two lambs at a time, she will not permit one to suck her unless the other is present. But for this instinctive arrangement, one of her offspring would have an undue proportion of nourishment, and the other would either starve or degenerate.

"It is well known that a pigeon usually lays but two eggs. If, however, a third is laid, which is sometimes the case, it has never I believe been known to come to maturity. If three young pigeons were to be fed, none of them would probably be vigorous, and the race would degenerate. This is another instance of the interest which Nature takes in the well-being of her creatures. The cow affords a similar instance: if she has twins, one of them a male, and the other a female, the latter is always barren.

"If a doe produces a white fawn, with red eyes, its under jaw is always defective, and it dies of starvation: a wise provision of nature, in preventing what would probably be feeble from arriving at maturity.

"When we consider also the way in which the Creator has provided for the clothing of animals, according to the climates of the places in which they are found, we shall have no less cause to admire his goodness. In hot countries many animals have but little hair on their bodies, and some are almost entirely without it, such as elephants, monkeys, &c. In very cold countries, the fur as well as the hair of animals is very thick, and even the feet of some birds are covered with feathers, not only to protect them, but to enable them more readily to run upon the snow. Animals also, which have been brought from one country and domesticated in a different and opposite climate, are not neglected by nature, but are provided with such a change of covering as is best suited to it. How different is the covering of a Shetland pony to that of an Arabian or Persian horse; one has to endure the extreme of cold, and the other of heat, and we see how kindly nature has provided for both.

"Ducks which lay early in the year strip more of

their feathers off, and make their nests much warmer than those which lay later in the season. This instinctive property is very curious, and shows the foresight which has been implanted in animals.

"It is well known that in hot countries, where the blood of horses is heated by the climate, they are in the constant habit of bleeding each other and sometimes of bleeding themselves. This is done by biting the neck or the shoulder. These, and a great variety of interesting facts in the economy of nature, prove that animals are in possession of faculties beyond mere instinct, and which they use to their own advantage under peculiar circumstances. Thus, a friend of mine saw a fine greyhound, which had been incessantly teased by a small spaniel, take it up in his mouth and drop it over the parapet of a terrace into a river which flowed below it. The noble animal was unwilling to hurt his tormentor, and therefore took this opportunity of freeing himself from its annoyance. The dog in this instance did what instinct alone would not have taught him to do, and afforded another proof of the truth of the remark I have made above.

"I will give another instance of this:—A horse and a cat were great friends, and the latter generally slept in the manger. When the horse was going to have his oats, he always took up the cat gently by the skin of her neck, and dropped her into the next stall, that she might not be in the way while he was feeding. At all other times he seemed pleased to have her near him."—pp. 58—61.

The pugnacious disposition in the males of some animals, as has also been well observed by Lucien Bonaparte, is not to be regarded as accidental, but as necessary to the good of the species, for since females prefer those males which are victorious, feebleness and degeneracy are prevented in the animal creation. There is no end to the amazing instincts of animals, and to instances of conduct on their part which intimate a sort of reasoning faculty to be under peculiar circumstances at their command. Mr. Jesse states that a person may stand for a long time close to a rabbit in its form without its quitting it, but he has frequently observed that the moment the eyes of the intruder have met those of the animal it has run away. The nightingale too will sing in a thick bush, when man is close to it, but whenever his eyes rest on it, the song ceases.

When speaking of the care of animals for their young, he hesitates not to affirm that the palm of parental affection must be given to birds in preference to quadrupeds. As respects some of the feathered species, it seems to us that an exception must be made. Tame pigeons seem to bear little remembrance of their bereavement when robbed of their young, and other birds with the most philosophic patience proceed to the erection of a new nest, and the propagation of another family, when the hand of the destroyer has been upon their family. It is, to reason according to human notions, true that quadrupeds are reminded of their young when their milk becomes inconvenient, a circumstance which suggests to our minds a selfish interest, when they hasten to feed their offspring.

"Birds, however, have no such motive, and yet how unceasingly are they occupied in providing for their brood, and how cheerfully do they appear to perform their offices of love and affection! From morning to

night they are occupied in feeding them, and whatever their own wants may be, they are neglected till those of their young are satisfied. A hen eats but little during the period of incubation, and nothing during the last two days she is occupied in hatching her brood. When, however, she quits her nest with it, her first care is for her chickens, and hungry as she must be, she eats nothing until they have been fed. Magpies, the most vigilant of birds for their own safety at other times, are extremely bold when their young are to be fed, or when their safety is endangered. It is a common practice among game-keepers, when they want to destroy the old birds, to take the young out of a nest, and make them squeak. The parents, on hearing the well known cry of distress, hasten to the rescue of their young, and are then shot. This is the case with jays and other birds of prey, who thus frequently fall the victims of their parental affection. In the case of birds, also, this affection is in most cases partaken of by both parents. In that of mammalia it is generally confined to the female, who, besides the care of nourishing her offspring, has, in some instances, to protect them from the ferocity of the male.

"I think I have mentioned enough to show how strongly the love of their offspring is implanted in animals. It is not confined, however, to their young alone, for I see more and more reason every day to admire the delightful manner in which many animals show their love and affection for each other, as well as for their young. I have seen a sheep which was brought up by hand, and which had only a solitary horse to bestow its affections upon, quietly grazing near its early friend, forsaking those of its own species. I likewise remember a cat and a dog which were great friends. If the dog was made to howl, the cat immediately flew to his rescue, and showed much anger. Pigs evince much sympathy for one of their own species when in distress."—pp. 64—66.

The habits of fish are necessarily much less known than those of other animals, though every year is adding to our stock of knowledge in this branch of natural history. We were not aware of eels coming to grass to feed at night upon worms and snails, as stated by our author, although we have understood that they sometimes migrate across dry land, in search of better ponds than what a dry summer may have left them. We have witnessed also, on more occasions than one, what the author seems not to have seen; that is, eels in the middle of winter dug out of a sandy bottomed ditch, more than a foot below the surface, and in nearly a torpid state. On one occasion when there were about a dozen of them thus disturbed, their residence was some hundred yards from the stream from which they must have wandered. The *sanding* of eels during the cold months is quite a common phrase in the north. With respect to eels and other species of fish, the following account is interesting.

"That eels hybernate during the cold months there can, I think, be little doubt, few or none being caught at that time. I have endeavoured also, but without success, to procure eels in the winter, from those places in the river Thames where I have every reason to believe they go to spawn. I read an account, which if correct, would serve to prove what I have now stated. A boy at Arthurstown, in the county of Wexford, on the river at Waterford, perceived something of a very unusual appearance floundering upon the sand at low water. Upon a nearer approach he found it to be a quart bottle, which showed many symptoms of animation. He seized it and brought it in. It was found to contain an eel so much thicker than the neck of the bottle, that it must be sup-

posed the eel made its lodgement there when it was younger and of course smaller. It was necessary to break the bottle for the purpose of liberating the fish. If this account is true, it goes to prove in a curious way, as far as one instance can do so, the propensity which eels have to hybernate during the cold months. It also seems to prove that they do this in the tide-way if they can, and that they neither feed nor deposit their spawn till the season of hybernation is over. It is indeed a general opinion amongst old fishermen that eels cannot bear cold. Leeches on the contrary can bear almost the extremes of cold as well as heat. I have known them frozen in a bottle of water, and appear vigorous after the water was thawed. An English officer, who accompanied the French expedition to Algiers, assured me that several of the mules bled to death in consequence of having swallowed leeches in the water they drank, and which fastened on their intestines. The waters in the neighbourhood of that place were so very full of them, that the French soldiers were obliged either to filter it through their handkerchiefs, or to dig holes in the sand by the sides of the streams.

"I have frequently observed a chub, in the fountain of the gardens of Hampton Court Palace, roll itself in apparently a playful manner along the bottom of the fountain. It would make a sudden dart, throwing itself upon its back and sides. In doing this, it was always followed by several small roach and dace, which no doubt fed on the insects which harbour in the mud, and which the chub disturbed.

"Perch appear to be a very precocious fish. I have known them full of spawn when they have not been more than three inches in length.

"From various experiments which I have tried, there can, I think, be no doubt but that fish have the organs of hearing. Mr. John Hunter was of that opinion, but many people, I believe, still doubt the fact. There is, however, a singular mode of taking trout practised in some of the rivers in South Wales, which would go some way to confirm the supposition. The sides of the rivers are here and there very rocky, and where there is a flat shelving rock, trout generally haunt under it. If this rock is struck forcibly with a large sledge hammer, the trout rise to the surface of the water, appearing as if they were stunned, and are then taken.

"The Dutch fishermen who bring live cod in well-boats to the river Thames, to supply Billingsgate Market, are in the habit of puncturing the air-bladders of the fish, which they perform with a sharp pointed instrument, like a shoe-maker's awl. By this means the fish sink to the bottom, and remain perfectly quiet during the voyage, so that they do not bruise themselves, and are more closely stowed. Few fish die by the operation. Cod remain so perfectly healthy in brackish water, that I have little doubt if they were habituated to fresh water by degrees they might be preserved in ponds for a considerable space of time. Persons having ponds near the coast of Kent or Essex might easily try the experiment. Fresh water trout are constantly taken in the sea near the mouths of rivers, and I believe occasionally other fresh water fish, a proof that they can become habituated to salt water.

"Every year serves to convince me more and more, that the idea which I ventured, with considerable diffidence, to advance in the first volume of my *Gleanings*, of the non-migration of gregarious fish, such as mackerel, herrings, pilchards, &c. is a correct one. It has been supposed by Pennant, and other able writers on Natural History, that large shoals of herrings leave the neighbourhood of Shetland in June, and surround the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, congregating again off the Landsend in September. From the united testimony of many intelligent fishermen, and from my own observation, I am convinced that no such migration takes place, but that by a beautiful and benevolent arrangement of

Providence, the gregarious fish, which are of such vast utility to man, leave the depths of the sea at certain ordained periods. Each vast shoal is succeeded by another. We have the mackerel—the herring, the sprat, and the pilchard, in regular succession. These fish leave their haunts when they are in the highest perfection, and frequent shallows, where they are readily captured. If they had not been endowed with this impulse, the enormous benefits they are of to mankind would be lost. Surely the mind of man cannot have a more interesting or indeed a nobler subject for meditation, than the consideration of the ways of Providence in the works of creation.”—pp. 69—73.

This opinion respecting the non-migrations of gregarious fish, seems doubtful, and contrary to various facts; neither do we think that the hearing of the trout is proved by the singular mode of taking that fish as practised in South Wales. The sense of touch may as fairly be supposed to have communicated the stun.

Our author manfully and feelingly stands up in behalf of certain despised animals. We like to find him so engaged with respect to pigs; he says, that he knows a gentleman who has one that will stand upon its hind legs and reach the branch of an apple tree, which it shakes to make the fruit fall that she may enjoy it; and he adds, that though pigs may be asleep in calm weather, the moment the wind rises, they hasten to the nearest apple or oak trees, aware that the wind will shake down food for them. We are obliged to Mr. Jesse particularly, for rescuing the cat family from indiscriminate obloquy.

“Cats are generally persecuted animals, and are supposed to show but little attachment to those who are kind to them. I have known a cat, however, evince great uneasiness during the absence of her owner; and it is stated that when the Duke of Norfolk was committed to the Tower in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a favourite cat made her way into his prison room by getting down the chimney.

“Cats have been known also to do their best to protect the property of their masters, as well as dogs. A man who was sentenced to transportation for robbery, informed me, after his conviction, that he and two others broke into the house of a gentleman near Hampton Court. While they were in the act of plundering it, a large black cat flew at one of the robbers, and fixed her claws on each side of his face. He added that he never saw any man so much frightened in his life.

“Mr. White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, states that of all quadrupeds, cats are the least disposed towards water, and will not, when they can avoid it, deign to wet a foot, much less to plunge into that element. The following fact, however, communicated to me by a friend who lived several years in Jamaica, will prove that they take the water, and is also another instance of the attachment of animals to the place where they were bred. Being in want of a cat, one was given him which was not full grown. It was put into a canvass bag, and a man on horseback brought it a distance of five miles from the place where it was bred, and from which it had never been removed before. In doing so, he had to cross two rivers, one, named the Mino, which was about eighty feet wide and two and a half feet deep, running strong. The other called Thomas’ river, was wider and more rapid, but less deep. Over these rivers there are no bridges. The cat, when it arrived, was shut up for some days, and when supposed to be reconciled to her new dwelling, she was allowed to go about the house. The next day, however, she was missing, and was found shortly afterwards at her old abode.

“A family residing at Newcastle-on-Tyne went one summer to Tynemouth, leaving their house in the care of two female servants. One evening, when the servants were sitting together in the kitchen, their attention was attracted by a cat, which went up into a laundry over the kitchen, and then returned to them and mewed. The cat did this so often, that the servants were induced to go up stairs to see what she wanted. When they got into the laundry, they found a man concealed in the chimney. One of the maids fairited, and the other gave the alarm to their neighbours, but in the mean time the man made his escape out of the window and over the roofs of the adjoining houses.

“A favourite cat, much petted by her mistress, was one day struck by a servant. She resented the injury so much, that she refused to eat any thing given to her by him. Day after day he handed her dinner to her, but she sat in sulky indignation, though she eagerly ate the food as soon as it was offered to her by any other individual. Her resentment continued undiminished for upwards of six weeks. The same cat having been offended by the housemaid, watched three days until she found a favourable opportunity for retaliation. The housemaid was on her knees washing the passage, when the cat flew at her, and left indubitable marks on her arms that no one could ill use her with impunity. It is, however, but fair to record her good qualities, as well as her bad ones. If her resentment was strong, her attachment was equally so, and she took a singular mode of showing it. All the tit-bits she could steal from the pantry, and all the dainty mice she could catch, she invariably brought and laid at her mistress’s feet. She has been known to bring a mouse to her door in the middle of the night and mew till it was opened, when she would present it to her mistress. After doing this she was quiet and contented.

“A lady had a tortoise-shell cat and a black and white one. A few years ago, the latter was observed to carry her kitten when two or three days old to her companion, who brought it up with her own kitten, though of a different age, with all the tenderness of a mother. This was done time after time for several years, but last year it was reversed, the black and white cat taking her turn to discharge the duties of a wet-nurse to the kitten of the other. It is probable that a deficiency of milk was the cause of the cats not suckling their young. It is not surprising that one of them should adopt the kitten of another, but it appears that some faculty nearly approaching to reason must have shown them the necessity of procuring a substitute.”—pp. 123—126.

We remember to have read in a newspaper of a cat in the highlands of Scotland having seized upon a salmon in a shallow of water and held on for a considerable time, in spite of his victim’s element. Still it must be confessed that cats are not general favourites, and that they are most unmercifully persecuted by many.

“Cats are thought imps,
And boys against their lives combine,
Because ’tis said that cats have nine.”

But cats are not the only familiar creatures that are in bad repute among men; and while our author succeeds admirably in instructing us regarding the habits and capacities both of favourites and unpopular species, he gains over our sympathy for the latter in a way that touches our moral reflections in a strong degree. Sparrows engage his powerful advocacy, as being of the greatest utility in devouring myriads of insects, particularly when they have young ones. He also maintains that they are a sociable and charitable race:

own. They are susceptible of gratitude, and of the strongest attachments. They are honest, patient, and forgetful of injuries—brave and courageous amidst dangers, and afford examples of perseverance and industry in providing for the food and safety of themselves, and their young, equal to the most rational foresight. Those, who, like myself, have not only watched, but studied the character and habits of animals, will agree in what has been said of them. I will proceed to illustrate it by some examples. I wish, however, to remark, that in relating anecdotes of animals, I lay myself open to the charge of going beyond the bounds of probability. I do not think, however, that this is a sufficient reason for withholding them, whilst I have myself a conviction of their accuracy. It is, perhaps, in many cases, difficult to assert the truth of a fact when it militates against generally received opinions, without incurring the charge of exaggeration. If this feeling was allowed to operate, much curious information would be suppressed. I shall therefore state such facts as have been well authenticated, assuring my readers that neither in this, or in the two preceding volumes, have I allowed myself to communicate an anecdote of the accuracy of which I entertained the least doubt."—pp. 170—173.

To these Gleanings in Natural History, the author has added notices of some of the royal parks and residences in England, which, as he is surveyor of these to his majesty, he has been enabled very ably to frame. Kew, Richmond, and Richmond Park, Hampton Court, and Windsor Castle have each a chapter, or, as the author calls it, a day allotted to them, which all those contemplating a visit to such scenes should read, and all who wish to have a clear notion of the splendour and ancient architecture of England. This portion of the work, however, admits not so well of abridgement or quotation as the former; but our readers may take our word when we say it is worthy of the author.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

In the garden of Eden, fair Nature's first bower,
The source of the world, where our sorrows begun,
Grew a rose of full beauty, the queen of each flower
That opened its breast to be kiss'd by the sun.

The harebell, carnation, and violet blue,
Did bow to its sceptre—acknowledge its reign;
And all, save the lily, were constant and true,
But *she* held the rose in contempt and disdain.

She would not obey it, nor humble her pride,
To pay homage to one of a parent so mean—
The child of a thorn! and she could not, beside,
See a shadow of reason in calling her queen.

Our first mother, Eve, chanced to hear the dispute,
As among them she strayed in the heat of the day;
The rose then requested that she would confute
The pride of the lily, and make her obey.

But the lily, demurring, preferred a soft plea,
That she'd settle the feud and the question decide;
And faithfully promised contented to be
In aught that her wisdom should make her abide.

Said Eve, " *Are* you free, and I do not see how
I can give unto either the title you seek,
But thus—that the lily be queen of my brow,
And the rose reign in triumph as queen of my cheek."
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They both were content—in harmonious bliss
They have each kept their station with beauty and
grace;
And man hath delighted, from that day to this,
To see them so blended in woman's sweet face.

DELTA.

From the Monthly Review.

History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States. By William Dunlap, vice-president of the National Academy of Design, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. New York. 1834.

An opportunity is offered by this work, whereby Europeans may judge of the state of American art. The greater number of books connected with that thriving country, which come to our hands, treat of more apparent objects than those that indicate the refinement or advancement of taste in the liberal arts. We have had abundance of volumes dealing with the wealth and the enterprise of our transatlantic brethren, as evinced, for example, in their canals and other great public works. But a nation does not in its rise cultivate the arts of imitative design, till a large portion of the people repose and luxuriate in the fruits of mechanical art, when a tide of refined sentiment begins to flow and increase through the community, which can best be judged of by the number of artists, by their eminence, and by the encouragement they receive from the mass of the superior classes. With regard to the arts to which we allude, America has already made considerable progress, as Mr. Dunlap's work fully proves, showing that artists are there regarded with esteem and reverence, that their works are examined and bought, while not a few of these works are worthy of being preserved for centuries, and already show that America has advanced far towards the delicate taste and elaborate finish fostered in Europe. At the same time, it is confessed that a large proportion of the works of the artists in that country are of an ephemeral character, that there is a general dislike to the requisite patience in studying the principles which lie at the foundation of all art, and to the unfolding of the imagination and taste by careful literary culture.

Mr. Dunlap's work will doubtless give an additional impulse to the department of which he treats; not only by impressing upon the minds of young artists many essential rules and regulations, but by holding up meritorious examples in the case of those that have been before them. He has made the public acquainted with many names not generally known, who have cultivated the arts of design—both those who had talents and those who had not. Brief essays on the several arts are also interspersed, some of which are from the pens of persons practically engaged in the profession, besides auto-biographical letters; the whole united and carried through by the author's own clear and easy narrative.

Within the last fifty or sixty years, there have been several American artists of no mean fame; and the first that we shall notice in the author's list is Benjamin West, the quaker painter. He was unquestionably a man of great talents,



pencil was always employed for the noblest purposes, his efforts were inadequately understood and appreciated: It has been unreservedly stated on his own authority, that the remuneration of his labours from the patronage of the public, during forty years, was so inadequate to his very moderate wants as to leave him dependent on the income allowed him as historical painter to George the Third; and when this resource was unexpectedly withdrawn from him, very late in life, and when his royal patron must have been unconscious of such a proceeding, he had to struggle with pecuniary embarrassment.

The next artist commemorated in these volumes is John Singleton Copley, who was born in Boston, in 1733, and at an early age showed a genius for painting. In 1774 he went to Italy, and two years after to England, where he devoted himself to portraiture and became a member of the Royal Academy. The historical pieces, "The Death of Chatham," and "Charles the First in the House of Commons," have obtained considerable celebrity. The following remarks on Copley are from the letters of C. R. Leslie to Mr. Dunlap:—

"Of Copley I can tell you very little. I saw him once in Mr. West's gallery, but he died very soon after my arrival in London. Mr. West told me he was the most tedious of all painters. When painting a portrait, he used to match with his palette-knife a tint for every part of the face, whether in light, shadow, or reflection. This occupied himself and the sitter a long time before he touched the canvass. One of the most beautiful of his portrait compositions is at Windsor Castle, and represents a group of the royal children playing in the garden with dogs and parrots. It was painted at Windsor, and during the operation, the children, the dogs, and the parrots became equally wearied. The persons who were obliged to attend them while sitting complained to the queen; the queen complained to the king; and the king complained to Mr. West, who had obtained the commission for Copley. Mr. West satisfied his majesty that Copley must be allowed to proceed in his own way, and that any attempt to hurry him might be injurious to the picture, which would be a very fine one when done."

"The prediction of West was fully accomplished; and this graceful, splendid, and beautiful composition was seen by the writer at Somerset House, in the year 1786, or 7, and is remembered with pleasure to this day.

"On the subject of Copley, we must give our readers some further valuable and entertaining matter from the pen of Mr. Leslie. He says: 'As you ask my opinion of Copley, you shall have it, such as it is. His merits and defects resemble those of West. I know not that he was ever a regular pupil of the president, but he was certainly of his school. Correct in drawing, with a fine manner of composition, and a true eye for light and shadow, he was defective in colouring. With him it wants brilliancy and transparency. His Death of Major Pierson I think his finest historical work—you have perhaps seen it—at any rate you know the fine engraving of it, by James Heath. Copley's largest picture is in Guildhall; the destruction of the floating batteries off Gibraltar, by General Elliot. The foreground figures are as large as life, but those in the middle distance are either too small, or deficient in aerial perspective. Instead of looking like men diminished by distance, they look less than life. With the exception of this defect the picture is a fine one. His death of Lord Chatham is now in the National Gallery. It is the best coloured

picture I have seen by him, but it has a defect frequent in large compositions made up of a number of portraits. There are too many figures to let. Too many unoccupied, and merely introduced to show the faces. His picture of Brooke Watson and the Shark, is in the large hall of the Blue Coat School. It is a good picture, but dry and bad in colour. He painted, I believe, a great many portraits, but I have seen none of any consequence excepting the group of the King's Children I described to you in my last. It is a beautiful picture. I have heard Allston say, he has seen very fine portraits, painted by Copley, before he left America. I would advise you to write to Allston about it.' In another of Mr. Leslie's valuable letters we have the following:—'I know not if Allan Cunningham, in his life of Copley, has told the following story of his tediousness as a painter. It is said, a gentleman employed him to paint his family in one large picture, but during its progress, the gentleman's wife died, and he married again. Copley was now obliged to obliterate all that was painted of the first wife, and place her in the clouds in the character of an angel, while her successor occupied her place on earth. But lo! she died also, and the picture proceeded so slowly as to allow the husband time enough to console himself with a third wife. When the picture was completed; therefore, the gentleman had two wives in heaven, and one on earth, with a sufficient quantity of children. The price, which was proportioned to the labour bestowed on the picture, was disputed by the employer, who alleged that the picture ought to have been completed before his domestic changes had rendered the alterations and additions necessary. Copley went to law with him; and his son, (now Lord Lyndhurst), who was just admitted to the bar, gained his father's cause. The story was told me by a gentleman, who was old enough to remember Copley, but he did not give me his authority for it, and I fear it is too good to be true. I remembered one or two of Copley's last pictures in the exhibition, but they were very poor; he had out-lived his powers as an artist.'"

Gilbert Stuart was a portrait painter of a superior order, and excelled in that rare talent which is among the best props of genius—the power of drawing the mind of the sitter, which is illustrated by the following anecdote. Lord Mulgrave having engaged Mr. Stuart to paint a portrait of his brother, General Phipps, then on the point of sailing to India, the picture drew from his lordship this exclamation—"I see insanity in that face!" The first news of the general after his arrival in India was, that he had gone mad and cut his throat! This painter's talent in conversation is said to have been extraordinary, as well as his judgment, sensibility and impetuosity.

We do not wonder, that it is recorded of him, he could very soon make those that sat to him feel at their ease, and fall into their peculiar appearance and character, when alone a faithful likeness can be taken. It is not every one that can thus remove that sort of awkwardness which most sitters experience, when stiffened into attitudes before the scrutinising eye of a painter. Stuart spent many years of his life in the British metropolis, where his neglect of prudential maxims often entangled him in pecuniary difficulties.

Mr. Dunlap gives an interesting sketch of miniature painting, which appears to have many cultivators in America. There is a useful chapter also on architecture. The second volume

treats of artists that may be said to be more American than West, Copley, or Stuart, inasmuch as these three came to be established as citizens of London. Some of those we now refer to, have lent a great lustre to their country, and some of them continue to increase its stores in works of art. Mr. Allston is living among them, and through his enlightened intercourse with the most illustrious men of Europe, he has mastered the profoundest principles with the minutest details of his art. And this leads us to observe, that America will doubtless continue to rise in the number and excellence of her artists. The galleries of Europe are annually thronged with pilgrims from the new world. There are academies that have done something and promise to do more in that new world. There are annual exhibitions in all the principal cities of the union. From time to time, great works find their way from Europe to the transatlantic shores; and who dare say, that the free institutions of America may not do as much in fostering the most beautiful sentiments and in sustaining a noble emulation, as ever the venerable scenes or subjects in the old world did?

Horatio Greenough is at present in Florence, having given himself wholly to sculpture, and already executed works that are highly spoken of. His enthusiasm for the art, and his love of native country, are described as of the most lofty order. And though he is gathering from the treasures of ancient and modern art in the country of beauty and song, who can deny that in his own land there are subjects of unexampled dignity and splendour for the efforts of genius, when we hear that he is engaged on the statue of Washington, for which he has lately received a commission from the government of the United States. It may be said, that this is the sublimest subject of mere human history, and although Chantrey and Canova have, it is thought, tried their hands upon it with no eminent success, the enthusiasm of an American heart may bring all the necessary powers to the completion of the undertaking.

Critical Notices.

Thirlwall's History of Greece.

This new addition to the historical series of Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia* promises to furnish a very learned, elaborate, and ingenious view of ancient Greece; though as yet the work is rather disquisitional than historical. Mr. Thirlwall does not altogether give the results of his researches in a narrative or a statement, but carries the reader in a measure over the ground he himself has traveled before he has arrived at his own conclusions. Hence there is at times something of heaviness in his expositions; especially as they relate to matters upon which neither learning nor acuteness, however great, can arrive at certainty. The latest period to which the volume comes down is that of the Messenian Wars; but by far the larger portion of the book is occupied by speculations as to the early inhabitants and foreign settlers of Greece; by enquiries into the origin of the Hellenic people, and the persons and exploits of the heroic ages; together with learned and ingenious endeavours to give consist-

ency to the return of Heracleids and probability to the legislation of Lycurgus. In this arduous undertaking, Mr. Thirlwall has not only had recourse to the original classical authors, but also displays a familiar acquaintance with the learned speculations of the laborious Germans; so that if his book fails to discover the truths of historical antiquity, it collects into one focus what the most skillful critics maintain they are.

Besides the subjects enumerated, the volume also contains a picture of the physical aspect of Greece—masterly, though minute; a very interesting view of the political and social condition of the Greeks during the heroic age; and an able account of their national institutions and forms of government, down to a much later period. In these, as indeed in all the other parts, the ideas of the writer are presented with clearness, and with that ease which arises from a thorough grasp of his subject. The treatment is also as animated as the nature of his task will admit; and in his few passages of pure historical narration, he displays so much of life and vigour, that we anticipate a series of brilliant pictures in his ensuing volumes, when the action will be greater, the discussions less, and the truth of facts more clearly established.

History of the Assassins.

Dr. Wood is entitled to the thanks of the historical student for his translation of Von Hammer's *History of the Assassins*; although the learned Orientalist has treated his subject with too much minuteness, if not at too great a length; and naturally enough placed perhaps too implicit a reliance on authorities, to gain access to which had cost him exceeding labour and trouble. The account of this secret society is rather an historical episode than a history of itself; for too little seems to be known respecting it to enable us distinctly to perceive the ulterior object of its founder (if it had one), or fully to narrate the adventures and disguises—and they must have been strange ones—by means of which any of the Hashishin (herb-eaters) achieved their tasks. Hammer tells us, however, though rather drily, all that is known upon the subject. He traces the remote origin of the Assassins to a Mahometan sect or heresy, which, originating in a political dissent, subsequently became a secret society. Its followers were called Ismailites; and they passed through nine degrees, each successive one tending to shake or bewilder faith; till in the eighth degree the "pupil was perfectly enlightened as to the superfluity of all prophets and apostles, the non-existence of heaven and hell, the indifference of all human actions, for which there is neither reward in this world nor the next; and thus he was matured for the ninth and last degree, to become the blind instrument of all the passions of unbridled thirst of power. To believe nothing and to dare all, was, in two words, the sum of this system." The learned German proceeds to the early life of the first grand master of the Assassins, Hassan Sabah, who was a member of this respectable society until he set up an establishment of his own. The mode in which he accomplished this, the rules and regulations which he laid down for the government of the profane and the initiated, the number of princes and ministers he caused to be assassinated, the execution of his two sons by his own orders, and finally, his will and death, are next treated at length. And then follow the history of the succeeding grand masters and their grand murders, their various treaties and wars with Mahomedan powers, their communications with the Crusaders, and the alleged league or understanding with the Templars, till the virtual overthrow of their power by the Mongols, in the year 1257, upwards of one hundred and thirty years after the death of Hassan.

Miss Roberts' Sea-side Companion.

The contents of this tasteful little book have baulked our expectations. We expected, from the title, a volume of directions as to the best means of passing time on the sea-beach; one that should instruct the lounging idler of a watering-place as to the wonderful works that he might discover on the sands and cliffs, in the pools left by the retiring tides, and in the sea itself; not only furnishing him with amusement whilst he read, but with the means of amusing himself, we were going to say, for ever. But we have found that the *Companion* is more extensive in its nature, and gives us the results of observation, instead of teaching us how to observe. Without attempting originality, Miss Roberts, in the course of seventeen or eighteen letters, has presented an elegant compilation of the most striking features of *Marine Natural History*; intersprinkling her really animated descriptions with appropriate scraps from the poets, and frequently, from the wonders unfolded, taking occasion to enforce the truths of theology. Her first letter gives an account of animated plants; her second of sponges; the three following treat of the works and wonders of the coral race: and the remainder describe the structure and mechanical organisation of fishes, and pleasantly tell of the most curious habits and migrations of the finny tribes.

*Noble Deeds of Woman.**

The authoress has herself achieved a noble deed in recording these noble deeds of the fair. With a graceful chivalry she has stood forward as the champion of her sex, and proved their high capabilities by their lofty acts. It is most rightly dedicated to the ladies of Great Britain and Ireland. These noble deeds are arranged under the heads of maternal, filial, sisterly, and conjugal affection, humanity, benevolence, integrity, fortitude, courage, and presence of mind, hospitality, self-control, gratitude, loyalty, eloquence, patriotism, and lastly, contributions to science. The author might have added every other virtue that is practicable to human nature. We predict for this work an unexampled patronage. That every lady should possess a copy is but natural; that every gentleman should do so is but loyal. We do not say that all the noble or even the best deeds of women are recorded here: to do the first, were the whole earth covered with parchment, and every son of humanity upon it with a pen in his hand for the space of his natural life employed in the ennobling office, it would not half complete the task; for, from the humble peasant's wife, that hovers soothingly round the straw mattress of her sick partner, to the ermined queen that mourns near the tapestried couch of the royal patient, are not all the sex instigators to, or performers of, a succession of noble deeds? And the noblest—who can know them but those immediately benefited by them? Has not every private family in the kingdom a record of something great and self-sacrificing that none but a woman could perform? Yet the "noble deeds" chronicled in this volume make a noble book. We dismiss it to the honourable and eager reception that it will every where meet with.

Notabilia.

Bellini.—We were truly sorry to receive accounts of the death of this most successful of recent Italian composers; nor can we forget the loss which music has sustained, in admiring the *programme* of the stately ceremony with which the brethren of his art are preparing to do honour to the remains of a sweet melodist, snatched from among them at the unripe age of twenty-

nine. Of his life we know but little, save that he was a native of Sicily, and composed his first opera, "*Bianca e Fernando*," when he was only twenty years old; his other works, "*Il Pirata*," "*La Straniera*," "*Norma*," "*Montecchi e Capuleti*," "*La Somnambula*," "*Zaira*," "*Beatrice Tenda*," and "*I Puritani*," were produced in rapid succession. We are not going to enter into a critical examination of any of these works, having recently recorded our opinion of his merits and deficiencies as a composer; there was too much promise in him for us not to regret him, and the more so, as we never gave up the hope, that to his natural gifts he might yet add the resources gained by study and experience, and worthily lengthen the line of Italian *maestri*, which already boasts of so many brilliant names.

We have been led by Bellini's death to dwell for awhile upon the present condition and future prospects of the lyric drama, and a few words upon the subject may not at this time be wholly out of season. It seems admitted by every one that Italy has the singers—but if we ask where are its composers, echo answers "Where?" Rossini, still in the prime of life, chooses most provokingly to sit still and enjoy himself in his abundance, with store of melody still unpoured out; and, as for the herd of his imitators, we cannot believe that either the names or the works of Pacini, Mercadante, Donizetti, Vaccai, &c. will survive the hour. In Germany, matters are not more prosperous; for we are told that the dearth of good singers is all but universal: while the composers are relying too exclusively upon *head-work* for producing an effect, forgetting that learning may be pushed to pedantry; as well as fancy, for want of tutorage, be permitted to degenerate into imbecility. Even Spohr's best operas are *trainant* and overladen, and reason owns that his music is excellent, far oftener than the feelings bear witness to its power. This should never be the case in opera, in which the use of science is to direct the impulses of imagination: to concentrate and tame its wandering caprices, so as to make them tell, but not to supersede them by an uninspired automaton work of chords and harmonic changes. Marschner (who would fain out-Weber Weber) is many degrees poorer in dramatic *estro* than Spohr, and just as much more wearisome and unnatural in his compositions. After these, we know not whom else to mention; our present hope, as far as Germany is concerned, rests upon Mendelssohn, but he has yet to be tried. It may seem strange to such as are rivetted to old times and prejudices, and have not advanced their tastes from the days when Horace Walpole described a Parisian *prima donna* with her ear-piercing screams, and her widow's head-tire—to be perfectly *comme il faut*—a wreath of black flowers!—but our own conviction has been for some time past, that the real throne of opera is at present in France: that for freshness, and brilliancy, and dramatic effect, its composers far exceed the languid *dolcezza* of the Italians, or the carefully-wrought heaviness of the living Germans. We are told, moreover, that the old reproach of *uno urlo Francese* has become obsolete and inapplicable to their singers. One day or other we will report upon these things; but, in the meantime, why, in the name of common sense, should they not be brought to us? Why should we not have the best works of Boieldieu, Auber, Herold, &c.: and of the older school of Parisian composers (counting Cherubini and Spontini among their number) performed alternately with the dilutions of Rossini, with which, season after season, the ears of the frequenters of the King's Theatre are wearied? We are in the condition of people who remain constant to one single insipid dish, because they will not trouble themselves to reach untried dainties close in their neighbourhood.

First English Edition of the Bible.—On the last page of the first edition of the English Bible is the following imprint:

* Now publishing in Waldie's Library.

"Prynted in the yere of our Lord MDXXXV. and fynished the fourth day of October.

This Bible was Miles Coverdale's version, which was dedicated to Henry VIII. and allowed by royal authority. Coverdale mentions that the king gave this translation to some of the bishops for their perusal, who alleged that there were faults therein, but admitted that no heresies were maintained: "If there be no heresies," said the king, "let it go abroad among the people."

It is not generally known, perhaps, that there is a copy of Miles Coverdale's Bible in the British Museum. It is a small folio, printed in the black letter. Each book is divided into chapters, but there is no subdivision into verses. After the books of the Old and New Testaments, those of the Apocrypha are inserted with this introduction: "The bokes and treatises which amonge the fathers of olde are not retened to be of like authoritie with other bokes of the Byble, nether are they fonde in the canon of the Hebrew."

The volume contains many curious engravings. The frontispiece is very elaborate. The upper part represents Adam and Eve after eating the forbidden fruit: opposite this, Christ is treading on the serpent's head. Under this, is Mount Sinai, with Moses receiving the two tables of the law, surrounded with flames, among which are several trumpets.

Opposite this, Christ is commissioning the apostles to preach the gospel, each one of whom is walking away with an immense key on his shoulder. Lower again is the high priest reading the book of the law; and opposite is Peter preaching on the day of Pentecost. At the bottom is exhibited the king, surrounded by his prelates and nobles, to the former of whom his majesty is presenting the sacred volume. This no doubt was intended as a compliment to Henry VIII. to whom the translation is dedicated. These vignettes are comprised in a kind of frame-work upon the margin, the title appearing in the centre.

There is a "prologue to the Christen reader," in which Coverdale confesses his "insufficiency to performe ye office of translature," but he was impelled to put the Bible into English, having "consydered how great pytie it was that we shulde want it so longe;" and he says, "It grieved me yt other nacyons shulde be more plenteously provyded for with ye Scripture in theyre mother tongue than we. Therefore he thought it his dewtye to do his best, and that with a good will." In many parts it is of course inferior to the subsequent translations; but the fact that it was "faithfully and truly translated out of the Douche and Latin into Englishe," coupled with the condition of our language at that day, render it a work worthy of all admiration. Some passages have more simplicity and clearness than even in the translation in common use. For instance, "Oh that my wordes were written; oh that they were put in a boke: wolde God they were graven wt an yron pene in leade or in stone." Job, 19. Again:—"But sure we are that all thinges serve for the best unto them that love God." Rom. 8. Other passages display at once the antiquity and the change of meaning which terms have undergone in the course of three hundred years; as in the same chapter of Romans, "They that are fleshly are fleshly indeed; but they that are goostly are goostly minded." And in Psalm 91:—"So yt thou shalt not nede to be afayed for any bugges by night, nor for the arowe that flyeth by daye." The term "bugges" was used in Coverdale's time to signify any thing dangerous or terrific, and not that domestic annoyance, which was not then known in London, the *cimex lectularius*.

In his "prologue," the author gives this advice to his readers:—"I exhorte the yf thou finde ought therein yt thou understandest not, or that appeareth to be repugnant, give no temerarious or hastye iudgment thereof; but as-

crybe it to thyne owne ignorance, not to the Scripture; thiuke ye thou understondest it not, or it is happily over, sene of ye interpreters, or wrong prynted. Agayne: it shall greatly helpe ye to understond Scripture, if thou mark not onely what is spoken or wrytten, but of whom, and unto whom, with what wordes, at what time, where, to what intent, with what circumstance, consyderynge what goeth before, and what followeth after." The following was a prophecy:—"God shall not only send it thee in a better shappe by the mynistracyon of other that beganne it afore, but shall also move the hertes of them which as yet medled not withal to take it in hande, and to bestowe the gifte of their understandynge thereon."

PROOF OF FRENCH SILK.—The French have adopted a system of security against fraud in the sale of silk, by submitting it to examination and experiment in an establishment called the *condition*. Silk exposed to a humid atmosphere, and yet more to wet, will imbibe a considerable quantity of humidity without undergoing any perceptible change in external appearance. This establishment, of which there is one at Lyons and another at St. Etienne, receives about three-fourths of the whole consumption of silk. It is submitted during twenty-four hours to a temperature of from 18 to 20 degrees of Reaumur (72½ to 77 of Fahrenheit), and if the diminished weight be from 2½ to 3 per cent., the application of the high temperature is continued during another twenty-four hours. On a certificate granted by the *condition* as to its true weight, the invoice is made out. The means of correctly ascertaining the real humidity of silk are now the subject of investigation at Lyons, and it is believed that the purity of the material will, ere long, be as accurately tested as is that of metals by an assay. The quality of silk is estimated by deniers, which represent the weight of 400 ells wound off on a cylinder; the number, of course, increases with the fineness. The Alais silk is sometimes reeled off from three to four cocoons, and weighs only from eight to ten deniers; sometimes from seven to eight cocoons, which will give eighteen to twenty deniers. Of French organzines, the quality varies principally from twenty to thirty-six deniers, and of French trams from twenty-six to sixty deniers.—*Dr. Bowring's Report*.

SUBSTITUTE FOR STEAM.—The following plan has been addressed by Mr. John Galt to the editor of the *Greenock Advertiser*:—"Take a cylinder and subjoin to the bottom of it, in communication, a pipe; fill the pipe and the cylinder with water; in the cylinder place a piston as in that of the steam engine, and then with a Bramah's press, and a simple obvious contrivance which the process will suggest, force the water up the pipe, the pressure of which will raise the piston. This is the demonstration of the first motion. Second. When the piston is raised, open a cock to discharge the water, and the piston will descend. This is the demonstration of the second motion, and is as complete as the motion of the piston in the cylinder of the steam engine, and a power is attained as effectual as steam, without risk of explosion, without the cost of fuel, capable of being applied to any purpose in which steam is used, and to an immeasurable extent. The preservation of the water may, in some cases, be useful, and this may be done by a simple contrivance, viz: by making the cock discharge into a conductor, by which the water may be conveyed back at every stroke of the piston into the pipe, at the end of which the Bramah's press acts.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE STEAM-ENGINE.—Mr. Price, of the Durham glass works, has published a plate of a steam safety-valve and chest, which has been in constant use for upwards of seven years, without accident. The following is a brief description of his apparatus, which, if we mistake not, we had the pleasure of noticing when it was first used: Instead of the common valve, there is

placed on the top of the steam-chest a cup, with an aperture for the steam to escape. In this cup a loose brass ball (weighted to the pressure the boiler can bear) is placed. When the steam rises above that pressure, the ball also rises, and allows the steam to escape through the waste. There is an elbow pipe connected with the steam chest below the ball-seat, which also enters the waste pipe. In this is a handled valve, by which the engineer can blow off his steam, or regulate it. Let it be perfectly understood the ball cannot be weighed by the engineer: so soon as the steam rises above the safety-pressure, it escapes, and when sufficiently blown off, the ball returns to its seat.

COAL MINES IN FRANCE.—According to accounts in the French journals, there are coal mines in 32, out of the 86 departments of France, but hitherto the principal produce has been obtained from the departments of the Loire, the Nord, the Saône and Loire, and Aveyron. These departments furnish about four-fifths of the whole production of the kingdom. In the second rank are the departments of the Gard, the Calvados, the Haute Saône, the Haute Loire, the Bas Rhin, the Tarn, and the Loire Inférieure. In these departments the number of mines is 209, of which 140 were worked in 1833, and 69 were not worked. The quantity of coal which the mines produced in 1833, was 15,741,430 metrical quintals, (a quintal is 100 pounds French,) of the value of 15,009,741 francs on the spot. The mines employ 14,125 workmen, and 190 steam engines, which are equal to the force of 4195 horses. In 1783, the produce of the mines was 2,890,000 metrical quintals. In 1812, it had increased to 6,633,000. It has been calculated, that the consumption of coal in France is ten times less than that of England. In 1833, 699,524,710 kilogrammes [a kilogramme is 2 pounds French,] of foreign coal were imported into France, the value of which was 10,492,871 francs, and the Customs' duty 2,389,501 francs.

THE SUBMARINE VESSEL.—The experiment with this machine took place at St. Ouen, as proposed. The vessel was repeatedly sunk to the depth of ten or twelve feet, and reappeared on the surface at different points. M. Godde de Liancourt got into it, and remained there a quarter of an hour. He stated that he did not experience the least inconvenience, or any difficulty of respiration, during his voyage under water. An official report upon the subject is about to be submitted to the French Government.

TO DESTROY CATERPILLARS IN TURNIP-FIELDS.—A novel method has been successfully practised by some of the Cornish farmers. After strewing corn all over their fields they have turned in barn-door fowls, chickens, and ducks, which have nearly cleared the turnips of the noxious insects.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—At a meeting of this society for scientific business, held on Tuesday evening, Thomas Bell, Esq. F. R. S. in the chair, a marmoset was presented from Mr. Moore, from Rio Janeiro, the first that has ever been seen alive in this country. This, the most diminutive species of the monkey tribe, is about the size of a small rat, and even when full grown can be put into a half-pint tumbler. The greatest singularity is its large bushy tail, in which it completely envelopes itself when it retires to repose, to screen itself from the cold. The countenance of this species is that of an old man; and the one presented to the Zoological society is said to bear an exact resemblance to that of a celebrated French diplomatist.

AUDUBON.—Audubon, the ornithologist, intends to return to this country in the spring. He writes from Edinburgh, under date of September 21st: "To guard against accidents to myself in my future travels, I shall also prepare the matter for this volume, so that in case of death, my sons and my wife will be enabled to finish the publication."

ICHTHYOLOGY.—It is with pleasure we announce the publication of the tenth volume of the great work on fishes, begun by the illustrious Cuvier, conjointly with his pupil, M. Valenciennes, and now continued by that professor. The delay occasioned in the appearance of this volume, has arisen from a difficulty in making arrangements with the publisher, after the death of Baron Cuvier. M. Valenciennes has even made a partial sacrifice of his interests, in order to facilitate the publication.

BYRON.—A charming engraving, by Ryall, from Holmes's miniature of Lord Byron, has just been published. It is just the sort of resemblance we want, adding the ideal of the poet to the likeness of the man. It gives what he was in his best days, when the thick hair clustered over the pale and beautiful brow, and he looked as picturesque as the most ardent of his admirers could have desired. It was his favourite picture, not only, we believe, from that touch of personal vanity which he had, as well as every one else, but because it recalled his youth. What hopes, what illusions, what memories must have been connected with it! Truly does the old Arabian proverb say, "The remembrance of youth is a sigh."

M. JACQUEMONT'S NEW WORK.—The French Minister for Public Instruction has presented the Asiatic Society, and the East India Company, with the late M. Victor Jacquemont's posthumous work, as a public acknowledgment of the services each body rendered to this traveller. M. Guizot has also presented a copy to Lord William Bentinck, to Sir Alexander Johnstone, and to General Allard, commander of the army of the king of Lahore.

M. DE CANDOLLE.—The celebrated botanist, M. de Candolle, according to report, has resigned his place of professor at Geneva, in order to consecrate his whole time to the laborious work which he has undertaken, on the subject of the science to which he has devoted himself.

CHOLERA.—A fear of the ravages of the cholera appears to pervade all parts of Italy. Fugitives, many of them English, already crowd the countries on the Rhine and Maine. The most prompt and energetic measures have been devised to check the progress of the frightful malady.

UNITED STATES.—Various disturbances of an alarming nature have broken out in the United States. In Baltimore, the populace, excited by the failure of the National Bank, [!!!] and thinking that the directors ought to "re-fund," proceeded to the most violent outrages upon their houses and property. The damage is estimated at upwards of \$100,000. In Washington, much disorder has prevailed, occasioned by the agitation there of slave emancipation. Something like harmony has, by the last accounts, been restored in both districts.—*Court Journal*.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.—His majesty has given fifty guineas towards the repairs of the Shakspeare monument at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Mr. C. Kemble is performing some of his favourite characters at Tonbridge Wells.

Charles Kean's benefit at the Brighton theatre, on Monday evening, was a benefit in the true sense of the word—the house was crowded in every part. John Reeve is playing at Brighton for a night or two previous to his departure for America.

Mr. Pocock, the dramatist, died suddenly a week or two since, at his house in Berkshire.

As an instance of the profitable character of the new dramatic bill to dramatic authors, it may be mentioned that Mr. Jerrold has received, from various managers, about fifty pounds, since January last, for the performance of *Black-eyed Susan* alone.

Miss Clifford, a young lady of great promise, daughter of Mrs. Clifford of the Haymarket theatre, is engaged by Mathews for the Adelphi. Our old favourite, Wilkinson, is also engaged,—and Mr. Webster from the Haymarket theatre.

NEGRO CONSTANCY.—Miss Tully relates a melancholy tale of the attempt at parting a very lovely female slave from her betrothed husband, who had loved her so dearly, that, after a vain attempt to rescue or purchase her from her ravishers, he had actually sold his little flock and cabin, and willingly offered himself to partake her slavery. His offer had been accepted; they had made the voyage—it was from the Guinea coast—in the same ship; but on arriving at Tripoli, he was informed that her beauty rendered it inexpedient to keep her as a common slave, that she should therefrom be sent to Constantinople, to become the property of some rich Turk, but that he must stay behind, and remain in his present servitude. The faithful pair preferred death to separation; all means of destruction were removed out of their reach, but they voluntarily abstained from food, and refused all sustenance; so that the merchant, not to lose all his property, was actually obliged to consent to their union.—*P. B. Lord's Algiers and Barbary.*

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.—"The Destroying Angel" is another of Martin's magnificent conceptions. Full of power and of passion, it casts its shadow upon us. Martin is, especially, the poet of dreams; he belongs to their wild and gigantic world; he brings back the past, the past of a thousand years; such as we fancy it, with vast palaces—a marble world, whose architecture, the first science in the world, was in the strength of its youth. No man ever made its greatness so palpable before. The lightning flung from the hand of the destroying angel casts a lurid light on the buildings, while the darkness of the water below is a thing we might almost touch. This engraving has a peculiar interest as the production of the artist's son. It does him great credit; a little more softness in the lines would have been an improvement; but he enters into the spirit of the whole—he feels its poetry.

LIFE OF JOHNSON.—This, the eighth volume, concludes "Boswell's Life of Johnson." We come to the end with regret, like parting from an old friend. True that there are the eight volumes ready to be read and re-read, as they certainly will be; yet we should be glad to have more of them. It is one of the most delightful works that have appeared for a long time. The present volume contains a very characteristic portrait of Boswell, and an external view of Johnson's house.

MILTON'S WORKS.—The illustrations to the fifth volume of this elegant edition of Milton are exquisite. *L'Allegro* is absolutely bounding from the page, and the rising of the water nymphs is a very vision of fairy-land; while Ludlow Castle, with the light streaming through the old windows, is a worthy back ground. It unites both the fancies and the romance of England's age of chivalry.

COWS.—Cows are very fond of dandelion, and are kept in health by frequent shampooing; rats will go any where where the oil of rhodium is dropped; rooks leave trees the moment they are marked for felling; and a dog that has never been in London before, will find his way to his master's residence in any part of the metropolis, in three hours, after having been thrown into the Thames from the centre of any one of the bridges.—*John Bull.*

A drum-major of the Russian Guards is, it seems, an object of much attention at Kalisch, on account of his extraordinary stature. When standing, his head is said to be on a level with another man's on horseback. He is accompanied by his wife, who is less than the ordinary female size.

Literary Intelligence.

WORKS IN PROGRESS.

A novelty in embellished works is about to appear, entitled "The Book of Gems," to consist of specimens of the poets from Chaucer to Prior, each poet illustrated by engravings from the works of the most distinguished painters, and each accompanied by a biography of the

poet. The volume will contain fifty-three of these exquisite engravings, all by the first artists, and all from original paintings. It will thus present the combined attractions of poetry, painting, and engraving, whilst affording specimens of every variety of excellence in these several departments. The work is intended for publication on the 1st of November.

Miss Landon's new poem, "The Vow of the Peacock," will be published on the 5th instant, with a portrait of the talented authoress, the first that has appeared, beautifully engraved by Mr. Finden.

Mr. Grattan, who has so long been silent in that department of literature in which he has been so successful as one of the most popular novelists, has it seems at length resumed his pen, and committed to the press a new historical novel, of the time of Elizabeth. The scene is laid, we understand, in Germany, and the principal characters are, a celebrated archbishop of Cologne, a no less celebrated beauty of that period, and a Duchess of Saxe Cobourg, of the Princess Victoria's family.

Mr. James, author of "The Gipsy," has nearly ready a work descriptive of the educational institutions of Germany, the details of which were obtained by much personal application and inspection, during the recent residence of the distinguished author on the continent.

The translation of Schlegel's valuable lectures, "On the Philosophy of History," by James Burton Robertson, Esq., with a life of the author, is now completed, and will be published in a few days.

Mr. Chorley's new series of Tales, on which he has been for some time past engaged, will appear early in the present month.

Miss Stickney's interesting new work, "The Poetry of Life," will be ready for publication in the ensuing week.

Dr. Hogg's "Visit to Alexandria, Damascus and Jerusalem," comprising the valuable results of his researches and observations, is now ready, embellished with a picturesque View of Balbec and Damascus.

The concluding volume of Mr. Grimshawe's beautiful edition of Cowper is now ready; the embellishments are, a sea view of "Mundsley," in Norfolk, a watering-place, visited by Cowper during his illness, and "Weston Hall," the seat of Sir John Throgmorton, and the scene of many of his happy hours, while residing in that neighbourhood. This beautiful edition, now completed, will doubtless be in great demand, as the first and only complete edition of this admirable poet's "Life, Letters, and Poems," extant.

In the press, and shortly will be published, an interesting little work, entitled, "What is Phrenology? its Evidence and Principles familiarly Considered, by the Author of 'Five Minutes' Advice on the Teeth.'"

"The Child's Own History of France, embellished with portraits of the kings from Pharamond to the present time, by W. Law Gane," will be ready about the middle of next month.

The Student's Manual, designed to aid in forming and strengthening the intellectual and moral character and habits of the student. By the Rev. John Todd.

Schleiermacher's Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato, translated from the German. By Wm. Dobson, M.A. Cambridge.

A History of British Quadrupeds. By Thomas Bell, Esq., lecturer on comparative anatomy at Guy's Hospital.

A new annual, called Baxter's Agricultural and Horticultural Annual, for 1836, with the valuable discoveries and improvements in farming, gardening, and rural economy during the past year.

The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual. Edited by the Rev. W. Ellis.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book for 1836: with poetical illustrations by L. E. L.







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